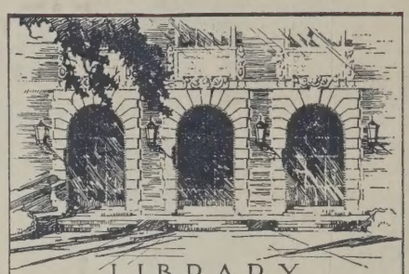

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COUNTRY LIFE

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H. WALTER BARNETT 1, Park Side, S.W.

LADY ALEXANDRA ACHESON.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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FRIENDS OR FOES.

ON Monday night the Rev. Henry S. Slater, Rector of Thornhaugh, Northants, delivered to the farmers assembled at the Hotel Metropole a very practical and useful address. Its title was "Wild Birds and the Farm." He treated the subject with equal sympathy for the unfortunate agriculturist and the naturalist who loves birds, and is always inclined to say "hang the expense." Bringing the question down to statistics, Mr. Slater drew attention to the fact that the British list of birds contains the names of about 250 species, resident or migrant. Of these about eighty are fairly entitled to be called familiars of the farm, as they live in the vicinity of agricultural land, if not for the whole of the year, at least for a part of it. He deducted thirty species as living exclusively upon insect food, and there is no question about their presence being beneficial. Thus the question was brought within narrow compass and could be discussed without sentiment and without cruelty. It is perfectly certain that quite a number of birds suffer for sins they do not commit. Mr. Slater took the kestrel as a very notorious instance. The windhover may be described as the most picturesque of our wild birds. Others may be, and are, more beautiful in plumage, but anyone who likes to watch the real poetry of motion will always be delighted to see this bird "climbing the air," or hovering over its prey. Its food has been ascertained to be for the greater part mice and beetles; but the kestrel is not always credited with good intention. We have heard the keeper declare in round terms that he had actually seen kestrels hovering over the pheasant coops during the breeding season, and carrying off small poults. No one who has studied the habits of the bird will deny that this is possible, because occasionally any hawk or falcon will depart from its usual habits. But that is a very different matter from saying, as is often done, that young birds form its chief article of diet. The kestrel may indeed be described as practically harmless, and not only that, but it is of very great assistance to agriculture by keeping down the mice. Mr. Slater classified it in this respect with the owls and weasels. It was unnecessary to sing the praises of owls, because the farmers freely acknowledge them. Indeed, many keep them in their barns as carefully as they do cats in the house, and for the same reason; and there was practical sense in the suggestion that any farmer found guilty of killing an owl should be fined to the extent of £5: he is injuring himself and his own friends. Although the weasel is not to be classified as a bird, we are glad that the lecturer had a word to say in its favour. No one would attempt to argue that the weasel is a harmless animal, as he will slay and destroy anything he comes across. He will climb up into a nest, suck the eggs, kill the young birds, and, if he gets a chance, mete out the same fate to their parents. To some extent he hunts the rabbit, and occasionally kills the young. But when all that is said, it still has to be remembered that the staple food of the weasel is made up of mice, and his time is largely employed in hunting and killing these destructive vermin. Were it not for the kestrel, the owl, and the weasel, mice would soon become as great a pest in Great Britain as the rabbits are in Australia.

For the sparrow Mr. Slater had nothing favourable to say. He classified it with the rat, house mouse, flea, and bacteria of typhoid, which he described as "punishments for human negligence." He would not even allow that it was, properly speaking, a wild bird. It is a parasite of man, which does not seem able to exist except in the neighbourhood of a dwelling. In the harvest season it would almost seem as though thousands of these creatures migrated from towns to visit the cornfields, which they simply devastate. Mr. Slater described a starling as one of the most useful birds from the agricultural and horticultural points of view, but the increase of this species is one of the most extraordinary that has ever been known in natural history. There are ancient rustics still alive who remember when the starling was, comparatively speaking, a rare bird. It was regarded as something wonderful to find a nest, and often the young were taught to speak. There is, in fact, an old legendary proverb still in existence that says a starling will talk if you slit his tongue with a silver sixpence. It is certain that long ago country people had a superstitious belief that something of this kind was necessary before the bird could speak. We refer to it here, however, only to illustrate the fact that seventy or eighty years ago the starlings did not exist in anything like the numbers to which they have now attained. They may, on a winter afternoon, be seen flying across the country in numbers uncountable, and stretched like some great cloud over the landscape. The practical danger that arises from this is that they may change their habits and diet. Even now starlings have been seen to clear a cherry tree of its fruit in a very short space of time, and one can only hope that this taste will not develop.

But we have seen something of the kind happen in the case of the rook. Anyone who attentively observes a rookery will discover that there are egg-eating families among the birds. Some of the parents never seem to bring any eggs home to their offspring whatever, others carry little else. On the farm they may be often watched quartering the fields for nests and partridges just like sporting dogs, and they will even haunt the farmyard and the poultry run for what they can pick up there. Mr. Slater is perfectly right in dismissing the carrion crows as being too few in number to do any real harm. This would hold still more true of the raven. It is much to be regretted that this solemn and stately bird is disappearing from our British ornithology. From the number of raven trees, raven crags, raven scars, and so forth, it is quite evident that it must have been extremely common once upon a time. But, like the chough and the kite, it, for no intelligible reason, has dwindled away till the finding of a nest has become an event worthy of being specially chronicled. We believe the majority of farmers would gladly spare this bird for the sake of its old associations. Indeed, very few of them can have the opportunity of either killing or sparing the raven. Of the tribe of pigeons Mr. Slater ruthlessly condemned the greedy and multiplying cushat. Those which do most harm probably come from Norway in the autumn. They are smaller than our English-bred birds, but it is doubtful if their consumption is not on a greater scale. The rock-pigeon must be classed among the diminishing species. Few of the birds that nest in the cliffs are genuine rock-pigeons, the majority being strays from the farm and house. The stock-dove again is much less numerous than the wood-pigeon, and it is also a greater friend of the farmer, since it is more addicted to eating the seeds of noxious weeds. On the whole, then, Mr. Slater advocated the cause of our feathered friends, and he reminded the farmers that the ancients when they wished to invent a word that would properly describe the opening to hell, called it Avernus, which, translated, means birdless.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Alexandra Acheson, the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Gosford. Lady Alexandra is engaged to Captain the Hon. F. W. Stanley of the 10th Hussars, the youngest son of the Earl and Countess of Derby.

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ACCORDING to the latest rumours which come to us from Russia, the Czar has not yet learned the lesson which he might have been expected to have received from the war. It is said that at the last Council held, he announced that it should be carried to a finish at all costs; but surely this is the resolution of a feeble-minded and perverse monarch. It would be very much braver and more manly of him to bring these proceedings to an immediate conclusion. It would, perhaps, be an exaggeration to say that never in the history of the world has there been such a frightful expenditure of blood and money as is shown in the account recently drawn up of the casualties, but certainly nothing like it has previously been recorded in history. The mythical armies of antiquity were not numbered with the accuracy and care bestowed on modern troops, nor were the killed and wounded numerated as they are in our day. But it is practically certain the worst slaughter in the worst battles of the olden time could not compare with that which has taken place in Manchuria.

It is difficult to know exactly what is meant by those who are agitating for the establishment of the new Ministry of Commerce and Labour. The Board of Trade is already that, and it is very intelligible indeed that steps should be taken to urge its reorganisation. New duties have been thrust upon it, until it has become the most unwieldy of all the Government departments. Still, it is entitled to the credit of having done excellent work, and the Labour Department which it established a few years ago is very efficiently managed. It has at least collected information and issued statistics that were not previously available, while the monthly report on the state of employment gives a trustworthy guide to the condition of trade and commerce where previously we were left to surmise and conjecture. The inspectorate connected with the Board of Trade is also fairly efficient, though capable of great improvement. Indeed, were it not for enlarging the functions of the department, it would be a good thing to abolish most of the rural surveyors and inspectors and substitute men from the centre, as it is notorious that undue influence is very often exercised over the local men. Still, reform is one thing, a complete change is another; though, as far as we can see, it is the name much more than the character of the institution that the reformers are anxious about.

It is to be hoped that the last word has now been said on the North Sea affair, since the Board of Trade Commissioners have issued a report describing it in the most uncompromising language. They say that British trawlers were peacefully engaged in their lawful calling at a spot out of the way of ships passing between the Skaw and the Straits of Dover. No one in the employ of any foreign Government was with them, nor did they possess at the time any article of war. "These trawlers," in the words of the report, "were, without warning or provocation, fired upon by several men-of-war." The sums claimed by the fishermen amounted to £103,830, but the Commissioners reduced this to £60,023. The claims for wounds by gun-fire were cut down from £17,472 to £6,700, and those for saving life and property from £2,500 to £650. The latter is a piece of useful information, as a great many people were surprised by the fact that the British Government voluntarily reduced the amount paid by Russia, but its assessment is an act of justice, without which the English character would not have retained its well-earned claim for fairness.

The Birmingham Chamber of Commerce has shown a good example to similar bodies throughout the country by taking active measures to impress upon the world at large the economical folly we are guilty of in neglecting our waterways. For purposes of trade it is beyond question that canal traffic can be cheaply and usefully carried. We know very well that in a vast number of cases there is not the slightest need for hurry. For example, in the conveyance of such farm produce as cereals and roots, or in the carrying of building materials and goods of a kindred description, the canal boat is as good as the train, and costs only a fraction of what the latter does. Yet it is strange that when a canal was put up to auction a few months ago it did not find a single bidder, although the possibilities of development have frequently been discussed and are perfectly obvious. What is required is that one of the great municipalities should take the matter in hand and work it out practically. No amount of speeches or lecturing could possibly have the same effect as a single practical lesson of this kind.

We are glad to see that Professor Beresford Pite has been directing attention to the ugliness of London buildings. It is very singular that the County Council, which is always seeking for new fields of activity, has never turned its attention to this matter. In some towns, notably in Edinburgh, a builder is prohibited from erecting any house that is not in keeping with the rest of the street. In London it is not so. We see cases to the contrary happening every day. For example, in the new Gaiety Theatre, Mr. Norman Shaw has laid out a building of very striking character and individuality, but there is nothing whatever to prevent someone else in the immediate neighbourhood from building an ordinary sky-scraping hotel after the style of the Americans. And in other parts of London this is actually taking place. There is no attempt at uniformity. If the County Council is satisfied that certain elementary regulations as to sanitation and safety have been complied with, people may make their building as ugly and as much out of keeping with the rest as they choose.

THE UNFORESEEN.

How could I dream a day would ever dawn,
How could I dream the day would dawn, indeed,
When daffodils should glisten on the lawn,
And I not heed?

How strange it seems to think I never knew,
That one day Spring's first breath would thrill the air,
Brown furrows shine beneath the rain-washed blue,
And I not care.

How could I tell a long-remembered voice
Might stir grey sorrow from her wintry sleep?
I did not dream the song-thrush would rejoice,
And I but weep.

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

In commenting on Sir William Chance's remarks on cheap cottages at Guildford last week, a contemporary falls into a very natural and popular mistake, and asks, "Why does the labourer's cottage stand him in a rent which for his income is so high?" Now this is exactly what the labourer's cottage does not do; he gets it for a nominal rent of from 1s. to 2s. in many agricultural districts, and it is the landlord who has to stand the loss of the interest on his capital. He consequently only builds for his own estate, and the labourer who does not work for a landowner does not pay more as a rule, but simply cannot get a cottage at any price, not because the rent is prohibitive, but because there are not any, most of those owned by labourers for so many lives having been given up for a price before the term is up, to avoid the expense of upkeep.

An excellent illustration of the value of the work performed for some years past by the Coal Smoke Abatement Society was given at its meeting held the other day by Sir William Thiselton-Dyer, who spoke of the great improvement which has been experienced in Kew Gardens since the society succeeded in securing the abatement of the smoke nuisance in Brentford, on the other side of the river. The pall of sooty vapour which defiles hundreds of square miles of this kingdom is no less harmful to the human organism than to vegetation, and is as certain in the long run to produce a degenerating effect on the mental and moral as on the physical side of the life of any population affected by it. The difficulty experienced by the society, and by all persons who have interested themselves in abating the same nuisance, is mainly in inducing local governing bodies to put in force the powers of suppression already provided by law. These powers are by no means of a tyrannous character, or inimical to industry and manufacture, and it is most desirable that more attention should be paid to the purification of the atmosphere from smoke defilement than is at present at all commonly the case over the country as a whole.

In the House of Commons on Monday night there was a battle royal on a question which we may touch on here because it has nothing to do with politics. It was whether or no it would be advisable to run electric tramcars over the bridges in London. At present a considerable amount of inconvenience is felt by the fact that they stop short, so that the majority of the passengers are compelled either to finish their journey

on foot, or to make a little one that is to the other what an appendix is to a book. The division resulted in a dead heat, 171 voting either way; but the real truth of the matter was that the heat was engendered not so much on account of the bridge, but because the Embankment was in danger. The proposal to run electric cars along it is one to which many people have a very decided objection. They regard the Embankment, not without reason, as a relief to the crowded traffic of Fleet Street, and certainly if the tramway line was placed along it, from Charing Cross to Ludgate Hill the roadway would be practically impassable at a late hour of the evening. A minor consideration, perhaps, is that the Embankment is almost the pleasantest bit of London for the pedestrian at present, and it would be entirely spoiled if electric cars were allowed to pass and repass.

The news of the death of Mr. William Paul, F.L.S., the famous rosarian of Waltham Cross, will occasion widespread regret. He was one of the old school of horticulturists, and throughout a long and busy life endeavoured to the utmost to advance the aims of good gardening. Though the raising and growing of roses was the chief business of his long life of eighty-two years, his many books show that he had considerable knowledge of fruit trees, hollyhocks, and other flowers, which in his day were in their infancy, but are now in every good garden in the land. Among the more beautiful of the roses raised at Waltham Cross were Corinna, Corallina, Sulphurea, Clio, and Queen Mab. "The Rose Garden," perhaps the best known of his works, has passed through several editions, and the last was only issued a few months ago. Few men were more widely known than Mr. Paul, and his name is perpetuated in the beautiful roses he raised with such consummate skill.

Mr. E. N. Buxton has been so frequent a contributor to COUNTRY LIFE, and writes so well on all the various topics in which COUNTRY LIFE tries to interest its readers, that the latter will hear with peculiar sympathy of his misfortune in slipping up on the ice in Canada, and breaking a rib. His daughter was able to assure the Essex Education Committee, of which he is chairman, that there is nothing seriously amiss; but it is a painful accident, and one that will prevent him from carrying out his arranged programme of visits.

Dogs, when not in danger of their one disease that menaces human life, namely, rabies, have a large credit account yearly in their dealings with man. Lately we learned that one of the St. Bernard dogs at the Hospice saved two lives on one snowy night on the top of the pass, and has altogether nine rescues to his credit. From a place much nearer home, Portadown, the news comes that a hay-cutter was buried by the fall of a stack, which also overwhelmed his terrier dog. The dog managed to wriggle out after some hours, and then by its whining and barking conveyed to other people the fact that its master was under the stack. He was also released alive. We almost incline to the belief that there are no bad dogs, except those whose education has been neglected by inferior human beings.

Geology has not often had its truths so eloquently supported as they were by an occurrence at Calais the other day. There have been some very low tides recently, and they show that the floor of the sea consists there of an immense submerged forest, which apparently extends across the Bay from Cape Blancnez to Cape Grisnez. This would be entirely in keeping with the theory that at one time the British Islands were part of the Continent of Europe, which, indeed, must have been a great block of land destitute of all the seas, straits, and channels that now break up and diversify it. Such an idea is, of course, in perfect harmony with the nebular hypothesis, according to which water could not have existed at all until the process of cooling had reached a certain point. But when we think of the extraordinary vegetation that seems to have covered the world in those days, and that now serve as coal-mines, we would fain go farther back and find out if we could at what precise period of cooling the consciousness that we call life first made its appearance. No other question connected with science is so interesting as this, but it has been asked in vain of an oracle that ever has been, and is likely ever to be, dumb.

It would be interesting to hear what the experts say about the migration of plaice after what has recently occurred. It is known to our readers that under the superintendence of Mr. Meek a number of marked fish were set free on the Northumbrian coast some nine or ten months ago. Some of these have recently been caught and identified, but the captures have all taken place on the Northumbrian coast, a few of them in the very piece of water in which they were liberated at Seahouses. Thus it would appear to be certain, as far as one can be sure of anything that happens under several feet of water, that plaice do not go on a regular migration, but potter about in the same neighbourhood for a great length of time. Probably there are migratory fish, as there are migratory birds. The herring and the salmon are noted for their wandering, but some species may, again, like the birds, be migratory only to a small degree. The mere fact, for instance, that robins occasionally cross the Channel would scarcely be sufficient to earn for this bird the title of migrant. Plaice may change their quarters under certain conditions, but if, generally speaking, they keep in the same neighbourhood, the task of replenishing the supply will be greatly simplified.

It is the fashion among many hard-riding men, and especially those who pay flying visits to provincial packs, to speak contemptuously of the hours spent in "digging out." The "Lord Alvauley" school will always murmur thus, but the Master fortunately knows his business, and recognises the obligations he is under to his hounds, the landowner, and the farmer. Hounds who are persistently denied blood when foxes go to ground end by refusing to mark them there, so at the beginning of each season all superfluous cubs should be resolutely hunted to the death for the sake of the young entry, and towards the end the same measure should be meted out to a good many vixens. To leave too many of these in a covert means dissatisfaction among game preservers and farmers, however keen they are on hounds, for they know that besides increased havoc wrought among game and poultry, the crowds of cubs next year will only ruin sport.

THE MISSEL-THRUSH.

He singeth sweet all through the day,
Though mad winds roughly seize his lay,
And toss it with a laugh and shout
Far up the blue—the rabble rout!—
He only sings more loud and gay.

Those lazy boys—the blackbirds, stay
To pipe their luscious tune till May,
But e'er the bravest leaf peeps out
He singeth sweet.

At morn, and noon, and twilight grey
He sings on yonder naked spray,
Nor heeds one jot the winds' rude flout,
But gaily threads his roundabout
Of silver notes—"Spring's on its way!"
He singeth sweet.

CONSTANCE TRAVERS.

Of late years the finer qualities of amber have been rising so steadily in price, that it is not without interest to note that an extensive deposit of this beautiful substance has been discovered on the island of Santo Domingo. Curiously enough, the broken, disintegrated sandstone in which the amber is found is situated nearly 1,800ft. above the sea-level, at the top of a hill which is known as Palo Quemado, or the Burnt Port. Lovers of the exquisitely beautiful articles manufactured from this curious substance will be pleased to learn that this new find of amber possesses all the opalescent qualities of the best Roumanian and Catanian specimens. In far-distant ages amber was of enormous value, and mysterious qualities were attributed to it, while the source of its origin was completely unknown, some of the ancient fables representing it as the congealed tears of the sisters of Phaethon, whose continued weeping after his death so moved the pity of the gods that they turned them into poplar trees. It is now generally accepted that amber is actually the petrified or compressed resinous exudation from some extinct species of coniferous tree, and it is not unfrequently found in connection with beds of coal. Some of the largest pieces found have weighed as much as 12lb. or 13lb., but such specimens are very rare, and, as a rule, the average size of a piece of amber when found does not exceed that of a man's hand.

At every turn of the road the British traveller in France may find evidence that the *entente cordiale* between the two nations is a good deal more than an empty phrase, and the cordiality is the more apparent because it stands out in such strong contrast to the attitude of the average Frenchman towards the average Briton only a very few years ago. At that unfortunate time, when the Boer War was at its height, and especially when Great Britain's fortunes were at their depth, the Briton on the Continent was very apt to be greeted with cries of "*Vive les Boers*," or even "*A bas, les Anglais*." All that has been changed now, with a swift mutability that perhaps is characteristic of the Gallic nation, and not in the highest circles only, but universally, the Briton is welcomed by the Gaul as a friend and a brother with a courtesy that is purely French. It is the more remarkable that this attitude should prevail for the moment, and the more significant of its reality, by reason of the strain to which the *entente* has been

subjected, owing to the unhappy war in the East between the two nations with whom Britain and Gaul are respectively allied. The strain has been greater for the latter than for the former, since the allies of France have been the losers throughout the campaign, and we are obliged to recognise, with gladness, the generous spirit of the French which enables them still to feel truly our friends in spite of all.

It is quite remarkable, considering how cold the winter has been in the South of France, that the number of hibernating butterflies and moths which have survived this cold, and have been warmed into new life by the first sunny days of spring, is considerably greater than the average. The most commonly represented kinds are the brimstones, tortoise-shells, and painted ladies, among the butterflies, while the humming-bird hawk-moth is also much in evidence. No doubt the causes which make for successful hibernation are complex, including immunity from carnivorous enemies, and absence of warm hours in the middle of winter days, which might lure out a hibernating insect to perish before it found a new place of shelter; and these are influences which might be the direct effect of a winter of unusual cold. But, on the whole, the fact that an abnormally cold winter should favour the hibernating insects, so that their numbers should be above the normal standard in the following spring, is certainly remarkable, and as certainly it is a sequence that has happened this year; and we can only look upon the two phenomena as being connected in the relation of cause and effect, even though the precise mode of the connection is hidden from us.

WOODLAND AND WAYSIDE POOLS.

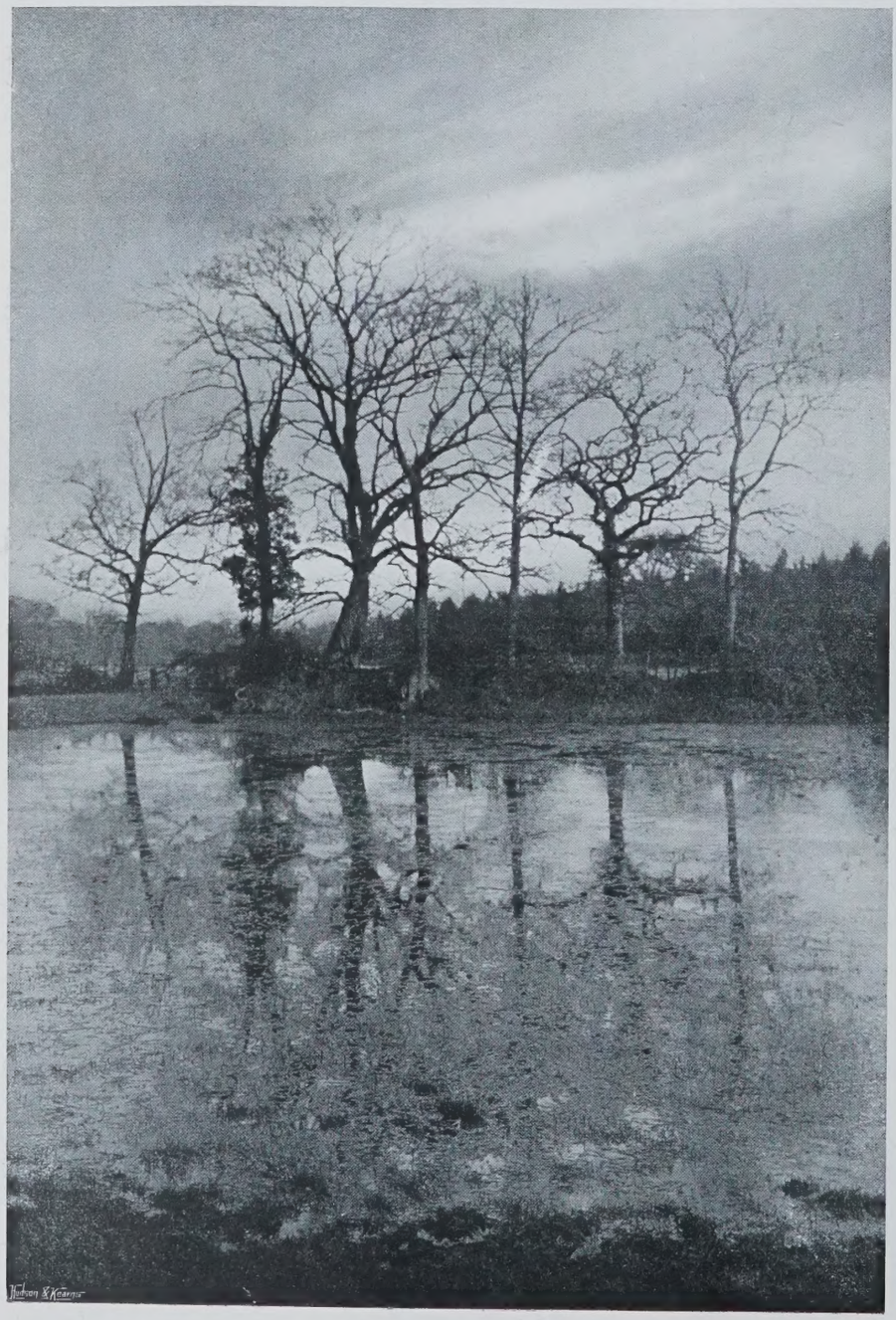
"As the day lengthens, the spring strengthens," says an old proverb, but there is another which at first sight seems contradictory of it; it is, that "the cuckoo dries up the mud." Soon the harbinger of spring will be heard in real earnest, pouring forth his monotonous note from copse and glade, and yet the water glittering and gleaming lies in clear shallow pools, in corners of fields, by the roadside, and in the depths of the woodland. So wonderfully pellucid does this water become after standing a while that, as is shown in one of our photographs, it mirrors in the purest definition the trees that grow beside or overhang it. A curious study in natural history is afforded by some of these collections of water, and even the idle looker-on, who does not himself take his science seriously, may learn many curious facts by watching others who have no more taste for investigation than he has himself. There is a class of men who earn such livelihood as is to be had from it by collecting frogs to sell to the Zoological Gardens, where they are used for the purpose of feeding reptiles. The outfit of a man of this kind is a long pole, at the end of which a bag-net is fixed, while on his back is a large sack for holding the proceeds of his day's fishing. On coming to a pool he, as it were, drags it with his net, and empties his catch out on the bank before you. In a little while the water will be all dried up, and during the height of summer a rank vegetation will take its place, so that it affords no enduring home to the regular aquatic creatures; but those that are amphibious revel in it during the months of spring. Hither come the frogs in spawning-time, and their croaking during the period of courtship is one of the sounds that break the stillness of the woodlands. They vary much in their habits with the neighbourhood in which they are found. Near the town, where they have been educated by the sticks and stones of cruel boys, they are shy as the trout and the water-rat. At the approach of a human visitor the hoarse voices suddenly become stilled, and the frogs themselves sink to the very floor of the pool; so that what a moment before was a scene of such life as made the water a collection of rippling circles, at once becomes silent and dead; the pool lies like a mirror, margined with the dry stalks of water plants that had become dried and withered during the winter and now whistle to the lightest breeze that passes over the pond. But if the observer will only remain silent and motionless for a few minutes, he will very soon behold them emerging once more from the depths,

M. C. Cottam. *A WOODLAND POOL.* Copyright

with heads that remind one of Milton's "Pansies freaked with jet." In a little while the pond will become almost disgusting with the frogs' spawn floating in clusters, which again in its due time will give place to myriads of tadpoles. One would think there were enough to people a whole world with frogs. But Nature is at once wasteful and cruel in her methods, and the tiny frogs are destined to supply many a succulent meal to the ravenous snakes and birds that live on them.

Other creatures that begin to people this temporary water in April are the beautiful newts and efts. Rural superstition is much occupied with these harmless amphibians. It will have it that they are salamanders, and can be thrown into the fire without injury; but seldom is this statement put to the test. In spite of all the popular books that have been written, lessons given in schools, and the other helps to Nature teaching, it is firmly believed in the country that the newt is a poisonous creature whose bite is death; some say his sting, for they seldom take the trouble to find out what is truly the lethal weapon. The one enlightening force is the modern schoolboy, who, with his rage for collecting and keeping things, has not omitted the newt from the sphere of his operations. It supplies all the excitement of fishing, without the necessity of obtaining expensive rods and fine lines. To catch a newt all that is necessary is to fasten a piece of worm to the end of a thread, which in its turn, being tied to a wand cut from the nearest thicket, is dropped into the pool. So vigorously does the eft take hold, or so reluctant is it to give up its prey, that a sharp tug the moment it bites will land it securely on the grass, where the brilliant colouring of its belly may be admired at leisure. Why Nature has given it those exquisite hues is as much a puzzle as the reason for the equally gorgeous colouring on the hawk-moths that fly by night over the tall poplars, and as far as we can see have no suitable opportunity for displaying their finery. Of the leeches and beetles, the water-spiders and other aquatic small fry, one would fain leave the microscopist to speak. They may be looked on with a curious eye by anyone who watches the frog-catcher at work, and students of minute Nature will find much in them to study and to classify. We pass from them without any disdain of microscopy, that wonderful art which has revealed a world of the infinitely little, as extraordinary as, and even more beautiful than, that other world of sun and blue sky and shining star that has been worshipped by the poet since ever man became articulate. Pleasant it is for one who is not too much concerned with thinking out the great mysteries of Nature to sit in some thicket and watch the innumerable visitors that come to a woodland pool in the course of a day. For water is a prime requisite of the wild creatures—as necessary as food itself; and few there are who omit to come once at least in the course of twenty-four hours to drink or to wash. The birds, from the largest to the smallest, make of it a daily place of call; the wild hawk, so difficult to approach, stoops down to the pool and allays the thirst caused by his meal of flesh and bone, and will flap in the water and wash himself exactly as the sparrows do in a street pool after a shower of rain. So with all the dainty and exquisite denizens of the woods. The goldfinch comes, and the bullfinch, the hawfinch, the wren, and the robin; most frequently of all, perhaps, the wood-pigeon. He is one moment cooing up among the branches of a neighbouring elm, and the next he drops silently to the pool. So with the

"WHERE WINTER FLOODS STILL STAND."



REFLECTED TREES.

shy and hiding four-footed animals. The hare and the rabbit do not drink much, because they are in the habit of taking their food at sunrise, when the dewy grass is, in the words of an old saying, both meat and drink to them. But the various rodents, from the rat to the wood-mouse, all come down to the water. The squirrel, after gambolling among the branches, hops to the ground to drink, and so thus does his miniature, the tiny and beautiful dormouse.

With the woodland photographs we give some pictures also of the marshes in spring. It might not be correct to say they are more beautiful now than they are at any other time of the year, but certainly they are more interesting. Later in spring,

LAST SUMMER'S GROWTH.

and early in summer, when the water-flags have grown and the water-weeds are in blossom, there will be a luxuriance of vegetation which is not to be expected while yet the growth of the new year is struggling with the witherings of the year that has passed away. But when the breeding season comes the marshes have an irresistible attraction for many kinds of birds, and for some animals, to say nothing of the renewed activity among their regular and natural inhabitants. In those days when the sunny April showers are falling, there is a mixed congregation following the ploughman: the rook, the jackdaw, and the starling are in black, or at least a very subdued colour, the black-headed gull,

"GLEAMING IN THE SUN."

who joins them, shows a fine contrast between his white wings and his ebony marking. The marsh, being near his feeding ground, and supplying what he wants for nesting purposes, is naturally chosen for a breeding haunt; and the wail of these birds as they circle above their nests is a sound all the more frequently heard in marshland, because many of the ponds and pools to which they formerly used to resort have now been drained and dried up, so as no longer to afford the same facilities as before. For a wanderer in marshland early spring has the great advantage of affording abundant opportunities for solitude. Those who visit the district in crowds in April do not like the shrill, bitter winds which intermingle unpleasantly with the pleasant glimpses of sunshine. Water at this season still looks forbiddingly cold; not till much later is its coolness inviting. But at present there is still remaining much to suggest the winter we are leaving behind. Trees still are bare, though here and there the foliage is just beginning to break on the dark branches. On the margin of the water there are more of the dead and whistling stalks of winter than of fresh new growth. Even the wind has not yet learned that soft and languishing sigh which comes when it has to blow through the heavy greenery of summer. It is shrill and piping, and tells of poverty and bareness. The very ripples on the water are chilly; yet how exhilarating is it to feel the first fine airs of April.

"SILENT AND BARE."

LINCOLN AND LIVERPOOL.

W. A. Rouch. *MOIFAA LED BEFORE THE KING.* Copyright

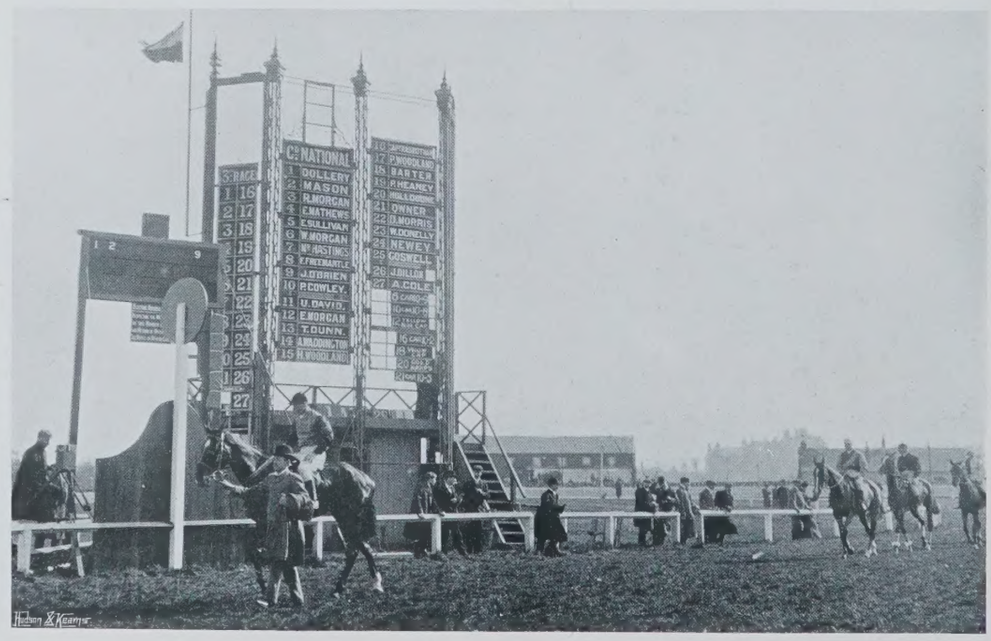
THE pleasurable anticipation with which the opening of the flat-racing season had been looked forward to was to a considerable extent doomed to disappointment. The typhoid-fever scare prevented the attendance at the Lincoln Meeting from attaining to anything like its usual proportions, and although, taken as a whole, the sport was good, the field for the Lincolnshire Handicap itself can but be described as poor both in quantity and quality, the only animal left in that could be described as of any real class being that very erratic colt Vedas; but, as is often the case, moderate horses provide good sport, and the actual race for the first handicap of the season was not devoid of excitement. Sansovino is by no means one of the best-plucked horses in training, but Griggs let him understand that he was expected to do his utmost, and when half the distance had been covered he was striding along at his best, with only Le Blizon in immediate attendance; but the pace was too hot for the latter, and Sansovino swept on by himself. Catty Crag was biding his time, but could not get through his horses, and had to pull out at a critical moment and come round on the outside. Once clear, however, he put in some tremendous work, and was overhauling Sansovino at every stride; but the effort was too late, and in spite of Sansovino's mulish attempts to lose the race, Griggs kept him going somehow or other, and he scrambled home a lucky winner by a head, with Park Ranger only beaten a neck for third place. Many really good horses have won the Lincolnshire Handicap in bygone days. Amongst them all, it is a moot question as to whether old Vulcan, who won the race after a dead heat with Veranda in 1871, was not at least as good as any of the animals of high renown who figure amongst the winners of the Lincoln. Not many horses could boast as well of having given 1st. 4lb. to the mighty Sterling and beaten him in a canter, or of having conceded something like 3st. with a similar result to Nuneham and Chopette, both of whom were remarkably speedy animals. Vulcan himself was rather an odd sort of horse to ride. Poor George Fordham told me more than once that he had a habit of sobbing and seeming to die away to nothing at some period or another of a race, and that the only thing to do was to sit still and leave him alone, and then, as soon as he was ready, he would jump into his bridle and go on to win his race, which, added Fordham, "he wasn't very long about."

On Monday, the 27th, the opening day of the meeting, there was a tremendous race for the Batthyany Plate of 800 sovs., Madden on Rising Falcon and Griggs on Tirantes fighting out a desperate finish, which terminated by a head in favour of the former, the speedy Pansy Masters finishing third three lengths away. The Trial Plate, the first flat race of the season, was won by Transfer, by Trenton. Last year, oddly enough, the same race was won by a son of Aurum. Both Trenton and Aurum are Australian-bred stallions, and both stand at the Cobham Stud. The Elsham Plate resulted in another close fight, the judge being unable to separate Vibrant and Lot, the latter of whom, by the way, is out of Pentecost, the mare as to whose identity there was so much litigation a short time ago.

To revert to the proper order of things, the races, other than the Lincolnshire Handicap, on the Tuesday do not really call for very much notice, and, although the Lincoln executive have a decided advantage in having the first three days' racing of the season all to themselves, they will have to bestir themselves if they wish to keep that meeting up to the mark. As far as money is concerned, the Hainton Plate of 400 sovs. came next in importance to the Lincolnshire Handicap, and was won by Mr. H. J. Newman's Cock of the Roost, with Given Up and Saroth respectively second and third.

The Brocklesby Stakes is a time-honoured institution, and on that account some of us, not many, stayed on for Wednesday, the concluding day of the meeting. Few Brocklesby winners, with the exception of The Bard and Donovan, have ever developed into horses of honour and renown, and now that Lord Durham's fatal measure of four-furlong races is coming into effect, even worse horses than before are likely to be returned as winners of this and similar races. Certainly no ordinary judge could discover anything of promise in the Brocklesby field this year, with the possible exception of the winner, Mr. Dugdale's colt by Donovan out of Lady Lena, who ran very gamely under considerable difficulties and won by a short head, ridden by Mr. Thursby. The winner appeared to be thoroughly fit, and was in no way distressed by his exertions. On the other hand, the colt by Galashiels out of Miskah, who was second, was sweating profusely and blowing a good deal as well, so that there would appear to be strong probability of his showing considerably better form later on. One dislikes being a prophet of evil, but it does seem so patent, to those who know and look on, that much harm will inevitably accrue to young and half-formed two year olds from the manner in which they are "jumped off" and driven from pillar to post in these four-furlong scrambles, that one cannot help wishing Lord Durham had been content to leave matters alone so far as five-furlong races were concerned. The concluding race of the day and of the meeting was the Queen's Plate of 200 sovs., in which Mark Time took ample revenge on Karakoul for his beating over hurdles, and won comfortably by four lengths to the tune of hearty cheering.

Thursday, the 30th, found the racing world assembled in full force to witness the opening of one of the most brilliantly successful meetings ever held. The racing

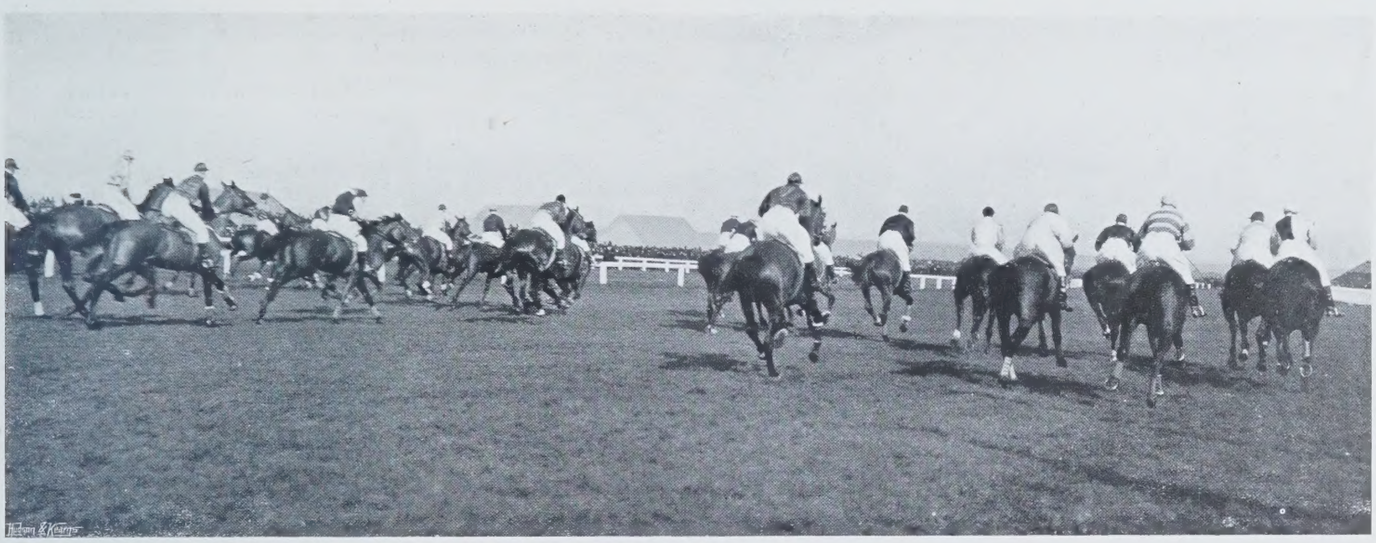


W. A. Rouch. *THE ELECTRIC BOARD.* Copyright

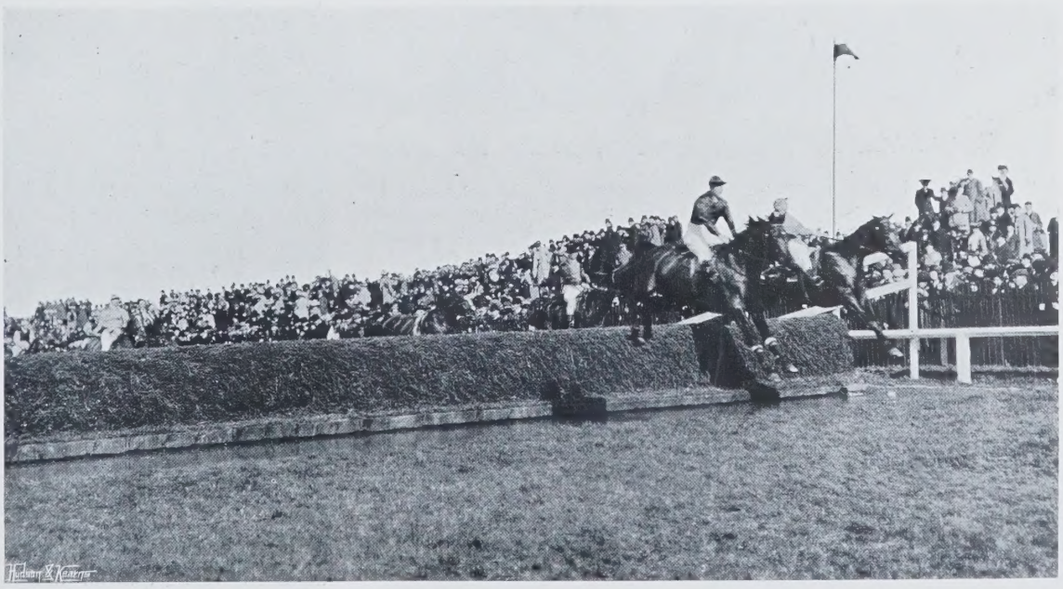
W. A. Rouch. THE PARADE PAST THE STANDS. Copyright

at Liverpool is always maintained at a very high standard, and the public showed, by their presence in vast numbers, that they thoroughly appreciated the efforts made to provide really good sport. The March Two Year Old Stakes was won by a head in the last stride by Lord B. Paget's Eastwell, by Loved One out of East Wilton, and it may interest some people to point out that Loved One is a Herod horse. Mr. W. M. G. Singer's colt by St. Serf out of Lady Chancellor credited him with the rich Union Jack Stakes, which he won rather easily by a length and a-half from Mr. J. B. Joel's Chestnut; a length away was Mr. Thursby on Standen, the property of his brother, Sir J. Thursby. The Liverpool Spring Cup is often made the medium for a heavy gamble, and although this year there did not appear to be any very heavy commissions to be executed, there was a considerable amount of money invested on several of the competitors for the race, which Lancashire, who had got through somehow or other on the rails, eventually managed to win by about half a length.

Friday, the Grand National day, opened bright and clear, but it also brought disaster in the shape of an accident to Williamson, who was to have ridden Moifaa in the great race. It might easily have been a serious matter. Most of the crack cross-country horsemen had long been engaged, and with some twenty-seven starters there seemed small probability of a capable jockey being found in time. However, all doubts were set at rest by the announcement that Dollery had been set at liberty by Mr. D. Faber and would have the honour of wearing the Royal colours. Most of the candidates for the National were early on view in the paddock, and were eagerly criticised by the huge crowd. Moifaa, naturally enough, was the centre of attraction; he certainly looked well, and was full of muscle; but he is a very peculiar horse, and is probably at his best when most horses would be deemed to be at their very worst, as far as looks go, and a friend of mine who has known the horse pretty nearly ever since he was foaled would not have him at any price, on the ground that he looked too well. Timothy Titus caught the eye as a lengthy, game-looking chaser. Dearslayer has not come on in the right way, and is a "split up" sort of animal, who does not look like ever being a great chaser. Nappy Tandy was full of muscle and in first-class condition. Ranunculus is quite a good cut of a horse, and could not possibly have been turned out in better fettle, Seahorse II. had a very business-like appearance, and the same can be said of Hercules II. The race itself, in all its details, from the brilliant spectacle offered by the twenty-seven runners as they moved up in stately procession for the parade, with the sunshine glinting on the varied colours of the riders, to the storm of cheering which welcomed the victory of Kirkland, was full of interest. The flag fell almost as soon as the horses were marshalled at the start, and Detail immediately showed in front, with Hercules II., Saxilby (brother to Kozak), Seahorse II., Timothy Titus, and Royal Drake coming on next; the whole field of twenty-seven runners swept over the first fence and settled down to their work, but the "grief" was not long in coming. At the

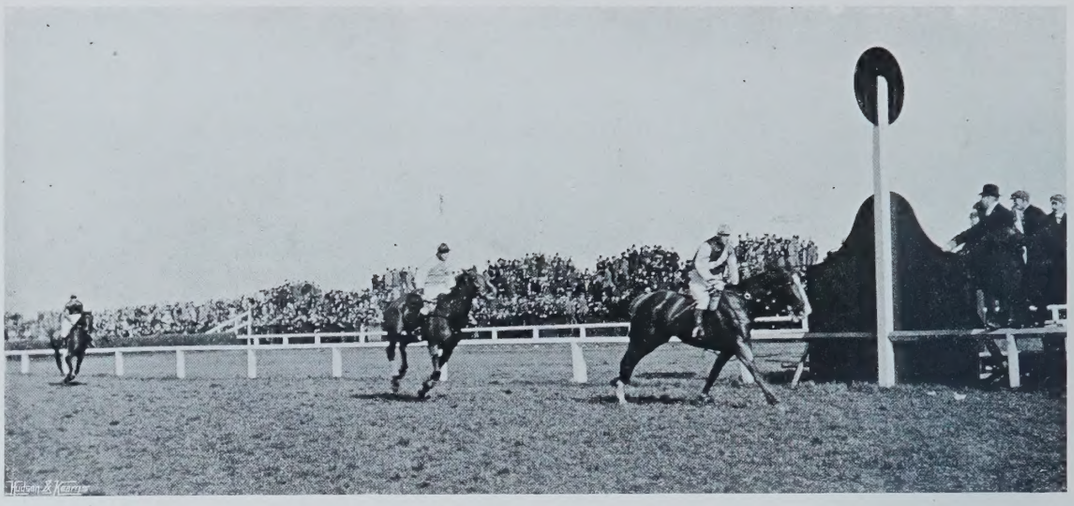


W. A. Rouch. THE START FOR THE GRAND NATIONAL. Copyright

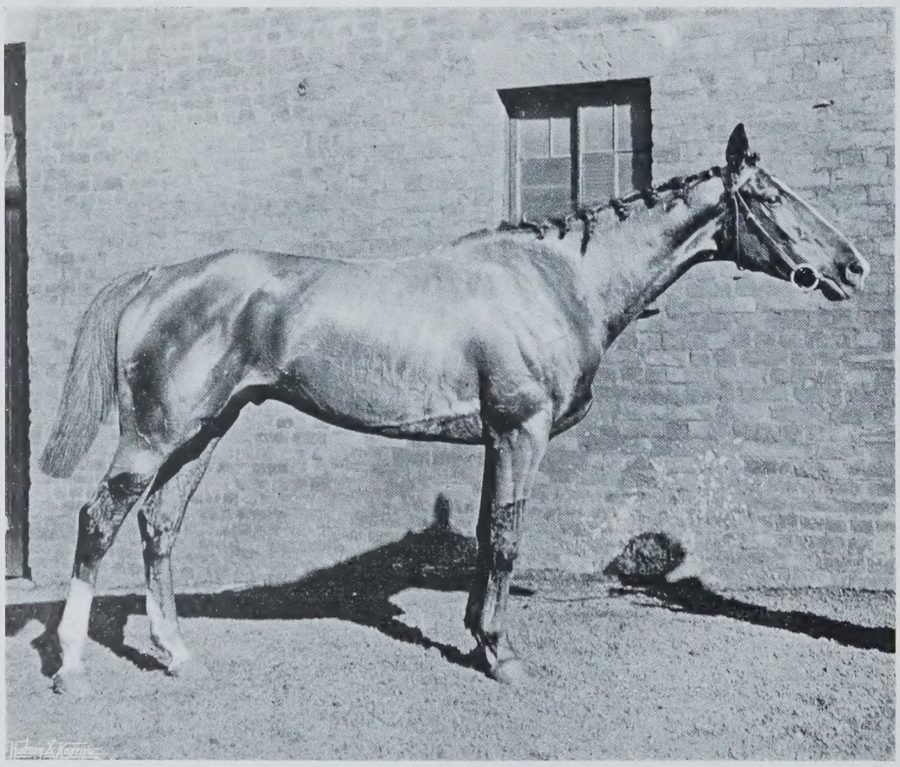


W. A. Rouch. RANUNCULUS LEADS OVER THE WATER JUMP. Copyright

second fence Royal Drake came down; at the next one, Longthorpe and Nereus refused, and Ascetic's Silver, Kiora, and Hallgate all fell. Moifaa, who seemed to be going very kindly in the hands of Dollery, now took up the running from Timothy Titus, with Detail, Hercules II., Seahorse II., and Kirkland striding along in strong pursuit. So they ran to Valentine's Brook, where Biology and Detail fell; Timothy Titus, taking up the running, went on from Moifaa, Seahorse II., Dearslayer, Hercules II., and Kirkland. Coming on to the race-course, Dearslayer ran into third place. As they swung over the water Ranunculus forged his way to the front, and he and Timothy Titus made joint running, with Moifaa going on third. At the first fence into the country for the second time down came Miss Clifden II., and The Actuary, Matthew, and Dearslayer were pulled up; two fences further on Captain Rasbotham and What Next came down. Moifaa, who had been completely beaten, and was running on in distress, came to grief at Beecher's Brook. Timothy Titus once more wrested the lead from Ranunculus, Hallgate was beaten off, and Cottenshope last of all. At the fence before Valentine's, Aunt May, Timothy Titus, and Bucheron all came to grief. The outsider, Buckaway II., began to creep up; drawing up to Anchor Bridge, Ranunculus dropped back, and Kirkland drew to the front, clear of Phil May, Ranunculus, Hercules II., Napper Tandy, and Buckaway II. Seahorse II. was shortly afterwards eased up. Phil May made a bit of a mistake on landing over the last fence but one, and his rider came off, but was soon in the saddle again. Mason brought Kirkland to the front, where he remained until the end, and, in spite of being hampered by a couple of riderless horses, won amid rousing cheers by three lengths from Napper Tandy, who finished about the same distance in front of Buckaway II., who started at the very useful price of 100 to 1. The victory of Kirkland was most popular and thoroughly well-deserved, but it shows conclusively that something was wrong with Moifaa, who, on last year's running, should certainly have been somewhere near the winner, if not actually in front of him. TRENTON.



W. A. Rouch. *KIRKLAND WINS THE GRAND NATIONAL.* Copyright.



KIRKLAND, BY KIRKHAM, DAM BY PERIZONIUS.

HOUSE MOTTOES.

THE REV. CANON ELLACOMBE contributes to the April number of the *National Review* an article on "House Mottoes," which should scarcely fail to interest our readers. After a short *résumé* of the history of these inscriptions, he comes to a classification of them. The simplest, and perhaps the oldest, was the Latin word "Salve," which has its counterpart in our English "Welcome." Later this was expanded, one of the best of the expansions being over the door at Montacute, Somerset, dated 1600, and reading:

"Through this wide-opening gate
None comes too early, none returns too late."

On the pediment of the west front, Dyrham Park, Gloucestershire, is the Latin sentence, "His utere mecum," "Use these with me." On the porch at Beddington, Sussex, is this inscription:

"To those who cross the threshold of this door
A hearty welcome, both to rich and poor;
One favour only we would bid you grant—
Feel you're at home, and ask for what you want."

At Corby Castle, Cumberland, "Suis et amicis," "For family and friends." Mr. Halliwell Phillips, the well-known Shakespearian scholar, had a house in a very exposed place at Ditchling Road, near Brighton, on which this motto was written:

"Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall you see no enemy but winter
And rough weather."

We hope the eminent Shakespearian scholar was not responsible for attributing the passage to "King Lear," even if the garbling of the text be deliberate. And on the door opening to the library, "Open locks, whoever knocks." But all the mottoes were not of so genial a character. At Penny Hall, Almondbury, is one of more doubtful meaning—"Interet fides, exeat fraus, 1617," "Enter faith; away with deceit." At Froome Royal, in the County Tyrone, there is a very independent motto:

"Welcome to come in, and
As welcome to go by, 1670."

At Madeley, in Staffordshire, on a half-timbered house, dated 1647, there is "Walk, knave, what look'st at?" Many owners of houses have left a motto that enjoined good works on their successors. On the roof of the hall at Rockingham Castle, for instance, there is:

"The house shall be preserved and never shall decaye,
Where the Almighty God is honoured and served daye by daye."

We all know the motto on George Herbert's house at Bemerton. At Alnwick is this: "That which your father of old hath purchased and left you to possess, do you dearly hold to show his worthiness, 1714." At Hawick there is this pregnant motto, "All was others—all will be others." Some mottoes breathe the spirit of content, of which an example is:

"Travel east or travel west,
A man's own house is still the best."

Hawker of Morwenstow had this:

"A house, a glebe, a pound a day;
A pleasant place to read and pray.
Be true to Church, be kind to poor;
A minister for evermore."

On the east side of a house at Sedgeforth, Norfolk, is this:

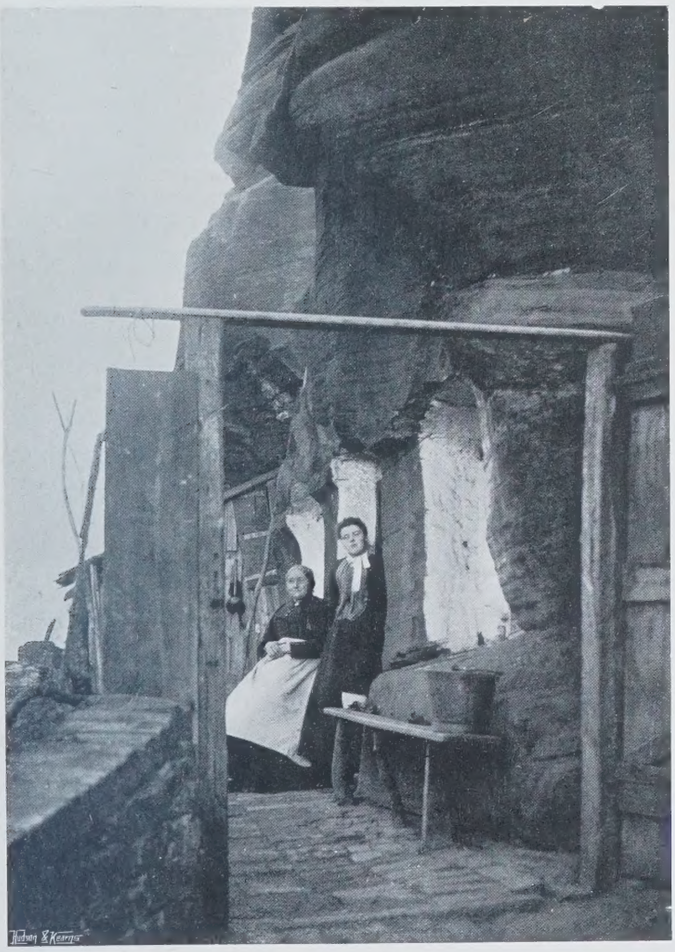
"Though the day be ne'er so long,
It runneth at length to evensong."

We are indebted to Canon Ellacombe for his very interesting paper on this subject, but if general attention were directed to the subject it would most likely be possible to make a yet more attractive collection of house mottoes than has been accomplished so far.

THE CAVE-DWELLERS OF ENGLAND.

"WE English love to take our holidays by running to the Continent, and fondly imagine that we must cross the Channel to see strange sights and enjoy scenes of beauty. It would be hard to find sweeter, quainter, lovelier spots than may be reached very easily at the point where Shropshire, Worcestershire, and Staffordshire join." So writes Baring Gould, one of our sweetest word-painters, while speaking more particularly of Kinver and its surroundings.

Kinver is situated at the south-western edge of the county of Stafford, just where it joins Worcester and Salop. It is a small town on the banks of the river Stour, some four miles from Stourbridge, and about four and a-half miles from Kidderminster. The only access to the place, unless one prefers to walk, is by the electric tram from Dudley or Stourbridge. Passing through the main street, an enjoyable walk brings us to what is known as Kinver Edge. This is a great ridge, or edge, of new red sandstone, which terminates abruptly above the river Stour, the extreme headland of which is 542ft. above the sea-level. Between this headland and the valley below lies a remarkable mass of isolated crag which goes by the name of the Holy Austin Rock. This is literally honeycombed with habitations in three storeys, or stages, with families occupying each level, although at present all the dwellings are not tenanted. It was here that we made our first stay and the photographs of the old lady at the well and the old gentleman at his door were taken. The old lady, Mrs. Chance, informed us that she had lived in the rock-house eleven years, and paid £8 1s. 8d. a year rent for it. The old gentleman, who had occupied his house thirty-five years, however, lived rent free, the parish also contributing 3s. 6d. a week towards his maintenance. His house consisted of three rooms, or caves, in one of which he lived, one he used as a storeroom, and at the end of a



W. H. Bowman. *AT VALE'S ROCK.* Copyright

long tunnel running from the living-room was a large cave hollowed out of the solid rock, in which, he stated, "many years ago, as many as fifty people had danced." It may be interesting to mention that these rock-houses and the adjoining lands belong to Mr. P. H. Foley, the well-known Worcestershire cricketer, who lives at Prestwood, close to Kinver, and who is Lord of the Manors of Kinver and Compton, his agent, who collects the rents of these houses, being Mr. H. K. Foster, another famous cricketer, and one of the well-known Worcestershire family of that name. The well shown in the accompanying illustrations is one of exceptional depth, and a pebble pushed over the side seems to

W. H. Bowman. *WELL, HOLY AUSTIN ROCK.* Copyright

take some seconds before it strikes the water. No one appears to know exactly how it derived the name of Holy Austin Rock, but in all probability it was at one time occupied by a recluse of that name, or may have belonged to the Friars of St. Augustine. There is another rock-dwelling about a mile away, by the name of Meg-a-Fox Hole, otherwise Nanny's Rock, which, tradition says, was at one time the hiding-place of a notorious band of highwaymen. We, however, took the wrong turning on the moor and missed this rock, but found ourselves at Vale's Rock, and it was here that we had the privilege of seeing one of the most perfect rock-houses extant. We wound our way up the rock to a height of about 100ft. from the moor, and found a delightful old house hollowed out of the face of the cliff, with a small ledge in front by which access to the house is obtained. Here the stable for the horse and the fowlhouse were all carved out of the solid rock, in the same primeval manner as the house itself. Above the house is the date 1794; this is not, however, generally supposed to be the actual date of the excavation.

Standing on the ledge of the rock in front of the house, we have a beautiful view of the counties of Worcester and Hereford, with the Malvern Hills on our left and the rugged Welsh mountains in front, forming a hazy background to a panoramic view of exceptional beauty. A walk of another couple of miles brought us to the small village of Blakeshall, near Wolverley, in the vicinity of which we found a most picturesque group of rock-dwellings, in a natural amphitheatre, below the earthworks of an ancient camp, the gardens of which slope down from the platform before the houses to the high road. In summer, when the roses and honeysuckle are in bloom, the bright flowers and green leaves make a beautiful harmony with the red rock for the background. Occasional deaths, from the falling in of a roof, are recorded, and now and then a dangerous mass of rock is purposely dislodged, to prevent accidents. Primitive though these rock-dwellings may appear, they are, in many respects, infinitely superior to the small houses in the crowded courts of our great cities. It is in comparatively few places in the world that civilised people are still found living after the manner of primitive man—

> "In hollow holes, like swarms of tiny ants,
> In sunless depths of caverns";

but out in this district the peasants have lived in caves from time immemorial down to the present day. Wherever a suitable rock was found, windows and doorways were cut in the face of

the cliff; chimneys ascended through the solid rock; kitchen, bedroom, storeroom, and stable were all excavated out of the heart of the red hill, whilst, in many cases, the gardens themselves were planted on the top of these primitive dwellings. In some cases a cave has been hollowed out and the front bricked up; but these, of course, are not nearly so interesting as the ones depicted in the accompanying photographs, which are, in all cases, with the exception of the doors, windows, and chimneys, carved entirely out of the solid rock. The majority of the caves are warm and dry, others, owing to the porous nature of the stone, become very damp in winter, and for this reason have to be abandoned.

W. H. Bowman. *AT HOLY AUSTIN ROCK.* Copyright

THE GATE OF DREAMS.

AMONG the superstitions that obtain with the mountain-folk of the wild North Country, there is one which has thrown a spell over my imagination, and to which my thoughts are always returning. This may be due to the way of its telling, or rather, perhaps, to the wild beauty of the scenery amid which it was told. It was one of those weird mysterious twilights that are of the very air of enchantment. I stood upon a rock overlooking a waste of desolate ocean. The wind was a moan of unspeakable weariness, the light a far-off phantom flame. And as I stood and gazed across the grey waste of sea, the dreams came to me, the dreams that haunt great waters, the dreams that come to those who stand in the shadow of the hills.

I was not alone, for as my eyes came back from Infinity they fell upon a solitary figure standing above me with eyes gone out into the golden distance. It was the form of an old man bent and wasted, a pathetic figure silhouetted against the fading sky, giving to the wild and lonely scene its fitting human note. For a long time I watched him in silence, and then, impelled by some strange inward sympathy, I drew near and spoke to him. He was old, very old; his long white hair floated upon his shoulders, and his beard was as a tangle of hoar frost on his breast. But in the eyes that he turned upon me as I spoke there was still something of the divine bewilderment of youth, of its hopes, its fears, its illusions.

They were the eyes of a dreamer, deep, unsounded, fathomless. His voice was clear and strong and sweet, as though it strove to keep in tune with the inward music of his thoughts. I think that he, too, was conscious of some compelling mutual sympathy, some voiceless harmony of soul, for there, unasked, and as an old-time friend speaking to the brother of his thoughts, he told me all his heart's treasure, and above all the superstition of the Hidden Door. I cannot recall his words to give them in their native beauty and simplicity; I can only give his dreams as I remember them.

He told me that with his people, or rather with those of them who thought deeply on such things, there was the belief that somewhere—it might be among the hills, or away across far oceans at the edge of space, or in the midst of some undiscovered sea, but somewhere—there was a hidden, a secret door, through which one might pass out of the world into a place of unimaginable joys. And this door he called the Gate of Dreams, for it was only the dreamer who should find it. But as yet no one had found it, or, having found it, had returned again. For one summer noon, many years ago, a little girl had gone out from her home with a message to a neighbour, and had never returned, nor had any trace of her since been found. She was like a fairy's child, he said, with curling golden hair, and wild blue eyes. Nor had she the ways of other children, but loved the companionship of her elders better than that of her playmates, more especially of those of them who were themselves dwellers in fairyland, and who could tell her stories of mystery and enchantment—of the spirits that haunted the hills, and of the voices that wailed in the wind. And most of all she loved to hear about the Gate of Dreams, and would listen with eyes that were themselves the windows of dreamland and the homes of all sweet vision. So she went out from human ken, and returned no more. Some said she had fallen from the rocks—the sea was a passion with her—and been drowned: if so, the sea kept its secret; some that she had been stolen for her beauty, and taken to a far country; others that she had been but a fairy changeling, and had returned to her own kin; while some few would hear of nothing but that she had found the Gate of Dreams. And this was the belief of the old man—that she had indeed come upon the Hidden Door. And he had pondered much as to how a little child should have found so soon, and so easily, that which the quest of a lifetime had never yet revealed. He loved, he said, to picture to himself this little white-souled maiden dancing along her lonely mountain path, always expecting to see open before her the golden gateway. Perchance there had met her one of those beautiful bright beings that hover unseen above the steps of purity and innocence, who with loving voice and caressing hands had led her over and beyond the purple mountains, along the paths of twilight across the edge of space into the sunset distances.

Or perchance she had been standing upon the rocks, looking out across the sea, her eyes full of the ecstasy of sunset, and out of the flaming West had come a fairy sail, blown with a soundless wind, steered by no mortal hand. And it had come on and on with becalming airs, and far-off sweetest singing, until it touched the rock on which she stood. And invisible arms had enfolded her, and raised her, and set her in that boat of no known name or country, and so she had gone out beyond the sunset, and twilight, and starlight into that vast Somewhither that lies on the other side of the Gate of Dreams. But as I listened to the old man's visionary words my mind framed another picture. For I saw floating far out on the ebbing tide a small white face upturned to the crimson sky with eyes that saw not its glory. Like a mass of golden seaweed her hair lay upon the water, and her arms were outspread as though she found her sleep full of rest and comfort. It was thus that the fairy sail came to her, the sail for which she had so often looked in vain, the sail which no mortal eyes have ever seen; and it was her *spirit* that it bore through far-off undiscovered seas past change, and space, and time to the door which opens to the touch of Innocence and Faith.

But it was the old man's belief, and I did not try to shake it, that living eyes might behold the Gate of Dreams, if only they were pure and innocent and true. And this, he said, was why it was left to a little girl to find it when so many who were older and wiser than she had failed. For he never doubted that she had found it.

It is many years since I left the old man to his dreams on that lonely rock—for though the twilight had darkened to night, he still looked away into the gloom—it is many years; yet I never stand in the twilight now, or wander on the hills, or gaze across far waters, but my thoughts return to the Gate of Dreams. And it seems to me that the old man's belief was in part true, and that there is in the secret places of the Soul a Gate of Dreams through which all lovely thoughts do pass continually—only it is for the inward and not the outward eye.

I know that I have seen it with all its fair approaches, often in the mute and mystic hour, whose silence is of joy and whose beauty of mystery, when the sky is a field of roses, and the river that waters it a flood of gold. I have seen it, too, through the open windows of the Soul, in the soundless depths of lovely eyes, a far-off vision of delight. And I have heard its voices borne on the wings of music, when the bows are drawn across the yearning strings, and the ivory notes are touched to ecstasy. And I have breathed its perfumes in the fair free places of morning, in the meadow paths of Spring, in the rose red gardens of Summer.

It seems strange to me, as I recall the face and eyes—so gravely beautiful—of him who told me of the Gate of Dreams, that he should have been unaware that he had long ago found the hidden door in the beauty of his thoughts and the purity of his heart, whose thoughts and heart were as those of a little

child. Ah, if only each one of us might sometimes take the twilight path of dreams, the path which leads out from the world's weariness, and wickedness, through what enchanted lands, what valleys breathing calm, and rest, and peace, our way would be. For it is no idle myth, this superstition of the Hidden Door, but in the minds of each one of us there is a Gate of Dreams—dreams that are lovely or unlovely as our thoughts make them, and it is through this gate that we shall pass at the last, when the darkness comes and the dreams which so many have scoffed at are the only real thing.

Years after, I went again to the mountain land and once again stood upon the solitary rock while the twilight deepened across the restless waters, but the old man came no more. Through many golden eves I stood upon that place of glorious outlook waiting for the forlorn pathetic figure that came not again. And I could not doubt but that the fairy sail had come to him at last, and that he had set out on the voyage which is to an undiscovered shore, to the country that he longed for and the place that he desired. And I know that he must have passed through the golden gateway, and that his eyes are full of those unimaginable dreams, which are beyond the voice of morning to awaken or the touch of the world to take away. R. G. T. COVENTRY.

'LOWANCE.

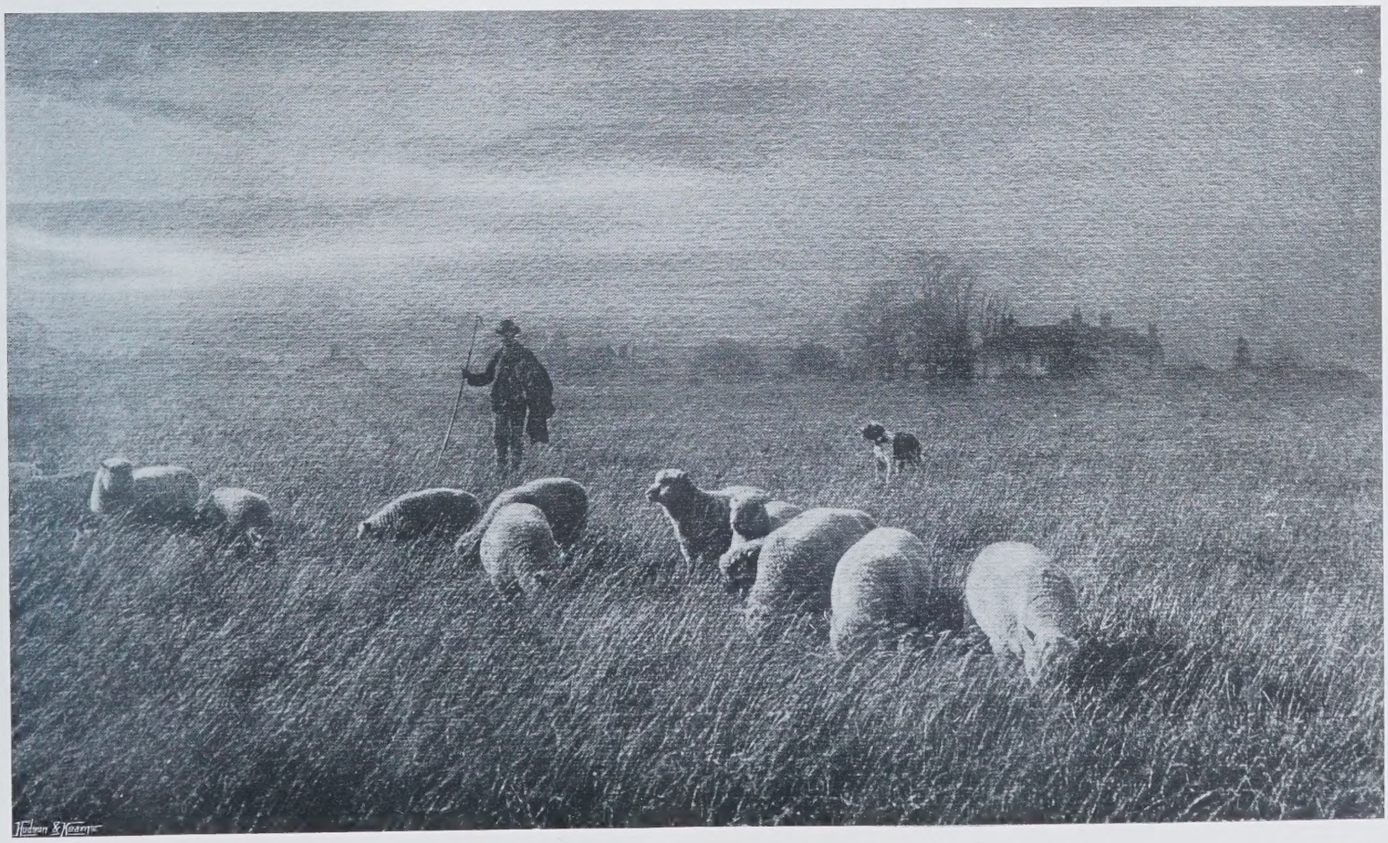
THE patriarchs were agriculturists, and patriarchal ways have lingered on longer among farmers than among any other class. Old customs die hard on holdings which lie remote in secluded dales; while but one generation back whole neighbourhoods, now opened up by branch railway lines, were, to many domestic intents and purposes, living in the Middle Ages.

The ancient and comfortable practice of serving out 'lowance (as they call it in the North), a refreshment of bread and cheese and beer at mid-morning and mid-afternoon during certain seasons of extra pressure of work, may, perhaps, be doomed to extinction when some sort of co-operative system supplants the patriarchal, and motor machinery ousts hand labour; but if this should ever be so, it would be a matter for real regret. There was something homely and cheerful, a smack of the old uncalculating days, about 'lowance-time, and one would be loth to see its proper celebration discontinued. And how pleasant was the office of the server! Setting off from the homestead, in charge of the wooden keg of beer and a butter-basket filled with slices of bread and cheese packed in a napkin, he would drive his donkey-cart to the harvest-field. At his coming the workers would assemble under a hedgerow tree to receive their portions, the foreman serving out the beer in horn beakers to each in turn, every drinker, before handing back the cup, observing the ancient rite of jerking out the last few drops upon the ground.

They made a picturesque group, the resting figures in the shade—the women in sun-bonnets and clean aprons, and the boys, "bandmakers," sitting all together with the men; while the horses, drooping restfully as they stood in harness, swished at the flies that settled and buzzed, ever ready to return to the attack. At this time the master would ride upon his cob, and exchange time-honoured remarks about the weather, the crops, the news in the papers, and what not. His presence was meant, no doubt, as the equivalent of the company officer's visitation at Mr. Atkins's dinner-time, save that the stereotyped question, "Any complaints?" was not put; and it would probably have met with a unanimous negative if it had been. Of later days, however, one has known requests preferred for "teetotal stuff," instead of beer, so that brews of cold tea have had to be made ready against 'lowance-time.

When all were served, the donkey-driver would see the gear put together, and then make for the nine-acre field, to carry the 'lowance to Sam the ploughman, horse-raking the oat stubble. But there would generally follow some sort of mild wrangling before he could get possession of the horse-rake for a turn or two up and down, while Sam had "two draws" of his pipe, resting beside the donkey-cart. "And don't you remember," says Memory, jogging one's elbow, "the time, once when harvest was very late and the weather chancy, how the men worked on after dusk for two or three evenings, leading barley from the Philmers and stacking by moonlight; and how we took them hot mulled ale, for the nights were chilly, and stood on ladders with lanterns fixed to pitchforks, to help the stackers to see their job through?"

Besides haytime and harvest there was another season at which 'lowance was customary, namely, sheep-clipping-time; and the orthodox ration for the clippers was cheese cakes, big ones baked in platters with a generous thickness of pastry, and plenty of curds, with currants, and a dash of rum for flavouring. Whether the cheese cakes represented a general or merely a local celebration is not certain; but the antiquity of the custom, at any rate as far back as the middle of the seventeenth century, may be proved from the farming book of Henry Best, a yeoman-farmer of the Yorkshire Wolds at that date, who wrote: "Clippers are to have 4d. a score for clippinge; and then are you to sende them aboute noone a groate's worth of ale and bread and cheese and perhapps a cheese cake; and against that time they make an ende, yow are to make ready a dinner for them, and to provide five or six services, and allwayes a joynte of roasted mutton for one of your services, for that is allwayes expected of them."



Miss M. A. Newlands. ON A SUSSEX MARSH. Copyright.

W. Reia. *HEAVY WORK.* Copyright

It was at the time of the annual sheep-washing, however, that Mr. Best was most solicitous for his men's bodily welfare: "Our custome is also (aboute noone, or when wee thinke they have neare hande halfe done) to sende for a groate's worth of ale and a white loaf; and then to take a quarte or three pintes of milke and boyle it, and then put it to the ale and make thereof two greate possettes in two scale-dishes; and then do we take the white loafe, and either grate or crumme the same very small into the possettes; then do we throw in some pepper and grated nutmegges, and make the same very hotte therewith, and this kinde of drinke doe wee give to our washers as they stand in the wash dyke, and when they are in the midst of theire labours."

It would be interesting to notice the frequency with which we find the products of milk alluded to in literature as the traditional fare of shepherds. On Mr. Best's farm ewes were kept for milking; and though the use of ewes' milk has long been abandoned among us, no doubt in a simpler age those who had the care of sheep followed naturally the self-supporting practice. Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck of Monkbarns might, perhaps, have allowed that the kebbuck, the Scottish ewe-milk cheese, had for its counterpart in the classics the *pinguis caseus* of Virgil's shepherds; while the equivalent of another pastoral dainty mentioned in the Eclogues, *et pressi copia lactis*, might, perhaps, be sought in the curds, of which Sancho Panza was so fond, that, rather than risk losing a supply he had bought from some shepherds, he bestowed them in his master's helmet, with dire consequences when the Don proceeded hurriedly to clap on his head-piece. It will be remembered, too, that when the two were discussing the project of quitting knight-errantry and taking to the shepherd life, while Don Quixote's thoughts were all of poetry and rustic gallantry, Sancho's aspirations were of a grosser cast: "Oh, what neat wooden spoons shall I make when I am a shepherd! What curds and cream shall I eat!" H. RAPHOE.

THE LINE OF HEROD.

SO much has been written of late concerning the decadence or disappearance of the line of thorough-bred horses descended especially in tail male from Herod, that the subject appears to be one of considerable interest to breeders of bloodstock, more especially in this country, where from one cause and another this once famous strain of blood has been reduced to something not far removed from total extinction. As regards its representatives in tail male, Herod himself was a bay horse, bred in 1758 by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland. He did not run until October, 1763, when as a five year old he beat the Duke of Ancaster's Roman, by Blank, also a five year old, both carrying 8st. 7lb., over the Beacon Course at Newmarket for a match of 500 guineas a side, and in the following April he won a Sweepstakes of 300 sovs., beating Sir John Moore's Tartar, by Tartar out of Miss

W. A. Rouch. *PASTISSON.* Copyright

Meredith. He then won a match at Ascot for 1,000 guineas a side, giving 6lb. to Lord Rockingham's Tom Tinker, over four miles, and followed up this victory by giving 3lb. to the Duke of Grafton's Antonius over the Beacon Course, and beating him easily. In the following year a fresh match was made between these two horses for 1,000 guineas a side, when Herod was asked to concede 9lb. to his adversary, which he did without much trouble. In October of the same year he was beaten in a match for 1,000 guineas a side when attempting to give 14lb. to Sir James Lowther's Ascham. On the death of the Duke of Cumberland Sir John Moore purchased Herod, and matched him against Lord Bolingbroke's Turf, five years old, and once more Herod had to put up with defeat; he then went amiss, but in 1767 took part in the tremendous battle between himself, Bay Malton, Turf, and Ascham for a sweepstake of 500 guineas each, over the Beacon Course. The excitement over this race was tremendous, and enormous sums of money changed hands. All Yorkshire backed Bay Malton; and an old writer says that "when it was seen that Bay Malton was holding Herod the Yorkshiremen roared with delight, so that they might have been heard for leagues around." In the following May, Herod ran his last race, beating Ascham, from whom he was receiving 7lb., in a match for 1,000 guineas a side, over the Beacon Course. In 1770 Herod went to the stud, and it has been computed that during the nineteen years his stock were running they won a total of £201,505, in addition to forty-three hogsheads of claret. He died in 1780, at the age of twenty-one.

The name of "thoroughbred" as applied to the stock so-called has always appeared to me to be somewhat of a misnomer, though I confess that it is difficult to suggest another; but our French neighbours, who are very precise in these matters, appear to be nearer the mark in their definition of the breed as "Anglo-Arabs." In this respect the pedigree of Herod does not differ materially from that of other "families," but it is of such interest that it is here given:

HEROD	TARTAR	Partner	Jigg	Byerly Turk — Pedigree unknown
				Pedigree unknown
				Daughter of — Spanker
				Unknown
			Sister to Mixbury	Curwen's Bay Barb — —
				—
				Daughter of — Spot
				Daughter of white-legged Lowther Barb
		Meliora	Fox	Clumsy — Hautboy
				Miss D'Arcy's Pet Mare
				Bay Peg — The Leedes Arabian
				Young Bald Peg
			Milkmaid	Snail — Pedigree unknown
				Pedigree unknown
				Shield's Galloway — Pedigree unknown
				—
	CYPRON	Blaze	Flying Childers	Darley Arabian — Imported by Mr. Darley
				—
				Betty Leedes — Careless
				Sister to Leedes
			Confederate filly	Grey Grantham — Brownlow Turk
				Unknown
				Daughter of — Rutland Black Barb
				Bright's Roan
		Selima	Bethell's Arabian	— — —
				—
				—
				—
			Daughter of	Champion — The Harpur Arabian
				Daughter of Hautboy
				Daughter of — The Darley Arabian
				Daughter of Merlin

On examination of this pedigree we find that the Byerly Turk was imported into England by Captain Byerly, who used him as a charger throughout the whole of King William's wars in Ireland. The breeding of the grandam of Jigg is unknown. Curwen's Bay Barb was brought to England by Mr. Curwen, who got him from Count Thoulouse, a natural son of Louis XIV.; the pedigree of the dam of Spot is unknown. Nothing further is known of Miss D'Arcy's pet mare beyond the fact that her dam was a Ledbury Royal mare. As to how the Leedes Arabian was bred we know nothing. Snail was bred by Sir E. Blackett, who sold him to the Duke of Wharton, but his pedigree has not been kept. No trace of the breeding of Shield's Galloway can be discovered. All that is known of the Darley Arabian is that he was brought from abroad by Mr. Darley. The Brownlow Turk was brought to this country about the year 1700 by Lord Brownlow, and the Stud Book contains no mention whatever of the dam of Grey Grantham; neither is the pedigree of Bright's Roan to be ascertained. Bethell's

W. A. Rouch. *GREY LEG.* Copyright

Arabian was imported by Mr. Bethell of Rise in Holdernesse, a famous breeding district in the East Riding of Yorkshire, but that is all that we can gather concerning his origin.

To revert to Herod himself, some of the best of the many good race-horses immediately sired by Herod were: Faith (3), the winner of the Oaks in 1781, her dam Curiosity; Maid of the Oaks (3), who won the same race in 1783; Bridget (8), the Oaks winner of 1776; and Cœlia (12), who was returned the winner in 1793, her dam Proserpine, sister to Eclipse; then Phenomenon (2) won the St. Leger in 1783, his dam Frenzy, by Eclipse; Highflyer (13) was never beaten, Calash (2) became the dam of Whiskey, Woodpecker (1) was the sire of Buzzard, and both Weagle and Evergreen must be counted among the good sons of Herod. In tail male from Herod also came the three famous brothers Rubens, Castrel, and Selim, and from daughters of Rubens came the Derby winners Dangerous, Phosphorus, and Coronation. Diomed (the first winner of the Derby), Glencoe, The Flying Dutchman, and Gladiator are no mean male descendants of Herod; and, when one considers what these horses were, and what they have done for the bloodstock of the countries to which they were expatriated, it seems as though some key was furnished to the decadence of the Herod line in tail male in this country. Diomed and Glencoe went to America, but before they left had become the sires of Young Giantess and Pocahontas, the former of whom was the dam of the famous Eleanor, and also of Julia and Cressida; while of Pocahontas it can only be said that no mare before or since has ever left such an abiding mark in the history of her race. Even if she had done nothing else, as the dam of Stockwell her fame would be assured for all time. The Flying Dutchman left us Flying Duchess, the dam of Galopin; and Gladiator bequeathed us Queen Mary, the dam of Blink Bonny. It is only of comparatively recent years that the rage for Galopin and St. Simon blood has set in, and the persistent inbreeding to Eclipse must inevitably need a correcting influence. Breeders might do well to pause and consider, especially with regard to the extraordinary success which used to attend the cross of Eclipse and Herod blood. Personally speaking, I am strongly, very strongly, of opinion that Herod blood and Herod mares are fast becoming almost necessary to our English stock. Omnium II., Callistrate, Elf II., and Le Senateur in France are all Herods through The Flying Dutchman. Nabot represents the line through Thormanby, while another brilliant

W. A. Rouch. *McYARDLEY.* Copyright

representative of the Herod line in France is the beautiful grey Le Sancy, who was second to Flying Fox in the list of winning stallions last year. To emphasise further the value of Herod blood, take such names as those of Pantaloon, Venison, Bay Middleton, Ion, Cowl, The Flying Dutchman, Sweetmeat, Kingston, Wild Dayrell, Weatherbit, Thormanby, Macaroni, Parmesan, Buccaneer, Sea Saw, and Favonius; their value in a pedigree is incontestable. They are all Herod horses, and to the number might be added others of almost equal value.

There are, unfortunately, only too few Herod sires available in this country. There are probably some of whose existence I am unaware; but including Pastisson, imported by the Cobham Stud from France, and The Victory, imported from Australia and now serving in Ireland, the most suitable appear to be Grey Leg, McYardley, Ocean Wave, and Star of Hanover. As to their respective merits opinions are sure to differ, but there is no getting away from the credentials of Pastisson. He is a brown horse, foaled in 1890, by St. Cyr out of Pastèque. He is himself, through Dollar, a direct descendant of The Flying Dutchman, and his sire was out of the French Oaks winner Finlande, by Ion out of Fraudulent, by Venison; then Pastèque, the dam of Pastisson, was by Marksman, second to Hermit in the Derby, out of Pastille, by Vermouth, winner of the Grand Prix, and a direct descendant of Partisan. Pastisson is a horse of tremendous power, with great bone. He must have a remarkably sound constitution, for he won eighteen races in one season, and is a remarkably sure foal getter. Many of his stock won races in France last season, and this year the winner of the Prix St. Cloud, the first big flat race of the year in that country, was by him. Grey Leg comes next; he is to be found at the Langton Hall Stud, Northallerton, and considering his class and his success as a sire, the fee of forty-five guineas demanded for his services is a very moderate one. He is a direct descendant of Ion, his grandsire was out of a Bay Middleton mare, and if Bend Or's pedigree is to be accepted as correct, he inherits Thormanby blood through Rouge Rose, in addition to which there is a decidedly useful cross of Rosicrucian in Douranee. Grey Leg won the Portland Plate, the City and Suburban, and other races. Many of his stock have run well.

The Victory, foaled in 1898, is by The Admiral out of The Charmer; he comes of the No. 1 family, and is a descendant of Fisherman. He was a really good horse himself, and won many races over all distances, including the Melbourne Cup, carrying 8st. 12lb. He will, it is sincerely to be hoped, prove to be the means of reviving the male line of Pantaloon, whose daughters proved to be almost invaluable at the stud. The Victory has gone to the Straffan Stud in Ireland, where he will probably not be long in proving his value as a sire.

Mr. Stedall is the owner of that beautifully-bred horse Ocean Wave, by See Saw out of Par Excellence, by Stockwell. In his early days he met with an accident which prevented him from being trained. He is a typically-bred Herod horse, and, with none too many opportunities, has sired a good number of winners. He is a compact and powerful horse of the No. 1 family. Trident, one of his get, was not far from being the best of his year, and yet such is the craze for fashion that this good stallion is standing at a fee of 9½ guineas.

W. A. Rouch. *STAR OF HANOVER.* Copyright

Star of Hanover was, I think, imported by Mr. Curtis, and brings back the line of Glencoe. He is by Hanover, and his dam is remarkably well bred, being by Kendal out of Petrarchina, by Petrarch out of Jessie Agnes, by Macaroni. His sire was inbred to Glencoe through Vandal, and also took in the line of Gladiator through Queen Mary. He is perhaps a trifle on the small side, but he is big enough; and the very moderate fee of nine guineas demanded for his services should ensure his list being full.

McYardley is still at work; but it is to be hoped that Mr. Musker will not allow him to go abroad when he decides to send him to the stud, for he is, perhaps, the best horse we have in

the country to keep the line of Sweetmeat alive. He is, as his picture well shows, a beautifully-proportioned animal, with wonderful symmetry, and is full of bloodlike quality.

Other Herod horses that occur to mind are old Sea Song and Engineer. It may have been forgotten that Sea Song won some twenty races, and was placed in about forty others. He is standing at the Old Lodge, Salisbury, at the fee of five guineas. Engineer was a pretty good winner himself. His services are to be had free, gratis, and for nothing, so I understand, at Whitehall, Crawley, Suffolk. Loved One, now standing at the Beenham Stud, near Reading, and Dinna Forget, whose performances will still be fresh in the memory of racegoers, are by no means to be forgotten in the list of Herod horses.

It is sincerely to be hoped that breeders will seriously consider the vital importance of Herod blood. There is no reason whatever to doubt but that the crossing of it with that of Eclipse will be just as successful in the future as it was in the past, long before the present craze for "fashion" set in with such unmitigated fury. T. H. B.

W. A. Rouch. OCEAN WAVE. Copyright

IN THE GARDEN.

The Primrose and Polyanthus Time.

THE opening of the Primrose flower is a herald of the coming of spring and summer days. In a warm corner of a copse we discovered the first Primrose before February had dawned, but at the moment of writing this same copse is a carpet of yellow, with here and there the pale lilac of Ladies'-smock to make the picture wholly spring-like, a meeting of two flowers which form a perfect harmony of soft and beautiful colouring. This copse of Primrose, soon to disappear before the advancing hosts of Bluebells, reminded the writer of the great work that has been accomplished during recent years in raising varieties for the garden, known collectively as bunch Primroses, or what may be called very fine Polyanthuses. The bunch Primrose is one of the most effective of garden flowers in spring, and is bedded out in masses in gardens and in public parks. The stem rises strong and straight from the whorl of vigorous leaves, and supports a crown of flowers which for variety of colouring and bold size are unrivalled among the many families of plants which we use to adorn the garden. A faint perfume comes from this grouping of Primrose. It is borne on the spring air, and mingles with the warm fragrance of Wallflower and Auricula. We have recently received many varieties of the bunch Primrose, each grower claiming his selection to be the best; but none is so pure in colour, especially in the shades of yellow and orange, as the bunch Primroses we have seen on many spring days in Miss Jekyll's garden at Munstead. The plants are of remarkable vigour, and the stems hold a crowd of flowers of many colourings, sometimes of purest white, and sometimes as rich as a cut Apricot. This note is seasonable for more than one reason. The plants are in flower, but the seed will soon be ripe. When that happens, it may be sown, and our practice is to sow the seed in shallow pans or boxes, which are filled with soil such as one would put a Geranium in. The seed will quickly germinate if the box is placed in a cold frame, and when the seedlings are of sufficient size to handle with comfort, prick them out in a prepared piece of ground in the garden. It is necessary to watch carefully for slugs, which are very troublesome to the young and juicy seedlings. Early in autumn they will be large enough to go to the places they are to flower in during the following spring. The whole practice of Primrose or Polyanthus growing is quite simple; but how great is the pleasure to those who enjoy the opening of seedling flowers and have a deep love for the sweetest of all the plants that bloom in the sunny month of April!

Sowing Seeds in Walls.

There is no better time than the present for sowing seeds in old and newly-built dry walls, and it is a form of gardening which grows in interest as the knowledge of the most suitable things for the purpose deepens. Sow the seeds in the crannies, or, if plants are used, make the roots quite firm and to go right into the available space. When this is finished, syringe gently, especially in the evening after a warm day. A north or east exposure is most relished by the plants, and a southern aspect most disliked, especially in the Southern Counties. The heat is too great for the majority of alpines. It is wise to mix the seeds with the soil before, as then there is little risk of the seed being blown away or eaten by birds. There is a wide choice of flowers for this purpose, but it is well not to over-plant a wall, but group the colours here and there, with the object of creating quite a natural effect. Alyssum saxatile, Arabis albida, the Aubrietias, Red Valerian (Centranthus ruber), the alpine or rock Pinks, Iberises, Campanulas, Wallflowers, Antirrhinum, Sedums, Saxifragas in great variety, Draba aizoides, Thrift, Cerastium, and Corydalis nobilis must all be included in the list.

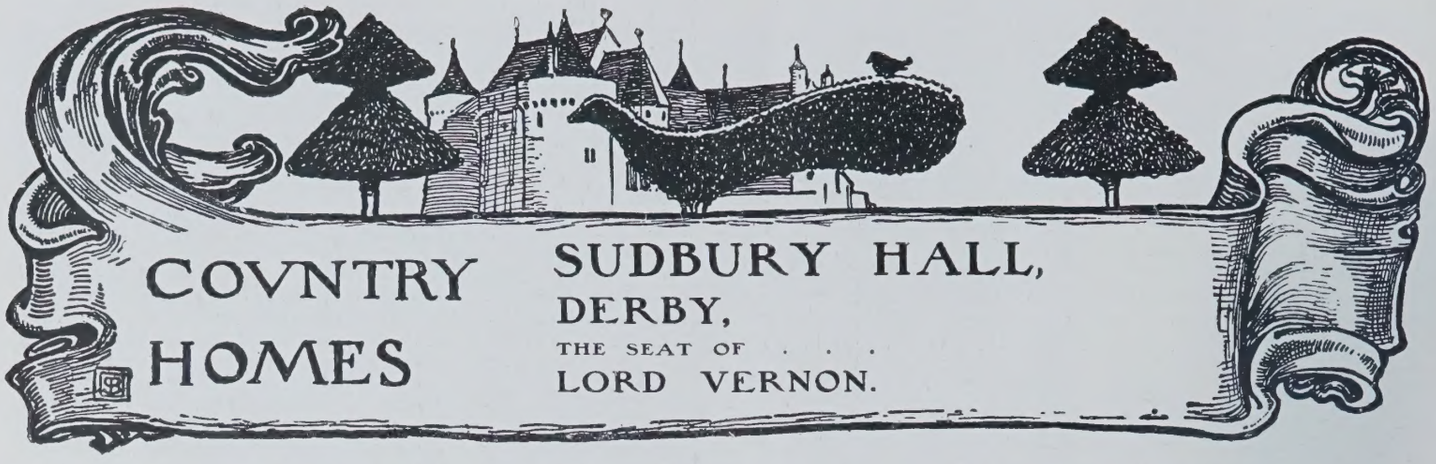
Random Notes.

Annual Climbers. — Many beginners in gardening, especially those who commence in spring, when it is almost too late to plant perennial climbers, are desirous of sowing things to make a quick covering for an arbour, or to hide some unsightly object. Where the place to be covered is extensive there is nothing more suitable than the Japanese Hop, which is extraordinarily vigorous, and in a few months will overrun a large extent of pergola or whatever the object it is wished to hide with a bower of refreshing greenery. There is a variegated variety of this, but we prefer the normal form. The Canary Creeper (Tropæolum canariensis) is well known; it is the light green leaved climber to be seen in many gardens in summer, and the bright yellow flowers are in profusion for many months. The climbing Nasturtiums, or Tropæolums, and the pretty Convolvulus, minor and major, complete a short but useful list. Sow the seed at once.

Ivy on Trees.—It is always a debatable point whether the Ivy is hurtful to the tree round which it climbs, and many are interested in this question. In a recent number of *Flora and Sylva* a correspondent signing "J. S." agrees that "Ivy is not so hurtful to trees as is generally supposed, but . . . much depends on the tree it grows upon. On umbrageous trees with foliage giving deep shade, Ivy never makes way enough to do any harm. It is a plant that loves the light, and will not grow fast or well under the branches of a Sycamore or a Beech, for example. With scanty-foliaged trees, however, it is different. Many years ago we had Ivy planted against the stems of the trees in many places, and it has been growing with the trees as they grew. On the Birch it grows fast, and some of these have, in the course of time, been all but covered from bottom to top. We have other trees of the same kind and age, and much larger ones also, but they are in good health; these have no Ivy upon them. The Birch being a scanty-leaved tree, the Ivy grows fast upon it and overmasters it. The tree upon which it thrives next best is the Larch, and we have old ones of these showing an even and tapering column of Ivy about 70ft. high. They are about eighty years of age, and the Ivy upon them cannot be much younger. On the Ash the Ivy makes some progress, and some of our trees are clothed to near the top with it, side limbs and all. On the other trees that have good and ample foliage it never makes much headway, and we have no example of it in the Beech worth speaking of. It thrives on Scotch Fir, but on the Sycamore it is either dead or dying in most instances."

Shortia galacifolia.—At a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society this delightful hardy plant was shown by several exhibitors, but in one instance a variety called rosea. The type has flowers of purest white, but in the variety they were of the softest shell pink, a shade so exquisite and unusual that we are looking forward to the little colony of it flowering next spring. The Shortia delights in a moist, but not waterlogged, peaty soil, the kind of place that the Japanese Primrose and Bog Myrtle revel in, but it will also succeed on the rock garden. Not only are the flowers beautiful, but the leaves are shades of chocolate and crimson, and sometimes quite a self crimson.

Eugenia Ugni.—"A Subscriber" asks a question about this plant: "Should it be grown in a greenhouse or planted out in the open border? The position is near the sea in a South-West English county." Perhaps some reader who has had experience of this plant would help our correspondent. The following reference to it occurs in "The Fruit Garden": "Eugenia Ugni is a compact little shrub, not unlike a Myrtle or a Box, which grows freely in a greenhouse, or even in the open air in the warmer parts of this country. In the garden of Colonel Tremayne at Carclew, near Falmouth, it forms a hedge, and its fruits are gathered annually to be used as dessert or for preserving. They are about the size of Black Currants, and not unlike that fruit in flavour, but they are less juicy and more aromatic. They are said to make a delicious drink. The plant is a native of Chili, but it is now widely distributed in sub-tropical countries. It is easily propagated from seeds or cuttings."



COUNTRY HOMES

SUDBURY HALL, DERBY,

THE SEAT OF . . .

LORD VERNON.

IN the ancient church of All Souls at Sudbury in Derbyshire, may be seen the recumbent effigies of two ladies, whose wimpled heads rest upon lozenge-shaped cushions, and whose hearts are held in their hands. These worn and silent figures represent, as is believed, and as can scarcely be doubted, ladies of the ancient house of Montgomery, which was seated for some centuries at Sudbury, and whose heritage passed in marriage with a richly-dowered heiress to a branch of the Vernons of Haddon. The Montgomerys had struck deep roots into the soil of this favoured region of England, and their possessions were at Sudbury, where they had a park in Plantagenet times, Cubley, where they had a residence, Hill Somersal, Marston Montgomery, and other places in South Derbyshire and Stafford. In the twelfth century John de Montgomery gave lands in Sudbury to Tutbury Priory, and his descendants were knights of the shire, and men of wealth and position, the last of the line being Sir John Montgomery, who died in 1513. His estates were partitioned amongst his three daughters and co-heiresses, Sudbury passing to Sir John Vernon, who married the eldest of them. The knight was a younger son of that Sir Henry Vernon of Haddon who acted as governor to Prince Arthur, and who signed the Prince's marriage articles with Catherine of Aragon, and he was uncle to the famous Sir George Vernon, "King of the Peak," whose daughter, Dorothy Vernon, eloped, as the story goes, with John Manners, and whose homely effigy may still be seen in Bakewell Church, making the visitor bethink himself how much of romance and poetry may exist in the life of everyday.

Sir John Vernon, the first of his family to be seated at Sudbury, was of the King's Council for Wales. His son Henry succeeded him, and, like himself and many other Vernons, married an heiress, the daughter of Sir Humphrey Swinnerton. Henry's elder son, John Vernon, died without issue at the age of sixty-one in 1600, having married Mary (Littelton), widow of his kinsman, Walter Vernon of Houndshill. His effigy in plate armour, with a ruff, may be seen under an arch in Sudbury Church, and beneath it, on an altar tomb, that of his wife. She was a prudent lady who did much to redeem the family estates, which had become somewhat involved, and in her time the present Sudbury Hall was built, apparently about twelve years after her husband's death. The site chosen, probably that of an earlier mansion, was superb, for the house looked out, as it does now, across the beautiful valley of the lower Dove to the green recesses of the Forest of Needwood, where grow some of the finest oaks and hollies in England. Mistress Mary Vernon did not build and adorn the splendid abode for herself, but for those who were to come after her. The heiress was her niece, Margaret Vernon, sole daughter of her husband's brother, Henry, and this lady married Sir Edward Vernon of Houndshill (born in 1584, died in 1657), son of Mistress Mary

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SOUTH-EAST END OF THE LONG GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Vernon's first husband. From this marriage Lord Vernon is descended. The first peer was George Vernon, created Lord Vernon, Baron of Kinderton, in 1762, who prefixed the name of Venables to his own on inheriting the great Cheshire estates of Peter Venables, last Baron of Kinderton. Lord Vernon married, as his first wife, the daughter and co-heiress of the second Lord Howard of Effingham, and afterwards the sister and ultimate heiress of Simon, first Earl Harcourt.

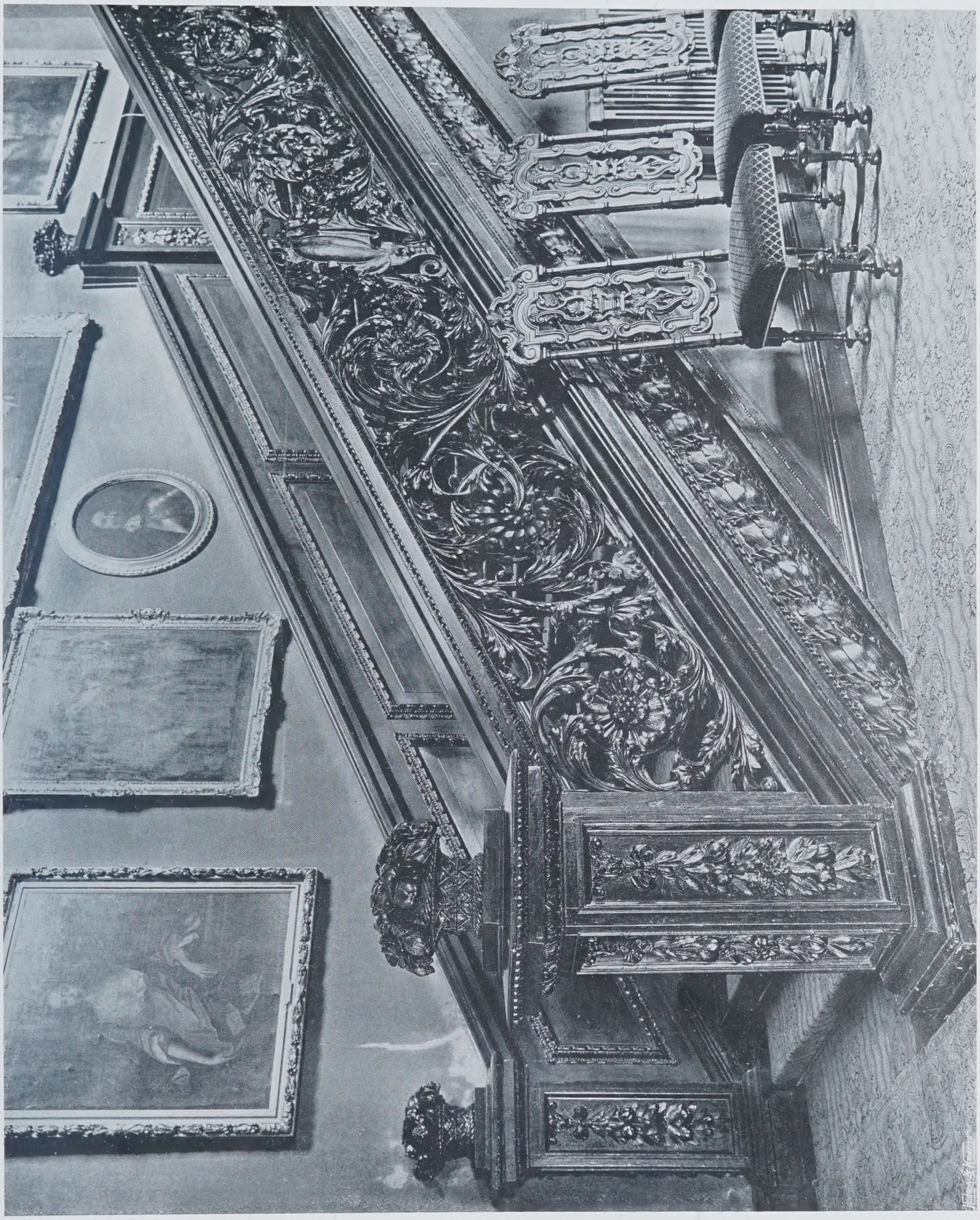
The pictures which accompany this article will suggest that work was carried on, and often resumed, in perfecting and beautifying the house during a great many years. Indeed, the successive Lords Vernon have made Sudbury Hall what it is. In the time of the fifth baron it was for a few years the residence of Queen Adelaide, and his successor repaired and greatly beautified and improved the house and estate. Thus, in the hands of its successive owners Sudbury Hall became a treasure-house of art, was adorned with a noble library, and was enriched with beautiful grounds.

The edifice is expressive externally, in every line and detail, of the age in which it was built; and it will be noticed that in carvings, plaster-work, and other adornments within it rivals the best work of the age, while presenting many features and adornments which later care has bestowed upon it. In the grouping of its structural masses we discern a tendency to transition, the picturesqueness of the Jacobean style, to which it belongs, being, perhaps, less noticeable than the simplicity and symmetry of its forms, which seem as if they foreshadowed the later, more formal, classic manner. The material of which the house is built is a warm red brick of pleasant tone, with a darker lozenge pattern worked in, and there are stone dressings and details which give variety. In the illustration of the north-east front it will be observed that the porch, erected in two stages, is a very remarkable piece of Jacobean architecture. The round-arched doorway is flanked by double columns, resting on panelled bases and supporting a cornice and segmental pediment, which give space below for two niches of very unusual character, and a shield supported by two cherubs and enframed by most delicate and beautiful Renaissance carving. The general arrangement is repeated in the upper stage, but with changes which give freshness and individuality. A wonderful example of fine stonework and of the sculptor's skill is this excellent porch. In the symmetrical character of the central block of the Hall, with its projecting wings, surrounding balustrade, and bold roofs and chimneys, rising to the circular lantern, there is infinite charm arising from the combination of unity with variety. The same bold and yet simple character gives distinction to the south-west front, which rises with dignity of form above the gardens which it surveys.

Copyright THE DRAWING-ROOM: THE WORK OF GRINLING GIBBONS. "C.L."

When we enter the house we are impressed with its splendour and elaboration. Evidently the best of craftsmen have here expended their skill, and Grinling Gibbons, the master wood-carver, has had rivals in the plaster-workers and ceiling painters. The restoration of the house about the year 1876 did much to add to the charm, but we look in vain for any incongruity. There is, we think, nowhere a better example of the later Renaissance as displayed in internal design. The entrance-hall and stairway are grand in style and execution. The framing of the doorway of the saloon is a magnificent example of classic work in wood, with finely-sculptured Corinthian fluted columns, graceful wreaths of fruit and flowers, and an interrupted pediment to give place to a bust. Notice again the splendour of the carving of the stairway, with its massive scrolls of fruit and floral adornment in bold and free forms, to support its richly-wrought handrail. Carved newel-posts, bearing baskets of fruit, are a part of this wealth of craftsmanship, and the splendid moulded plaster adornments of the ceiling are not anywhere surpassed. The sculptor's chisel and the moulder's tool have never done better work.

The harmonious richness of the saloon makes a feast for the eye, and beautiful French furniture, clocks, and bronzes add to the interest and charm of the interior. The wall-panels enframe fine portraits of ladies of the house of Vernon and others, the ceiling is magnificent, and the whole of the work, as will be seen, is of the utmost elaboration. But, perhaps, the staircase may claim precedence for nobility. Upon its walls hang many portraits of famous men and beauteous women, for



THE STAIRWAY.

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THE NORTH HALL.

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Strafford and others, whose names are in all our histories, have their place in the great collection. The ceiling above is magnificent in its work in plaster—the cavetto, as a cornice with festoons of flowers and fruits, and the deep moulded panelling, extraordinarily elaborate, all enframing a splendidly enwreathed ceiling-painting, than which Verrio never produced a better. What could we say more of the magnificent craftsmanship we are privileged to illustrate? The Long Gallery, which has an extent of 145ft., is a famous apartment, resembling in plan the long galleries of the sixteenth century, but a marvel of richness in a style they never knew. Here again is a ceiling in circular panels which almost defies description; the walls are lined with a fine library, and with many notable pictures; the Chippendale and other furniture is of great interest, and rich rugs clothe the polished floor, making an interior of infinite charm, and a perfect composition in detail and harmonious colour. Another chamber that deserves special mention is the Queen's Room, so called from having been occupied by Queen Adelaide during her residence at Sudbury, from 1840 to 1843. A fine marble mantel, a richly-worked chimney-piece, a grand ceiling, and a fine carved tester-bedstead are its features.

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But it is impossible to describe the multitude of interesting and valuable things which give such distinction to the interior of Sudbury Hall. There is a noble collection of pictures, including fine examples of the Italian schools, by Domenechino and other great artists, and many works of the Dutch and English schools, the portraits being particularly noticeable. Details of oak carving are admirable, as will be seen, and the

CORNER OF THE SALOON.

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splendid framing of the mirror in the drawing-room by Grinling Gibbons, being marvellous work in dead game, fish, fruit, and flowers, all sculptured to the very life, is as fine as anything that ever came from the great master's hand. The park covers about 600 acres, and the windows of the house on the south-west front have a delightful outlook over the lake and woods to the Dove and the sylvan region beyond.

THE TENDER-FOOT AFTER CHAMOIS.

IT is very probable that had certain chamois that were leaping about unconscious of all evil on the shady slopes of the D—— glen in the Dolomites, in August, 1903, known the ado and hubbub stirred up to encompass their death, they would have rendered up their ghosts as well as their black little horns more readily than they did. Most of the great inventors of the age had worked for their destruction, one of the finest steam yachts in the world had ploughed across the Atlantic from New York to Havre, the swiftest Parisian motor-car that money could buy, the Atlantic cable, long-distance telephone lines, the Orient Express, the ingenious inventors of the Mannlicher, Mauser, Savage, and Winchester rifles, all had put forth their best efforts to secure for that Fifth Avenue mansion those prized trophies of the Austrian Alps, and a certain department of a great Empire's Government had been sorely perturbed on their account, while telegrams out of number had passed between New York and London and Paris and Vienna. But let me relate how it all came about.

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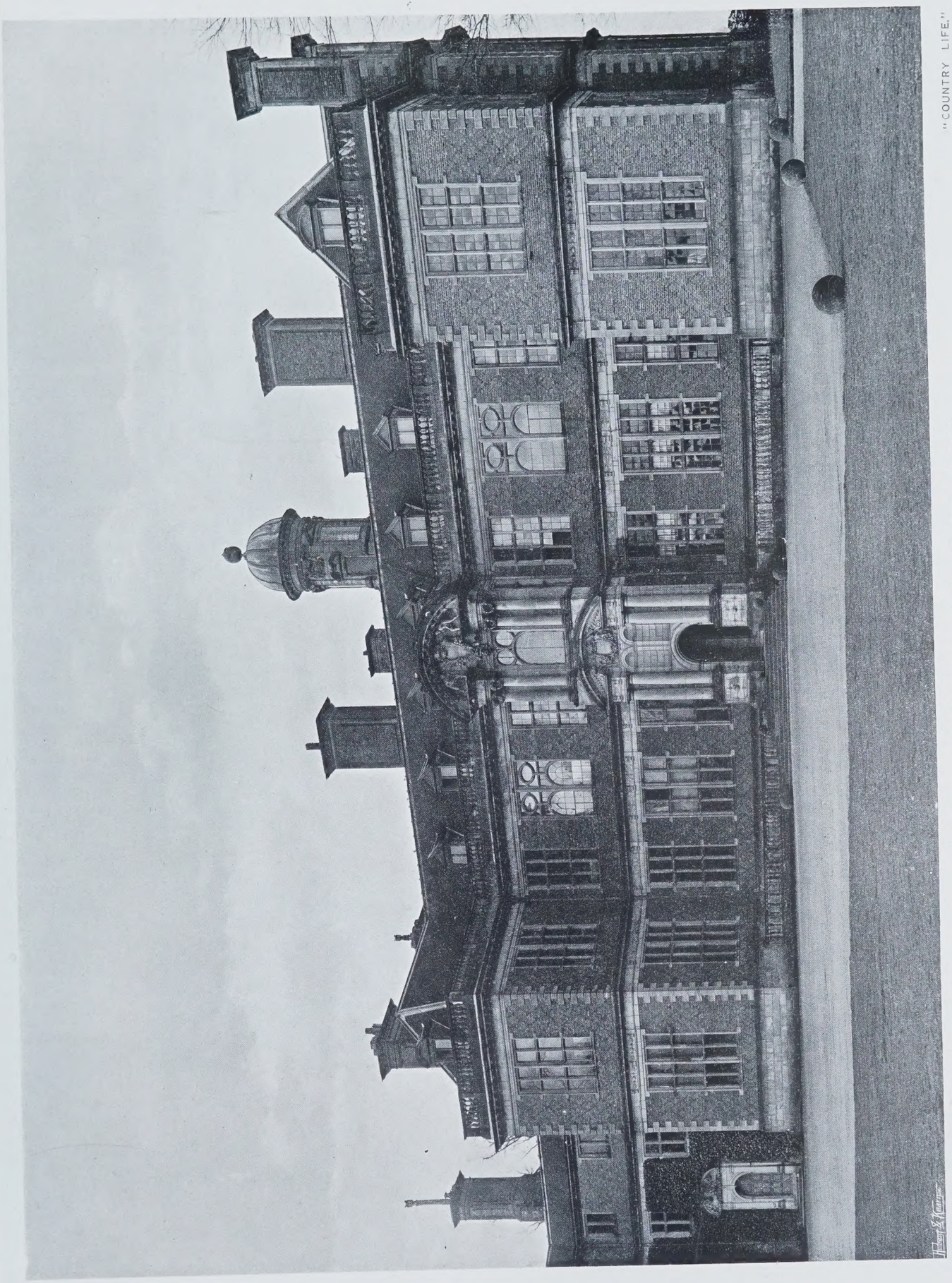
Months before the opening of the shooting season my partner in a shooting I had leased the year before cabled to me from New York that he would join in sharing with me a certain promising Styrian shoot of which a Baron L. had offered me that season's lease. The share that X., my New York acquaintance, was to have consisted of forty chamois and two stags, and when August was already upon us X.'s steam yacht brought him and his cousin Y. to Havre, from whence their powerful motor was to take them on to the Styrian Valley. But, alas! even the best-matured plans can be upset by unexpected slips, and in this instance there was not one, but many. The first one was, unfortunately, as unusual as it was vexatious, for at the eleventh hour, to my utter consternation, I received the official information that as the aforesaid Baron had not the right to sublet the shoot without the sanction of the Government—it being Crown property—and that, as the permission for certain reasons was withheld, my lease of the place was off. A nice plight to be in! Here were the impatient young New Yorkers who had just landed at Havre, travelling I do not know how many thousand miles as fast as steam and electricity could carry them to shoot chamois, upon which the all-powerful ban of the paternal Austrian Government was resting! To cut short a very long story, we agreed to accept in lieu of the W—— ground another more extensive shoot in the Dolomites, adjoining a place I happened to have been shooting in the previous year. And as I knew all about it, I could therefore dispense with the personal inspection which, under ordinary circumstances, it is as well to institute before renting strange ground. The substituted shoot had attractions of its own, for the chamois there were much larger than the Styrian ones, and though, as there are no red deer in that part of the Alps, the stags had to be given up, X. and Y. got ten more chamois in lieu of the two latter. So they had no reason whatever for grumbling at the exchange which quite unavoidable causes had forced upon one.

Another misfortune overtook the New Yorkers while they were careering in their motor from Paris to Salzburg, when, in consequence of a too sudden change of the gear, the wheels "stripped," leaving the young chamois-hunters stranded on a dark night on the top of a lonely hill on the Vosges. The rest of the journey had therefore to be performed by the old-fashioned rail conveyance, *i.e.*, by the Orient Express and the Nord-Süd over the Brenner, while the two valets brought on from Paris a huge pile of luggage to D——, a small out-of-the-way railway station on the northern slopes of the Dolomites, close to which our shoot was situated. The little village of D—— was already sunk in sleep when, soon after nine o'clock one September evening, we wended our way on foot from the station to the principal inn, called the Post, while two country carts conveyed the luggage thither.

The Post, a square, solid-looking stone building, was one of those old-fashioned Tyrolese hostelries one still meets with in



SUDBURY HALL: THE NORTH-EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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the "undiscovered" parts of the country. The owners of these inns have every reason to regret the day on which the railway invaded the land, for it took from them all their many century old post-road business, and gave them but little in return save a few transient summer visitors or an occasional "cheap tripper" running for shelter at tariff rate. The advent of our party was therefore an event as unusual as it was fuss-causing, and the kindly old Frau Postmeisterin bustled about in a style betokening her anxiety to please the Herren who had come so far, so *very* far, as she persisted in saying, to shoot chamois. I am sure that, had the accident on the Vosges hills not invalided the motor, and we had arrived in this swift fiery car, the old lady would have lost her reason altogether. She had, as she told us, never seen a live American before, though, as she added, she had once seen a dead one in a travelling wax show, "ein gewisser Herr," by which she meant the effigy of "Lincoln."

As there was only one other guest in the house, we all managed to get separate rooms, to which, after partaking of some supper, we retired to repack and put things into ship-shape for an early start on the morrow. Mine was a far easier task than theirs, for, notwithstanding my warning to take as little as possible, the head-keeper on seeing the huge pile of X. and Y.'s heterogeneous belongings, threw up his hands in astonishment, and declared that there weren't enough men in the whole village to carry it all up to the lodge, some two hours' climb from D——, other means of conveyance, on account of the steepness of the path, being out of the question. Hence a wholesale weeding out of unnecessary articles and superfluous outfit became necessary, and I am afraid to say at what hour of the morning the two valets got to their straw-stuffed "downies."

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Apropos of outfits for chamois-shooting in Tyrol a line or two will suffice to enumerate the necessaries, but it would take pages to give an analysis of what not to bring, to judge by the things that the tenderfoot persists in carting out on such occasions. The former are a rifle with the shooting of which you are thoroughly familiar, ammunition that belongs to the rifle, stout boots "nailed" in a workmanlike manner, the oldest shooting clothes and knickerbockers of dark green or grey hue, a rubber bath, a rücksack, a telescope, and a stout bergstock of local growth and local "shodding." Among the paraphernalia not to bring are valets, lady's-maids, governesses, Saratoga trunks, huge tin baths, an armoury of various brand-new shooting-irons using different ammunition, none of which has been practically tested, Panama hats, or sun-helmets of a staring white, elaborate shooting toggery of a nice bright green with large red and blue check pattern, leather gaiters, gimcrack bamboo bergstocks, coils of Alpine Club rope, ice axes of the newest pattern, and game bags that dangle at one's side, and the loops of which, when ascending steep rocks, offer convenient traps to put one's foot in and send one head over heels down instead of up the declivity. I speak feelingly on this topic, for owing to my long residence in Austria, and the fact that I once scribbled somewhere that I had shot my first stag over here more than forty years ago, friends and acquaintances and their friends and acquaintances have turned me into a sort of "enquire within" concerning Austrian shooting matters. But to return to the outfit here more immediately in question. X.'s experience, gained the previous year, had apparently not helped him as much as it might; his and his cousin's outfit was a very complete one for a motor tour, but hardly what was required for a chamois-hunting expedition. The latest thing in motor-goggles were not as useful as stout mountain-boots, and knickerbockers would have been more appropriate for climbing after the wary mountain antelope than were burly-looking fur coats typical of the up-to-date motor swell. And as for rifles, there were sundry kinds and sorts—Winchesters, Savages, Mannlichers, and Mausers, amongst the latter one presented to the owner by an Emperor, and provided with telescopic sights, with the working of which neither sportsman was conversant. Now telescopic sights are invaluable aids, and to none more so than to the middle-aged afflicted with "long sight"; but they take a bit of practice, and one should know which way to turn the scale disc adjusting the range. Unfortunately I was unaware, until too late, of the fact that both the sportsmen were unfamiliar with their armoury, or I would have insisted on spending the forenoon at the little village rifle-range, and getting the impatient young chamois-hunters used to their fire-irons, preferably with one kind, for changing rifles is by no means expedient when once you have opened the campaign. As it was, the two enthusiasts entered the sacred ground with untried rifles, with results that were anything but satisfactory, for if there is any beast the missing of which should be as much as possible avoided, it is the ever-watchful little mountain gazelle, which resents disturbance by summarily leaving its home to seek quieter quarters elsewhere beyond the march. And

more than anything else does the chamois resent the insult of having lead pumped at it from magazine rifles. Twelve shots fired at intervals at different beasts in the course of a day's stalk disturbs chamois ground far less than half that number fired in quick succession in the usually ineffectual attempt to stop a vanishing buck. One such "firework" is enough to send the most home-loving old veteran buck for good and all over one's boundaries.

In the D—— shoot old bucks were unusually plentiful, for Prince Z., the owner of the ground, had never let it before, and had shot there but little himself, and for this reason X. and Y. could have secured among the fifty chamois they had to kill a number of veterans. That they failed in this and left the place after a five weeks' stay with only thirty-seven chamois and four roebucks to their credit, I ascribe solely to their using rifles with which they were not familiar, for they had no end of chances, and had to telegraph twice for fresh supplies of ammunition. Their keenness and willingness to undergo the fatigues and hardships of the sport availed them little so long as their aim remained uncertain. The main lodge, if one can apply that ambitious term to our primitive quarters, consisted of a kitchen-house, *i.e.*, a log structure 30ft. by 20ft., the rear part of which chamber was occupied by a bench 6ft. wide and slightly slanting, upon which hay was piled, and which formed the sleeping quarters of the three keepers and of several under-strappers. A short covered in passage connected it with the living-house, also constructed of logs squared on the outside, and this habitation was divided into a large central room with two bedrooms, while a garret overhead was intended for the cook. The latter, a very important personage under the circumstances, was a prepossessing young Viennese of the female persuasion whom an agency had engaged for me. To quarter our three selves, two valets, three keepers, and several young fellows who acted as messengers, attended to the boots, firewood, etc., in such narrow quarters and fit in the cook, with due regard to decorum, was a puzzle in itself, but all would have gone well had it not been for a very harmless-looking ladder. When the virtuous Anna discovered that the only means of gaining her bower was by this ladder, she threw a bombshell into our circle by categorically refusing to ascend it, and threatened to leave us that instant and return to D—— by the light of a lantern if no fitter quarters for her could be improvised. Here was a dilemma of the worst kind, and what was even worse, the revolt was threatening to spread further, the two immaculate valets holding also discouraging views concerning the primitiveness of their sleeping quarters. The loss of the cook would have meant very lean fare indeed for many a day, Vienna being the nearest place where a substitute could be found. And were those glorious appetites, so dearly bought by long days' climbing, to go begging? Was that craving for eatable food to be satisfied with a greasy *Schmarn*, a *plat* that would hardly have proved acceptable to palates that cavilled at the Carlton *chef*, and that had fault to find with the *cuisine* of Ritz and of the Waldorf? And all because a young person would not ascend a ladder so long as those two fashionable valets were anywhere in the vicinity!

"Keep your wool on!" is a useful axiom to remember for daily life, whether our difficulties be with aggressive Russians or with angry domestics as worth humouring as was this precious cook. After some palaver, I prevailed on virtuous Anna at least to cook us that evening's dinner, for we were all ravenous. This she did. A more happy post-prandial mood and some judicious praise of her dishes, as well as a bottle of country wine and certain monetary promises, at last helped to solve the difficulty. It was finally achieved by a bit of cord. By its means a blanket or two were so draped from the rafters as to turn one corner of the kitchen into a *chambre separé*, where Anna declared she would deign to bower if all the unmarried men were sent to sleep elsewhere. This was achieved by bedding out the two valets in our sitting-room, and turning the garret into a bachelors' chamber. Thus peace in the domestic circle was restored, and, with the exception of the roof, which leaked into our beds when it rained very hard, and windows which, when it blew very hard, did not keep out the wind as effectually as they probably had done in their younger days, everything was now running smoothly—the chamois, unfortunately, also!

Of the ten or eleven thousand chamois that are annually killed in Austria, a considerable portion are shot in drives, a form of sport that is still fashionable, though it seems probable that the increased commercial value of good chamois ground—and in bad ground driving is exceedingly poor fun—will gradually bring about changes in this respect; for, of course, stalking is far better sport. Now that every chamois, by the time it lies on the grass in front of your hut, costs you a £10 note, shooting down eighty or ninety in one drive, as is done in some of the most extensive preserves, becomes a millionaire's pleasure, and a selfish one at that. For the fact that one has so many beasts on one's ground means the closest nursing, the most vigilant watching by a great staff of keepers, and perfect tranquillity during 364 days of the 365; which again means that your less fortunate neighbour's chamois, that have not been quite so undisturbed, will flock to the quiet ground, to the obvious detriment of the man beyond your march.

Nature, in such cases of overstocking, has a remedy of her own to punish the "chamois-hog," for epidemics, notably the mange and anthrax, invariably sooner or later put in their appearance, with results that are often disastrous in the extreme; for, as it is impossible to kill off the sick beasts as quickly as one could in the case of domestic or semi-domestic animals, these epidemics frequently take years to run their course, and more years will elapse before the ground recovers from such a visitation. The sporadic appearance of these scourges makes it necessary for the foreigner desirous of renting a chamois-shoot to be careful in this respect, a bit of advice which I give feelingly, for notwithstanding the many facilities at my disposal, I was once taken in myself, and renewed a lease of a place where the mange had broken out a few months previously.

Chamois-stalking is often called the sport for kings; but to be successful the said kings should be fairly active men who do not need two men in front hauling at ropes, and one man behind pushing, to get up slopes, as we see in some old pictures; and they must be willing and able to put up with the rough sides of a sport that has no equal, at any rate in Europe.

W. A. Baillie-Grohman.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE GAMES.

DECIDEDLY this is Oxford's year. Before winning the Boat Race this University had the satisfaction of overcoming Cambridge at Queen's Club, West Kensington, by the substantial margin of 6½ events to 3½. It was expected to be a very close contest, with the advantage slightly in favour of Cambridge; but as in the case of the Boat Race, the men of that University seemed to have been slightly over-trained. An idea was current that in several of the events the two Universities would be close together, but until within two days of the

W. A. Rouch. FIRST LAP OF THE THREE-MILE RACE, WON BY A. S. D. SMITH (CAMBRIDGE). Copyright

meeting it was believed that Cambridge held the advantage They seemed certain to win the Weight, the High Jump, and the Three Miles, while their prospects for the 100 Yards, the Mile, and the Long Jump looked at least as good as those of their opponents. But this forecast was utterly upset. Oxford won the 100 Yards Race, the Quarter-Mile, the Mile, the Long Jump, and Throwing the Hammer; while Cambridge had to be content with securing the supremacy in the Three Miles, the Hurdles, and Putting the Weight. The High Jump ending in a tie made the halves which show in the totals. It was a very pleasant function, both the Prince and Princess of Wales being present, and the weather being all that could be desired. A slight wind was blowing, but it was not so strong as to interfere with the comfort of the spectators or the efforts of the competitors. In looking back, we see that the most important event was the Mile Race, in which Mr. Welsh met Mr. Henderson-Hamilton; the latter won in very fine style, doing the mile in 4min. 17 4-5sec. The previous record had been made in 1894 by Mr. W. E. Lutyens, who took 2sec. more to cover the distance. The race was pluckily run, and Mr. Welsh made a splendid effort in the straight to get on terms with his swift opponent; but Mr. Henderson-Hamilton had too much in hand, and came in a winner by several yards. Mr. Morrell, who was not regarded as the best that Oxford could produce, defeated Mr. Cornwallis in the Quarter-Mile. Mr. Morrell had already won the 100 Yards, so that he may be said to have covered himself with distinction. In the Three-Mile Race, Mr. A. S. D. Smith gave a decided beating to Mr. Schutt. In the Half-Mile, Mr. Cornwallis, who, as we have said, was defeated in the Quarter-Mile, came off an easy victor, through his opponent, Mr. Crabbe, falling. The High Jump proved to be rather a disappointment. Mr. Leader had shown such good form in the two previous years that his friends expected him to do something wonderful on this occasion; but he failed absolutely to get over a height of more than 5ft. 7in., and had to be contented with dividing honours with his opponent. Something of the same kind happened in Throwing the Hammer. Mr. Fyffe had done so excellently in practice that great things were expected of him, and so his throw of over 120ft., though most creditable to him, was somewhat in the nature of a disappointment to the lookers-on.

Copyright *THREE MILES: SECOND LAP.* "COUNTRY LIFE."

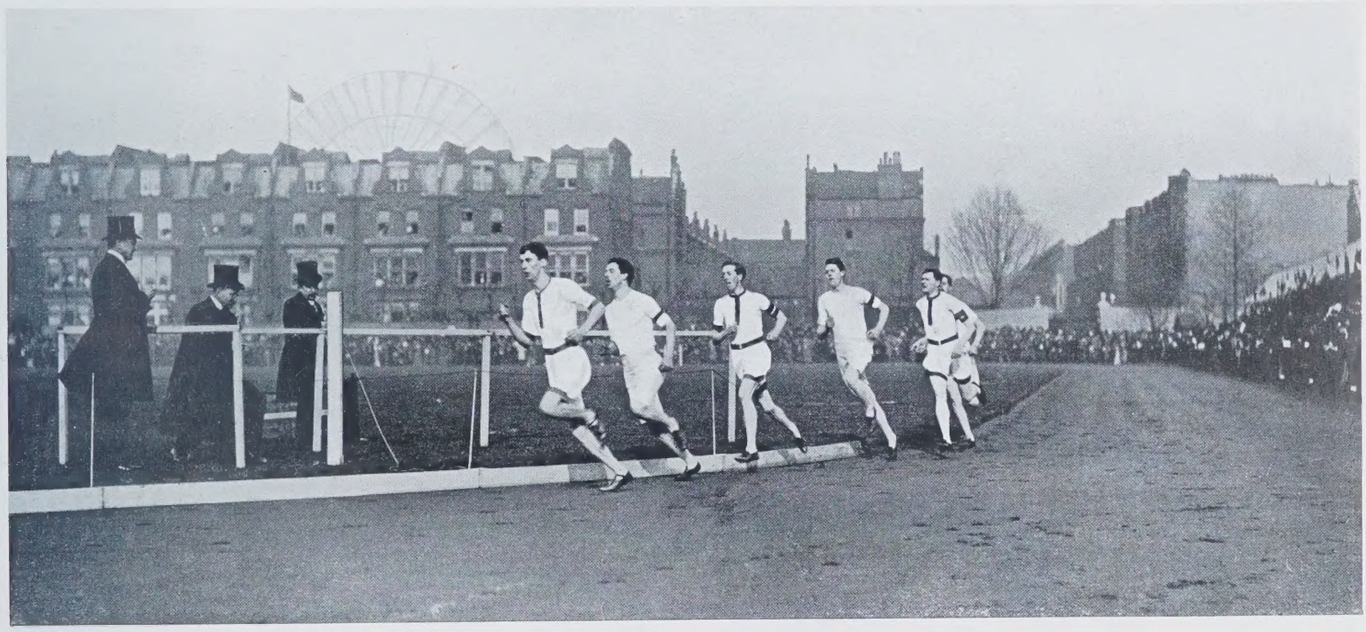
W. A. Rouch. *FINISH OF THE ONE HUNDRED YARDS.* Copyright
J. H. Morrell (Oxford), Winner.

Such, briefly epitomised, are the results of the day's competitions, and they cannot fail to lead the thoughtful reader to a consideration of the part played by athletics in the development and education of English youth. Theoretical writers have often jeered at the amount of attention which is paid in England to merely physical prowess. In a celebrated passage in one of his writings, Mr. Ruskin talked as though the one thing taught young men in this country was to hit a ball with a bat, and he somewhat plaintively asked if they could plough with a steady hand; while we all know Mr. Rudyard Kipling's jeer at "the flannelled fools at the wicket" and "the muddied oafs" who play football. But in all this there is the exercise of a great deal of poetic licence. We know very well that the temptations nowadays are that a young man should not take exercise; where his grandfather walked he is taught to ride, it may be in a motor-car, a horsed carriage, a hansom, or even the homely bus; and so far has this gone that a philosopher has been known to speculate whether a time is not coming in which feet will have become of such little use as to have grown obsolete. So it is with the things we used to do with our hands. Machinery performs them all for us. Moreover, all who have ambition throng into the great towns, where they have no opportunity of patronising those manly sports which gave muscle and sinew to their country-loving forefathers. It may be quite true

Copyright *HIGH JUMP: P. M. YOUNG (OXFORD) TIES.* "C.L."

that the boy who loves athletics has as much of them as he desires. There are a thousand clubs now to one that used to exist. Outdoor games have attained a popularity of which we have had no previous experience. If we take the golf clubs of the kingdom alone, they fill an enormous part in public life which used to be entirely vacant; but, after all, it is only a comparatively small section of the people that take part in these healthy, open-air amusements. The great majority are doomed to be mere lookers-on, and it is extremely doubtful whether, for example, the vast numbers of people who assemble to watch a game of football gain any definite advantage from doing so. The exercise, the healthy emulation, and the excitement are for the players alone. It is therefore impossible to avoid the conclusion that the encouragement of athletic exercises is a duty incumbent upon those who have charge of our educational institutions. According to the old Latin proverb, there ought to be a *mens sana in corpore sano*, and the latter is of quite as much importance as the former. Indeed, there is much reason to doubt whether a mind can possibly be really healthful if it be not enclosed in a healthy body. That is the real reason for encouraging athletics in our Universities; the men themselves who to-day are heroes of the river, the cricket field, the golf course, or the tennis court, may to-morrow be forgotten, but their influence goes on deepening and extending for ever. It is not the solitary winner of an athletic event that we look to, but the hundreds of other men who are induced by his example to devote some attention to physical culture, without which there can be no such thing as a healthy and vigorous community.

W. A. Rouch. *THE START FOR THE MILE.* Copyright



W. A. Rouch. *THE MILE, WON BY C. C. HENDERSON-HAMILTON (OXFORD).* Copyright

FROM THE FARMS.

Agricultural Education in Somerset.

THE welcome and healthy activity in regard to educational matters which has been developed in country districts recently is well exemplified by the report issued from the Somerset County Council. The local authorities are taking most practical measures for the inculcation of a sound agricultural education. They have obtained a farm for experimental purposes, and appointed a County Inspector in Agriculture, who has been giving a course of lectures at central villages. To speak frankly, this is part of the programme to which we do not attach much importance. Lecturing was tried to an enormous extent in regard to dairying, but it still remains a fact that the worst butter sold in an average market town is home made. Of course, we know nothing of the individual lecturer for the county in question, and can only hope that his words will bear more fruit than experience gives us reason to expect. The field experiments which have been conducted in various parts of the county are more likely to be useful. Experiments in a college are all very well, but they are very much more valuable when conducted on a farmer's own land and under his own nose, so to speak. Again, the cheese school and the butter school are admirable institutions which ought to have a decided effect on the dairying of the district. The agricultural scholarships are also likely to do much good by developing individual talent. The arrangements for teaching gardening are very thorough, and consist partly of lecturing, partly of demonstrations in continuation school gardens. Great care, too, is being exercised in the teaching of poultry-keeping, and, generally speaking, it must be conceded that the county councils are doing their best to give the country children the teaching they ought to have.

Sending Queen Bees by Post.

From an interesting pamphlet by Mr. F. W. L. Sladen, called "Queen Rearing in England," we quote a paragraph that will be read with interest by those who have not yet begun to pay much attention to this industry: "The postal regulations of the United Kingdom, and of most other civilised countries, now allow live bees to be sent by post, and a considerable number of queens are distributed in this way every summer. Formerly they were sent, accompanied by about 200 workers, in boxes containing small combs of honey, but now they are sent, accompanied by only

twelve to twenty workers, in small cages (introduced by Benton), containing a special kind of soft candy called 'queen candy.' The queen and her attendants will live for several days in one of these cages, and if carefully packed, even weeks, without injury; they will stand a wide range of temperature, and require very little ventilation, provided the cage is not overcrowded, there being always sufficient air in the mail-bags. These cages weigh only one or two ounces with the candy in them; the queens can therefore be forwarded by post to any address at a merely nominal cost." We need scarcely say that Mr. Sladen, who publishes from the office of the *British Bee Journal*, is thoroughly at home in his subject, and his book may be confidently recommended to the attention of bee-keepers.

Farmers and Birds.

A lively controversy has been going on during the past week in the columns of our contemporary the *Standard*. It is well known that throughout the country clubs have recently been formed for the purpose of thinning down those wild creatures which have multiplied inordinately and are destructive of the farmer's crops. These are chiefly the sparrow, the rook, and the wood-pigeon; but in one of the reports it was mentioned that many of our singing birds have been killed also, and this has naturally aroused a good deal of irritation. In regard to the sparrow one has little to object to. This bird has increased most enormously, and we have seen five corn crops completely destroyed by it. The rook, too, has increased to a very great degree, and though on the whole we are inclined to think that rooks are of great benefit in destroying grubs, yet it is certain that where the numbers are very great they become a pest. There is, however, scarcely any other bird against which such operation could be justifiably carried on, and rat and sparrow clubs will bring themselves into ill-fame if, in attempting to get rid of well-known pests, they destroy other birds which are a perpetual delight to the lover of Nature. We know quite well that an indictment may be made out against many birds, including the beautiful little song-thrush; but so pleasant is it to hear the voice of this charming songster, and to watch him in the garden or shrubbery, that he ought not to be grudged the little payment that he exacts from the garden crops.

The Price of Wheat.

English farmers cannot but note with satisfaction the tendency of wheat to keep up to a reasonable price. It used to be an axiom among them that this cereal to be profitable should fetch at least 40s. a quarter; when it was under that figure the farmer did not believe he could grow it profitably; but the cost of production has decreased considerably during the past few years, and though, undoubtedly, it must vary with the district and the character of the soil, it may be assumed that the crop will be a remunerative one when the price is over 30s. a quarter. During the first three months of the present year the average has been just a trifle over that mark, viz., 30s. 4d., and there is every reason to believe that it will not readily fall again. For years supplies from abroad seemed to be continually on the increase, while the rates demanded were always growing less; but now the tide seems to have turned. The foreign and colonial supply is shrinking perceptibly already, and is likely to shrink very much more in the coming year. Thus the land which has been thrown out of wheat cultivation will gradually be brought in again by the increased demand, and the prudent English farmer who looks in front will do well to prepare for an entirely new state of things.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

W. A. Rouch. *OXFORD LEAD AT HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE.* Copyright

THE spectators lining and crowding the river on Saturday showed that whatever may have happened to other sports, the University Boat Race is still as popular as ever it was. The weather was decidedly in favour of the spectators. Some of the old stagers present had viewed this contest under very different conditions; they had seen it rowed in snow and sleet, they had seen the waves lashing as if driven by a hurricane, they had followed the battle while the blood was chilled with frost; but on Saturday there was nothing to mar the pleasure of the occasion. Early in the morning it was cold and cloudy, and had rain fallen the weather prophets would not have been disappointed. As a matter of fact, however, the sun came out pleasantly enough in the middle of the forenoon, and the air was quite mild in the middle portion of the day. The race itself provided one of those surprises of which sport is so productive. It had been freely stated beforehand that Cambridge had the better chance of winning, and it was generally believed that in any event the contest would be a close one. For some time before the Light Blues had shown to advantage in their

THE VICTORS.

training, although it has to be noted that experts were reduced to speculation, because the fashion nowadays is not to train nearly so much over the course as before, and judgment had to be formed on the general appearance and physique of the rival crews. The rowing in neither boat was as first-class as we have to expect in Oxford against Cambridge. The men were by no means deficient in muscle, but, as compared with those we have seen in former years, were decidedly lacking in finish and style. The advantage that Oxford had was in the vast improvement accomplished in the last few days, while the Cambridge men rowed as if they had been stale. It was not an interesting race at all. Oxford established a supremacy at the very start, and maintained it quietly and comfortably to the end. Wind and water were distinctly favourable to the rowers; the Thames was practically unruffled, and the light wind favoured the boats at the beginning. At Craven Steps Oxford were about a length ahead, and at the mile post this advantage had been increased to two lengths. This good start by Oxford was in large measure due to the fact that the stroke set them was 37 to the minute, while that of Cambridge was only 30 to the minute at one time. When they increased this pace it was observable that they failed to obtain proper advantage by it, because stroke showed a bad example in getting his oar too quickly out of the water, so that the stroke was not accurately finished. Above Hammersmith Bridge the crews had to row against a head wind, and the supporters of Cambridge thought that in these circumstances their greater weight would begin to tell. Any hopes based on this idea were, however, doomed to disappointment. Some of the experts present think that Mr. Thomas, the new man who is being tried, failed at a critical moment for want of training. Whatever the cause might be, Cambridge never made an effort that put a strain upon their opponents, who at Thornycroft's were three and a-half lengths ahead, and four at Barnes Bridge. Eventually Oxford won by three lengths. The final spurt of Cambridge was not good enough to bring them on terms with Oxford.

THE VANQUISHED.

THE DARK BLUES BRING IN THEIR SHIP.

It is idle to speculate about the causes that led to the downfall of Cambridge, but a plausible reason may be found in the fact that the men were somewhat overtrained. They came to Putney a week before the encounter perfectly fit to have rowed the race there and then, but an additional week's training did not make them more, but less, fit. Oxford, on the other hand, were rather behindhand in their preparations, but the week just sufficed to give them the requisite finish. It is greatly in their favour that several of the crew appeared for the first time, and, therefore, will form a good nucleus for future years. Particularly does this remark apply to Mr. Bucknall, the Oxford stroke. He is a freshman, and those are probably not far wrong who declare that he is the best freshman stroke who has ever been seen at Putney. Some criticism has been directed against the stroke of the Cambridge crew; but the question that

THE OXFORD CREW AFTER THE RACE.

arises is whether the fault lay in himself or in the inability of the others to back him up? They were undoubtedly stale, and when that is the case it is a very easy matter to blame stroke, in whom, nevertheless, there may be no fault whatever. Altogether, then, although the race was somewhat of a disappointment, it did not impair the reputation of this event as one of the fairest trials of strength and skill to be witnessed in England. We are glad to see that it still commands spectators as scarcely anything else in sport does, with the exception of the Derby. The public have a rooted and justifiable belief that here at least is one contest in which victory goes to those who deserve it. No suspicion of unfair play, no thought that the result can be discounted beforehand, ever enters the mind of the ordinary onlooker. It is believed, and with truth, that this annual struggle between the two Universities is an absolutely genuine affair from beginning to end, and thoroughly unspoiled by the influences that have cast their dark shadow over other forms of sport.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THE reissue of Mr. Rigg's translation of the *Decameron* (Routledge) naturally gives rise to a certain amount of reflection on the character of the short stories, in the construction of which Boccaccio is the acknowledged master. It is an art that seems to have gone out of fashion. What we call short stories nowadays, or what is printed in the various magazines under that title, are for the most part either mere sketches, or snippets out of novels. The modern craftsman in reality has no time to write artistic short stories. At the beginning he has a choice of two fates; if he should have the ill-luck not to hit the popular fancy then he is condemned to turn out copy in great quantities at a low price, so that it is only a matter of time till he becomes the commonest of hacks. We assume for the purpose of the argument that he is the possessor of great talent, if not of positive genius. But the other alternative is almost less desirable than the former. Should he in the early part of his career meet with what is called a popular success, then every possible means will be taken to make him write to such an extent that art is no longer a possibility. There are agents who will clamour to serve him, and will go about raising his price per thousand words in the spirit of auctioneers. Magazines and publishers will compete against one another for his work, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the temptation to empty the gold mine open at his feet will overcome in him the finer ambition with which he set out. In nothing does all this hold more absolutely true than in regard to the short story. There are few men who are capable of producing more than two or three of these compositions in the course of a year, and, of course, when they are turned out monthly, weekly, or even daily, the quality is bound to deteriorate. That there is no exaggeration in what we say will be evident to anyone who tries to remember how few are the really immortal short stories in the literature of the world. Sir Walter Scott in "Wandering Willie's Tale" has left us one. Apuleius in "Cupid and Psyche," which he probably stole from some early Greek author, has sent one more down the ages. But to Boccaccio we owe more than to any other writer of the kind; and if proof were wanting of the difficulty of its achievement, it would be found in the extent to which men of genius have taken him as a model, or actually adapted his stories. Geoffrey Chaucer found in him a mine of wealth, and the best of the "Canterbury Tales" are those which were, with little change, taken from his pages. It were needless to enumerate the many other English writers who have found their inspiration in this Italian. Objection has often been taken to his coarseness, but this in reality is, to use a colloquial phrase, one of the defects of his qualities. There are writers of high poetic genius whom we could not imagine touching the subjects which he liked to revel in. We have, for example, his great and austere contemporary Dante, whose vision and faculty divine impelled him ever to what was greatest and most sublime in human life and hope and endeavour. Almost the same words might be applied to John Milton or even to Virgil. But, on the other hand, some of the greatest writers who have ever lived appear to have strained themselves to lay hold of the crude, gross, homely facts of life. They seem determined to lie under no sentimental delusion, and in regard to the passion of love itself, their sense of humour finds something ridiculous in the conventionalities under which it has been masked for ages. It is not by any means that they are incapable of understanding and representing a pure, noble, and hopeless passion. The finest of all the short stories written by Boccaccio was as perfectly pure in thought and rendering as any work constructed by human ingenuity. So it is with other writers of the same time. Chaucer evidently delighted in the humours of grossness, but that was, as it were, only during his moments of relaxation; when in earnest, love, in his hands, becomes the most refined and purified feeling. But a still better example is at hand in Shakespeare himself. It has often been urged against the national poet of England that he has a distinct leaning to coarseness, and there is scarcely a play in which some evidence of it may not be found; yet it springs only from his instinctive desire to understand the facts of life as they really are. No heroine of a modern novel would use the language, or confess to the thoughts, which found expression in the mouths of Shakespeare's most engaging women—women who have been loved by many succeeding generations, and we hope will continue to be. Yet, in the well-known soliloquy beginning "Gallop apace ye fiery-footed steeds," Juliet uses the most uncompromising language; so does Rosalind in many a casual speech. We have to remember, however, that the absolute purity and delicacy of these women is never brought into doubt, whatever we may think of the language they use. When the mind of Ophelia is unhinged, she sings scraps of folk-lore song that would give an unspeakable shock to a middle-class family of to-day. It is of course usual to say that we must make allowance for the lapse of time, as though people had grown more refined with the ages. It is to be feared, however, that much of this so-called refinement is external only. Centuries do not appear to effect any noteworthy change in human nature. However, all that is by the way. It merely serves to give Boccaccio his true place among what we may call the more earthy writers; that is to say, beside Rabelais, La Fontaine, Chaucer, Fielding, and those who are like them. It shows where he went for his material, but his distinction arose not so much from that as from the use to which he put his matter. And this brings us to a consideration of what a short story should be as opposed to a long novel. The latter, when the work of genius, is a kind of world in itself; its merit lies in the steady unfolding of character, and in the ingenuity of the author who contrives that one force after another should beat upon the mind he is analysing, so that eventually its defects and qualities should be as fully exposed as is that of a familiar friend. And, indeed, the notable characters of fiction are our familiar friends. We know Squire Western and Sir John Falstaff, and Jonathan Oldbuck and Arthur Pendennis as we know few of the people we meet every day. We understand their changes of mood and temper, and feel as if we had lived with them under many variations of circumstance. But in a short story all this is not possible, and the author who attempts it comes to grief. Beautifully done, it consists of only a single episode, or a single collision of character against character, a single suggestive phase in life. In "Wandering Willie's Tale" we have a supernatural incident touched, needless to say, with a hand so light and cunning that we know not in the end whether the author be laughing at a superstition or a believer in it. In Boccaccio's story of the "Hawk" we have a single incident that an unimaginative man might treat as a very slight incident in life, yet it is a key to unlock the secret of a fine love and a noble character. Never elsewhere in literature was so great an effect produced by such slight and delicate machinery. Those who have the ambition to write short stories might with advantage give their days and nights to ponder over the fine art shown by Boccaccio in this composition.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BIRMINGHAM WATERWORKS AND THE WYE FISHERY BOARD.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—In your issue of March 25th an article appeared on the above subject by Mr. Willis Bund. In this article he severely criticised the action of the chairman of the Wye Board, in agreeing on certain terms to surrender 7,000,000 gals. out of the 27,000,000 gals. of compensation water, which the Corporation of Birmingham is bound to send down from their new reservoirs in the Elan Valley. It is to be regretted that the chairman of one board should thus attack the chairman of another board upon a subject on which he is evidently not well informed, and upon which, therefore, he is not in a position to sit in judgment. He says: "All the local bodies who were interested in or connected with the Wye rose up in arms against the proposal, and at last the Wye Fishery Board declined to follow their chairman in the surrender of the rights that Parliament had secured for the river." As a matter of fact, at one of their meetings in the autumn, the Wye Board, after hearing the chairman's explanation of his reasons for thinking it advisable to do so, approved the agreement with the Birmingham Corporation; and it was the chairman himself who moved at a subsequent meeting that the Corporation be requested to withdraw the clauses dealing with the compensation water from their Bill. The agreement with the Corporation recognised fully that the interest of the Wye Board was not the only interest concerned, and it was provided that the consent of all other bodies interested should be obtained if possible. When it became evident that owing chiefly to the exaggerated statements put forward by a few individuals, as to the effect of reducing the compensation water, the local authorities interested not only would not agree to, but would actively oppose, the water clauses in the Birmingham Bill, the chairman of the Wye Board at once recognised that it was undesirable to proceed further with the proposal, and accordingly he moved the resolution to which I have alluded above. Mr. Willis Bund goes on to ask, "Can, then, one of the bodies who are interested in the river for its own purposes sell or get rid of any part of those rights? The

Wye authorities said 'Yes,' and agreed to do so, but surely this is a most dangerous doctrine. After hearing all parties, Parliament, as the supreme tribunal, has said the various interests on the river require so much compensation water. This should be fixed, and it should be impossible for any one of the interests to sell part of the common property for their individual benefit." He here argues as though the Corporation of Birmingham and the Wye Board had some power of their own to alter what Parliament has deliberately fixed, and writes of this as though it were a serious danger, to avoid the risk of which some legislative remedy should be provided. But surely it is quite obvious that neither the Corporation of Birmingham, nor the Wye Board, can do anything to alter the original decision of Parliament, except by obtaining the consent of Parliament to an amendment of its former Act, and that consent can only be obtained after full notice given and after an enquiry before a Parliamentary Committee, where all parties would be heard, and the question decided on its merits. Where, then, is this great danger which so alarms Mr. Willis Bund? He is also evidently unaware of the reasons which induced the Wye Board to agree to the proposal of the Corporation, and of the scheme which they had in view in the interests of the preservation of salmon in the Wye, and of scientific research and observation in connection with them. And whilst giving him credit for a thorough knowledge of the circumstances and requirements of the fisheries of the river Severn, over whose Board of Conservators he so ably presides, I venture to suggest that his knowledge of the special circumstances and difficulties of preserving salmon in the upper waters of the Wye, and of the scheme which the chairman of the Wye Board and his colleagues had in view in making the agreement they did, is evidently much too limited to justify his passing judgment upon their action, as he has thought fit to do in your columns.—A MEMBER OF THE WYE BOARD.

[The letter of our correspondent, "A Member of the Wye Board," seems to us in no way to alter the position which Mr. Willis Bund has taken up. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that the scheme put forward by the Wye Board "in the interests of the preservation of salmon in the Wye, and of scientific research and observation in connection with them," justified the sale by the Wye Board to Birmingham of 7,000,000gal. of compensation water for £8,000, the question raised is, Are the Wye Board justified in agreeing to this against the wishes of the other parties interested in the river? Our correspondent seems to ignore that the Wye is a tributary of the Severn, and any permanent injury to the Wye, either in the amount of water or the stock of fish, might be a serious injury to the Severn. The question is really twofold; first, as to all interests on the Wye, exclusive of fish, can the Fishery Board injuriously affect them without their consent? Mr. Willis Bund says No; the compensation fixed by Parliament is for all the interests, not for one alone. This point our correspondent does not touch. Secondly, if two rivers flow into an estuary, can the Fishery Board of the one river agree to alter the condition of things without consulting the Fishery Board of the other? This again, in his article, Mr. Bund denies. We should be glad if our correspondent would give us full details of the scheme which, he says, justified the chairman of the Wye Board and his colleagues making an agreement to give up so large a share of compensation water.—ED.]

A WEEK-END COTTAGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was much interested in your description of "A Week-End Cottage," as altered and repaired, until I discovered that the kitchen, with bed and bath rooms over, as shown in the plan, is entirely omitted in the sketch elevations, while the yard with outbuildings is shown as a continuation of, instead of at a right angle to, the building. Of course, the quick-set hedge as described and drawn (in quite a different direction to the old fence) would require at least twenty years' growth, or so I calculate. As this must puzzle many readers besides myself, may I ask if there is any explanation, or if the whole thing is an imagination of what might or is to be done?—S. SNELGROVE.

[Our contributor writes: "The restoration has been carried out in the old part of the cottage substantially, as shown by the plans. The additions indicated on the plans were proposed but not carried out, but an extension was made in the low outbuildings shown in the two perspective drawings, containing the small places indicated in the detached building, which is given with the plans. What is described as pantry on the latter is used as kitchen and scullery. There is confusion in your correspondent's remarks about the hedges, for these are accurately drawn from their existing condition."—ED.]

COUNTRY COTTAGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In India and China, where I have served for thirty years, we have country clubs. For instance, at Calcutta, Shanghai, etc., members of the club have the use of quarters, which are built or rented in suitable positions out in the country, to which they can drive for lunch, sports, etc., or stay for a pleasant change. There seems to be a general demand in this country for quiet country quarters in different neighbourhoods, termed health resorts. This demand may possibly be a result of the development of country hotels on the lines of large London hotels, with their bands, winter gardens, etc. However, there are very many who would prefer a more real country experience than that of a duplicate of London life. It would seem, therefore, that there is a demand for the formation of a country club, with the object of establishing quiet, comfortable cottages, where members would have the right of residence on favourable terms. Once started, its scope could be extended as called for.—REST AND CHANGE.

WHAT TO DO WITH A BARN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am much interested in seeing the drawing of the Ashurst Cottage Laundry in COUNTRY LIFE of February 4th last. I have an old barn which I am anxious to convert into cottages for coachman and gardener, laundry, and wash-house, as the gardener's wife is to undertake the laundry of the house. I am venturing to send a rough plan of the barn, the outline of one part of which, you will see, somewhat resembles the Ashurst sketch. I want to have earth-closets, fuel-house, etc., under the roof of this building, as there is ample space for them, and they would not look well outside. The roof will have to be entirely renewed. If you could kindly give me any hints as to the conversion of this barn, through the medium of your paper, I shall be very grateful. I shall be glad of any advice or suggestions under the *nom de plume* of—DORSET.

[We have referred this to our contributor, who replies as follows: "Your correspondent 'Dorset' hardly gives sufficient information regarding the character of the barn he proposes to convert. To give any special hints beyond those contained in my article, of much use to him, it would be necessary for me to have photographs taken from all four sides of the barn, with plans showing thicknesses and material of the walls, quality of the foundations, and a section or two giving the heights of the walls and present roof. In fact, it would be almost necessary for one to see the actual building before forming any opinion as to the best means of converting it to your correspondent's needs."—ED.]

ATTRACTING SWALLOWS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I shall be much obliged if you can inform me of any means likely to attract swallows and martins to build on a house.—WILLIAM TEMPLE.

[Swallows are usually hard put to it to find suitable nesting sites, and would probably soon find and appropriate any that were provided. But, unfortunately, in addition to the primary essentials of such a site—namely, a support upon which the saucer-like nest can be placed under weather-proof cover—the absence of sparrows seems to be a *sine quâ non*, and this is difficult to arrange about a house now that we no longer build wide crooked chimneys. As for martins, it is very possible that an old nest or two carefully removed from some other site and cemented to suitable corners would attract the attention of some returning young birds of last year, who have as yet no nesting sites of their own. The bottoms of the nests should be knocked out, however, to prevent the sparrows from occupying them.—ED.]

BIRDS AND ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—*Apropos* of the reference made in your article on "The Plague of Dogfish" to many wild birds being affected by any artificial light seen at night, a friend relates the fact of a robin breaking into song in the hedgerow of a country lane in such circumstances. By some people his statement to this effect was received with incredulity. Perhaps some of your readers may have had a similar experience.—F. E. W.

WHO ARE THE POISONERS?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Yesterday afternoon our pretty white Persian cat, the pet of all the household, was well, and playing happily upon the lawn; an hour later she lay writhing, quivering, and screaming out her life in mortal agony. A year or two ago, a valuable Yorkshire terrier, my faithful little friend and companion, was poisoned in the self-same way, and died after cruel suffering, and many of our neighbours have also lost their pets. Now, who are the poisoners? Gamekeepers, careless or malicious persons—I know not which; but this I know, that poison is an ugly word and poisoning an ugly habit to fall into, and I cannot but think that he who could wilfully inflict such dreadful torture upon an unoffending animal would, if he wanted to, feel small compunction in using the same means to remove a fellow-creature. In days of old, Englishmen were noted for their truth, honour, and nobility. Times are changed when an Englishman can commit a treacherous deed like this and is too mean and cowardly to avow it.—H. C.

ALMOND BLOSSOM AND AARON'S ROD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—While admiring the beautiful arrangement of the almond blossom on a tree, with its flowers full of bees, and distributed not only on the young branches, but also on short spikes projecting from the large boughs, I noticed that there were at least thirty of last year's fruits, in cases which had dried and withered, but had only partly opened, still on the tree, among the buds and the blossoms. Under the tree were many more almonds, which had only recently dropped. The fruit was just as good to eat as that brought from abroad, perhaps because of the great thickness of the nut. But what struck me more was the curious parallel with the Old Testament account of Aaron's rod, which "budded and brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds." There is no mention of leaves, for the buds and blossoms appear before the leaves do, and these with the last year's fruit were all on the tree referred to together.—C. J. C.

A ROCK CRYSTAL EWER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The small rock crystal ewer with silver-gilt mounts, of the period of Elizabeth, for which Messrs. Duveen gave the handsome price of £4,000, measures barely 6in. in height, excluding the minute knob. It is without hall-marks, the work being perhaps too small in scale and delicate in detail to afford space for a maker's mark, while if made for a Royal person, or even one of the Court, no stamp would be needed, plate for the use of exalted personages being exempt from duty. A bird scratched upon a somewhat indistinct shield inside the neck was, perhaps, placed there by the maker. The details of the work and certain points of resemblance between it and the large agate ewer belonging to the Duke of Rutland, made in 1579, favour the idea that it is of English make. The crystal is cut to a pear shape, with plain longitudinal facets, the neck somewhat cylindrical, and divided from the body by a half-round fillet. The cover is domed and of crystal, surmounted by a minute knob, turned and chased. The mounts to the cover and to the neck of the vase and foot are embossed with fruits, and these and the smaller borders and mouldings are characteristic of fine English work of Elizabethan date.

Around the neck are four pendant garlands of fruit and foliage, and there are four terminal figures, hinged, connecting a central band with the foot. These are feminine, and end in long, forked, intertwined tails, scaled, very like those of the upper series of the Rutland ewer. The handle is finely scrolled, and is fashioned as a torso, male, also ending in long forked tails intertwined, a form known in Italy and Germany, but seen also in English work, such as the Rutland ewer, and that of Sidney Sussex College. So far it might be a model in miniature of a finely-worked English ewer; but the spout is entirely exceptional, and of foreign inspiration. It rises from near the base of the vessel, and takes the form of an animal's head on a long, scaled, slightly-tapering neck. Such spouts are reminiscences of mediæval days, and spouted ewers of metal appear to have been produced abroad, especially in Eastern Europe, long after they ceased to be so in England.—J. S. GARDNER.

ELIZABETHAN EWER.

SOME COWPER RELICS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph is a picture of the identical chest of drawers belonging to and described by William Cowper, in his poem on "The Retired Cat." This

"Poet's cat, sedate and grave
As poet well could wish to have,
Was much addicted to inquire
For nooks to which she might retire.

. . . .

A drawer impending o'er the rest,
Half open in the topmost chest,
Of depth enough and none to spare,
Invited her to slumber there.
Puss, with delight beyond expression,
Survey'd the scene and took possession.

. . . .

She left the cares of life behind,
And slept as she would sleep her last,
When in came, housewifely inclin'd,
The chambermaid, and shut it fast."

THE POET'S CHAIR

Evening came, the night followed, day passed,

"The evening grey again ensued,
And puss came into mind no more
Than if entomb'd the day before."

At last the pressing calls of hunger grew unbearable, and during the second night of her incarceration a scratching sound inside the chest riveted the poet's attention. This was followed by

"a voice he well knew,
A long and melancholy mew.
He 'gan in haste the drawers t' explore,
The lowest first, and without stop,
The rest in order to the top.
For 'tis a truth well known to most,
That whatsoever thing is lost,
We seek it ere it come to light
In every cranny but the right."

So pussy was released from the prison of her own choice, and we are not surprised to learn that in future she preferred as

"a place of rest,
Anything rather than a chest."

Although Cowper implies that his cat was peculiar in her choice of strange "nooks to which she might retire," instancing not only the open drawer, but a far less comfortable spot where sometimes she

"her ease and solace sought
In an old empty watering-pot,"

the writer is inclined to think that all cats have a like proclivity. One she knew—but this was in Ireland—had a fancy still more peculiar, and invariably chose the coachman's hat for kittening purposes. The second photograph shows the poet's favourite wheeled chair. It is neither beautiful nor does it appear a model of comfort, but about it lingers a halo of romance. Seated in it, this strange, melancholy man found temporary distraction from his sad hallucinations in watching the gambols of his pet hares, which by kindness and gentleness he had trained to be his companions. He thus alludes to one of these favourites who had lived with him nine years:

"I kept him for his humour's sake,
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile."

These interesting relics of the poet Cowper belong to Mr. H. Longuet-Higgins of Turvey Abbey, Bedfordshire, whose ancestors were the poet's friends.—E. BROUGHTON.

A COWPER RELIC

VEGETARIANISM.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I read your notice of the Bromley Vegetarian Hospital with much interest. As Sir Henry Thompson said, we "eat our diseases." You evidently speak as a spectator who has not played the game, and may be willing to hear the opinion of one who has been a vegetarian for nearly two years. I am too fond of the gun to be a sentimentalist, and took to the new "fad" purely for the sake of health. I cannot enter into the medical argument here, but I think that all true lovers of Nature would be glad to live on "the kindly fruits of the earth," and be independent of the butcher, whose trade is only justified by its supposed necessity, were they not deterred by the notion that abstinence from meat must mean loss of strength. It has been abundantly proved in Germany that a meatless diet gives greater powers of endurance, and, personally, I am stronger both in body and brain. I believe thousands of vegetarians can say the same. It is also frequently claimed that drunkards lose their craving for alcohol when put on a fleshless diet. The only warning necessary is that meat must be replaced by an adequate substitute. A potato and cabbage diet means a breakdown. My own includes brown bread, eggs, milk, cheese, honey, almonds and chestnuts, cereals, pulses, and fruits and vegetables generally. There is now plenty of good literature on the subject, and vegetarian restaurants are becoming quite common; but if any of your readers would like further details of "the simple life," I shall be happy to supply them.—CORVUS FRUGILEGUS.

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COUNTRY LIFE

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Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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THE NATIONAL BUDGET.

TWOPENCE off the tea duty represents the relief of taxation which Mr. Austen Chamberlain was enabled to offer on the occasion of his annual Budget speech on Monday afternoon. It will, no doubt, be very welcome relief, since, practically speaking, tea has become a necessity in the household. But here we are more interested in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's general review of the situation than in his particular proposals. It has long been the custom for those who occupy his position to give an analysis and review of the financial position of England. Mr. Austen Chamberlain did not carry this out to the same extent as his predecessors, and it was scarcely possible that he could do so in what has been described as the shortest Budget speech on record. Nevertheless, he had much to say that was of great interest. For example, his remarks on the revenue from alcoholic liquors are pregnant with meaning. The main fact on which they are founded is that the English people are curtailing their drinking habits. It is to us of the utmost consequence to ascertain why this is so. Unsentimental statisticians have been accustomed to tell us that the consumption of alcohol depends mostly on commercial prosperity. If people are well off they buy wine, beer, and spirits in large quantities, and if hard times come they economise in this direction. Mr. Austen Chamberlain is not satisfied with the explanation. Recent observation has shown him that a revival of prosperity does not in every case cause the public-houses to be more frequented. So certain is he of this, that doubt has arisen as to the quarter from which the consequent loss of revenue may be made good. The Chancellor of the Exchequer finds the increased temperance of the people to be due in large measure to a change of habit. During the last fifteen years or so all sections of the population have taken more than used to be the case to the patronage of outdoor sports. Football matches and cricket matches are witnessed by multitudes who were not tempted out before. Among the poor the use of the bicycle has been developed to an enormous degree; and among the rich the motor-car has become extremely popular. Not only so, but railway companies and other agencies have vastly increased facilities for spending holidays in the open air. It is, therefore, not illogical to conclude that much of the pocket-money which used formerly to be spent on drink is now utilised to secure outdoor amusements. At every succeeding holiday the railway companies seem to carry an increased number of travellers out of town, and most of those who take advantage of the trips offered them are much better conducted than were the excursionists of a generation ago. In other words, they do not inflame their minds and hurt their bodies by consuming a vast quantity of alcohol, but prefer to seek rational and wholesome enjoyment. From a national point of view, needless to say, the change is most welcome; especially as it is accompanied by a growth of the feeling in all sections of society that drunkenness is not only a reprehensible but a disgusting vice. If public opinion sets in this direction more real progress will be made than was accomplished by all the zealotry of temperance reform when it was at its height.

Certainly other facts cited by Mr. Austen Chamberlain help to bear out the conclusion at which he arrived. For example, the consumption of tobacco, which we would naturally expect to shrink in bad times, has increased. Indeed, it produced a quarter of a million more revenue than was estimated, and the facts go to show that the same change is apparent among all classes. Wine, we are told, has done badly. It has been a subject of complaint for some time past among hotel companies and refreshment contractors that their customers are buying less wine; and this is reflected in the financial statement. Again, there is a great falling off in foreign spirits which practically we take to mean brandy. These are beverages of the wealthy classes, and their partial disuse is proof apparently that it is no longer incumbent on a man to have his bottle of wine to dinner. Here, again, something may be said for the open air. During the last two decades vast numbers of men at and above middle age have been induced to take up golf and kindred pursuits, but on doing so many of them find that they are not fit, and that if they would put themselves in a position to take athletic exercise they must put a limit to the quantity of wine they consume. As a matter of fact, the majority of golfers learn from their pastime to live more simply than they did before, and probably this accounts in some degree for the shrinkage of the wine bill. But then we have the same phenomenon found in regard to beer, which has been described as "the poor man's wine." The Chancellor told us that the consumption per head both of spirits and beer was less in 1904 than it had been in any one of the last fifteen years. In 1900 the consumption of beer was a little over 31gals. per head of the population, but last year it had decreased to 29gals. In the course of his speech Mr. Chamberlain read a letter from an Inland Revenue supervisor that seems to put the whole case in a nutshell. He says: "It is the general opinion that a wave of sobriety is passing over the country, and the working and middle classes instead of spending their holidays in the public-houses take advantage of the cheap excursion trains and cheap tramway fares, while in the evening they visit the music halls or other places of amusement." He ended his letter with the expression of an opinion that any increase of wages in the future will be expended in pleasure and amusement and not in drink.

All this is extremely satisfactory, and we feel sure that the embarrassment arising from loss of revenue will not prove insurmountable. But a feature of the Budget that cannot be passed over without apprehension is the increasing magnitude of our expenditure. Perhaps, in itself, it may be taken as the outward and visible sign of our enormous wealth. We will have a great deal done by the State that our forefathers were content to do themselves. More adequate provision is made for the poor, the children of the working classes are educated free of cost, and many other services are rendered to the individual. Then our armaments are kept up to a higher pitch of efficiency. During the Victorian era it seemed to be taken for granted that the period of peace on which we entered after Waterloo was either going to endure for ever or be interrupted only by wars so remote that they would not affect the British Islands. But latterly there has been much disillusion in this respect. We have come to feel and believe that collision with a continental power is by no means so far removed out of the sphere of possibilities as we should like. Moreover, South Africa taught us that readiness and efficiency were worth the money they cost. So the public at large has become reconciled to an increased expenditure both on the Army and the Navy. That is what makes it so hard to suggest retrenchment and economy. Yet that, and no other, is the great problem which awaits solution at the hands of some future Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Mrs. Jebb, the wife of Mr. Sydney Gladwyn Jebb, of Firbeck Hall, Rotherham, Yorkshire.

AMONG the deeper interests exciting people at the present moment, one of the strongest is a dramatic expectation that we are on the eve of witnessing, or rather hearing of, a great naval battle in the East. Admiral Rozhdestvensky, with his ill-starred fleet, has slowly ploughed his way to the scene of operations, and Admiral Togo is preparing to meet him. The manœuvres at the present moment closely resemble the opening moves in a game of chess, before so much as a pawn has been removed from the board. It is always unsafe to prophesy, but the probabilities point to a Russian disaster. Admiral Rozhdestvensky may have reaped one advantage from his long voyage; he has had the chance to drill and prepare his men for actual warfare. However green and raw they might have been on setting out, they must be familiar now with the duties allotted them. On the other hand, his ships must have deteriorated in respect to mobility and efficiency. They are, too, in a precarious position. If Admiral Togo should succeed in cutting off the colliers and the transport boats, the battleships will be rendered almost helpless, and we cannot imagine a naval commander, who has hitherto proved himself so able and daring, failing to make the most of his opportunities. Should a battle occur, only one result, so far as we can see just now, is possible.

If ever an honour was thoroughly well deserved, it was so in the case of Mr. Frederick Greenwood, who was the guest of a most brilliant company at dinner on Saturday last. It was his seventy-fifth birthday, and for something like half a century Mr. Greenwood has edited one or other of the leading publications of London. But it was not only because of his distinction as a journalist that this great compliment was paid him, nor even for his services to the country, important as these have been. There are two points in Mr. Greenwood's career which entitle him to special honour. In the first place, he has followed his career with the high-minded conscientiousness that at times has almost approached quixotry, and in this respect he has exercised almost the finest influence that a man can exercise over his contemporaries. In the second place—and we regard this as of scarcely less importance—Mr. Greenwood has always shown as much scrupulous regard for the purity of his mother-tongue as he has had for his personal integrity. At a time when corruption of every kind has invaded the English language, both in speech and writing, he has by practical example maintained its purity. Those who are beginning a literary life will do well to study the simple and clear construction, the rich idiom, and the fineness of thought which characterise the work of this master of his craft.

Others have praised the practical work done by Mr. Greenwood, so that it is almost unnecessary to touch on it here. His genial and humorous account of the purchase of the Suez Canal shares was laid before newspaper readers on Monday morning, as was also an account of the splendid work he did when, in founding the *Pall Mall Gazette*, he effected a complete revolution in English journalism. To think of it all would make anyone a *laudator temporis acti*. Many can remember the time when nearly every important editorial chair in London was filled by someone of commanding ability. There was Mr. Greenwood himself in that of the *St. James's Gazette*, Mr. John Morley in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and Mr. Mudford in the *Standard*, to name only these three. But that good time passed away, and there came an invasion of American ideas which called for another type of man. Our opinion is that England then suffered a spasm of bad experience. The number of people of culture and taste has been steadily increasing, in spite of all the degrading influences, and no doubt the Press of the future will in due time rise to their requirements. But in any such revival the man who will be most thought of as a model will be he whose birthday was celebrated last Saturday.

One of the pleasantest usages connected with Easter is the collection of eggs by country children. These it was the custom to dye with various homely products, such as coffee grounds, gorse blossoms, and onion peelings. Like many another fine old observance, this one has been seized hold of by the commercial classes, and turned into something absolutely foolish, viz., the sale of coloured imitations of eggs at Easter. This would call for no comment except for the circumstance that this year it threatens to become a fashion to sell these eggs in baskets adorned with a stuffed bird. Of course the idea is most inane; the Easter egg is called in various districts the pace, peace, or Pascal egg, and had a symbolical meaning. We hope that those who are entrusted with the carrying out of the Wild Birds' Protection Acts will take efficient measures for the protection of the small songsters whose lives are threatened by the new fashion.

One of the fashionable entertainments of the travelling Briton, and certainly not one of the least interesting, is that which is provided by the Holy Week in Seville. At the moment of writing the whole of that part of Spain is suffering from something very like a famine, in consequence of the excessive drought. It is a condition which, in this extreme form, is happily very rare in Europe, involving as it does an almost complete suspension of agricultural work and a very serious destruction of crops. The municipal authorities do not seem able to give anything like adequate relief, and the Government is providing work for the labourers out of public funds; but it is feared that this cannot be done on anything like a sufficient scale to relieve the general distress. Further, the duty on flour and corn has been reduced during the reign of the famine prices; so that all that can be done, humanly speaking, is being done, but the only real relief must come from the clouds of heaven. Andalusia is the province that appears to suffer most severely, but these distressing conditions extend also to Valencia and Aragon.

IN A DAY.

Night reeled and swayed, the day came through,
The light fell clear on hill and tree;
A lark sang up into the blue,
And it was morn in Italy.

A goatherd drove afield his goats,
A boy glad-hearted as the day,
And as he went his merry notes
Met answering song from every spray.

With eve a scornful maiden came,
More lovely than the dying day;
She set his careless heart aflame,
Then laughed and went her way.

Day's crimson died into the dark,
And one in shade were hill and tree;
Hushed was the song of boy and lark,
And it was night in Italy.

ROBIN FLOWER.

With all its energy, America has frequently shown signs of a decadent element in certain circles of its citizens. One of these was the notorious Suicides' Club, the members of which have, we understand, all perished by their own hands, except one, who died naturally before he could take his own life. The Osler Club, though not so vicious, is subject to a similar criticism. It is an organisation of men who have agreed among themselves to quit active life as soon as they are required to do so by a majority of their fellows. The principle is, of course, an entirely false one, since it appoints judges who are supposed to be able to say when a man has passed the period of usefulness. It runs on all fours with the proposal one sometimes hears from extremists to the effect that ailing and crippled children should not be allowed to live. But in point of fact it has often happened in the history of the world that those whose lives, as it were, hung on a feeble thread, have been able to think and to do things of the utmost service to their fellow-men. There is much to be said for the older and more wholesome public opinion that accounted any interference with the operation of Nature an act of impiety.

The work of restoring the Campanile of St. Mark's at Venice is proceeding in a very certain, even if in a somewhat slow, manner. The sight of the work, for those who are lucky enough to be permitted to see it, is one of surpassing interest. A high wooden paling hides the scene of operations from outsiders, and forms, as it were, a work-yard. In this space eighty workmen, some belonging to the town, but most of them from the country around, are employed either in preparing the stone, or hewing the timber, or carrying the cement which is needed for the foundations. A huge square pedestal in the middle is all that is left in the original site of the old Campanile, and is to serve again for its successor. The groundwork of this pedestal is the part on which the hands are now engaged, and in the strengthening and consolidating of this under-pedestal lay

the great difficulty of beginning the work of reconstruction. For it was long before any means could be found whereby to prevent the ground under and around this pedestal from yielding and slipping once any weight was placed on it. This difficulty is now overcome—at least, such is the belief of the experts.

They have, they say—and so far their belief is corroborated by facts—discovered a means for wedging up the base in such a fashion as to support the huge weight which it will be called on to bear. To arrive at this, 3,760 piles of larch-wood have been hammered into the soil below. The interstices are filled in with cement and other materials, helping to form a firm substratum. On this again is laid an infinity of broad planks of oak, the planks being laid in a radiating way at the four corners, and in straight lines in between. This floor is also overlaid with cement so as to allow of no vacuum of any sort, and made so as to afford a flat and even surface on which to lay the tiers of Istrian stone which form the structure above the woodwork. The business of arranging these stones is great; for they have to be cut and shaped in such guise as to fit in perfectly with the old block already existing (over which the belfry is to come), and have to be adjusted so that the weight shall be distributed with absolute equality to prevent any uneven pressure from forcing the foundations outwardly. This work is, in short, to constitute a circle or ring of inviolate strength and unity round the still-standing stump of the old fabric. The question as to when the whole will be completed is uncertain. Some of the authorities speak of five years; others wonder if double that space of time will suffice for the rebuilding of the Campanile.

Mr. W. F. Radcliffe Saunders has just made a second donation of 10,000 eggs to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. This last gift includes many rarities—the raptorial series is complete, and the same is true of the crows, crossbills, and buntings. More than 300 eggs of the common cuckoo, with those of the hosts destined to hatch them, will prove most valuable; they should do much to help us towards an explanation of the variation which these eggs display. As the Museum collection of birds' eggs now amounts to something like 100,000 specimens, there is ample material for a broad, philosophical study of oology, which as yet no one has attempted. Indeed, it is time that this was undertaken, if only to show that the collection of eggs is not a futile pastime about on a level with the collection of postage stamps, as some maintain.

Over the great penguin rookeries of Macquarie Island, and the desolate Auckland Islands, the hand of the relentless company promoter is stretched, and unless prompt measures are taken, it will probably not be withdrawn until, as in the case of the dodo and the great auk, extermination ends the tragedy. Dr. E. A. Wilson, the assistant-surgeon of the Discovery Antarctic Expedition, points out that for some years past the unscrupulous speculator has derived a considerable profit from the preparation of penguin oil, obtained by throwing these helpless birds by the thousand into the melting-pot, and boiling them down. No less than 100 tons of this oil so procured has recently been placed on the market. Encouraged by success, a scheme now appears to be afoot whereby caldrons are to be set up on the Auckland Islands to facilitate this nefarious traffic. Hitherto the rookeries of these islands have suffered comparatively little; but once the caldron fires are lighted they will not be suffered to die out till the last survivor of the host is slain. Surely no effort should be spared to frustrate this diabolical work.

At the last meeting of the British Ornithologists' Club, Mr. M. J. Nicoll exhibited an example of the snowfinch, and pointed out that this was the first recorded instance of the occurrence of the snowfinch in Great Britain. The bird was a male, and in good plumage. Since it bears a somewhat close resemblance to the snow-bunting, it is possible, of course, that its occasional occurrence may have escaped notice, though this is hardly likely in these days of quickened interest in all that pertains to bird life. It was first detected, apparently, by Mr. Nicoll at Rye Harbour on February 21st, flying with a flock of skylarks, and here, on the next day, it was shot. Breeding in the high mountain ranges of Central Europe, this wanderer was probably blown out of its course when in migration, by the strong north-easterly gales which had been blowing for three days prior to its arrival. The snowfinch has been obtained twice in Heligoland, once in spring and once in autumn.

A writer in the *Madras Mail* tells a delightful story of a "new life" absolutely without parallel in Europe. The inventors of it are known as Sea Gipsies, and the scene of their happy wanderings is the archipelago Mergui. Instead of carts they own covered boats, in which, with their families, dogs, cats, chickens, and pets, they float about on the sea and wander from island to island. By day they fish or harpoon turtle, or dive for oysters; but every night they put back to the shore. If the weather is bad at sea, they land with their dogs, and then poach, catching porcupines, squirrels, armadilloes, hog-deer, and the like, of which they make savoury stews, like our gipsies. It sounds an ideal life, with mild sport, no work, no hours, no fixed abode, no rates and taxes. As a "rest cure" its adoption might be recommended by nerve specialists.

In normal years the Briton returning about this season to his native land from the South of France is conscious of a lively sense of dissatisfaction as he contrasts the backwardness of the spring verdure in "the Garden of England," which he traverses on his way from the seacoast to the metropolis, with its comparative forwardness over certainly the greater part of the Continent which he has just left. The present season is so far abnormal that he need feel none of this common sense of dissatisfaction. Not only is the spring growth of Southern England no more retarded than that of the northern part of France, it is even appreciably more advanced; and the South of France itself is in many places so backward that England can vie with it in its greenery. Just across the Channel the nights during the first week in April had a temperature of several degrees of frost, which naturally prevented all vegetation from coming forward. To be able to speak thus well of the British climate is as pleasant as it is, unfortunately, rare.

LONDON FLOWERS.

Perchance they do not know the joy they grant,
The kind ones with their gardens on the street,
To wayfarers who love the meanest plant,
And make such roads their daily, dear retreat;
But, sometimes, I have thought the very flowers
Blow with a sense of pity, smell more rare
Than those that bloom in consecrated bowers.
Or is it that these Londoners would share
The stress of life, and so give out their best
To help the city workers on their way?
I know not, but, were I with riches blest,
Of many gardens I would make display
Where toiling feet and aching eyes must go,
And leave the flowers my fellowship to show.

LILIAN STREET.

There is a growing demand in India for timber other than teak, owing to the increase of factories and of coal-mines, while there is also a large export. The forests of Kanara in Bombay, hitherto of no great account, are now yielding a good revenue. The chief forest officer, Mr. Murray, complains that more should be done to increase the proportion of teak growing in these forests. As usual, the greatest losses are due to forest fires, and these fires, though often caused accidentally, are as often incendiary. The oldest form of cultivation practised by the forest tribes was to burn a good patch of woodland, leaving all the trunks bare and black, and then to sow among the fertilising ashes a miserable crop of grain. This was done for two years, by which time the jungle plants grew up, and choked everything. In this way, perhaps, £400 worth of timber was killed to grow £5 worth of grain. But as the tribes know no other way to grow corn, they resent being interfered with, and revenge themselves by arson.

It is satisfactory to learn that a way out has apparently been found from the *impasse* which seemed to be threatening the postal service to Australia with a very intermittent communication. The trouble arose in 1901 out of an enactment of the then new Commonwealth, to the effect that all contracts regarding the carriage of mails must contain the provision that only white labour should be employed. This did not apply to the contract of the Imperial Government with the P. and O. Company, which provides for a fortnightly service, but, on the other hand, when the time came to enter on the new contract of the Commonwealth with the Orient Company, which carried the mails alternately, week and week about, with the former company, the Commonwealth found itself bound to stipulate that white labour only should be employed. Naturally this provision did not "jump with" the policy of the steamship company, and the result was that Australia enjoyed a fortnightly service only for some while. The "way out" has come into sight in consequence of the company's agreeing to accept a considerably increased subsidy for carrying the mails—an increase of £35,000 a year, which it may or may not be worth Australia's while to pay for the maintenance of its "White Australia" doctrine. In the meantime the increase has been agreed to by the Federal Cabinet, but still requires ratification by the Commonwealth's Parliament.

APRIL BLOSSOMS.

As old almost as Time is the rejoicing of humanity over the announcement that spring has returned and the winter departed. The sentiment has its roots in the very inmost cells of our being. During winter life is reduced to its minimum. Perhaps it is no very flattering reflection that it comes and goes with a certain automatic regularity. Let the sun give forth a certain amount of heat, and it at once springs into vigour and vitality; singing, merry-making, and all the signs of superabundant energy are heard throughout the land; but should the thermometer fall, a great dulness ensues. In certain animals it takes the form of absolute sleep. The torpidity of creatures so variously constituted as squirrels, badgers, bats, and snakes is but an exaggerated expression of a feeling common to every one of us. We may not go torpid, but we become listless and depressed; the reaction from this is what is given expression to in the feeling spring brings with it. There are signs of its coming which awake a joy, not so much on account of anything intrinsic, as because of their associations. The first swallow may not make summer, but he tells of its coming. The first bell-like note of the cuckoo, floating out from the copse, announces the speedy advent of glorious summer. So likewise when we stop to admire the first little sprig of green, timidly shot forth by the hawthorn in the hedges, we are, consciously or not, anticipating the moment when all will be once more green and flourishing. Many people have liked autumn better than spring. George Eliot may be quoted as an example; and the season of mellow fruitfulness has much that

J. M. Whitehead. *SHINING DAFFODILS.* Copyright

Whitehead. *FIRST FRUITS OF THE SPRING.* Copyright

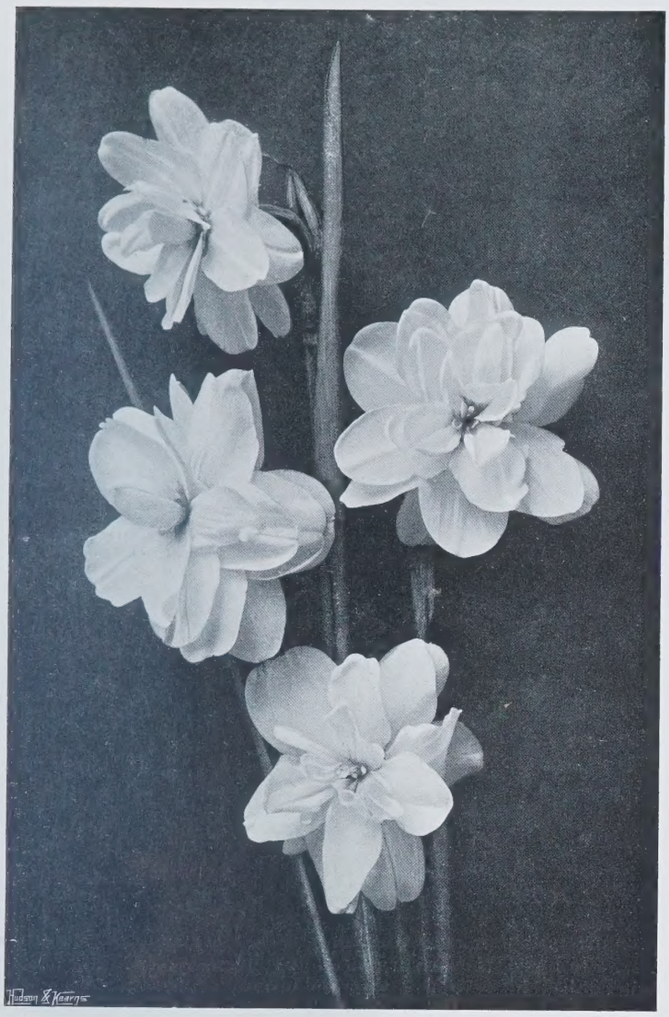
speaks in its favour. It has at once colour and tranquillity, and that feeling of rest which comes when the day's work is ended. The result of the year's labour is spread out, as it were, to be viewed and valued; and the oncoming of winter is anticipated without apprehension, because of the preparations that have been made for it. Many poets, perhaps without too closely analysing the reasons, have loved autumn more than any season of the year. Some, again, profess not to care much about spring. It is true that the older versifiers—Chaucer, his contemporaries and immediate followers—were unwearied in their laudation of April and May, of sweet songs and early flowers, and the other phenomena that occur when spring is "Icumen in." But the modern newspaper writer, who loves posing as a cynic, has much to say in proof of a favourite contention of his that this is all mere sentimentality. He will tell you of the physical discomfort which awaits him who goes forth to seek his pleasure in the first weeks of an English spring. It is most probable that a cold east wind is blowing, and we have proof enough recently that the arrival of the first flowers may coincide with a heavy snowstorm. So the angler, who is the sportsman most tempted to go out in March, April, and May, has memories of many a bitter breeze

that has blown on him from the water as he pursued his meditative recreation. Very likely, too, if he has gone far afield, he is obliged to remember empty and draughty hotels where life was a misery; for it is often forgotten, by those who take a pleasure in decrying the inconveniences of going during summer to a resort affected by tourists, that if you go to the same place when the excursionist has ceased to trouble, and while the cheap tripper is still at rest, you may procure solitude at a rather heavy outlay in discomfort. The hotel, during what are called the dead months, is only half manned, as the economical host engages his servants mostly by the season. Probably the cooking is done by one of the ordinary maids, and the airing and heating of the place are not attended to at all, while it is quite possible that many of the rooms are shut up altogether. What is a palace during summer is no better than an ill-kept soldiers' barracks at the time when cheap trips are not. Moreover, the unfortunate sportsman is much more dependent on interior comforts now than he would be during the months of August and September, since he can scarcely go forth to take his pleasure in the open without risking the chance of being soaked by rain or snow. Again, at certain times of the day the sun's rays are so powerful, and they shine down upon a world looking so beautiful, that the unwary are tempted to believe that summer has actually come; and they will even lay aside garments meant for winter wear, and act as though the cold had passed away entirely. But a spring night, after the sun has gone down, will often try the hardiest constitution, and it is a good old English proverb which says, "Ere May be out, ne'er change a clout." Thus, whoever would jeer at the pleasures of spring has plenty of barbs for his arrows. Yet, when he has said his worst, it still remains a most exquisite time of the year. Now is the day when the rath primrose begins to bloom in wood and by the hedgerow; now is the time when trees look most graceful. In winter they show their outlines in stern and uncompromising severity. In summer they are overwhelmed and hidden by thick masses of foliage; but there are a week or two in spring when the tender buds are just beginning to unfold, and yet do not show the leaves, and then, perhaps, the forest is at its fairest. Soon the light and fluttering garment of those young days will have deepened and thickened; soon the squirrels will be able to play in privacy, and the birds build unseen where only bare branches grew before. Already the delicate vernal colours are being diversified with brilliant blossoms. It has been said that the winter can never be said to have quite gone as long as the blackthorn is still out, and its white flowers only appeared in full force a short while ago, and are now at the height of their beauty. The sturdy blackthorn is at this season one of the most ornamental shrubs in the wild country, owing to its blooming so early, but on commons, an equally hardy plant, the gorse, is turning its russet colours into glowing bronze and yellow. We need not recall the old saw that when the gorse is not in flower kissing is out of favour. It is perfectly true in one sense; but while winter lasts only stray blossoms are put forth, while the bushes are now assuming that ruddy hue which made Linnæus kneel down and thank God for having bestowed such a treasure upon the world. Indeed, at this season of the year the commons wear their most attractive aspect. The trees and seedlings which have been planted on most of them, or are self-sown, are now coming into leaf. As we have said, the gorse is flowering so rapidly that one notices the difference with every day, and millions of other plants, from the hardy little coltsfoot upwards, are thrusting their fresh green sheaves out of the ground, while above them the lark carols his merriest strain. We have said little about the garden, though the flowers in our illustrations are all cultivated. In spring the garden has a peculiar charm belonging to the season. Every new flower that comes out has a freshness that we shall miss later on, when Flora's feet, so to speak, are everywhere visible. And perhaps the purest of them belong to the same tribe as the jonquil and the narcissus. The custom of growing these bulbs in masses is most admirable; a border all glowing with them is a sight most welcome to the eye, and we know of few fairer scenes than is presented by a certain orchard in which many thousands have been planted between the trees. They are of various sorts, so that a succession of effects is produced during the course of the year. Some have now outraced the grass, and are breaking up the dull uniformity bequeathed by winter; others will show their exquisite faces when the green blades have grown almost as tall as they are themselves. They have run before the blossoms that come on the trees, but they last longer, and will be seen when the petals of the others have been scattered on the wind like snowflakes. It is not necessary to say much of those which we actually show, since they are their own eloquent spokesmen, and the familiars of all who truly love the calling of Adam.

J. M. Whitehead. APRIL FLOWERS. Copyright

It is the most ancient of crafts, as one of its most distinguished of exponents was fond of saying. Need we say that our reference is to Andrew Fairservice, one of the many gardeners who owed their existence to the imagination of Sir Walter Scott.

Poetry goes so naturally with flowers that we can scarcely conceive of one without the other. Many there are who may still remember how Lord Tennyson, perhaps the most illustrious of our Laureates, loved his garden, and how he had a long covered walk made in it where when grown old and feeble he could still take exercise within view of his favourite flowers. His prede-



E. Seymour. *DOUBLE BLOOMS.* Copyright

cessor, William Wordsworth, was more devoted to the wildings of the hedgerows, the highways, the moor, and the woodland. Many of them, such as the lesser celandine and the daffodils, he has painted in words that seem almost to be final. Robert Burns was no Laureate, but his "Wee modest crimson-tipped flower" lives in history as assuredly as do the daisies of Dan Chaucer's verse. Shakespeare, it is very evident, must have delighted in all that Nature brings forth, and especially in the flowers, whether they were blowing in wildness, or grew in a formal and cultivated garden, in that respect at least resembling the great contemporary to whom some would attribute his works.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

THERE cannot possibly be any doubt as to the position of Mr. Maurice Hewlett as one of the most popular authors in the day, but some of his recent experiments must have been of the nature of a trial to his admirers. So much we are bound to say about the latest of his productions, *Fond Adventures: Tales of the Youth of the World* (Macmillan). Mr. Hewlett is often not very happy in his titles; his "New Canterbury Tales" seem to amount almost to a challenge to Chaucer himself, and the use of the word "Fond" in the name of the book before us points to a want of tact of the same kind. The very word which in various parts of the country is used to mean "silly," and has in the hands of great writers been so often employed ironically, appears to be a mistake. From the book itself we gather that *Fond Adventures* are more or less love adventures, and a simpler way would have been to call them that. There are four in the volume, and one only in which the author has done justice to himself. It is the first, "The Heart's Key." The tale is mostly about a demoiselle called Saill, who had three lovers:

"The three were Jauffrai of Brieuc, a very noble youth, full of mettle, who made good songs; the Monk of Quesle, a man of the Church, who made better; and the Viscount Ebles, a great man from Roussillon, who made no songs at all unless he were fighting, and then he sang a sharp low song like the whistle of a sword in the air, which, indeed, was the instrument he played on better than any. As for the fourth lover, he was Guillem of Nantoil, a poor minstrel, with a cropped head, meek eyes, and smooth face, whom nobody thought a lover at all, and who in his service never lifted his looks higher than Lady Saill's knee. He kept his looks thus modestly low, and his thoughts to himself and the Virgin Mary. She, and she only, knew that every night when Saill went to bed Guillem kissed the edge of her bliaut as she left the hall, kissed the lintel of the door where her hand had stayed, and returning when she was gone, kissed the cushion where she had rested her head."

In the other stories Mr. Hewlett's descriptions are very decidedly garrulous. They lack the point and clearness of a great writer. Here they are at least brief, and leave a distinguishable impression on the mind. Again, the invention of the ornament is extremely clever. We are told that

"her hair was plaited up with pearls and touched the ground behind her. Round her waist was a very broad girdle of gold, plates of gold riveted together with hinges and stuck with sard and emerald, of the sort they call a heart's key, the girdle which virgins must wear until they are wedded. She wore it outwardly by day, and at night next her body; it had never left her yet; and the wonder of the country was, when or how it would. Here, too, was a mockery: not that the country admired, but that no one dared turn the key or unlock the shrine, to lay bare Saill's heart and take it in his hands."

She is something of a jilt, and the three lovers enter into an unmanly conspiracy to humiliate her. She is cast out with her minstrel, and this leads Mr. Hewlett into what is really one of the finest love stories that he has written. It contains also some of the most pictorial writing, as witness the following:

"The primroses were out in the banks, in the meadows cowslips nodded their heads, jonquils and lady-smocks. The spring was in, earth quick with

J. M. Whitehead. Copyright

"WHEN THE WREATH OF MARCH HAS BLOSSOMED."

it. They came to a little wood which crowned a grassy field, and there they rested on the young moss by a fountain, while they ate what bread they had. Overhead a pair of wood-doves by a new nest sang to each other. Nantoil was burning that day, but in the wood in the valley the doves sang clear and long. Saill put off her slippers and cooled her feet in the water; she let down the golden race of her hair and threw her head back to shake it free."

A. H. Blake. *A PROCESSION OF CLOUDS.* Copyright

These happenings take place during the time of John Lackland and Simon de Montfort, so that we should scarcely describe them as tales of "The Youth of the World." The second story in the volume is called "Brazenhead the Great." It suffers badly from being inordinately spun out. The chief character in it is well conceived, but so much is said about him that at the end we grow absolutely weary. He was

"a lean man of six feet two inches, of inordinate thirst, of two scars on his face, a notched forefinger, a majestic nose, of a long sword, two daggers, and a stolen horse, of experience in divers kinds of villainy, yet of simple tastes."

Out of such promising materials we had hoped that much diverting adventure might have been obtained, especially as the year is 1450, when life in England was full of the most romantic possibilities. The result, however, is most disappointing. Much of the same criticism might be applied to "Boundelmonte's Saga." Once more we set out in company that promises us much delight. The hero

"was a great lover, they say; few women could look at him without looking again, and few twice without a stir in the side. He had a very easy way with them and their belongings: to pinch a girl's cheek, or kiss her on the chin, as if to say, 'You are worth so much to me, or so much.' They called him the butterfly for this sipping trick of his."

Probably Mr. Hewlett wrote this tale in something of a hurry. It lacks pregnancy and also charm. The model it is formed on is very easily discerned, as the style is obviously imitated from Boccaccio; but the author has not the narrative power of his model, and, unfortunately, reproduces his defects, and particularly his discursiveness, more faithfully than his merits.

The other story is called "The Love Chase," and has not appeared in print before. It, like the rest, is Italian in its setting. We are sorry that we cannot praise either it or the other stories more unreservedly than is the case, yet this arises from no want of appreciation of Mr. Hewlett's merits. He has many of the gifts of a good writer. In most of his work there is energy and there is freshness. He has an eye most observant of the outward peculiarities of character, and he possesses imagination enough to present them vividly. Again, he is imbued with the romantic spirit, and his stories are seldom conventional. What he lacks is the most divine of the gifts that can be bestowed on a writer, viz., artistic sympathy. He imagines his characters with power and effect, but he does not seem to be able so to enter into their minds that in varying circumstances they act with spontaneous and convincing naturalness. If he could but surmount this difficulty, and at the same time subject his style to a rigorous process of pruning, he would more than deserve all the popularity which is enjoyed by him.

The other book of which we have something to say differs completely in character from that which has just been produced by Mr. Maurice Hewlett. It is the *Penthesilea* (Constable), by Mr. Laurence Binyon. In a classical legend Mr. Binyon has found a subject that is well worthy to take its place by the side of his preceding volume, "The Death of Adam." Penthesilea is a queen of the Amazons, who, having had the misfortune to kill her sister while they were out hunting together, resolves to make some atonement by challenging Achilles to battle. Perhaps what we may call the sub-colour of the legend is the eternal strife between man and woman, in which, of course, the latter is bound to suffer defeat. The poem is written in a style with which Mr. Binyon has made us familiar, and the workmanship throughout is up to so high a level that the book contains scarcely a bad line, and scarcely a word out of place. Perhaps the only fault that can be found with it is the deadness of the level at which the author remains. If there are no bad passages, neither are there any that are extremely good. The tragedy of the tale comes from the fact that even whilst slaying Penthesilea, Achilles falls in love with her. It is too late for her to know that, and he has not the consolation to think that even in dying her thoughts were with him. Unless, indeed, one might extract such meaning from a passage which says

"in their eyes
Meeting, the marvel of what might have been
Was with that moment married, as a touch
On thrilling strings wakes from the eternal void
Beauty unending."

However, this seems to have been but the passing feeling of a moment, for shortly afterwards her countenance changed, and her death is thus described:

"Now not on him
Her dying eyes looked, not on him who stood
Meshed in the wrath of his own fiery deeds,
Passionate, yet transfixed, as if the power
Of some Immortal had made vain his might
And helpless his victorious hands; her head
Sank, and her liberated spirit, where
He might not follow, was already flown."

THE BELLS OF YOUTH.

The Bells of Youth are ringing in the gateways of the South:
The bannerets of green are now unfurled:
Spring has risen with a laugh, a wild-rose in her mouth,
And is singing, singing, singing thro' the world.

The Bells of Youth are ringing in all the silent places,
The primrose and the celandine are out:
Children run a-laughing with joy upon their faces,
The west wind follows after with a shout.

The Bells of Youth are ringing from the forests to the mountains,
From the meadows to the moorlands, hark their ringing!
Ten thousand thousand splashing rills and fern-dappled fountains
Are flinging wide the Song of Youth, and onward flowing, singing!

The Bells of Youth are ringing in the gateways of the South:
The bannerets of green are now unfurled:
Spring has risen with a laugh, a wild-rose in her mouth,
And is singing, singing, singing thro' the world.

FIONA MACLEOD.

WADHAM COLLEGE.

IT is no disparagement to the history of Wadham College to say that its buildings are more interesting in themselves than any of the events connected with them, for, thanks to the munificence and the taste of their Foundress, they are in one respect unique in Oxford. Wadham alone of the older colleges has been practically unaltered since its foundation. Although the college is rapidly approaching its tercentenary, its front quad and main buildings have been so little changed that a seventeenth century Rip Van Winkle would have no difficulty in finding himself at home in them. And there was

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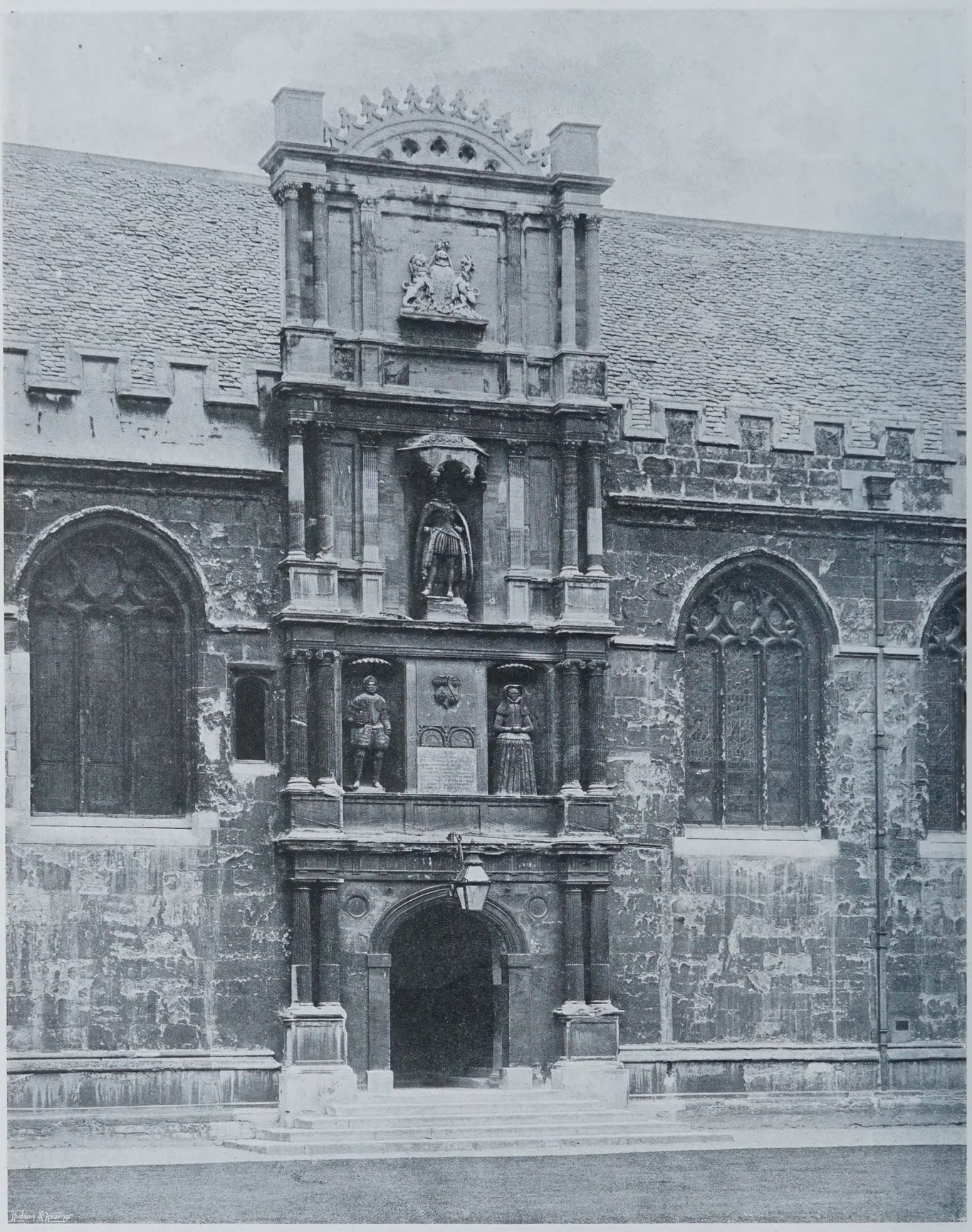
abundant justification for leaving the buildings unchanged; they are the choicest specimens in Oxford of that curious seventeenth century Gothic which survived there long after the sister University had given itself over to the classic architect.

The difference between Oxford and Cambridge cannot be better seen than in a comparison of the buildings of Wadham and of Clare, colleges which are often compared architecturally, with good reason, and both of which may feel flattered by the comparison. In both cases the architect has trusted, with complete success, to the beauty of simplicity; but Clare has the simplicity of the best Italian architecture, while Wadham Chapel (as seen from the gardens) shows windows which might have been put up under the first Tudor, but which were really put up under the first Stuart. So strongly have the critics felt the incongruity between style and date that the late Mr. Fergusson, the historian of architecture, maintained that the chapel was a much older building incorporated in a seventeenth century college. When told that Wadham had its accounts complete, and that these proved that all the buildings were built at once, he replied that no amount of documents "could prove the impossible." The remarkable purity of the late Gothic at Wadham is probably connected with its origin. It was founded by a Somerset squire and his wife, and it bears, alike in stone and in woodwork, the



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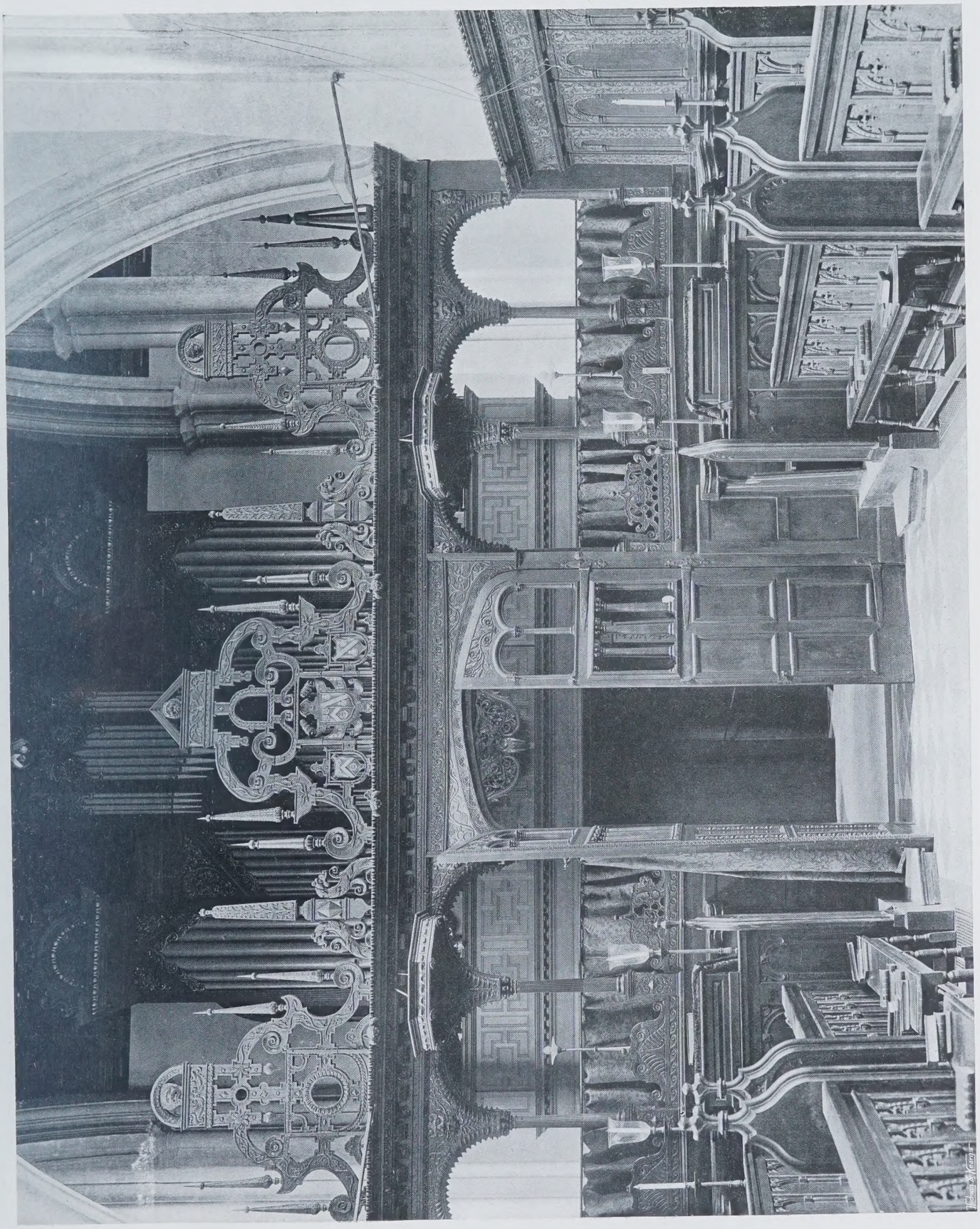

CHOIR STALLS AND SCREEN IN THE CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Copyright

mark of the county, the richest architecturally in the West Country. This is nowhere more clearly seen than in the woodwork of the chapel screen, which most curiously resembles that of Croscombe, near Wells. Wadham is architecturally interesting from another point of view; its building accounts are preserved in the greatest detail, down even to the steward's record of the "12d. in beer, when I agreed with them" (*i.e.*, the workmen); but there is no trace at all of what we should call an architect. The tradition that Thomas Holt of York, the architect of the new schools, was also the architect of Wadham, seems clearly refuted by the MS. accounts. The general design seems to have been given by William Arnold, a kinsman of the Wadham steward, who was paid from 10s. to £1 a week for superintending the work; but he also worked as a mason himself, and the carrying out of the design was apparently left to the individual craftsmen.

As has been said, the college owed its origin to the munificence of a Somerset man, Nicholas Wadham, who, at the close of his long life, resolved to found the college, which, by his express wish, was to bear his name. As Fuller well puts it: "Absalom, having no children, reared up for himself a pillar to perpetuate his name. This worthy man created that which hath, doth, and will afford many pillars to Church and State, the uniform and regular (nothing defective or superfluous therein) college of Wadham, in Oxford."

Nicholas Wadham was a man of decided views on University life. He died before a stone of the college was laid, but he had carefully thought out the principles on which its statutes were to be drawn up, and he enforced these even on his death-bed. There was to be no obligation for his fellows to enter Holy Orders, but "every man was left free to profess what he liked." Again, the fellowships were to be terminable after a certain number of years, and their holders were "not to live there all their time like idle drones." He thus anticipated the modern arrangements of lay and terminable fellowships, and his college from the first was largely free from local restrictions in the election of its scholars; three of these came from Essex, three from Somerset, and the other nine from any county in "England," which was altered to "Great Britain" by no less a person than King James himself, the donor of the charter. But in spite of this absence of limitation, by far the greater number of Wadham men for the first two centuries of the college's existence came from Somerset, or the kindred districts of West Dorset and East Devon. The most famous of these was the great Puritan admiral, Robert Blake, whose solid John Bull-like face adorns the walls of the college hall in an interesting portrait. For good reasons Oxford cannot claim many of the heroes of English warfare; but she at least boasts the greatest name in the annals of the Navy, after that of Nelson. Blake joined the college just before the death of the foundress, Dorothy Wadham, to whom had fallen the whole task of carrying out her husband's intentions. Like Devorguilla of Balliol, she is the real founder, and the "piety" with which Wadham men remember her name is shown to be well deserved by her recently-published letters. They have been admirably edited by the Rev. R. B. Gardiner, Surmaster of St. Paul's School, and a former scholar of Wadham, for whose untiring labours on the college register and records Wadham men cannot be sufficiently grateful. Her care for her college never ceased, and she stripped herself of half her jointure in order that the stipends might be paid more nearly in full.

Copyright THE COLLEGE GARDEN. "COUNTRY LIFE."

The history of one college at the Universities is very like that of another, and Wadham makes no exception; there, as elsewhere, the heroic struggle of the Civil Wars was followed by the long decline into inglorious ease during the eighteenth century, and by revival in the nineteenth. But every college has its periods of special distinction, and Wadham may boast that in the rapid revival of Oxford, after the fall of the Royal cause, her sons played the most prominent part. The intruded Warden was Dr. John Wilkins, the brother-in-law of Oliver Cromwell, who enjoyed the unusual honour of being not only promoted by both sides (there were many "Vicars of Bray"), but also of being well spoken of by both sides. He owed this happy fate to the fact that he used all his influence to protect men of learning, whatever their religious or political opinions; especially he did much to save the endowments of the University from those sectaries who carried their dislike of "carnal wisdom" to the extent of proposing schemes of disendowment;

SCREEN IN DINING-HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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Copyright NORTH-EAST CORNER OF THE QUAD. "COUNTRY LIFE."

it is not surprising that Wilkins was preached at by them from the University pulpit "as a mere moral man, without the power of godliness."

During the rule of Wilkins at Wadham, the most famous name is that of Sir Christopher Wren, who was in residence as scholar for four years before he migrated as fellow to All Souls. He afterwards returned to Wadham to occupy, as Savilian Professor of Geometry, the great room over the gateway which was for a time attached to the Professorship. Just senior to him was Thomas Sydenham, the greatest name in English medicine, and just junior, John Mayow, whose premature death robbed England of the honour of founding modern chemistry. Mayow had anticipated by a century the theories of the great Frenchman, Lavoisier, but, dying at thirty-seven, he left his work incomplete, and it was forgotten till our own day, when it has been re-edited in Germany with wonder and admiration. The great names of individuals, however, are largely accidental; a college does not make a man of genius, proud as it is of him. What we can definitely attribute to Wilkins is a large share in that organised encouragement of scientific research which culminated in the foundation of the Royal Society in 1662.

The meetings for the encouragement of the "new philosophy" —*secundum mentem Domini Baconi*, as Aubrey calls it—had begun in London in 1645. They were transferred to Oxford in 1649, where Wilkins began in his lodgings "weekly an experimental philosophical club." One of the large rooms in the Warden's lodgings (in the north-west corner of the college) is undoubtedly the cradle of the Royal Society, seven of the original members of which belonged to Wadham. The connection is still recognised in the annual invitation sent to the Warden of Wadham for the Royal Society's conversazione. One object of this scientific study is quaintly described by Sprat, the historian of the Royal Society and himself a Wadham man, who, as Dean of Westminster, holds an unenviable place in the Tory pillory of Macaulay's History. He writes that it was intended "to provide a race of young men . . . invincibly armed against all the encroachments of enthusiasm."

If this was the purpose of the renewed scientific study, it was certainly realised in the end; but for half a century, till the last Stuart left the throne, Oxford was still keenly alive to political issues, and by no means dead to real learning. In this period Wadham was one of the few Whig colleges, and as such was a fitting home for Arthur Onslow, the greatest Speaker the House of Commons has ever had, as well as the longest to rule (1726-61). His affection for his old college is commemorated by the splendid service-books which he presented to the chapel. His portrait also hangs in the Hall. The Wadham Whig connection is also perpetuated in the portraits of William III. and George I., a pair possessed by no other college in Oxford; as was fitting for a king so indifferent to the arts, the portrait of King George is the worst in the Hall.

But as the eighteenth century advanced, even the storms of politics ceased to ruffle Oxford, and it is needless to say anything of Wadham life till Warden Wills began his reign (1783-1806). He was a reformer, as well as a liberal benefactor of college and University; but his great title to be remembered is his laying out of the college garden. Many who have never heard his name have blessed him unaware when enjoying the most beautiful trees that even Oxford can boast. The garden is small, but everything in it is perfect, especially the great copper beech, the finest in England.

During nearly half of the last century Wadham was ruled by Dr. Benjamin Parsons Symons, well known to all his contemporaries as "Big Ben." He was Warden from 1831 to 1871, and was the main prop and pillar of the militant Evangelicalism which, for a time, at least, tried to dominate Oxford. It was in this spirit that he moved the chapel service on Sundays to the hour before dinner, in order to prevent his students from attending Newman's parish sermons at St. Mary's (at 4 p.m.); he also, as Vice-Chancellor, presided over the Convocation that deprived "Ideal" Ward of his degrees, and attempted to condemn Tract No. XC. But the vigorous and successful rule of Symons brought men to his college whose activity lay in paths very different from his own. Two sets of these may be especially mentioned. The "English Positivists," whose influence for a brief space was very great in politics and religion in this country (as is admirably described by Justin McCarthy in his "History of Our Own Time"), were all Wadham men; Dr. Congreve, the founder of the school, gave up a great position in Oxford when he found that his views were inconsistent with his position as a college tutor, and of his disciples, Frederic Harrison, Professor

Beesley, and Dr. Bridges were all at Wadham together. More lasting, however, has been the influence of the churchmen of Wadham whose views were very different from those of their Warden. Dean Church of St. Paul's was an undergraduate there before he became fellow of Oriel, and to the next decade belong the late Bishop of Wakefield, better known perhaps as "*the* Bishop of East London," the late Bishop of Calcutta, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Codrington, the missionary and philologer, Dr. Shirley, the rediscoverer of Wycliffe, Mr. T. C. Baring, the founder of Hertford College, and "Father" Maconochie, with many more good churchmen who played their part well in the revival of English church life.

But some of them are still alive, and it is not necessary to dwell on their good work. Slightly earlier than all these was Wadham's only Lord Chancellor, who was one of Symons' early pupils. Richard Bethell came up to Wadham as a boy in an Eton jacket—he was not then fifteen—and the Warden declined at first to receive him, as "children were not admitted to the college"; but he justified his father's proud belief that he was a "prodigy" by being elected scholar on his next birthday. Whatever the faults of that great lawyer, to his own college, at all events, he was kindness itself, and by his will he left to it the best of his busts, and a sum of money for a monument in chapel, on which, by his especial instructions, it is recorded that "he dated all his success in life from the day on which, on his fifteenth birthday, he was elected scholar." He is but one of the many who cherished the memory of their old college; as a seventeenth century scholar, the old Puritan, Samuel Lee, wrote, "I have generally observed I know not what genius (may I so term it) or affectionate tincture to run in the veins of such as have been bred at Wadham." Of course, every other college might say the same; patriotism has always been the glory of the English Universities, and is so as much as ever. May it continue thus while Oxford and England last.

COPSE-WARE.

To speak of "copse-ware" is instantly to recall the "Woodlanders" of Hardy's Wessex. Indeed, we might question whether those Wessex woods of Little Hintock, the copse-ware workers, the Melburys and the Winterbournes who ruled in that sequestered woodland "outside the gates of the world," do not, for some of us, live more vividly than do the inhabitants of any merely geographical county. Who does not gladly enter the homestead of Melbury, the village timber merchant, that faded Georgian house "in whose reverberations queer old personal tales were audible, if properly listened for"; and thence step out into the big quadrangle, piled with stacked timber, faggots, hurdles, and other products of the wood, to listen to the slow talk of the Wessex woodmen, gathered about the blazing fire of "gadends" in the large spar-house? Thus remotely do Hardy's woodlanders stand, viewing life with a sturdily independent outlook from their forest village. And not less remote are the wandering Surrey copse-ware workers, who yet move from parish to parish, carrying on their craft in woodland depths where no ugly sounds of modern life seem to penetrate. Go through those Surrey hill-paths, silent save for the crack of a twig under foot, or the swift dart of some shy wild creature seeking deeper cover under thicker leaves, any day in the early spring months. Follow the brown leaf-strewn path, studded with emerald mosses, and here and there disclosing a cluster of half-open primrose-buds, and the bright green leaves and pale flowers of the wood violet. Out of the silence comes a sound of splintering, and of movement in the thick copse yonder. Push through the brushwood and you stand in a clearing, ringed about on every side with a thick hazel growth, soon to bear on every slender branch jewels of green fire that will gleam in the spring sunlight as on those same branches the white hoar-frost flashed in the winter.

M. Léon. *FAGOTTING.* Copyright

M. Léon. *THE "BRAKE."* Copyright

In the centre of the clearing lies a curved log, with some eight upstanding stakes, and bending over these, hazel withy in hand, is the solitary hurdle-maker, deftly lacing his strands in and out of his framework, as the well-shaped hurdle grows rapidly to a full height, and then, trimmed and shaven, is tossed aside on the big heap of finished copse-ware, or is carried down, shoulder high, to the waggon that waits by the green cart-track beyond the wood. Strong and sinewy, the hurdle-maker works at speed, and with trained muscles that weave the warp and woof of his tough web as lightly as though the hazel-boughs were but silken strands. Ruddy of cheek, and taking manifest pleasure in his skill of hand and strength of arm, no pleasanter sight can be seen than this craftsman at work in his woodland clearing on a sunlit March morning; and just such a sight have the woods yielded for more centuries than one counts easily, and in copses far afield from Surrey. For it were hard to find a more primitive industry than the weaving of hurdles and wicker-ware. Strabo, writing in the first century A.D., tells us how in the great forest "filled with low trees . . . . named Ardenna," our modern Ardennes, the inhabitants would, in time of war, "interweave the flexible bramble shrubs," thus stopping up all hostile access to their woodland fastnesses. Writing in the same century, Tacitus describes how in the land of the Fenni, the

M. Léon. *GRUBBING A STUMP.* Copyright

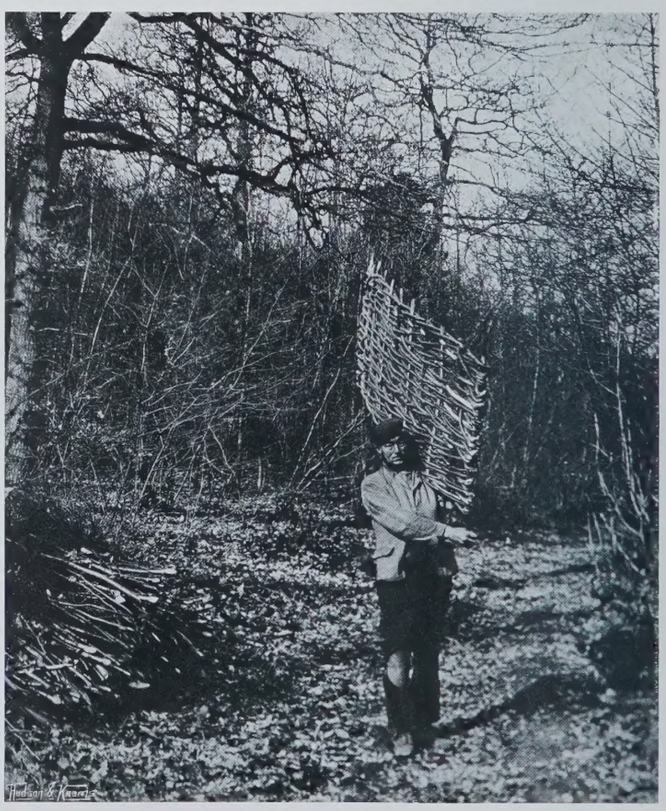
modern Finland, the people "lived in a state of amazing savageness . . . their food is herbs, their clothing skins, their bed the ground . . . nor do they provide any other shelter for their infants from wild beasts and storm than a covering of branches twisted together. This is the resort of youth, this is the receptacle of old age." Whereupon the historian proceeds to moralise on the joys of the simple life: "Yet even this way of life is happier in their estimation than groaning over the plough, and toiling in the erection of houses . . . secure against men, secure against the gods, they have attained that most difficult point, not to need even a wish." Have our Surrey wood-folk, at their solitary craft, sheltered by their woodland huts, attained "not to need even a wish"? Health and a quiet mind, at least, are theirs, if bronzed cheek and supple muscle belie them not.

Elsewhere in Strabo we find the primitive tribes developing the simple interlacing of the warp by the addition of vertical strands for the woof. It was the practice, he tells us, to fortify forest settlements by intermixing and weaving together the branches of thorny trees, and to strengthen them with stakes. The Gaul was a more advanced (and perchance less happy) being, and his copse-ware was proportionately elaborated. He dwelt in "great houses, arched, constructed of planks and wicker." We hear, too, of wicker as in use for the chariot sides of the Cimbri, dwellers in Jutland, and of wicker shields as carried by the nomad soldier tribe of the Roxolani.

So from the woven brambles of the wild folk of the Ardennes we come to the finished wicker fabric of the great arched house, the shield, and chariot; and thus are not so far removed from the Virgilian "copse-ware," used by the Roman farmer in ways similar to those employed on our English fields to-day. In his enumeration of the needful implements of husbandry, in the first book of the "Georgics," Virgil especially names the "arbute hurdles," and he exhorts the farmer to drag "osier hurdles," that is, the *vimineæ crates*, or bush-harrows of modern use, over the "inactive clods." Our own sheep-hurdle appears as the *textæ crates* or wattled hurdle, in that second Epode in which Horace describes the country life: "Happy is he who far from business cares, like men in early day, tills with his steer his father's fields . . . or in sequestered vale surveys his herds of cattle as they roam . . . or shears the gentle sheep. . . What man is there who, midst pursuits like these, forgets not worrying cares?" So the poet sings, and completes the picture by a sketch of the busy housewife of the farm, "piling the sacred hearth with seasoned wood against her wearied lord's return, and shutting her healthy flock in the osier pen." Whereby we may note incidentally that the lady farmer was not unknown in the Augustan age, since it is *her* flock that she shuts within the protecting hurdles. So our sturdy hurdle-weaver of to-day works, linked with his brothers of the craft for many a century; and as we stand in his clearing, ringed round by the silent depths of brushwood, Roman Britain seems to be but one step deeper in the woodland—that Britain where "forests were the only towns in use, which were formed by cutting down a large circle of wood and erecting huts within it, and sheds for cattle."

If we leave our hurdle-maker and follow the wood-path for a mile to the copses of the lower land, we may step into a still livelier reminiscence of that ancient British "town," for here we shall find the workers of another itinerant industry of the woods—the hoop-shavers. Again we have the clearing in the deep brushwood, but here is no mere hurdle-frame and solitary figure. Neat huts have been put up, the embers of the camp fire smoulder on the ground, and two hoop-shavers are busily at work fashioning the supple barrel-hoops from hazel rods piled ready on the ground beside them. The rods are "shaved" by use of a primitive contrivance called a "brake." The brake is a post, a cross-bar, and a swinging weight, by means of which the slender rod is placed in position, rapidly "shaved" down by a strong two-handled knife, and then thrown aside on to the quickly-growing heap of completed "hoops." The hoop-shaver works in the copse from sunrise to sunset, and if the weather be not too inclement he sometimes sleeps in the rude hut which he builds in his clearing. He will buy the copse standing, and use for tools a handbill, an axe, an adze, and the knife called a "shave." He will make, perhaps, £1 a week, selling his hoops for what he can get. He names his wares after the barrels for which they are cut, filling his woodland clearing with "long pipes," and "short pinks," "bottle hoops," "kilderkins," and "firkins." Hazel and ash are the best woods alike for the hoop and hurdle maker, a fitness known well to the ancient Irish, for we find in the old Brehon Law Tracts that hazel is ranked among the "chieftain" trees. "In virtue of what dignity?" asks the questioner of the Tract. And the answer is, by virtue of the hazel's sovereign qualities for wattling or interweaving. That ancient Irish phrase the "chieftain tree" re-echoes oddly in the mouth of a Surrey woodman quoted by Miss Jekyll: "'Hazel, that's the master,' as my friend in the business (hoop-making) says." The hurdle-maker works at a somewhat higher wage than the hoop-maker, although with simpler gear. He gets 4s. 6d. a dozen, and, by working from sunrise to sunset, he will make his dozen hurdles a day. When the day's work is over the wandering craftsmen turn in to the nearest village inn, and their custom would seem to be not inconsiderable, since we know of at least one such tavern bearing for name The Hurdle.

Surely no craft is wrought under happier circumstances than this industry of the copse-ware maker. For factory he works in the sheltered woodland, russet brown and leaf strewn in winter,



M. Léon. *THE FINISHED ARTICLE.* Copyright

flushing with delicate purple bloom, as of ripe fruit, with the earliest touch of spring, then changing to ethereal green,

> "in mazes of the youngest hue
> . . . while the willow trails
> Its delicate amber,"

when the fleeting white and blue of April skies is caught and held in starry banks of wood anemone, and in scented bluebell glades. For material, he has the clean branches, filling the air with the sweet, strong aromatic smell of split green wood. For rest in the well-earned dinner-hour, there is his woodland hut, watched by many a bright-eyed furred and feathered householder of the copse, alert for stray crumbs, or merely curious with that intense curiosity of wild things over the doings of man. A craft full, truly, of fair sights, and set in pleasant places; but, alas! a dying craft, ousted by the pressure of a machine-ridden age, tolerant of, nay intent on, barbed wire and iron railings. Another twenty years, and the copses may know nought of the hurdle or hoop maker. G. M. GODDEN.

M. Léon. *A WOODLAND FACTORY.* Copyright

IN THE GARDEN.

CHINESE PINKS.

THESE annual flowers have a wonderful diversity of colouring, and are of the greatest use in the summer garden. It is late now for sowing the seed, but young plants may be purchased. It is in a mass that the flowers are best grown, as then the true effect of bold grouping is seen. The name of the Chinese Pink in books and catalogues is Dianthus chinensis. It is a native of Asia, and was introduced from China—the Manchurian Coast—nearly 200 years ago. The typical plant is about 18in. high, of branching growth, and the reddish flowers scent the winds of summer with their sweet fragrance. It has given rise to a race of showy border plants. Probably the best known is the Japanese variety, Dianthus Heddewigii, a group of dwarf and compact plants, and there is also a section with more deeply-cut petals. The Amur Pink (D. chinensis var. dentosus) is very distinct and pretty, the violet-shaded flowers, each 1in. across, with toothed margins and dark spots near the base of the petals, giving the flower the appearance of having a dark eye. The varieties are very numerous, and include single and double forms, the colours varying from the white of albus to the crimson of fulgens. Chinese Pinks are easily grown, and they may be regarded as annual or biennial flowers. When to be grown as annuals, sow the seed in March in pots filled with a well-drained soil composed of loam and leaf-mould, mixed with some sharp silver sand. Sow thinly and cover the seed lightly. Transfer the young plants to pots, or shallow boxes will answer the same purpose, and place them in a warm frame or house in which there is gentle warmth; and when the seedlings are 1½in. high prick them out into other boxes, but still keeping them in a frame. Air must, however, be given on all favourable occasions, to promote a strong, or what the gardener calls a "stocky," growth, and in the first days of June they may go to the places they are to beautify during the summer months. A sowing may also be made in the open garden in June, but this is not always satisfactory. It is better to treat the Chinese Pink as a tender annual, and to sow the seed in the way suggested. When a sowing is made in July, flowers are not forthcoming till the following year. Choose an open spot, and sow in drills of fine soil about 6in. apart, and cover the seed very lightly. While germination is proceeding, shade a little, but remove this when the seedlings appear. Transplant to the borders in August. It is a common mistake to leave annuals crowded in the seed-beds, for plants treated in this way are rarely a success. When it is found impossible to prepare a permanent place, it is better to prick them out again, giving each seedling ample space to develop, until the positions they are to flower in are ready for their reception. The seed may also be sown in late August, the seedlings wintered under glass, and planted out in spring. This means a display of flowers before the spring-sown are even in bud. The most beautiful of the Heddewigii form is Diadematus fl.-pl., but there are many selections in the lists of the leading nurserymen.

RANDOM NOTES.

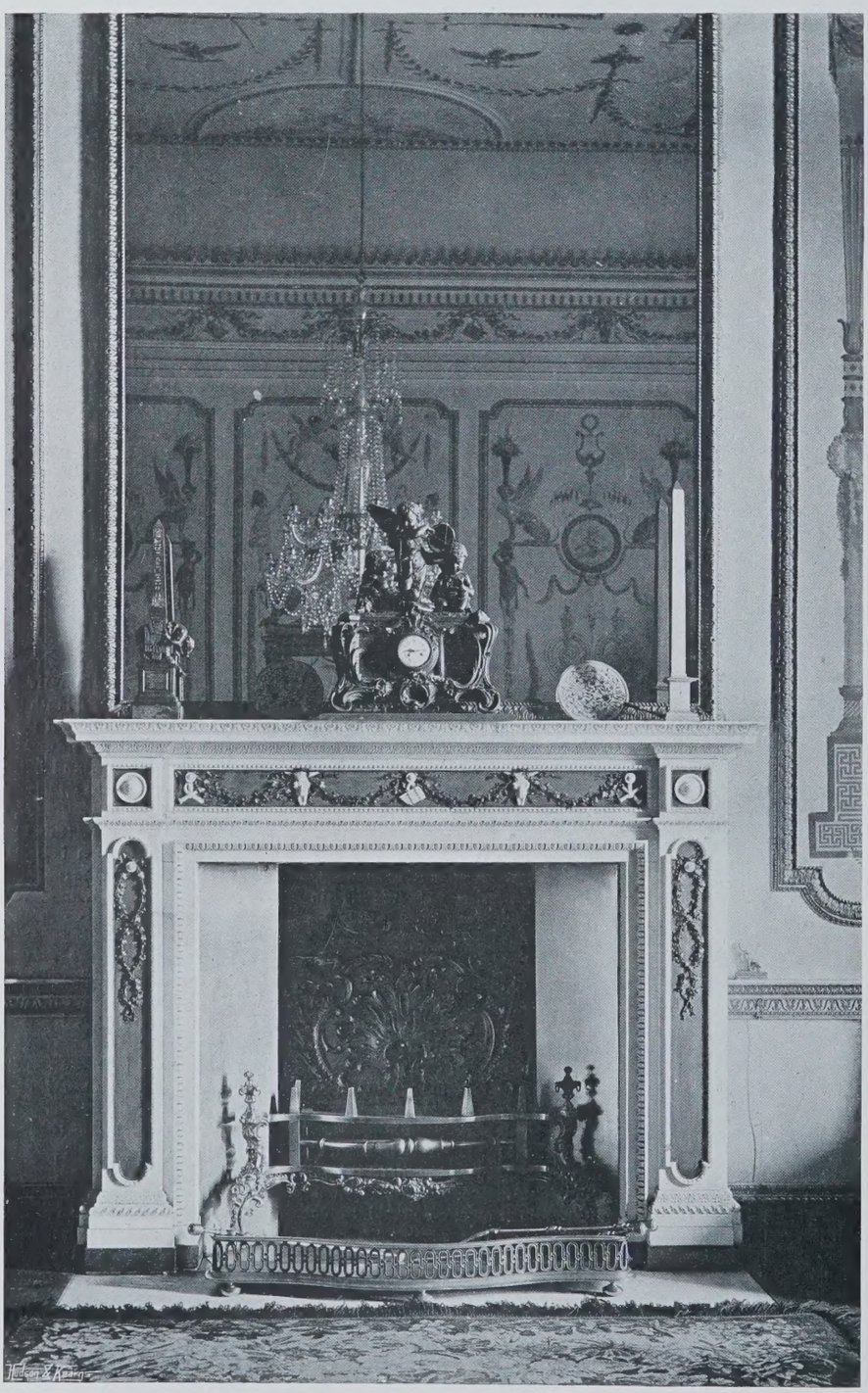
Canker in Fruit Trees.—Happy is the fruit-grower who is not troubled with cankered trees, but few orchards are free from them. It is not always the fault of the grower; frequently a certain variety dislikes the soil in which it is planted, or, perhaps, the climate, and sometimes canker is simply the result of using the wrong stock in grafting. From whatever cause canker may arise, where it is present the great point is to get rid of it. In the recently-published volume of the Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society a correspondent sends to the editor an account of his treatment of this terrible disease (the method is simplicity itself) and this is as follows: "Cut out the diseased tissue, either in the resting or growing season, and dress the wounds with 'Lysol'—a 6d. bottle will dress a very great number of wounds. Result: Healthy tissue all round the wounds, gladdening the heart of the grower. In addition to the lysol dressing, my trees—growing in poor soil, chiefly sand poisoned with coal ashes—had their roots top-dressed with 2in. of compost, consisting of about one-third heavy (gault) loam, one-third chalk loam, one-third sandy loam, plus 3oz. to 4oz. of 30 per cent. superphosphate, and about 1½oz. to 2oz. of sulphate of potash per square yard."

Fragrant Annual Flowers.—A few years ago we were charmed with a border of fragrant flowers in Lord Windsor's garden at St. Fagan's, and it is interesting to know the kinds that were used to flood the garden with sweet fragrance. They were as follows: Night-scented Stock (Mathiola bicornis), Mignonette, Sweet Alyssum, Evening Primrose, Sweet Peas, Sweet Sultan, and Tobacco Plant; but Lilies were also planted, and a free use made of Myrtles, Rosemary, Lavender, and Sweet Briar, Clematis Flammula, Honeysuckle, and Jasmine. It is always satisfactory to sow plenty of sweet-scented annual flowers near the house, and we have always the Night-scented Stock (Mathiola) in profusion. It is not beautiful in the daytime, when the flowers seem as if there is no life in them, but in the cool of the evening they open out their pink petals to flood the garden with perfume. Seed of the annual flowers should be sown now. Writing of sweet-scented annuals reminds one of the utility of a garden to cut from, usually called the "reserve" quarter, to which it is possible to go without the risk of trouble from the head-gardener. A reserve garden is a happy place. In it should be grown Stocks, Sweet Peas, Salpiglossis, tall branching Asters, not omitting A. sinensis, Malope, Linarias, Godetia The Bride, Mignonette, Scabious, and other flowers which are useful to cut from for the house. It is pleasant to take a friend into this reserve enclosure and cut a basket of flowers as a present without interfering with the display in the more important and conspicuous parts of the garden.

The Alpine Pinks from Seed.—Of the many exquisite flowers that may be grown on the rock garden none excels in charm the alpine or wild Pinks, which give colour and perennial interest to the Alps of Europe. A few are natives of the British Isles, and none is sweeter than the Maiden Pink, Dianthus deltoides, which delights in dry and gravelly pastures. The majority of the wild Pinks are not troublesome to grow, only requiring tender care during their early life. Some of the smaller sorts suffer from winter damp, and it is not unusual for large plants which have taken years to develop to collapse from this cause. The easiest way to increase the plants is by sowing seed, but, unfortunately, the seedlings cannot be depended on to come true to colour unless the various kinds are kept quite apart. The reason is that Pinks hybridise with great freedom. Cuttings taken just after the plants have finished flowering root readily in small pots filled with a mixture of loam to which plenty of sand has been added. The pots should be plunged in a shady frame and kept close until the cuttings are rooted, when they may be potted off singly. The smaller tufted Pinks may be divided in spring. The larger kinds, such as Dianthus Carthusianorum, D. Caryophyllus (from which our garden Carnations have been derived), D. cruentus, D. giganteus, and D. liburnicus, which may be regarded as border plants, are easily raised from seed sown in gentle heat in spring. When large enough to handle, the seedlings should be pricked out in boxes filled with a compost of half fibrous loam, one part sand, and the same of leaf-mould. When well rooted, they may be planted out in their permanent places, ready for flowering the following spring. This early treatment is also suitable for the D. plumarius (the wild Pink), D. cæsius, D. arenarius, and others of similar growth, but lime rubbish may be added with advantage to the soil in which they are grown. When planting out in the rock garden, a sunny, well-drained position should be chosen for nearly all the alpine Pinks, though there are some exceptions, such as D. callizonus and D. sylvestris, which require a certain amount of shade. They should be planted where they receive the direct rays of the sun for a brief period only. Established tufts of the smaller alpine Pinks require top-dressing once or twice during the season with a mixture of sand and leaf-soil. This should be worked well amongst the young growths, but the growing points must not be covered up. The autumn dressing should contain more sand, so as to absorb the excessive moisture surrounding the plant in winter.

STOWE is one of those great houses of England in which are enshrined many memories of famous men. It was built by a soldier and politician, who was also a patron and lover of literature and the arts, and in many ways representative of the age of Anne, William, and the first George, which he adorned. The architect of Lord Cobham's great classic mansion was Vanbrugh, and Grinling Gibbons and many other art workers expended their skill on its internal adornment, while its grounds and gardens—more famous even than its structure—were laid out by Bridgman (the inventor, as Walpole thought, of the haha, which marked the decline of the formal pleasaunce), and were further beautified and architecturally adorned by Kent, while the celebrated "Capability Brown," beginning here his work as a boy in the kitchen garden, rose to be Lord Cobham's head-gardener, and drew hence his love of the landscape style. Pope, Congreve, Peterborough, Chesterfield, Walpole, the great Earl of Chatham, and numberless other men whose names are written large in our political and literary history, were welcomed by Lord Cobham and his successors in their princely mansion. The gardens of Stowe have a literature of their own, for the poets, wits, and sonneteers were exalted to enthusiasm by their beauties and curiosities, their landscape glories, their temples, ruins, grottoes, lakes, bridges, columns, and all those garden things which express the taste of a great and rather "precious" age. To Pope, who addressed one of his "Moral Essays" to the friend who had reared this splendid abode, Stowe was a wonder and an exemplar of great things. Thus did he exhort the famous Earl of Burlington:

"Still follow sense, of every art the soul,
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance;
Nature shall join you; Time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stowe!"



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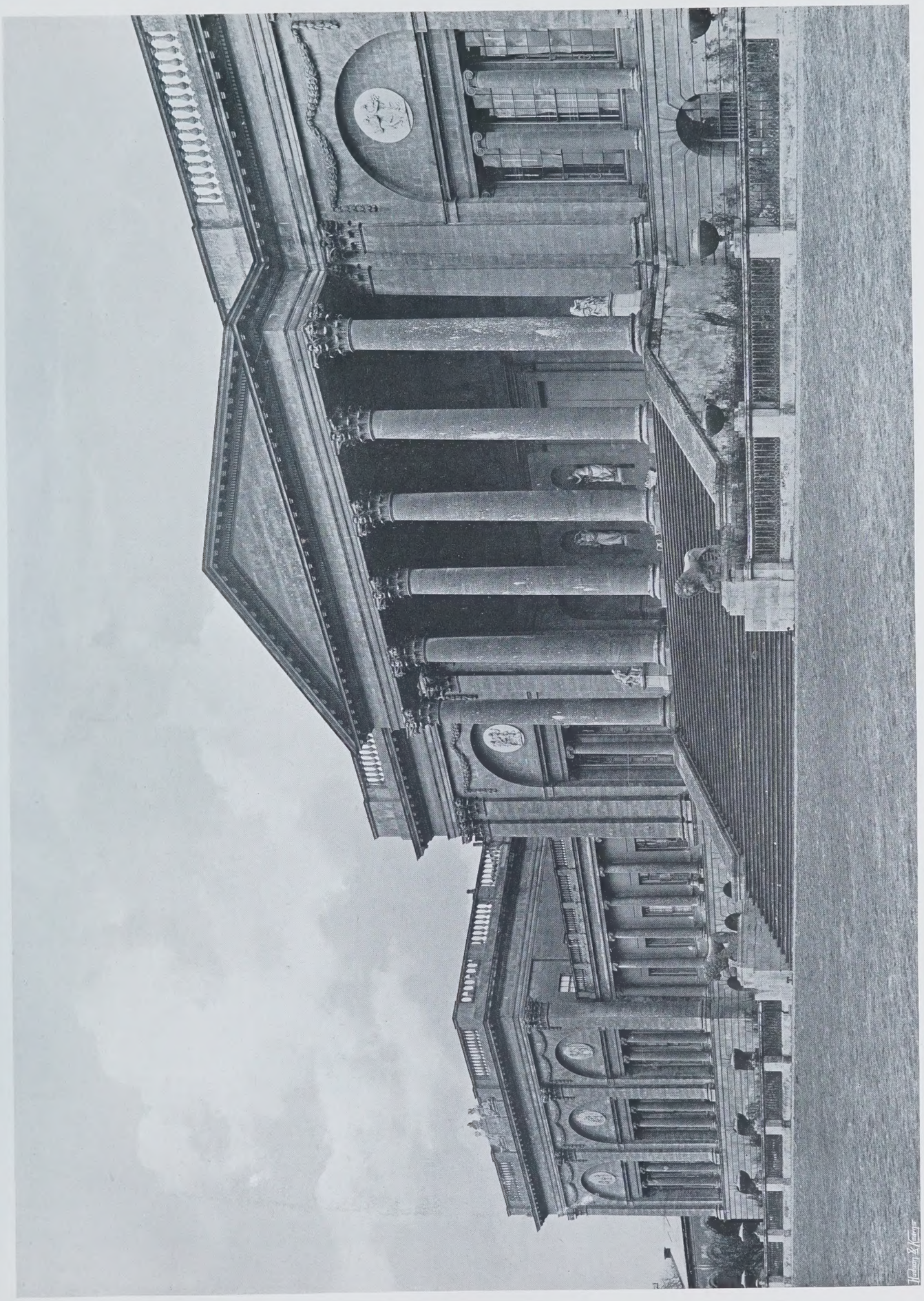
There have been descriptions of the wonders of Lord Cobham's gardens from the time of their formation to the present day, and their merits were in everyone's mouth in the age which gave them birth. Peterborough, writing to Pope in 1731, said he must confess, in going to Lord Cobham's, he was not led by curiosity. The character of the place was so fixed in his mind that nothing surprised him. He went to see what was to be seen and what he was sure to like, and he came away pleased with the charms of his own lesser abode. "Immensity and Vanbrugh appear in the whole, and in every part. . . . I confess the stately Sacharissa at Stowe, but am content with my little Amoret."

Stowe was an old possession of the Temples, who were descended from Robert Temple of Temple Hall, in Leicestershire, a gentleman who lived in the middle of the fifteenth century. This Robert Temple's great-great-grandson became lessee of Stowe, and died in May, 1577, leaving a son, John Temple, who purchased the estate in 1590, and was succeeded by his son Thomas, knighted in 1603, and created a baronet in 1611. To Sir Thomas succeeded Sir Peter Temple, who espoused the cause of the Parliament, but threw up his commission in disgust when the King was executed. The third baronet was Sir Richard Temple of Stowe, who was a very prominent figure in William's reign, and was succeeded in possession by his eldest son, Richard, born about 1669, who was the builder of the present house, and was afterwards created Viscount Cobham. As a young man Cobham was an



PART OF THE SOUTH FRONT.

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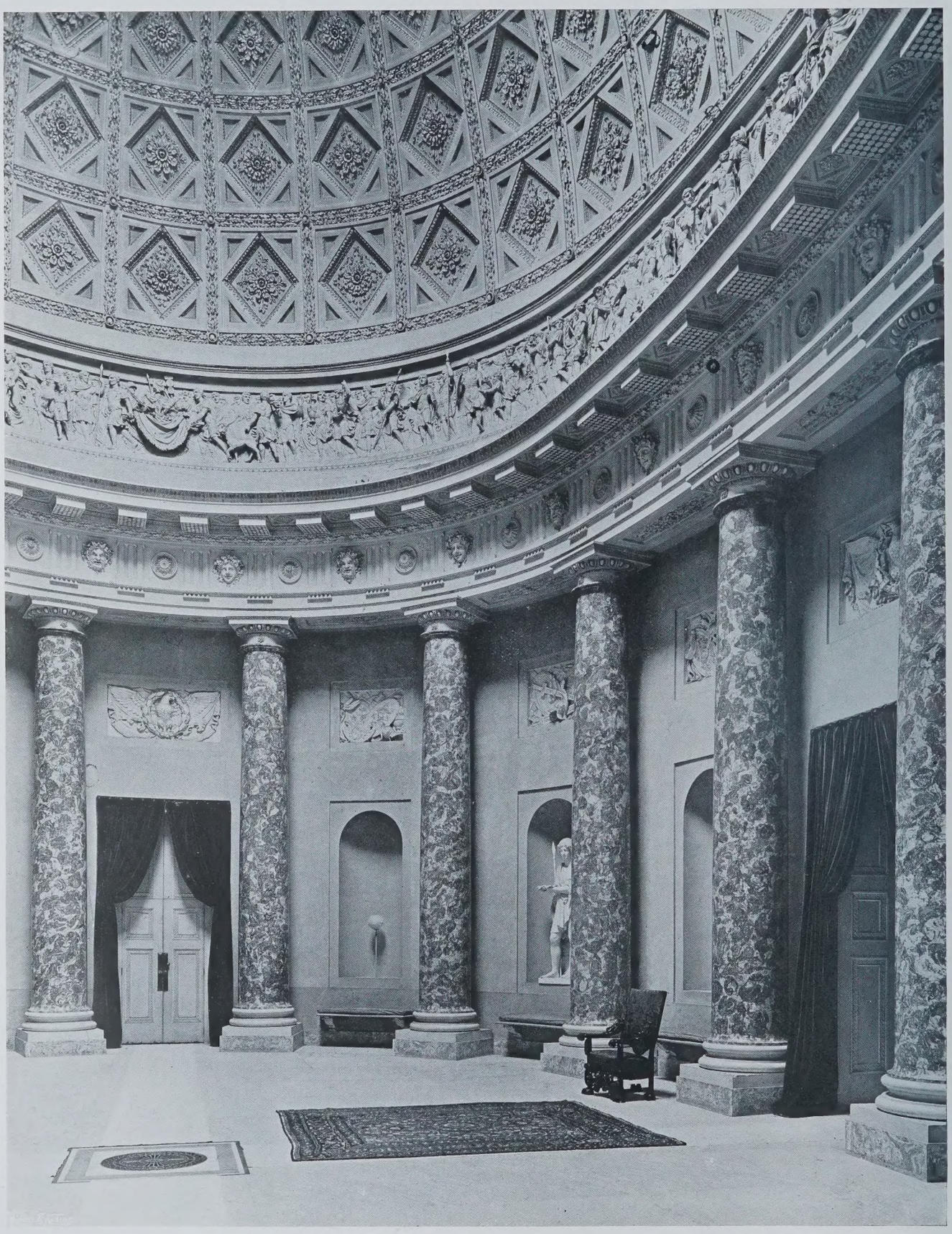
ardent soldier, who rose to eminence, fought with Marlborough, and greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Lille in 1708. He was also a staunch Whig, like his father, and political occupations and military service filled his active middle life. On the accession of George I. he was taken into high favour, and, being descended, through his grandmother Christian Leveson and other heiresses, from the old Lords Cobham, was created Baron and Viscount Cobham in 1714. The builder of Stowe had been a supporter of Walpole, but he adopted a very firm attitude in Parliament in denouncing the protection by the Government of the directors of the South Sea Company. For this he was dismissed from his regiment and lost the Royal favour; but he rendered much distinguished military, diplomatic, and political service, and lived until 1749, in which year he was buried at Stowe.

The approach to the mansion is by a splendid avenue nearly two miles long, which leads to the great and stately Corinthian arch, with its gateway 60ft. high, which was designed by Thomas Pitt, Lord Camelford. The avenue leads over several gently swelling elevations, and soon the whole of the splendid south-east front is seen, with its great hexastyle Corinthian portico, to which a noble flight of steps, adorned with classic statuary, gives access; while on either hand are colonnades connecting the main structure with the pavilion-like wings. The total length of this imposing façade is over 900ft., and the effect is very stately, though the observer may remark that it is not truly domestic in



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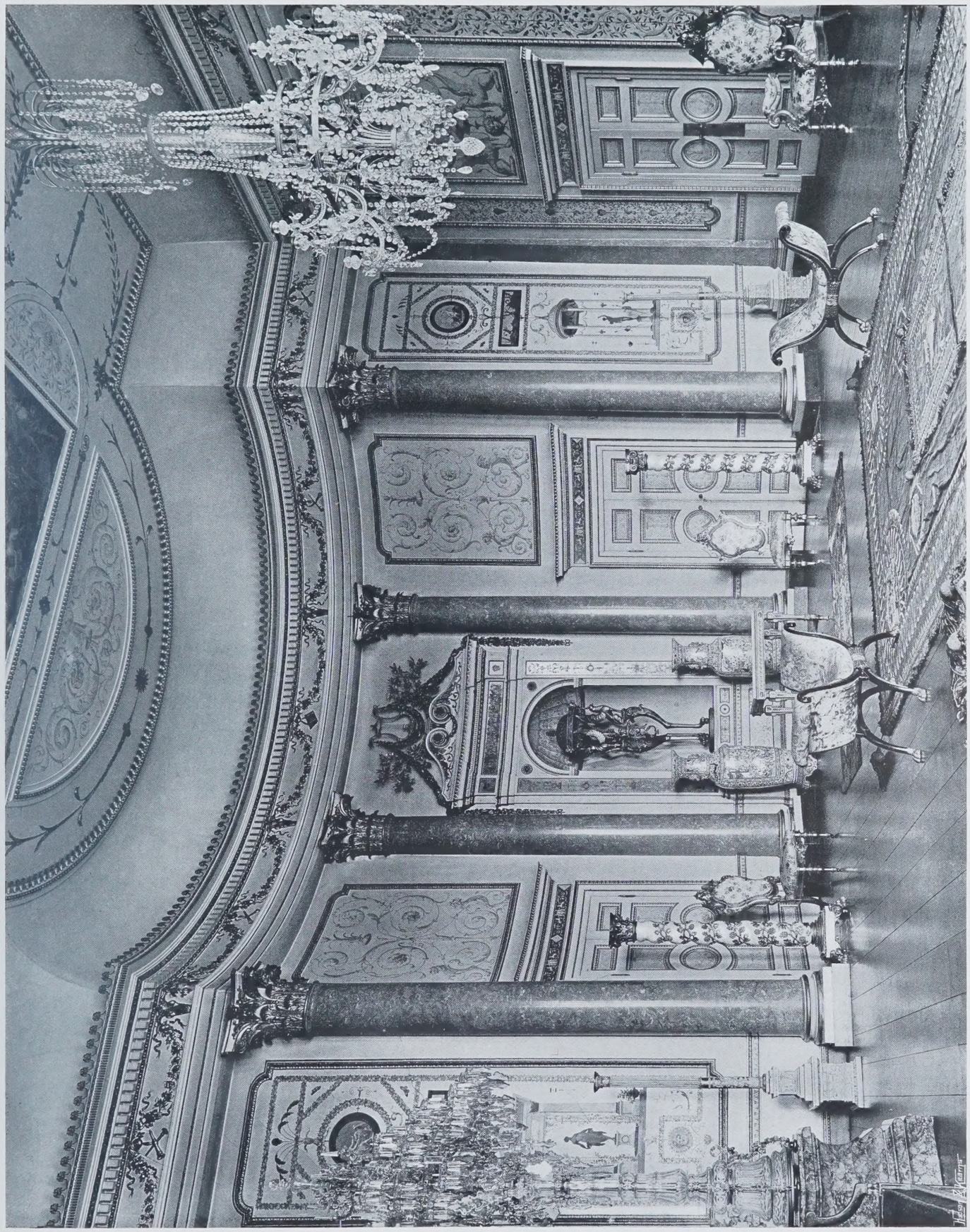

MUSIC-ROOM.

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Copyright *CENTRAL TAPESTRY IN DINING-SALOON.* "COUNTRY LIFE."

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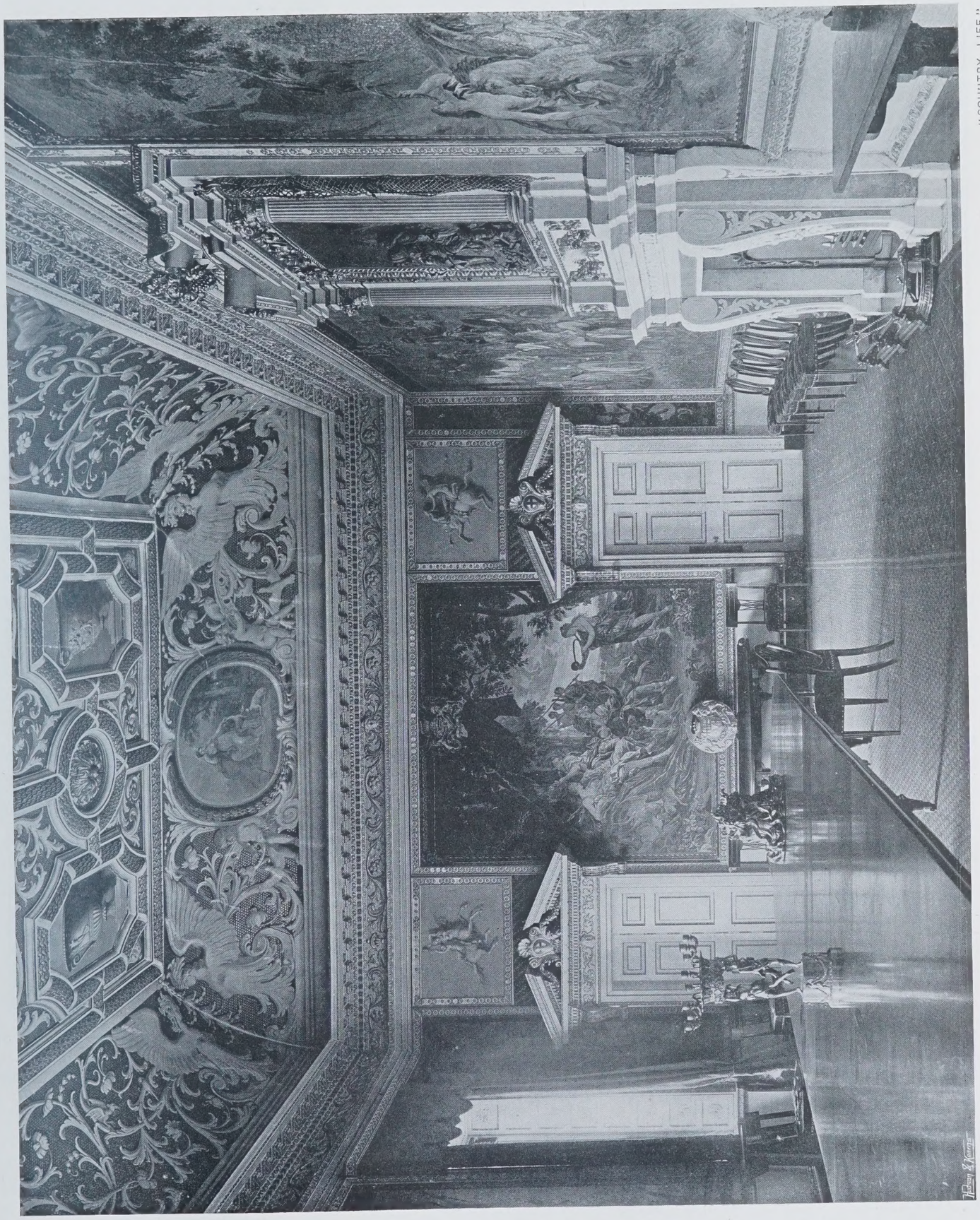

WEST END OF DINING SALOON.

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feeling. The arrangement has, in fact, been partially sacrificed to the production of classic symmetry and proportion. The State rooms, which are on this front, are the principal subject of the accompanying illustrations.

The usual entrance to the house is on the north-east side, where also is a centre with wings, and the approach is through a vestibule of which the ceiling was painted by Kent, giving access to the grand central hall or marble saloon. This noble apartment, which is circular and surrounded by a colonnade of splendid marble piers, rises to a panelled dome suggested by that of the Pantheon. The panels, however, which are deeply coffered, are of diamond form within the structural squares; and below, resting upon the cornice and at the foot of the dome, is a Roman triumphal procession sculptured by Valdrè, who studied the style from the subjects on the columns of Trajan and Antonine and on other classic buildings.

From this noble and spacious hall, the State apartments are entered on the right and left, each opening into the next in a splendid and greatly enriched series. On the right is the grand drawing-room, with its antique sculptured mantel representing a sacrifice to Bacchus. Beyond is the noble State dining-room, which, in the splendour of its tapestries, its rich and harmonious character and colouring, and its admirable proportions, is, perhaps, the most beautiful of the interiors. The ceiling is very effective in its bold and elaborate manner, the marble fireplaces, with Corinthian overmantels, and carvings by Grinling Gibbons, are exceedingly rich, and the magnificent mythological tapestries are not surpassed in England. In this superb interior there is nothing to remind us that the art treasures of Stowe were largely dispersed at a famous sale in 1848, which lasted thirty days, and exceeded in interest even the Fonthill and Strawberry Hill sales. Beyond the dining-room is the small tapestry dining or breakfast room, possessing tapestries representing eighteenth century battle scenes, probably those in which Lord Cobham was engaged, as also a fine marble mantel-piece and a splendid lustre, and beyond this again is the Duchess's drawing-room.

Retracing our steps through these chambers to the central hall, we pass in the other direction to the splendid music-room, which has noble Corinthian columns, panelled walls adorned with paintings in the style of Pompei, niches, lustres, and much fine French and Italian furniture. Here the care of the artist adorned the ceiling with a painting representing the Hours circling round the Sun. The libraries are beyond, and are rich in fine books and valuable MSS., and there is an armoury, in which are the arms used by the regiment raised by the Marquess of Buckingham for service in the Peninsula. The chapel has carvings by Grinling Gibbons and Michael Clarke, and there is cedar panelling brought from Kilhampton in Cornwall, the seat of the famous Sir Richard Grenville.

Enough has perhaps been said descriptive of the interiors of Stowe, for the pictures are admirably illustrative of their richness and character; but something shall be said of the famous gardens and grounds, or, at least, of their architectural adornments. They have an extent of some 700 acres, and, as may be supposed from the taste of those who have worked upon them—Bridgman, Kent, and Brown—are a beautiful example of the landscape style, rich in wood and water:

> "The vast parterres a thousand hands shall wake—
> Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them on a lake."

There is a most beautiful Palladian bridge, studied from the famous bridge at Wilton. "Templa quam dilecta!" must Lord Cobham have exclaimed, in the words of his family motto, and there were those who said that he made his grounds a practical pun upon his name, by adorning them with a surprising number of temples. Here may be seen the Temple of Ancient Virtue, an Ionic rotunda by Kent, for which Scheemakers sculptured figures of Homer, Socrates, Lycurgus, and Epaminondas; the Temple of Venus, with its pavilions, also by Kent, which Walpole admired; the Temple of Bacchus, designed by Vanbrugh; the Temple of Friendship, the Queen's Temple, in honour of Queen Charlotte, 1787, the Gothic Temple, and other architectural adornments, including a column erected to commemorate the builder of Stowe, whose statue stands upon the

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NORTH SIDE OF THE DINING-SALOON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

top. Walpole, who has much to say about Stowe, records in an amusing fashion a visit paid to it by Princess Amelia, and a fête arranged in her honour. "We all of us, giddy young creatures, of near three score, supped in a grotto in the Elysian Fields, and were refreshed with rivers of dew and gentle showers which dripped from all the trees, and put us in mind of the heroic ages when kings and queens were shepherds and shepherdesses, and lived in caves, and were wet to the skin two or three times a day. I could not help laughing as I surveyed the troop, which, instead of tripping lightly to such an arcadian entertainment, were bobbling down by the balustrade wrapped up in great coats and cloaks for fear of catching cold." A volume almost might, however, be filled with the social, political, and literary history of Stowe.

The builder of the house left no child to inherit what he had cherished so much, and the property passed on his death in 1749 to his sister Hester, who inherited the titles also by special remainder, and was in the same year made Countess Temple. She married Richard Grenville of Wootton, Bucks, and their son, Richard Grenville-Temple, succeeded as Earl Temple and Viscount and Baron Cobham. To the latter succeeded his son, George Nugent-Temple-Grenville, created Marquess of Buckingham in 1784. The next peer was raised to the Dukedom of Buckingham and Chandos. The third Duke died in 1889, when that title became extinct, and his daughter, the present possessor of this famous and princely domain, succeeded to the barony of Kinloss, to which he had substantiated his claim in 1868.

THE TRIBE OF THE PLOVER.

By Fiona Macleod.

IN a preceding paper I alluded to a Galloway rhyme—

"Whaup, Whimbrel, an' Plover,
Whan these whustle the worst o't's over."

By this time the neatherd by Loch Ken and the shepherd among the wilds of Kirkcudbright, like their kin from the Sussex downs, to the last *sliabh* or *maol* in Sutherland, may repeat the rhyme with safety. 'The worst o't's over.' For to-day the curlews cry above the moors, the whimbrel's warning note echoes down the long sands o' Solway, and everywhere, from the salt bent by the coasts to the loneliest inlands, the lapwing wails. The Tribe of the Plover is in the land once more, and so Spring is with us. Not, perhaps, the Spring of the poets, who look (as Ailil in the old Celtic tale) under boughs of white blossom to where the sunlight moves like a fawn of gold in a windless land, where the songs of birds turn to flowers, and where flowers change in the twilights of dawn into singing birds. Not thus does Spring come to us in the north. The black-headed gull screaming on the east wind, restless before his long flight to the wilderness and the grassy homes of the mating season: the hoodie-crow, weary of the south, heard on grey mornings when sleet whips the uplands: the troubled fieldfares, eager for lands oversea: the curlews crying along the Anglian fens and lamenting over Solway Moss: the mallard calling to his mate in the chill waters: the shadow of harrier and peregrine from Surrey upland to the long braes of Lammermuir—these, rather, are the signals of our bleak northern Spring. What though the songthrush and the skylark have long sung, though the wheatear and chiff-chaff have been late in coming, though the first swallows have not had the word passed on by the wood-pecker, and somewhere in the glens of Greece and Sicily the cuckoo lingers? How often the first have called *Spring* to us, and, while we have listened, the wind has passed from the south to the north and the rains have become sleet or snow: how often the missel-thrush has rung-in the tides of blossom, and the woods have but grown darker with gloom of the east while the first yellow clans along the hedgerows have been swept by hail. How often, again, the wind of the west has been fragrant with cowslip and oxeye, with daffodil and wallflower, with the pungent growing-odours of barberry and butcher's-broom and the unloosening larch, when, indeed, the sallow-blooms have put on their gold and the green woodpecker is calling his love-notes in the copses, and yet the delaying swallow has not been seen north of the Loire or where the Loina winds between Moret and the woods of Fontainebleau? How often the wild-rose has moved in first-flame along the skirts of hornbeam-hedge or beech-thicket, or the honeysuckle begun to unwind her pale horns of ivory and moongold, and yet across the furthest elmtops to the south the magic summons of the cuckoo has been still unheard in the windless amber dawn, or when, as in the poet's tale, the myriad little hands of Twilight pull the shadows out of the leaves and weave the evening dark. But when the cry of the plover is abroad we know that our less ideal yet hardly less lovely and welcome Spring is come at last: that Winter is old and broken and shuffling north, clinging to the bleak uplands and windygates: and this, even though Summer tarries still among the fields of France.

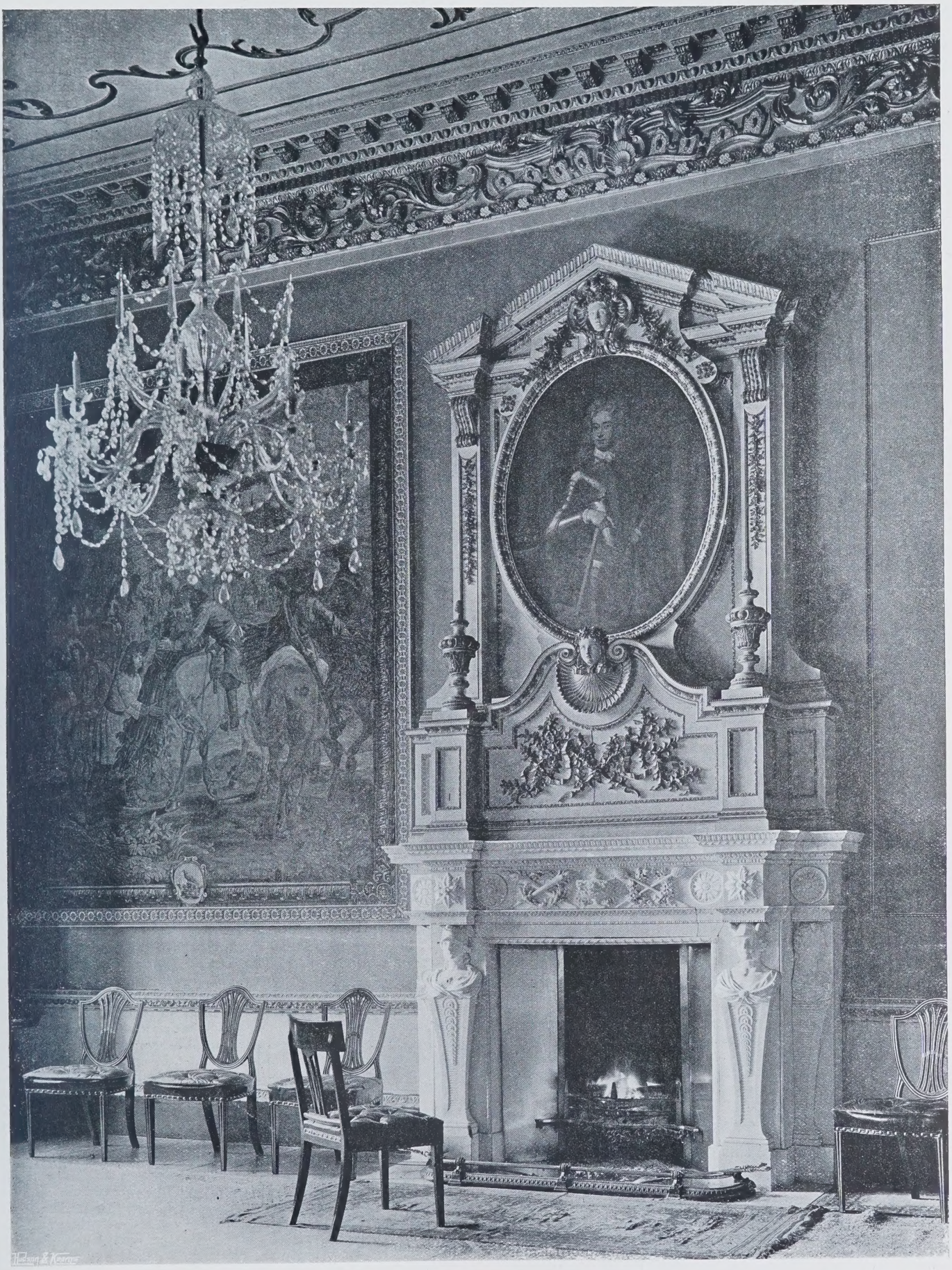
Because of their association with solitary and waste places it is not strange that these harbingers of Swallow-time should everywhere have an evil repute. Even amid the unimaginative Sussex or Wilts peasants, the cry of the curlew, the wail of the lapwing, forebode sorrow, cover a vague menace: heard, at least, at dusk or at night, or in the grey gloaming at the edge of day.

The Cornish or Devon moorlander has many wild tales of the whimbrel, whose swift-repeated whistle hurtling suddenly in lonely places has given rise to innumerable legends of the Seven Whistlers, the Demon Huntsmen, the Hunted Souls. In Iona and along the Earraid of Mull, where the whimbrel or 'little curlew' is rarely heard till May, though it is generally called *Guilbinnach*, a diminutive of the Gaelic name of the curlew, *Guilbin* (pronounced sometimes *Kooley-pin* or *guley-pin* and sometimes *gwilley-pin*), a compound word signifying wailing music, I have heard it called *Guilbhròn* (Kwillyvrone), Wail of Sorrow, and again '*Keenyvàs*' or Death-Cry, and once, either in a tale or poem, by the singular name *Guilchaismeachd*, the Wail of Warning. Any lowland cottar, from west of Lammermuir to east of Ballantrae, will 'ken a wheen strange tales o' the whaup,' as the curlew is commonly called north of the Tweed and south of the Highland Line: and in some parts it is not only the children who shudder at its cry in lonely places at dusk, fearing 'the bogle wi' the lang neb' like a pair of tongs, emissary of the Evil One, who gave this bird his long curved beak so that in the dark he might, like tongs lifting a stray coal or a nightjar snatching a wandering moth, carry off wrong-doers, unrepentant sinners, truants, and all naughty children generally. As for the lapwing, though more familiar than the curlew, and for many of us associated only with pastures and pleasant wilds, in the countries of the Gael dark things are whispered of the *Adharcan-luachrach*, or Little Horn of the Rushes . . . thus poetically called from the pretty tuft of the male *weep* or *peaseweep*, curving like a horn over the delicately poised head, and from the bird's fondness for nesting in rushy places or among tangled grasses. Is he not said to be one of the bitter clan who mocked on the day of the Crucifixion, and so was made homeless for ever, with a cry that should be for ever like the cry of wandering sorrow? It is of little avail to say that love among the rushes is as sweet as elsewhere, that the wilderness can be home, and that the wailing of repentant souls may be no more than angry vituperations against the hoodie-crow or laughing-gull or other marauders after lapwing-eggs. Is the *weep* not a spirit of the waste that was once human, but lost his soul, and so can never reach heaven nor yet dwell on earth, but must night and day be restless as the sea, and wail the long hours away from grey dawn to moonrise, from darkness to the paling of the stars? So they say, they who know: and who know with the unshakable surety of the unlettered peasant? In the Gaelic imagination the lapwing is something stranger and wilder still: a bird of the ancient world, of the dispossessed gods, nameless in truth because in truth a god nameless and homeless. The Gaelic poet hears in its lament the lamentation of what is gone never to come again, of what long since went away upon the wind, of what is going away on the wind: and he has called the weep the Birds of the Sorrowful Past. Is not the lapwing the bird of Dalua, that unknown mysterious god, that terrible Shadow who is the invisible, inaudible, secret, and dread divinity of weariness, separation, gloom, sadness, decay, desolation, madness, despair?

It is not only in our own land that the lapwing and all the tribe of the plover bear so evil a repute. Not always thus, however: for in some parts of Germany this plover, I do not know why, is called the Virgin Mary's Dove, and is greeted with welcome. Even in Argyll there is a lost or confused kindly legend, for sometimes when children run along the moorland mocking the Pibhinn (*pee-veen* . . . the Gaelic equivalent of the lowland *peaseweep* and the southern pee-*weet*), they cry

Welcome back, welcome back, Pēe-veen, Vee-vēen!
But keep the wind and the rain behind your tail,
Or you'll never see the fields of heaven again! . . .

or words to that effect. In the East the Mohammedan women have a beautiful name for this bird . . . the Sister of the Brother: and, says the authority whence in some forgotten reading I took this note, "when these women hear the cry in the evening, they run from their houses and throw water in the air, that the bird may use it to assuage the pain of the burn on the top of the head, still marked by some black feathers." This is in allusion to an oriental legend that the lapwing was once a princess. This princess had a passionate love for a brother who



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had long been absent, and when one day she heard that he was on his return and close at hand and weary, she snatched a bowl of hot milk from the fire and hastened to meet him. But an evil-wisher, knowing her great love and how she would not rest till she found her brother, had misinformed her, and for all the pain on her head caused by the heated bowl, she ran now this way and now that, continually crying *Brother! O Brother!* Hours passed, and then days, and week after week and month after month the girl vainly sought her loved one. At last, feeling her strength ebbing, she cried aloud to Allah. Allah, moved by compassion, gave her wings and changed her into a lapwing or black-plover, the better to accomplish her purpose. Hence, when the little brown children on the desert or on the sun scorched ways of the east look up and see the lapwings wheeling overhead in long circling flights and sudden dashes, they hear, in the wailing voices, either the long yearning or the sudden eager hope in the cry which to their ears sounds as *Brother! O Brother!*

Perhaps the German name of the Virgin Mary's Dove is merely a variant of the Swedish folk-legend concerning the lapwing. The tale goes that this bird was once one of Mary's handmaidens, but lost place and honour because of her theft of a pair of scissors. The punishment was transformation into a bird with a forked scissor-tail, and to go out across the fjords and above all the meadows and pastures and keep crying incessantly *Tyvit-Tyvit-Tyvit* (*i.e.*, I stole them! I stole them!) I think, however, I have heard or read the same story in connection with the wagtail. In his interesting book on the 'Manners and Customs of the Russian People,' Mr. Ralston has the following slavonic plover-legend. When God had created the earth, and wished to supply it with seas and lakes and rivers, He ordered the birds to convey the waters to their appointed places. All obeyed except the lapwing, whose reason for this indolence and impiety was that it had no need of seas, lakes, or rivers, to slake its thirst. At that the Lord waxed wroth, and forbade it and its posterity ever to approach a sea or stream, and that it might quench its thirst only with that water which remains in hollows and among stones after rain. So from that time this sorrowful plover has never ceased its wailing cry of *Peet-peet!* (*i.e.*, *drink! drink!*) In another northern book (Thiel's "Danish Traditions," Vol. II.) there are two lapwing-legends not less homely than the Russian and the Swedish.

When Christ, says one, was a bairn, He took a walk one day and came to an old crone who was busy baking. She said she would give Him a new cake for His trouble, if He would go and split her a little wood for the oven. Christ did as she wanted, and the old wife put aside a small bit of dough for the promised cake. When the batch was drawn from the oven, however, she saw to her surprise and chagrin that the wee bit cake was equally large with the rest. So again she broke off a small bit of dough; but again the same thing happened. Hereupon she broke out with "That's a vast oure-muckle cake for the likes o' you; thee's get thy cake anither time." At this injustice Christ was angered, so He said to the old crone, "I split your wood as you asked me, and you would not give me the little cake you promised. Now you in turn shall go and cleave wood, and that, too, as long as the world shall last!" And with that Our Lord turned her into a *vipa* (a weep). "So the weep fares betwixt heaven and earth as long as the world lasts; and fare where she will she says no other words than *Klyf ved! Klyf ved!* (*i.e.*, Cleave wood! Cleave wood!)

The other Danish plover-tale given by Thiel is one of the familiar Crucifixion legends. While Christ still hung upon the Cross, three birds came flying towards Calvary, the Styrkham (the Stork), the Svalham (the Swallow), and the Pün-ham (Pee-weet). As they flew overhead each cried a cry. The stork cried *Styrk ham! Styrk ham!* (*i.e.*, Strengthen Him!), and so has this bird called ever since, and been under God's blessing and man's care. The swallow cried *Sval ham! Sval ham!* (*i.e.*, Cool or refresh Him!), and so is evermore known by that name, and likewise is loved by man and guided by God. But the weep wheeled about the Cross, shrieking derisively *Pün ham! Pün ham!* (*i.e.*, Pine Him, make Him suffer!), and so is not only accursed by men from then till now, but is under God's ban till the Last Day, after which the lapwing's wail will never be heard again.

Although *Guilbinn*, or Wailing Music, is, as I have said, the common Gaelic name for the Curlew, as the Whaup in the lowlands, it is also often called the *Crann-toch*, the long-beaked one, or Coulter-neb, as they say in Dumfries and Galloway. Of the mythical origin of the name Crann-toch (a very obvious designation, and needing no mythical legend one would think) I remember hearing a year or so ago from a boatman of Lismore a wild and romantic legend, but it is too long to quote now. Few Gaelic tales, few poems, in which are not to be heard the voices of the wind or the sea or the wailing curlew. We have perhaps no bird more wild and solitary: a Highland saying places it with the herons and wild-geese. "When a man has shot six herons, six wild-geese, and six curlews, he may call himself a sportsman."

When the Golden Plover, or Grey Plover as he is sometimes called, wheels in Spring above the fallowlands of the North the ploughman hears in his cry *Plough weel! Sow weel! Harrow weel!* This beautiful bird—of whom no poet has written a finer line than Burns in

"The deep-toned plover gray, wild whistling on the hill"—

is not exempt from the common tradition of uncanniness. He, too, is classed with the dreaded 'Seven Whistlers': and from Cornwall to Iceland he is often vituperated as one of these, or as of the spectral pack called Gabriel's Hounds, or as of Odin's Phantom Chase. I spoke of a name I had heard in Iona and Mull for the whimbrel, but applicable also to any plover or curlew . . . the *Guilchaismeachd* or Wail of Warning, the Alarm Bird so to say: and this repute is held by the plover in many mining parts of England, where it is said that the miners will not descend a pit if the 'Whistlers' be heard lamenting overhead. To this day there are many regions not only in our own country but abroad where the plovers are called the Wandering Jews, from an old legend that the first of the clan were the transmuted souls of those Jews who assisted at the Crucifixion. An old woman who gave me some plovers' eggs told me in all good faith that the *feadag* (the Gaelic name, equivalent to flute-note or mellow whistle) neither ate nor drank but fed upon the wind . . . a superstition said to have been almost universal in the Middle Ages.

As for many of us, surely they are birds of our love. The cry of the curlew on the hill, the wail of the lapwing in waste places, have not these something of the same enthralling spell, the same entrancing call—the summons to the wilderness, whether that be only to solitude, or to wild loneliness, or to the lonelier solitudes, the dim limitless wilderness of the imagination—that the wind has, at night, coming with rain through woods, or that the sea has, heard in inland hollows, or when athwart a long shore or among fallen rocks the tide rises on the breast-swell of coming storm? They call us to the wild.

A SPRING SNOWSTORM ON THE UPLANDS.

NOTHING is more dreaded by the birds of the uplands than a snowstorm in late March or at the commencement of April. Those birds which are always on the hills—such as the red grouse—do not suffer nearly to the same extent as the summer visitors to the uplands, the curlew, redshank, golden plover, etc. If the storm occurs after these visitors have left their haunts on the coast and arrived on the wild moorlands where they love to nest, they are put to terrible hardships, and at such a time numbers of starved birds may be found lying dead within a comparatively small radius.

A severe snowstorm visited the Highlands this year towards the end of March, by which date all the summer visitors to the moorlands had arrived from their winter quarters on the coast. The morning before the storm broke dull and gloomy, with a steadily falling barometer, mist right down to the door, and soft, damp clouds hurried along before a strong south-easterly wind. Every now and again the mist lifts slightly, and you catch a fleeting glimpse of snow-capped peaks. In the glen the weather is as yet comparatively mild, with a soft drizzling rain, and no appearance of snow. At the head of the glen, in the fir wood where the herons build their clumsy nests, there is as yet no sign of life, although, as a rule, the heron is a very early nester. The tiny cole-tits, however, have taken advantage of the rightful owners' absence, and roost comfortably in small holes which they have excavated at the sides of these unwieldy structures. It is now five o'clock, and very dark and depressing. Presently it can be noticed that the rain is gradually changing into soft, and then into hard, hail, which soon covers the ground with a dirty white. From a wind-tossed tree you hear the clear notes of a song-thrush, but all other birds are still. The hail gradually changes to sleet, and then to dry snow, which soon covers the landscape with white. Darkness is now falling, so you wend your way homeward, confident that there will be a heavy snowfall before daybreak. These expectations are justified. Morning breaks with fully 4in. of snow on the ground, and every tree drooping with its spotless burden. The snow has evidently continued steadily all through the night, and now not a black speck is visible on the landscape. By eight o'clock the snow is giving off such a dazzling glare that it is almost impossible to look at it. The sun soon makes its influence felt on the trees, which are rapidly losing their covering of white. On the snow-covered fields and marshes the lapwings stand, or fly with low, swift flight. What a change from a day or two ago! No longer do they utter their defiant nesting call; they hardly seem to have the heart to utter a melancholy "pee-weep." They are to be seen flitting noiselessly to and fro,

and crowd round the boggy ground where the snow melted as it fell, all thoughts of nesting forgotten in the grim necessity for food. Passing a farm-steading you note that large flocks of linnets and chaffinches are crowding round the corn-stacks as in mid-winter. A little further on lies a stretch of marshy land where numerous lapwings are probing for food. As you stand watching them a loud whistling note is heard overhead, and a redshank with greatly drooping wings hovers over the marsh, and then suddenly dives down to it.

The sun has now considerable power, but makes as yet little impression on the snow. Note, however, that the hills to the south have not nearly so thick a covering of snow as those lying to the north, although the storm came from the former direction. In the shelter of some giant trees where there is little snow, several blackbirds and thrushes rise protesting at your feet, and now you hear the loud clarion note of a missel-thrush. He, at least, is singing defiance to the storm. A golden plover flies swiftly past, uttering his plaintive whistle. A moment later a pair of redshanks rise from the marshlands bordering the stream, and dart off uttering their clear nesting note. They settle near a flock of lapwings, but it is noticeable that they do not mix with these waders. On the banks of a mountain stream a wagtail flits up and down in search of food, uttering his

S. P. Gordon. *WINTER'S LAST ASSAULT.* Copyright

cheerful little note, sounding like "chisick, chisick." A large flock of wood-pigeons are busy feeding amongst some turnips, and these at your approach rise with a loud clatter of wings. A pair of curlews fly rapidly down the stream which flows through the glen uttering their beautiful "currling" note; they are probably descending to less stormy districts. A pair of handsome oyster-catchers rise near and settle on the banks of the stream.

It is now midday, and still the sun has made little impression on the snow. The grouse are calling on the but yesterday heather-clad hillside, and as you approach a clump of spruce trees you hear a thrush in full song. That this is the curlew's haunt is proved by the notes of the thrush, for every now and again he imitates to perfection the beautiful whistle of the former. Hard by a yellow-hammer and a chaffinch are singing feebly. The snow is now melting rapidly on the trees, as you discover to your cost when you attempt to walk underneath them and are rewarded by a copious shower-bath. On the lands facing the south the snow is fast disappearing, but where there is the least shade it is freezing hard, and a crust is fast forming on the snow. From the stone walls facing the south a dense cloud of steam is rising, showing the power of the sun on the melted snow. Soon the fields are reached where, exactly a week ago, the lapwings could be watched mating. Now, instead of their merry challenging note, a stillness prevails, the only visible objects being a few puffed out lapwings standing forlorn amongst the snow. At one's approach they fly unwillingly off, uttering their plaintive winter cry. By the aid of the binoculars you make out a redshank industriously probing the soft earth of a neighbouring moss. On seeing a stranger he rises with a ringing "tū-tū-tū," and soon is lost in the distance. Now a pair of snipe rise at your feet in a great state of alarm, which they communicate to a flock of lapwings feeding hard by. From an overhanging rock at the burnside a dipper emerges, closely followed by his mate, and, after wading across the icy stream, a half-completed nest is soon discovered, with the top covered by the freshly-fallen snow. The male dipper seems unwilling to leave the nesting site, and stands on an adjoining rock bobbing up and down and uttering snatches of his beautiful song. However, at last he reluctantly follows his mate down stream.

It is now late afternoon as you wend your way home. Where the sun has had full play, the snow has almost entirely disappeared, but as a whole the landscape is still deeply shrouded in white. Where the snow has melted, flocks of lapwings—sometimes accompanied by starlings—are industriously searching for food. A lucky individual discovers a juicy worm; he seems surprised at his good fortune, and with a delighted movement swallows his wriggling victim. A golden plover stands solitarily in the midst of a field, his dark breast seeming almost black against the snow. From on high comes the melancholy wail of a curlew, which is seen descending from a great height, and the redshanks still fly uneasily to and fro. Again the thrush is singing in the spruce plantation, and so well does it imitate the curlew's call that you are completely deceived, and wonder where on earth the curlew can be. The sun has now gone down behind banks of dark clouds, and the snow has ceased to melt. Luckily for bird life it has disappeared sufficiently for them to find a certain amount of nourishment, and so there will probably be no loss of life from the storm. Had it not been for the sun's strong rays, however, many a bird would have met with its death among the snowy wastes, to which it had come full of joy and hope.

SETON P. GORDON.

A FORGOTTEN DOG BOOK.

IN the days when Elizabeth ruled over England, "Johannes Caius, Doctor of Physicke in the Uniuersitie of Cambridge," wrote in Latin a quaint treatise entitled "Of Englishe Dogges," and in 1576, three years after Caius's death, Abraham Fleming, student, translated it. This translation, so the title-page informs us, was duly "seene and allowed"; furthermore

"Imprinted at London
by Rychard Johnes, and are to be solde
over against St. Sepulchres Church without
Newgate.
1576."

This is the earliest book on dogs in the English language.

The author's great claim to fame was the conversion of Gonville Hall into Gonville and Caius College, which is the medical centre of Cambridge to this day. Caius or Kaye, as he was probably called, was born at Norwich in 1510, and was educated at Cambridge. He was physician to Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, and the author of many works. In 1573 he died, and was buried in the College Chapel, where his tomb bears the simple inscription: "Fui Caius."

Of the translator, Abraham Fleming—at that time a youth of twenty-five—we know that he eventually became rector of St. Pancras, Soper Lane, and that he was a keen antiquary. He was a writer of many books and a diligent translator, and he died at Bottesford, in Leicestershire, when on a visit to his brother. As a poet Abraham Fleming displayed unconscious humour. Witness his first words in introducing Dr. Caius's work. This prelude is entitled a "Prosopopoicall speache *of the Booke*," and is good enough to reproduce in full:

"Some tell of starres th' influence straunge,
Some tell of byrdes which fly in th' ayre,
Some tell of beastes on land which raunge,
Some tell of fishe in rivers fayre,
Some tell of serpentes sundry sortes,
Some tell of plantes the full effect,
Of English dogges I sound reportes,
Their names and natures I detect,
My forhed is but baulde and bare,
But yet my body's beautifull,
For pleasaunt flowres in me there are,
And not so fyne as plentifull:
And though my garden plot so greene
Of dogges receaue the trampling feete,
Yet is it swept and kept full cleene,
So that it yields a sauour sweete."

Abraham Fleming.

Which shows that the "pleasaunt flowres," which Abraham declared "in me there are," may be set down as flowers of

speech, for his words rival in magnificence the lucubrations of Mr. Jabberjee. The dedication is to "E. Perne, the most worthy Dean of Ely Cathedral Church," who is apostrophised thus, "O most ornate Sir," and "whose merits can scarcely be circumscribed in my thin, coarse and slight thread of speech."

And now to the work of Dr. Caius himself. The learned doctor declares that all "English dogges" may be divided into three classes: "(1) A gentle kind serving the game: (2) A homely kind, apt for sundry necessary uses: (3) A currishe kinde meete for many toyes." And he proceeds: "Of these three sorts or kindes so meane I to entreate that the first in the first place, the last in the last roome, and the myddle sort in the middle sort be handled," an arrangement which appears fairly obvious. Further he says:

The first kind called *Venatici* I diuide into fiue sorts.	The first in perfect smelling. The second in quicke spying. The thirde in swiftnesse and quicknesse. The fourth in smeling and nymblenesse. The fifte in subtiltie and deceitfulnesse.	Excelleth.

Among hunting dogs are numbered: "Hariers, terriers, bloodhounds, gasehounds, greyhounds, leviners or lyemmers, tumblers, and stealers."

Dr. Caius graphically describes the greyhound as a "spare and bare kinde of dogge." A fifteenth century jingle ran:

"A grehound shold be heeded lyke a snake,
And necky'd lyke a drake,
Footed lyke a catte,
Tayllyd lyke a ratte."

The Leuiner, a "myddle kinde betwixt the harier and grehounde," is dismissed in a few words, but we learn that he "taketh the pray with a iolly quicknes."

The tumbler receives a bad character, owing to the deceit he practises on the "selly simple Conny," for he fraudulently circumvents and takes him. "Deceipt and guile is the instrument wherby he maketh this spoyle, which pernicious properties supply the places of more commendable qualities." Less severe is Dr. Caius on the last of the hunting species, the unclassified "theeuishe dogge," which "at the mandate and bydding of his master steereth and leereth abroade in the night."

We now come to the second section of the book:

Dogges seruing the disport of fowling	are diuided into	Land-Spaniels, Setters, Water-Spaniels or finders,	called in latine, *Canes Aucupatorij*	The fisher is not of their number, but seuerall.

Of the two sorts under this heading, "the first findeth game on land, the other findeth game on the water." His description of the spaniel is worth quoting: "As though these kinde of dogges came originally, and, first of all, out of Spaine, the most part of their skynnes are white, and if they be marcked with any spottes, they are commonly red, and somewhat great therewithall, the heares not growing in such thicknesse, but that the mixture of them maye easily be perceaued. Othersome of them be reddishe and blackishe, but of that sorte there be but a very few. There is also at this day among vs a newe kinde of dogge brought out of France (for we Englishe men are maruailous greedy gaping gluttons after nouelties, and couetous comorauntes of things that be seldom, rare, straunge, and hard to get). And they bee speckled all over with white and black, which mingled colours incline to a marble blewe, which bewtifyeth their skinnes and affordeth a seemely show of comlynesse. These are called French dogges as is aboue declared already."

The setter occasions a digression. His wonderful sagacity is not to be so greatly marvelled at, says the learned doctor, considering that "a hare (being a wilde and skippishe beast) was seene in England to the astonishment of the beholders, in the yeare of our Lorde God, 1564, not only dauncing in measure, but playing with his former feete vppon a tabbaret, and observing iust number of strokes (as a practitioner in that arte) besides that nipping and pinching a dogge with his teeth and clawes and cruelly thumping him with y' force of his feete." The humour of this performance can hardly have appealed to the dog!

It is impossible to dwell on each dog cited by Dr. Caius, and we must proceed to the third section of dogs, called the "Spaniell gentle or the comforter." Dr. Caius is very severe on the fine ladies who pamper these lapdogs, delighting "more in dogges that are depriued of all possibility of reason, than they doe in children that be capeable of wisedome and iudgement." In the doctor's opinion the virtue of the "comforter" lies in the fact that these little "doges are good to asswage the sicknesse of the stomache, being oftentimes therevnto applyed as a plaster preseruatiue or borne in the bosom of the diseased and weake person, which effect is performed by theyr moderate heate." The idea is not limited to Dr. Caius. Bacon also writes of this cure, and suggests either "a boy or a young whelp" as a plaister.

Next, Dr. Caius passes to "Dogges of a Course Kind," and in his discourse on the "shepherd's dogge" he makes the amazing statement that since the time of Edgar and the yearly tribute of wolves imposed by that king, "no Wolfe hath bene seene in England." Wolves are mentioned as a terrible pest in contemporary writings as late as the reign of Henry VII., and it is very probable that they lurked in the wilds of Scotland till the eighteenth century, so the learned doctor's ignorance is extraordinary. The recent wolf-scare in Northumberland elicited some interesting correspondence on "The Last Wolf" in the columns of COUNTRY LIFE. Dr. Caius then proceeds to describe the use of the shepherd's dog, and he remarks casually that "it is not in Englande as it is in Fraunce, as it is in Flaunders, as it is in Syria, as it is in Tartaria, where the sheepe follow the shepherd, for heere in our country the sheepherd followeth the sheepe."

The "mastiue or Bandogge" is treated at length, for the value of these dogs as guardians of property evokes a disquisition on the prevalence of thieving, no man's property being secure. Far different was it in Alfred's days, the doctor laments, when a man might lose "a budget of gold or his capcase farsed with things of great value" by the roadside, and find it there after "a whole monethes" space. But "in this our vnhappy age, in these (I say) our deuelishe dayes nothing can scape the clawes of the spoyler, though it be kept neuer so sure within the house, albeit the doores bee lockt and boulted round about." We do not know how far the anecdotes related of "Henry the seuenth of that name" are authentic. The doctor in the course of writing mentions that four "bandogges" could master a lion, "Which this Prince (both politique and warlike) perceauing on a certaine time (as the report runneth) commaunded all such dogges (how many soeuer they were in number) should be hanged, beyng deepely displeased, and conceauing great disdaine that an yll faured rascall curre should with such violent villany assault the valiaunt Lyon, king of all beastes." The preposterous absurdity of this idea gives occasion for this sagacious reflection on the part of the doctor; "An example for all subjects worthy remembraunce, to admonishe them that it is no aduantage to them to rebell against ye regiment of their ruler, but to keepe them within the limits of Loyaltie." It is further related of Henry that he caused a falcon, which his falconer had declared had spirit to attack an eagle, to be killed "without delay, for the selfe same reason."

Lastly, we approach the "Curres of the mungrell and rascall sort." The "turnspete" is included among these and the "daunser," which is taught to dance to the "iust stroke of the drombe, at the sweete accent of the Cyterne and tuned strings of the harmonious Harpe." They have also many tricks which they learn from "theyr vagabundicall masters," who turn their dogs to gain. "As some which carry olde apes on their shoulders in coloured iackets to moue men to laughter for a little lucre."

The work of Dr. Caius ends with a hope that "I have waded in this worke to your contentation, which delay hath made somewhat better and δευτεραι φροντιδες, after witte more meete to be perused." The delay referred to was an interval of five years. Dr. Caius first sent the treatise privately to Gesner, and then elaborated it at his friend's request.

BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF.

FROM THE FARMS.

SMALL HOLDINGS AND CO-OPERATION.

AT a recent meeting of the Tunbridge Wells Farmers' Club a paper of exceptional value was read on this subject by Mr. Denyer. The problem he tried to deal with was the migration of country people to the towns, and he gave the following reasons for people leaving the land. The first is because the wages of the town give more spending power. Secondly, because rural education produces an enquiring mind and a desire to see life. And the third is that the prospects of agriculture look so gloomy. We do not know that this summary can be found fault with. The ordinary agricultural labourer has received the same teaching as if he were a town artisan; he has to work for low wages, and there is little chance of his bettering his position. The question then arises as to the most effective manner in which he can be given a chance of rising in the world. According to the lecturer, the way out of the difficulty is by establishing small holdings. We are not sure, however, that he is quite happy in the examples he quoted. The first was Wisbeach; but then the example set there could only be successfully followed by those who could obtain ground equally well suited to the cultivation of fruit and vegetables. Light land generally may be ruled out. In the Island of Axholme in Lincolnshire, and in South Lincolnshire, there are local conditions which considerably assist the scheme. It was little use to cite these instances at Tunbridge Wells, yet there are undoubtedly many districts throughout Great Britain where small holdings might be multiplied, to the great advantage

of the labouring man, and where both for purposes of buying and selling co-operation would assist the occupier.

THE REVIVAL OF AGRICULTURE.

Those who were at the meeting seemed to persist in the idea that agriculture is labouring under great depression. For our part, we are inclined to think that the end of that period, if it has not actually come, is within measurable distance. As we have had occasion to show before, wheat is at present fetching a very good price in the market, and is likely to go on doing so in the future. The energies of many agriculturists have been turned in other directions, and several branches of agriculture are at present more prosperous than they have been. One, for example, is sheep-breeding. Wool is dear, and mutton keeps at a satisfactory price. The breeding of livestock generally is certainly remunerative, and, as a matter of fact, it is not at present difficult to let land that is even tolerably good. But all these are reasons for assisting the establishment of small holdings, because they show that those who obtain them have a very fair prospect of earning a decent livelihood. It would add greatly to the hopes and the buoyancy of the agricultural labourers if they saw that by the exercise of industry and economy they had a fair chance of becoming farmers themselves. If any considerable party were to take up the question of passing a Small Holdings Act through Parliament, so as to make the acquisition of land as easy to the English as it is to the Danish peasant, the measure would deserve, and probably would receive, a great deal of support.

PROSPECTS IN THE COLONIES.

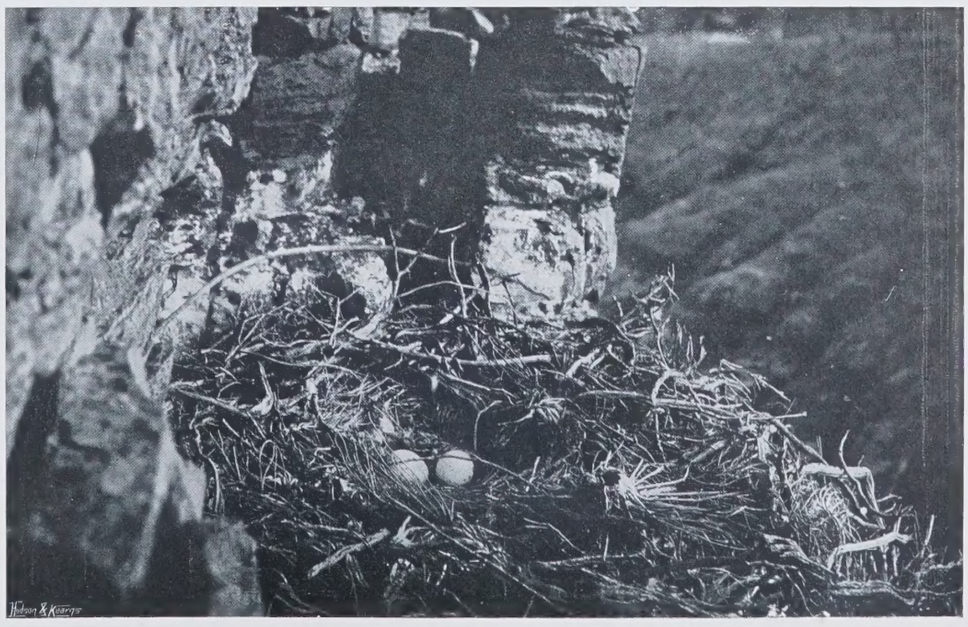
A very great difficulty has always been felt with regard to finding a suitable career for those whom we may call middle-class country boys. Canada is, of course, anxious to attract them, and holds out very alluring prospects. Owing to the course which things are taking, the future of Canada looks very bright indeed, and wheat-growing in the Dominion is likely to assume gigantic proportions. The Canadian Government, therefore, is doing well in trying to attract young men of fairly good families who have also a certain amount of capital to start life with. But Western Australia is coming into keen competition with Canada in the eyes of the emigrant. She offers free lands and many other advantages which are not obtainable in any other Australian State. Recognising the necessity on the part of settlers, particularly young men, of gaining Colonial experience, and of acquiring the technical knowledge needed to ensure success in an agricultural career, she has established two experimental farms, one at Chapman, near Northampton, of about 1,000 acres, and one at Narrogin, on the Great Southern Railway, of about 2,000 acres. Both are in the south-west division, but they represent, to some extent, different classes of soil. Entrance to these farms is open to youths of sixteen years of age and over on most generous terms. For a fee of £2 2s. per annum, payable quarterly, students are maintained and taught for two years. Any young fellows going from their country homes to these farms might get a thoroughly practical knowledge of farmwork, and, at the end of the period, would be able to take up land for themselves. Besides general instruction in farming, students are thoroughly taught how to run agricultural machinery, and how to handle and deal with stock. The whole course is designed to equip young men for taking advantage of the agricultural, fruit-growing, and pastoral possibilities open to them in Western Australia. While the college-farm course has been fixed for two years, there is no obligation to put in the full term, and, if desired, one year can be spent at each farm, which would prove a considerable advantage to those who wish to gain a wider experience. Each farm is made self-supporting by careful management and by the labour of the students themselves. It is therefore no place for a lad afraid of real hard work. Such an arrangement appears to us to offer an excellent opening for many young fellows whose friends are anxious to give them a start in life. Should any of our readers like to have further information, it can, no doubt, be obtained from the Agent-General for Western Australia, 15, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

THE NEW HACKNEY.

There has been of late an apparent revival in favour of the Hackney breed of horses. Most breeders of horses hold different views as to the best type of animal to breed from, and as to the marketable value of their produce; but the divergence of opinion is probably more sharply defined with regard to the value of the Hackney than is the case concerning any of the other types of the horse. There are many sound judges who maintain that the introduction of Hackney blood into Ireland has been the ruin of the general stamp of Irish-bred horses; other equally sound authorities declare that hunters with a strain of Hackney are of no use whatever, and most practical horsemen who are in the habit of riding long distances will have nothing to do with the Hackney as a saddle horse. It would, as a matter of fact, appear to be a fatal mistake to regard the Hackney as an animal for riding purposes, and not improbably much obloquy has been cast upon this particular breed by the injudicious attempts which have been made to divert it from the purposes for which it is peculiarly suitable. As a harness horse the Hackney is in the right place, for there is no animal in the world with the brilliant and attractive all-round action of a good Hackney, and, from a pecuniary point of view, the breeding of Hackneys is particularly suitable for those who wish to turn their money over with the least possible chance of loss. The breeder of Hackneys who selects his stud with some skill and judgment may rely upon very few unsaleable animals. Statistics show that nearly 47 per cent. of the Hackney's bred in this country realise prices which are amply remunerative to the breeder, that an almost similar percentage are sold for sums which leave a fair margin of profit, and that there are only some 6 per cent. which must be written down as unprofitable to the stud.

NESTING OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE IN MONTANA.

FOR two years—1903-4—a pair of golden eagles have nested near my ranch, and during 1904 I was able to keep the birds under constant observation. The nest was first discovered at the end of June, 1903, owing to the boldness of one of the parents, which carried away a lamb in the presence of an indignant shepherd, who followed to ascertain the fate of his charge. He thus found the eyrie, along with two fully-fledged eaglets, and succeeded in ruthlessly killing one, although the female made good her escape by flight. I felt convinced that the eagles would use the eyrie again, and obtained a promise from the man's courteous employers (Undem Brothers) that the eagles should not suffer further molestation, no matter how many lambs they might destroy. It is a curious fact that, although the birds had carried off several lambs prior to the death of their offspring, they took none thereafter, and in 1904 entirely abstained from the practice—a proceeding which, with sheep all around them, I cannot explain. It seems difficult to believe that they connected their loss in 1903 with the theft of lambs, and avoided a woolly prey in consequence; but, in the absence of any other explanation, I am inclined to pay this compliment to the extraordinary intelligence of the birds. The eagles' eyrie was situated near the top of a scoriaceous rock in the Budlands, a crimson pillar which crowned a high butte sloping abruptly to deep washouts. The upper part of this column consists of easily-detachable



GOLDEN EAGLES' EYRIE.

pink layers, called laterite by geologists; but scoriæ of every colour strewed the base, which rested on red ochre clay, reminiscent of a painter's palette. Placed in a hollow niche of the wall face, the eyrie was entirely enclosed and sheltered on three sides by a dome of rock. On the fourth and open side the enormous sunken nest greatly overlapped the seemingly inadequate ledge which served as a support, and thereby secured the safety of the eggs and young.

Obviously the situation was chosen to afford daily shade for as long a period as possible to the eaglets, which as the day wore on suffered intensely from the heat, and were shaded by either parent when the afternoon sun shone upon them. It was possible to climb to a north ledge of the rock, immediately over and about a yard above the eyrie; but the whole pillar behind was seamed with a gaping fissure which threatened immediate collapse, while a sheer precipice yawned to the front or west. From this precarious position the accompanying photographs were, nevertheless, obtained. The eagles first commenced to carry sticks and pine-tops to the eyrie on March 15th, when there was deep snow, but were forced to suspend operations during a three-day blizzard, the material already collected being thereby dispersed. Not disheartened, the birds began building again on March 25th, and as the hen sat on two white, yellow-spotted eggs on April 2nd, they had evidently completed their nest within a week. One egg was more heavily blotched than the other, but I have never seen eagles' eggs in Scotland with such pale markings, though I am aware that such occur. The period of incubation was thirty-five days. The nest, which measured about 5ft. in diameter at the widest part, was constructed of sage brush-stalks, grease-wood, and pine-tops, scantily lined with down from the eagle's breast. Soap-weed and more pine-tops were added after incubation had commenced, no doubt for the purpose of ornament, as pointed out by Mr. C. J. Cornish in COUNTRY LIFE of June 18th, 1904. The same writer mentions an instance in California where the eagles decorated their eyrie with sacks. At first the nest was a rather neatly-formed, cupped structure, precluding accident to the newly-hatched young; but by the time the eaglets were a month old the constant trampling of the family had made it perfectly flat. The hen bird allowed me to reach the upper ledge and look over before leaving her eggs, when she would cleverly make a lift backwards with her wings to clear them, and another sideways, which floated her into space. She was often immediately joined by the male, and the two would then sail round, ascending in graceful spirals to an immense height, like all species of Buteo. Sometimes one bird would hang on the wind above the rock, and anon rise with motionless wings, like an artificial kite, to sink gradually down upon its perch. This was very pretty to witness.

SOAP-WEED USED IN NEST.

The male eagle took no part in the duties of incubation, but helped to brood the young birds, and seemed the most assiduous in shading them after June 8th, when they were a month old. Although previously very wild, he now became as tame as his mate, and would mount to the small point of projecting rock, which shows plainly in some photographs, while I stood below watching him. Here he cast a shadow on the south side of the eyrie, into which the eaglets hastily scrambled, pressing close up against the rock wall under his tail in their eagerness to enjoy the shade. The eagle, being naturally uneasy, would turn about on his pedestal, and regard first the nestlings and then me with that cruel gaze characteristic of his tribe. Powerful binoculars showed every motion at a height where camera was useless. After the June rains incomparable contrasts of red and green were here presented, vermilion lava-strewn rocks nestling in verdure, and covered with yellow flowers and vetches, while tall, cream-coloured soap-weeds swayed under the divides. No trace of food was visible before the eaglets were hatched, but after their arrival the nest always contained either grouse, jack rabbits, cotton-tails, mountain rats, meadow larks, or snakes. Sometimes, indeed, the putrid remains of all these creatures, together, contaminated the air. The fur of the hares was removed, and the birds plucked clean, before the eaglets were allowed to partake of them, but while mammals and snakes were generally decapitated, the birds were seldom thus treated. No carrion was ever taken to the eyrie, although I knew of eighty cattle carcases round about, and prairie dogs were also disdained.

As I never visited the eyrie without finding a sharp-tailed grouse, the eagles must levy severe toll on this species, more especially in June, when the hens were sitting on from ten to fifteen eggs. On the other hand, the eagles captured numbers of rattlesnakes. According to eye-witnesses, they feint several times at the snake, to make it uncoil, and seize it just behind the head with one foot, while gripping it further back with the other. The snake is then taken to a tree or rock, and the head torn off, which, according to one observer, is immediately devoured, before the body is deposited in the eyrie. It is possible that the wing is also used as a shield, after the manner of the African secretary bird; but, in any case, I doubt if the rattlesnake could bite through the bird's thick feathers. Whether the male or female happened to be frightened from the eyrie by me, neither would return if I chanced to be near; and before realising this fact I wasted hours waiting to see the bird come back, unconscious that the eagle watched for my departure from some lofty pinnacle. At length, however, by searching the badland peaks with my

THEIR SECOND DAY.

binoculars, I discovered the watching bird and the principles of its game. On the other hand, the parent that happened to be absent on commissariat duty when I visited the nest had no scruples about returning to shade the eaglets, and I have known the male to do this before I had ridden 300yds. away, the bird sweeping past to the eyrie with a great rush of wings. When both parents were frightened away, I never waited long at the eyrie, believing that the hot sun might kill the eaglets. In keen distress they pressed into the angles of the rock, laboriously panting, the water dripping from their mouths, while swarms of flies, attracted by the raw meat odour they exhaled, completed their torment. This determination never to face the sun added to the difficulties of the photographer. The old birds afforded shade to their young with drooping wings, keeping the breast or tail over them indifferently; but, while thus engaged, they had no shade themselves, and they, too, panted with gaping beak, which was not becoming to their style of beauty. At a month and eighteen days old, when the male eaglet was still a crouching, spiritless object, the female stood boldly in the eyrie, and looked something like an adult eagle, as the photograph shows.

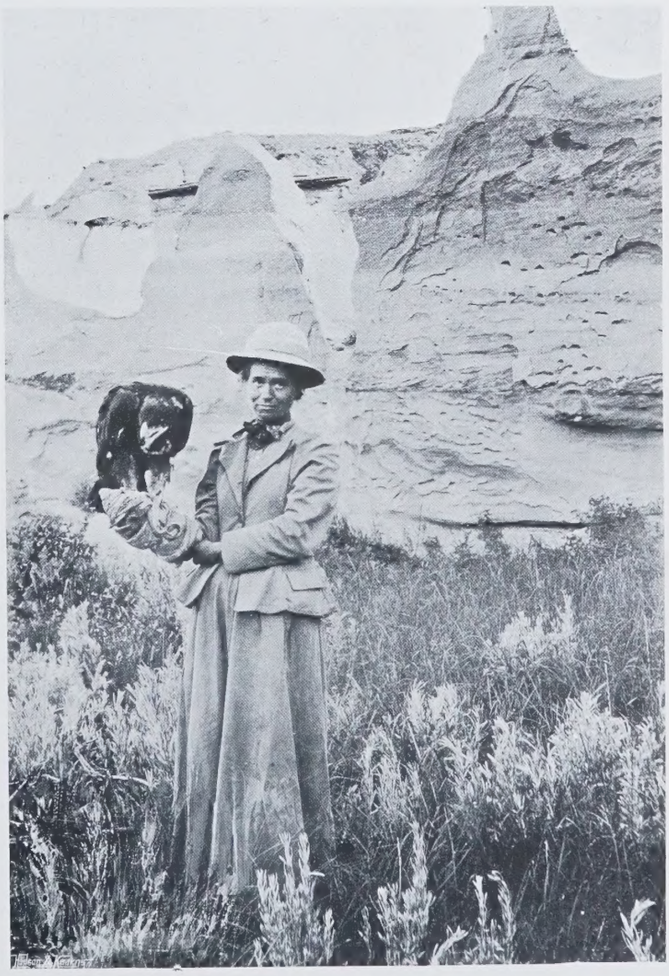
At this time the eaglets appeared to be fed entirely upon sharp-tailed grouse, which were still plucked for them by the parents. No other remains were seen. I should much like to

FOUR WEEKS' PLUMAGE.

have witnessed the eagles in pursuit of the grouse, but they hunted at such a long distance from home that I had little opportunity of seeing this particular pair take my quarry. My wife saw one of them stoop at, and miss, a jack rabbit, which was loping along only about 100yds. distant, on which occasion the intended victim sought refuge in a prairie dog hole, whereupon the eagle took up its station at the hole waiting for the rabbit to come out. It may be interesting here to relate a parallel incident in Scotland. Within the last few years the golden eagle has re-established itself in the heart of the deer forest on the island of Jura, Inner Hebrides, where there are no white hares, and observation has shown that at least one resident pair of eagles feed largely on grouse. My brother has frequently descried an eagle "hawking" grouse, just as a peregrine will do. On one occasion the royal bird in full chase of a grouse passed within a few feet of my brother's head; and on another occasion the eagle was surprised sitting on a stone in the heather at about 30yds. distance, when it flew unwillingly away. Shortly afterwards my brother almost trod upon a cock grouse, lying like a stone in deep heather close to where the eagle had been waiting, and came to the conclusion that the eagle, having hunted the grouse into this thick covert was waiting, like a cat at a mouse hole, for the quarry to reappear. Owing to the panic caused by the continued presence of the eagles among the

EAGLETS SITTING OUTSIDE THEIR NEST.

winged game, the grouse gradually left the ground, and a good grouse moor was spoiled in consequence.



EAGLET ON FIST.

In his letter to COUNTRY LIFE, already mentioned, Mr. C. J. Cornish has raised the question of the carrying power of eagles. Personally I have never known an eagle to carry anything heavier than a 7lb. jack rabbit, and would think 8lb. (the extreme weight of a jack rabbit or Scotch brown hare) to be the extent of the largest eagle's capacity. It follows, therefore, that the lambs taken are very small. Thirty years ago eagles were extremely common on the West Coast of Scotland, and during the breeding season each pair taxed the sheep-farmer to the extent of one to two lambs a day, according as game was plentiful or scarce. A war of extermination was waged against them,

MALE, TWO MONTHS OLD.

and my uncle, a sheep-farmer in Skye, killed to his own gun during his lifetime ninety eagles in defence of his lambs. It is gratifying to know that the collapse of sheep-farming in the Scottish Highlands as a profitable industry, and the consequent abandonment to deer of large areas formerly grazed by sheep, has given the golden eagle, as a species, a new lease of life, these birds being now as jealously preserved by owners and lessees of deer forests as they were once ruthlessly destroyed by the sheep-farmers on the same ground. E. S. C.

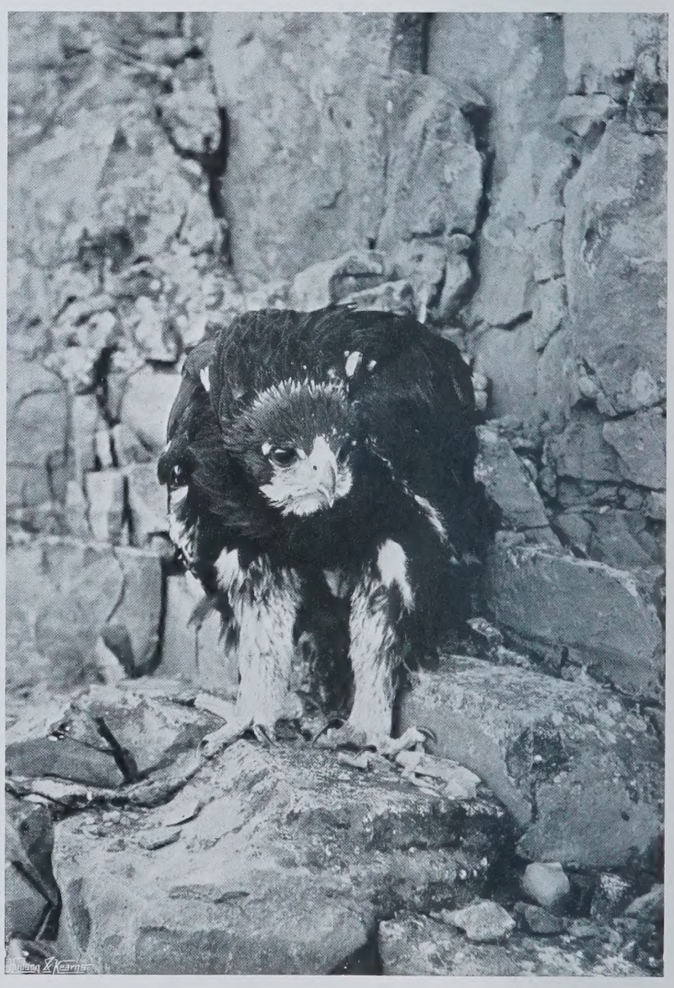
A HARE-DRIVE.

THERE had been a fall of snow; the hills and high ground were deeply covered. Then came a thaw for two days, wherein all the snow disappeared from the low ground, while the hills remained patchy white. A hare-drive up on the "forest" was now declared possible. The blue, or mountain, hares were to be the quarry. Hardy animals they are, with their winter coats of fluffy white trimmed with touches of blue-grey, eyes dark and lustrous in their snowy faces, lovers of hills, fearless of cold. No true mountain hare seeks the shelter of the valleys; only the degenerate do so in the severest weather, and of those very few.

The morning was grey, mild and calm. At ten, the hour of starting, it was full of promise of sunshine or threat of rain and mist. The balance was so even it might have turned either way. The beaters numbered nine—three keepers, two shepherds, three underlings of sorts, and a forester; the number of guns three, namely, my host, my hostess, and myself. The latter had not fired a shot-gun for nigh on twenty years, and I had certainly not done so at a live object for five or six, though a few shots at clay pigeons, which were never hit, gave me, perhaps, a slight advantage. Both used the rifle often and to the point, but that was a different matter. Each had 20-bore double barrelled guns, ample ammunition, and plenty of courage and ambition. My host, being one of the best sportsmen in the British Islands, and owning more square miles of grouse moor and deer forest than most people own acres, need not have his shooting powers here described. Three collie dogs completed the party.

The place for the actual drive was high up on the open moor, or "forest," beyond the big woods overlooking the house. Slowly they went up, soon leaving the green low ground far below. First into a big wood, where gradually the going became steep and white. Every step was into 8in. or 9in. of snow. The spruce boughs were laden, the stillness of the white mantle was unbroken, save by an occasional flap overhead of a capercailzie, or the scuttle of a rabbit in the undergrowth. It was a great Christmas-tree land, with not even the whisper of a far-off wind through the firs' snow-weighted branches. By the time the little army reached the top, and came out into the open, the balance of the day had swung to the wrong side of its early morning promise. Not rain, but quiet enfolding mist. A grey cloak spread far and wide, veiling the distance at little over 100yds. Here the order was given to walk in line.

Nothing is so full of quiet life as a still January day on a Scottish moorland. The feeling of winter's depth has passed, yet is it still winter, with only the far-away thought of spring in the heart. To complete the charm, there was snow on the ground. On it show countless runs of the mountain hares—judging by the well-trodden paths there must be hundreds of them—and the smaller ones of the rabbits. Many claw-tracks are visible, too, big and small. Occasionally in the snow is imprinted a straight track of a pointed foot, divided in soft O's—is it the fox? And then there is a well-known, well-loved mark, the hall-mark of the forest—that of a dainty cloven hoof, that shows we are in the haunts of the red deer himself. For two miles the three guns, flanked by the beaters, walked in line. The two 20-bores shot one rabbit each! My host meanwhile had secured several white hares, and, had it not been for the mist and the danger of shooting anywhere but straight ahead, would have had a dozen or more. The ground was like a switchback, up and down. The depth of the snow in places made the uphill going heavy work. The mist closed in on the higher ground, till the guns frequently lost each other, and could only locate their whereabouts by calls and whistles. Suddenly, at 100yds. distance, a shadow would loom out on one side or the other, like a dark ghost on a grey background, a voice call out "All right!" and the march forward would continue. At last the "pass" for the drive was reached. Most of the beaters had been lost to



FEMALE, AGED TWO MONTHS.

sight for a long time. They were slowly coming round, driving the hares into a scattered belt of small spruce that lay below the ridge where the guns were to be posted. My host placed himself at the end of the triangle of the ridge. I was posted at a distance of 200yds. further round the hill, 40yds. from the top. Round the corner, over the ridge, was the other 20-bore. We were all safely out of sight and shot of each other. The mist had lifted somewhat, it was possible to see a hazy few hundred yards. I had taken up a position beside a dwarf spruce. It looked gaily green in the sombre light amongst the broken white-patched ground. The brown and white held the foreground here in equal force; the longer shoots of the old heather, overtopping the snow, making a black and white piebald parterre. This made seeing white hares somewhat difficult for unpractised shooters. There was not long to wait. I hung my cartridge-bag

on a branch of the spruce bush and filled my coat pockets with cartridges. The head forester, in the character of ghillie, had meanwhile been sent to the foot of the ridge as a stop to prevent the hares doubling back and to turn them upwards. Imagining there would be some time to wait, I was slowly retying a bootlace when the first hare scuttled past. Out of shot before the little gun could be raised to the shoulder. The fun soon began. Another hare dashed past below me; one shot, a white fluffy body lay still. They came in a rush then between myself and the top ridge. As many as seven and eight at a time, above and below. One white hare practically ran into me while I was firing at another further off. There would have been work enough for a pair of automatic guns. I murmured in my heart because the little gun had been made before even ejectors came into fashion. Yet it did its work as well and fast as it could. The hares varied their courses a good deal. Some came lolloping along, stopping, looking about, sitting up, twirling their whiskers, then slowly on again, until some of them were stopped for the last time. Others came full gallop, with ears well laid back; some fell, a good many did not. In single file, along their run, came two gallopers on each other's heels, "Bang!" the leader went over, "Bang!" the second followed suit. "Right and left," whispered the shooter to herself.

Meanwhile, from over the ridge came constant reports. The other 20-bore was busy too. The boom of the big gun on the right came only now and then. The 20-bores were having most of the fun. On the edge of the foreground, away to the left, a hind trotted by, looking big and dark against the mist. The stags passed within sight of my host. When the beaters came up, the ground round me was strewn with many cartridges and a good few hares. A tall, grey figure came into sight from her post. "Well, what have you got?" "Ten; and you?" "Seven." "Hurrah for the little guns!" We two laughed like children, full of the best and purest enjoyment in the world, that of healthy outdoor sport.

Luncheon followed, where my hostess's stand had been, by a big rock. In a few minutes my host appeared, bringing in his contribution to the bag. It made twenty-two hares altogether. Had he been in one of the other two places, or even with either of the twenty bores, the bag would have been nearer forty or more. But that is the fortune of war, or sport, or unselfishness, in giving your wife and your guest the best chances. There never were merrier people than those three as they sat on the misty hillside with snow and white hares around them. Another short drive of a belt of wood was suggested. This time the stands were in open spaces in the wood. A few hares came along. The writer got one. Luck singled her out that day.

That was the end. Each beater was given a hare, so all shared in the day's success. A swinging walk downhill off the rough ground on to the moor road brought them to within two miles of home. From there, through the birch-wood, where the mosses gleamed like emeralds even in the fading light, and so homewards into the valley where the great river runs. They left the moor to its silence in the mist, but they carried in their hearts the memory of its charm and mystery. For many a long day that hare-drive will stand out in vivid and happy retrospect, with all its elements of sport and of joyous companionship. H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FRIENDS OR FOES.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—The article on "Friends or Foes" in Country Life of April 8th, commenting on the Rev. H. S. Slater's address on "Wild Birds and the Farm," suggests one or two points which may, no doubt, have been touched upon by the lecturer, but which may not be generally known to the majority of readers of this paper. The first bird mentioned is the beautiful and, comparatively speaking, harmless kestrel, which is invariably shot or trapped because it is a hawk. I once saw a young male kestrel killed out shooting, and remonstrated with the murderer, who replied, "It is a hawk, and hawks kill game." I made the offer to take the body home, and examine it in his presence, with a view to detecting any traces of bird remains in its interior. He was positive that I should find it chock full of partridges, and as far as he had any knowledge, I daresay he expected a hare or two might be discovered. He was somewhat surprised when our investigations resulted in the discovery of about a tablespoonful of earwigs, the wing cases of a few beetles, and the fur of portions of a mouse. That kestrels do take birds, and especially young ones, is without doubt, and I have seen one capture a full-grown cock yellow-hammer, and traces of their activity are frequently demonstrated by the remains of the dear departed chaffinch and other small birds. How many of these are, however, attributable to the sparrow-hawk it is difficult to say. That a kestrel as well as a brown owl will learn to take young pheasants or partridges from the coop is also well known; but this is an acquired habit which means the destruction of that particular bird which has developed it. But to argue that because one kestrel has developed a pernicious habit, therefore all kestrels must have the same tastes, is as unsound a position as to claim that because one dog has gone mad and bitten a man, therefore all dogs should be destroyed at sight. Kestrels are very apt to take young lapwings when they have young to feed, and the heads of many of these unfortunates have been found in their nests. But the lapwing is an early breeder, and at the time when the young lapwings are running about there is not usually an extraordinary amount of covert for them to hide in; added to which, they are mainly dependent upon their protective colouring, and squat in a bare and exposed place, which probably makes them an easy prey to the keen-eyed hawk. With young partridges it is different. The season for hatching is more advanced, and the old bird will call them together to safety on the first appearance of danger; so that the toll of young partridges taken by the kestrel is, comparatively speaking, small, and in all probability the young birds that are taken are those which are weakly and which have got left behind, and are unable to respond to the mother's call of warning. These are, therefore, the most desirable birds to lose, as they would only die a miserable death of starvation and cold, or live to propagate an inferior and delicate progeny. Another hawk which is only too uncommon, but which is also wantonly shot, is that miniature peregrine the hobby, which is almost entirely an insect feeder. It must be remembered that all birds vary in their dietary, particularly at the time when they have young to provide for, and that the kestrel, which at other times of the year feeds almost entirely on mice and insects, no doubt takes anything when it has a nest full of hungry youngsters to cater for. The time of year at which the kestrel before mentioned was killed was in October. As another instance of variation in food, take the sparrow, which, under ordinary circumstances, is a grain-eating bird, but at the time of bringing-up its brood of pushing, self-asserting young scoundrels, does as much good as other birds by feeding them entirely on insects, chiefly caterpillars. That some birds have changed their habits of life and the variety of their menu is without doubt, and your article refers to this change in the starling and the rook. That the starling did not always eat cherries and other fruit when in season would be hard to prove. The rook has, however, unquestionably changed, or indulges in this change far more often than formerly. I remember once some sparrows, having been caught in a net during hard weather when snow was on the ground, were thrown away after being killed. The rooks came and carried them up into the trees, holding them in their claws and tearing them to pieces. These same rooks afterwards turned their attention to a dead horse, which had met with an accident which exposed the internal organs, and cleared the intestines of fat and of anything they could get hold of. The egg-stealing proclivities of rooks are immensely on the increase, and they even take to hunting for the eggs of domestic poultry; but this seems to be the depravity of one or two rooks only, as I have noticed that when the offender is destroyed the trouble ceases. The eggs of some wild ducks, which nested on an island close to a rookery, were continually disappearing, but not liking to suspect the rooks, and concluding that rats were the evil-doers, I baited some hens' eggs with poison, and placed them in a conspicuous position, as if in an exposed nest, and the next day found two old rooks and three young ones dead underneath the nest tree, with traces of the yolk of egg on their bills. Since then no more ducks' eggs have been missing. Rooks can be often seen during hard weather picking up the shellfish along the coast, and dropping them from a height on to the rocks. The grey crow is very fond of doing this, but it is a more essentially coast bird than the rook. Many of our fields at this time of year are strewn with empty walnut shells which the rooks have carried off the autumn previous and have buried under the cow manure. The action of the soil causes them to swell and open in course of time, when the delicacy is easily obtained by the bird, which was not able to crack the shell when it was carried away. I do not agree with the statement that the raven is becoming a scarce bird. There are very few suitable places round our coast that do not contain a pair of ravens. I have seen them along the coast of Dorsetshire and Devonshire, and know of one place in Wales where several pairs can be seen; in Scotland and the Orkneys they are fairly plentiful. The same remark applies also to the peregrine. The increasing scarcity of the chough is caused by the continued and steady increase of the jackdaw, that inveterate egg-robber. Years ago there was quite a quantity of choughs in Guernsey, but on visiting the place some ten years after I was surprised to see how few could be found, while the jackdaw appeared to have multiplied in an extraordinary manner. A colony of choughs in Wales has been steadily diminishing, while the whole neighbourhood swarms with jackdaws. This bird ought to be destroyed, in spite of his sprightly appearance and amusing ways; he is a villain, and knows it, and glories in it. I saw a pair fly off with an egg from the nest of a missel-thrush, close to the house, pursued by the bereaved parents, and calmly sit down and dispose of their ill-gotten gains not 50yds. from the front windows. They do the same to the poor tame pigeons. Even the little soft-billed insect-feeding birds depart from their usual habits at times, as I have watched a white-throat from a window, from which he was just on a level with my eye, pegging away at some ripe plums on a tree, when he ought to have been attending to his proper business.—R. G. Gwatkin, The Manor House, Potterne, Devizes.

THE AGE OF TREES TESTED.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

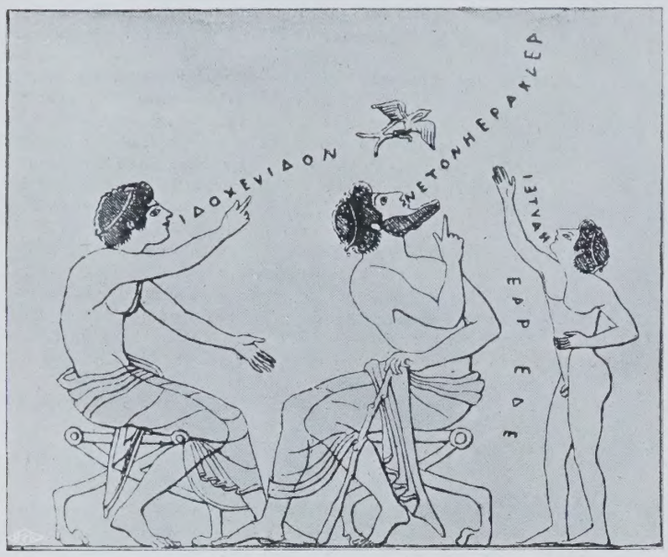
Sir,—It is often stated that this or that tree was planted by a certain person, or is 100, 200, or 300 years old. I had rather an interesting chance of testing this lately. The Oatlands Park Hotel stands on the site of an ancient Royal house, or houses, on a height looking over the Thames. Round this house, and round several other large mansions on the higher ground near Weybridge, are the remains of what was a very large park, a forest, full of great trees, especially elms, sweet-chestnuts, Scotch firs, oaks, and cedars. Prince Henry, the elder son of Charles I., is said to have planted one of the cedars in Oatlands Park; a fine tree, but less in girth by 7ft. than the cedar at Childrey, which was planted by Dr. Pocock, the Arabian scholar, whom Archbishop Laud befriended in the same reign. Still, if the story is correct, that "Prince Henry of Oatlands did plant the tree," it would be about 270 years old. There are some very large elms there, too, which with other trees, oaks and beeches, look as if planted at the same time with the cedars. Several of the elms have been cut down, or rather sawed through at about 3ft. 6in. above the ground, on the terrace above the lake, the trees having been perfectly sound from bark to core, though, perhaps, their branches were dangerous. While looking at their huge "torsos" it occurred to me to count the rings showing the growth year by year, in order to see how they compared for age with the cedars reputed to have been planted by the young Henry, Prince of Wales, son of Charles I. The number of rings was 265. This agrees almost exactly, allowing for my missing a few rings, with the reputed age of the cedars.—C. J. Cornish.

THE FIRST SWALLOW OF SPRING.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—As we shall all be looking before long for the advent of the swallows, I send you a reproduction of a painting on an old Greek wine jar, wherein we see three Greeks of 580 B.C., or thereabouts, similarly employed. The first swallow has just flown over their heads; and that all who run may quite clearly read his meaning the painter has placed the appropriate words visibly issuing from their mouths. The younger man (on the left) exclaims: "Look, a swallow!" The elder man turns round to see, and answers, "Yes, by

Hercules!" A naked slave boy stands on the right, and looking upward at the bird says, "There she is! It's already spring." Whereby we may conclude that in Greece one swallow, if it did not make a summer, at least made the spring. All three figures are crowned as though for feasting. The original vase is now at Valci. It is interesting to recall that in Rhodes each



year the boys went round the houses celebrating the arrival of the swallows by a song. One of these old Rhodian swallow-songs Athenæus has preserved for us:

"The swallow, the swallow is come,
Bringing good seasons and a joyful time.
Her belly is white, her back is black.
Bring, oh bring a cake of figs
Out of your luxurious house,
Bring a cup of wine
And a dish of cheese
And a bag of wheat.
Those the good swallow will not despise,
Nor a cake of eggs.
Shall we now go, or shall we get something?
Give something, and we'll go; if you give nothing
We will not cease to pester you; we'll force the door
And carry it away, or th' upper lintel,
Or e'en your wife who sits within the house.
She is but little, we shall find her light.
If you give something, let it be worth having.
Open, then, open the door to the swallow,
For we are not old men but only boys."

A similar song is still popular in Greece.—G. M. G.

SKINNING OF MOLES.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—I shall be glad if you can give me some information as to the skinning of moles. We catch them in numbers here, and I am told that they should be skinned in the same way as rabbits. Is there any special mode of curing them, or should they simply be left to dry until a sufficient number have been collected to send to the furrier?—E. J. L.

[The mole should be skinned in the same way as a rabbit, by opening the skin down the middle, cutting off the head and extremities, with a view to having as square a skin as possible. The skin may then be pinned on a board, with the skinny side uppermost, stretched to its best shape, and washed over with a solution of salt; then dissolve alum in the proportion of $1\frac{1}{2}$oz. to half a pint of warm water, and with this solution sponge the surface all over every now and then for three days. Then, when the skin is quite dry, remove the pins, and, rolling up the skin first with the fur inside and afterwards with the fur outside, manipulate it freely till it is quite soft and flexible.—Ed.]

THE DOMESTIC TURKEY.

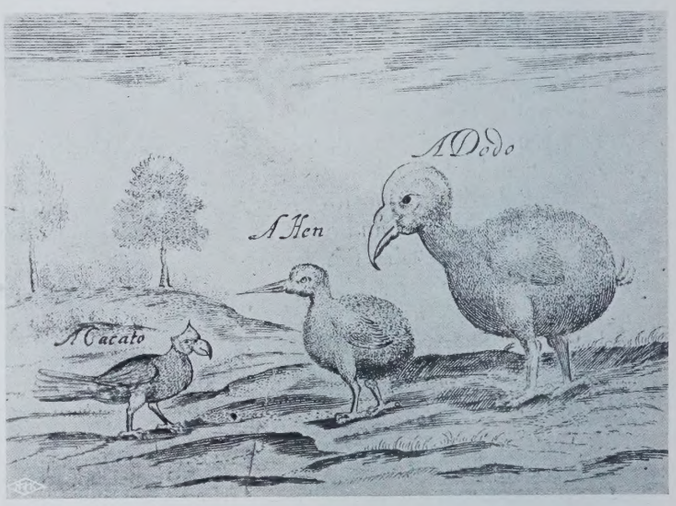
[To the Editor.]

Sir,—Why is not turkey-farming more extensively practised in this country? Probably because of a deep-rooted idea that the turkey as a domestic bird is more trouble than he is worth, and that he is difficult to rear. Difficult to rear he perhaps is, in a sense, but not nearly to the extent supposed. Most of the trouble comes from mismanagement. Too often his appearance in this world of woe is the signal for an immediate assault upon his digestive organs in the shape of mighty offerings of meal. "The poor thing must have food," says the breeder—perhaps of the gentler sex. But that is just what the poor thing must not have—for at least twenty-four hours. During that period he should be left severely alone. He has to digest the yolk which was absorbed into his body at birth, and till he has successfully done so he is not in a position to respond to outside offers, however well meant. To feed him when newly hatched is suicidal. But this ticklish period successfully past, the rest is comparatively easy. He should at first be fed principally on meal and lettuce. After a short course of this *régime* there remains little to be done. Provided he has a fairly extensive run he will pick up much of his food himself, and cost very little indeed till it is time to fatten him for the Christmas market. Once reared he—or rather she—is a most persistent sitter, much more so than the domestic hen. So well do the French know this, that besides going in for turkey raising to a much greater extent than we in England dream of doing, they employ the bird to hatch hens' eggs which the faithless mother has deserted. The domestic turkey is of four kinds—the Norfolk (black), the Cambridgeshire (bronze), the fawn, and the white. His origin is to some extent "wropt in mystery," but he has both Mexican and North American blood in his veins. He is believed to have been introduced into Europe in 1530, and his existence in this country is first mentioned in 1541. So long ago as 1575 he had come to be recognised as a standing Christmas dish. On that rests, at any rate in happy England, his claim to fame. Long may he flourish.—H. Jenner-Fust, jun.

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY DODO.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—I send you a portrait of the Dodo as described and figured by that delightful old traveller, Thomas Herbert, in his "Travels into Africa and Asia . . . as also Divers other Kingdoms in the Orientall Indies and Isles Adjacent," published in folio in 1638. On page 347 is the woodcut here reproduced, and I quote his description, written in what, I take it, is the lighter journalistic vein of the period: "Again as this noble Ile (Mauritius) is prodigall in her water and wood, so shee corresponds in what else a fruitfull Parent labours in: not only boasting in that variety but in feathered creatures also; yea, in the rarenesse of that variety: I will but name some of them;



you shall lick them to perfection. The Dodo comes first to our description: here, and in *Dygarrois* (and nowhere else, that ever I could see, or heare of) is generated the Dodo (a Portuguize name it is, and has reference to her simplenes,) a Bird which for shape and rarenesse might be called a Phœnix (wer't in Arabia:) her body is round and extreame fat, her slow pace begets that corpulencie; few of them weigh less than fifty pound: better to the eye than stomack: greasie appetites may perhaps commend them, but to the indiffirently curious nourishment but prove offensive. Lets take her picture: her visage darts forth melancholy, as sensible of Nature's injurie in framing so great and massie a body to be directed by such small and complementall wings, as are unable to hoise her from the ground, serving only to prove her a Bird; which otherwise might be doubted of: her head is variously drest, the one halfe hooded with downy blackish feathers; the other perfectly naked; of a whitish hue, as if a transparent Lawne had covered it: her bill is very howked and bends downwards, the thrill or breathing place is in the midst of it; from which part to the end, the colour is a light greene mixt with a paie yellow; her eyes be round and small, and bright as Diamonds; her cloathing is of finest Downe, such as you see in Goslins: her trayne is (like a China beard) of three or four short feathers; her legs thick, and black, and strong; her tallons or pounces sharp, her stomack fiery hot, so as stones and iron are easily digested in it; in that and shape, not a little resembling the Africk Oestriches: but so much, as for their more certain difference I dare to give thee (with two others) her representation." Hereupon follows the illustration by which we may "lick to perfection" the Dodo of 1638.—J. K.

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MISS ALICE HUGHES, 52, Gower Street.

MISS MARION TREFUSIS.

COUNTRY LIFE

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Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES.

EITHER by a designed or a lucky coincidence, there has come out just on the eve of Easter a most curious and suggestive article in the *Edinburgh Review*, called "Three Phases of Pastoral Sentiment." The writer's aim is to show how the sentiment of pastoralism has run through religion, literature, and art. Of course, this may be in part due to the fact that the religion prevalent in Europe originated in the pasture-lands of the East. The Founder was naturally *Agnus Dei*, and legend as well as the Revised Version is full of references to the most common calling in that land. According to one of them, Joseph, on his search for succour at Bethlehem, shows us incidentally a vision of pasturage and flocks, just as we have a vision of the manorial system of agriculture in "Piers the Plowman." He sees men who "sit down to eat and eat not, lift hands and draw them not back, who turn their faces upward and stir not, action being transformed into expectancy. Amidst astonished clouds he sees birds who flying cease their flight; the shepherd lifting his staff to fight, smiting not; kids, their mouth touching the water, drinking not." In the Gospel itself we have the hillside, the flock, the herdsmen, the light upon the midnight pastures. After describing all this the writer goes on to show that this pastoralism was partially suspended during the first six centuries of Christianity. Or, as he puts it, somewhat obscurely, "the sentiment of the symbol was displaced by the sentiment of what it symbolised." The lamb becomes the Good Shepherd, shown as He so often is in pictorial art carrying sheep, even as Mercury carried the goat. In those early days men were driven by prosecution into that intense feeling which so often finds expression in analogy and metaphor. To the early Christians the pipes "played a call to the arena of martyrdom, and the sheep bells rang as the Sanctus bell for the sacrifice of altars." After enumerating some of the many representations in the paintings, sculptures, and decorative arts, he says eloquently, "all these first and earliest embodiments of Christian conceptions are essentially emanations upspringing from memories of the fold and herdsmen, and surely, too, of that kindly tie between man and earth's lesser sheep-children which binds together the Feeder and the fed, the Protector and the protected, the Guide and those who wander by roadway and rock, in friendly relationships and faith and confidence." From the symbolic pastoralism of the Catacombs, he passes at a bound to the Arcadian pastoralism of the Renaissance, but justifies himself by the statement that "a closer study of literature discloses many a link connecting the pastoral art associated with religious faith, and the pastoral sentiment attached to the *dolce far niente* of mundane, open-air life." He takes Spain as his example to show that the religious representations, passion plays, miracle plays, and so forth, were often concerned with things of purely mundane interest, and he cites a song concerning Cassandra the Sybil, which accompanied a kind of mad dance executed by the patriarchs in a Christmas representation, in which, according to the translation, the words run: "She is wild, she is wild," and she is "as a shepherdess free, she is as fair as the flowers, she is wild as the sea."

In the most primitive of literature the chief figures appear to be naturally pastoral. We have the shepherdess spinning her thread, and guarded by her dog, while she herself guards "Little pipe of mine, little pail of mine, little wether, little flocks," from thieves and enemies. It is all like the ballad of Cowden knowes, a troop of gentlemen come merrily riding by, and one of them stops to speak to the shepherdess. She complies or she refuses, and it is pointed out as curious that generally it is the *berger* whose fickleness is recorded, the girl "laughs and cries with the irresponsibility of April emotions; but though her love is a gossamer thread, thin as the threads which net the dew-wet grass at dawn," her love is true and lasting. From her repertoire, which seems to embrace the folklore of the world, the reviewer produces many quotations, which are in reality the most exquisite passages in folk-song.

This was pastoralism in its reality and in its beginning. No doubt the simple peasants who in old days spent their life in the open air, tending their flocks, or performing other equally necessary tasks, made some of the real folk-songs that have come down to us. Literature, always imitative, produced an artificial representation of the original. The Arcadian fiction, in the courteous words of our author, "bears the same relation to reality as song to speech." In this respect it is what a poet's lullaby is to a mother's lullaby. If we take Sir Philip Sidney, Lodge, and the others, who about their time gave us English pastoralism in its most beautiful aspect, we cannot fail to see that, after all, they were only playing with an idea. It is only real in the sense that what is truly imaginative has the force of reality, and the greatest of the writers did not blind themselves to this. Shakespeare makes his true shepherd in "As You Like It" an out-and-out clown, who serves chiefly as a contrast and foil to Touchstone. It is to the make-believe woodlanders—the Duke, Jaques, and their goodly company—that he allots much of the fine poetry which gleams like sunshine over that beautiful play. But among his contemporaries Shakespeare was the one who probably had most familiarity with country life, and knew best what it meant. No one has sung more beautifully about the exquisite glamour of Nature; but Shakespeare was never under any hallucination that work in the fields meant anything but physical hardship and mental stupefaction. Sir Philip Sidney's pastoralism is play with an element of seriousness, "A sudden earnestness, an almost unwarrantable accent of sincerity." It would take too long to follow our author through all his multitudinous examples and quotations, but he has, in this most suggestive article, touched deeply upon a matter that must interest such of our readers as are not wholly engrossed with the material facts of life. For in our day we have had something like a revival of the pure spirit of pastoralism. Our poets do not fancy themselves shepherds and shepherdesses, nor is it fashionable among them to make songs for rustics. But never before did the well-to-do and the wealthy develop a greater desire to taste, at least, of the pleasures of tilth and pasture. However deeply they may be engrossed in avocations that bring to them either fame or money, they get a place in the country more or less beautiful, and spend their leisure rearing and tending the creatures of the farm, or planning and working at their gardens. In all this they are giving evidence of possessing the sentiment of pastoralism, which seems to be inherent in the human race. At the same time, they are distinguished by a lack of the sentimentality that inspired so many of the more artificial poets and painters.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Miss Marion Trefusis, the daughter of Lady Mary Trefusis.

KING EDWARD and Queen Alexandra have set an example that many of us would like to follow at this time of the year, by going off on a yachting trip to the East. At the time of writing they are at Algiers, where the King received the welcome which awaits him everywhere. If anyone were to summarise the events in a royal day, he would not wonder that at times His Majesty feels run down a little; for, as is well known, the King is a methodical and hard worker, who does not fill his high position automatically, but makes careful enquiry into the affairs of the nation of which he is the head, and masters them on his own account. When he has intervened in politics, either foreign or domestic, it has always been with the knowledge gained by experience, and with pacific intentions. His Majesty's influence abroad has always been exerted towards strengthening our alliances, and making sure the bonds of peace. The nation, therefore, has every right to be gratified in knowing that he is gaining rest and health from his yachting cruise.

The suspense of which we wrote last week still continues in regard to what is happening in the East. It was very difficult to obtain much intelligence concerning the land forces, but at sea it is harder still, and probably the first news that arrives will be about the battle. With navies it is sometimes overlooked that their initial and, perhaps, their chief difficulty is to find one another. People talk as if this were no longer an obstacle now that wireless telegraphy has been discovered, but, clever as Mr. Marconi's invention is, it is still somewhat in the nature of a toy; that is to say, it cannot be used for long distances. Therefore Admiral Togo and Admiral Rozhdestvensky may have to seek one another on the high seas for several days before they come into actual conflict. Speculation on the result is not very useful at present. We know that the Russians have more warships and heavier guns but less speed than their opponents. Admiral Togo has in the past shown himself not only a most resourceful, but a very prudent commander, who has taken care never to expose Japan's precious ironclads to unnecessary danger, and it is quite possible that his plan of campaign may not be that of pitched battle, or, at any rate, of a great onslaught in which his vessels would be pitted against those of Russia. He is more likely if he can do so to try to cripple the adversary by cutting off his colliers and his transport ships, or by harassing him with torpedo attacks. Meanwhile he is keeping his own whereabouts and that of his ships very much in the dark till the time for action comes.

The future of trade is exciting an unusual amount of speculation at present, some experts holding that we are on the verge of a period of renewed and extreme activity, while others are inclined to regard the signs as ephemeral in character. But statistics, so far as they go, bear out the more sanguine conjecture. The Labour Department of the Board of Trade reports an improvement in March and a decrease of the unemployed as compared with the same month of last year. It is in iron, steel, and cotton that business is getting better. In building, mining, and the boot trade things do not apparently promise any improvement. So far as it goes, this report is the most satisfactory that has been issued by the Board of Trade for at least a year, and we must take it side by side with the solid fact that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was able to show a surplus. In the City, again, there is said to be more doing in the way of company promoting than there has been for some time past, and this, too, may be regarded as a sign of returning prosperity.

Few will be able to find fault with the committee appointed by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries to enquire into the nature and causes of grouse disease. No one could more appropriately be chosen chairman than Lord Lovat, and the inclusion of such names as the Mackintosh of Mackintosh, the Marquess of Tullibardine, Earl de Grey, and Mr. Rimington-Wilson is a guarantee that the subject will be dealt with by most competent hands. Perhaps, however, the committee might have been strengthened by adding the name of a great bacteriologist to it. The enquiry is bound to take a scientific turn, since there is little to find out about the natural history of the grouse. Gamekeepers and owners of grouse moors, and shooting men generally, have studied this disease assiduously for so long a time that in one sense they can have little to learn about it. But, on the other hand, it has not, so far as we know, been made the subject of exhaustive medical enquiry; and yet it is just possible that someone might find out its cause and cure by working on these lines. No doubt, however, if the committee come to that conclusion, they can call witnesses or engage experts, whose knowledge will thus be wholly at their disposal.

A SONG OF EASTER.

O let me rise with all the flowers
That upward spring in sunny hours,
Let me put on new raiment fine
Wrought for me by a Hand divine;
Not like the clothes of Solomon
Are those bright robes I would put on,
But living raiment clean and fresh,
Of spirit fashioned more than flesh.
Let me forget the winter cold
And weeds of malice stale and old,
And wear Love's mantle warm and red,
With Life's white purity, instead.
Let me go out into the fields
Where innocence sweet incense yields,
Where lambs are playing on the grass,
And children love them as they pass,
Where every tree pours forth a voice
That sings to all the world, Rejoice!
So would I rise in mind and heart
And leave my nature's baser part
Behind me in the lower earth
Whence I am called to higher birth,
And while the lark at Heaven's gate
Pours out his song with joy elate,
Let me like him the rapture feel
Of God's creation o'er me steal,
And on this Easter morning go
To sing the praises that I owe,
Where through the trees the village spire
Points up to Heaven the heart's desire.

WILLIAM H. DRAPER.

We are glad to see that a writer in the *Quarterly Review* has taken up the cudgels on behalf of the preservation of old monuments. Country people in England until quite recently have entirely neglected many of the most interesting survivals from antiquity. We know of a place in Wiltshire where there is a very old church, and many most interesting old tombstones. At one time, however, the resident parson who was repairing the rectory that stands adjacent utilised many of these memorial stones for flagging purposes. They may be seen until this day, and, indeed, the present incumbent, who is as reverent of old things as his predecessors were careless, takes a mournful kind of pleasure in showing what has been done. But throughout the length and breadth of the land similar occurrences have been quite common. Often the farmers of the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries took the stones of historical ruins to build their pigsties and cowsheds, and those who owned the land were not much more particular.

Our quarterly contemporary gives a few instances that are, and long have been, public property. He points out that builders of railways were especially careless of antiquity. At Berwick-on-Tweed they demolished the old castle rather than go a little out of their way, and built a shoddy imitation of it as the station. It was proposed at Newcastle that the Corporation should buy the old Plummer Tower in order to carry out "an improvement," and a most interesting tithe-barn at Peterborough was demolished on very slight provocation. But flagrant as these acts are, we doubt if they can compare with many that have been committed under the name of restoration. There is no country in the world with so many beautiful old houses as England, but the number of fine examples, of Tudor and Elizabethan styles of architecture, is annually lessening, for the simple reason that owners with a craze for modern improvements persist in destroying the finest of the old features. Indeed, where they are anxious not to do so, it is still difficult to touch a house of this kind without injuring it, because only a limited number of architects have the taste and knowledge necessary to carry out such work on right lines. Yet old houses are, in a sense, the property of the nation, and ought to be reverentially treated.

A very interesting report has been issued by the Departmental Committee appointed to enquire into the use of Industrial Alcohol. Certain complaints have been made, first, as to the enhanced price due to the Excise regulations; and, secondly, as to the unsatisfactory character for many purposes of methylated spirit. The committee do not recommend that the Excise restrictions should be removed, as they rightly say that, with a duty of over 1,000 per cent. on the prime cost of an article, revenue control must of necessity be strict. They, however, offer many valuable suggestions. Those who have not before paid much attention to the subject will probably be surprised at the number of industries in which alcohol is greatly used. In the manufacture of dye-stuffs, it plays a very important part. So it does also in the manufacture of smokeless powder. It naturally has a place in the manufacture of pharmaceutical products, and it is a factor in the making of artificial silk, while it now promises to attain great importance as a fuel for motor-cars.

Last Saturday afternoon London offered a curious study to the meditative observer. The main streets were as full of strange faces as a country town is on its market day; faces they were mostly of the rubicund sort, and, in the case of the men at least, fitted with clay pipes. Ever and anon a newsboy on a motor-bicycle would thread the crowd with the velocity of an express train, till one wondered why an accident did not occur. All this incursion of visitors and general excitement was due to the fact that a game of football was being played between two teams hailing respectively from Newcastle-on-Tyne and Birmingham. Presumably London is chosen for the final because a modern football association or club is really a limited liability company, which runs football players on the same principle as a theatrical manager runs his actors. Money is the object of most combinations in our time, and that which is taken at the gate undoubtedly gives life and stimulus to professional football.

There were said to be at least 100,000 spectators of the game at the Crystal Palace, and local feeling ran high, although, as a matter of fact, the individual player makes no pretence to be a native of the town he hails from. He is a hired gladiator, who is as willing to serve one master as another. No great fault can be found with the crowd on account of the pleasure it took in watching this play. It was a competition between two sets of athletes trained as finely as race-horses for the course, and fighting in deadly earnest to win. Probably this sincerity is in great measure due to the fact of there being such a large number of players. Experience has shown that when one professional is pitted against another corruption soon begins to set in. This was notoriously the case with pugilism and also with pedestrianism. The competitors began to sell their matches, and thereby not only took from the interest of the fray, but what is of as much consequence in the eyes of the British public, upset the betting.

The rabbit is always with us in this country. In Australia, at the present time, he is an unspeakable pest; but if the industry now being carried on by a single Frenchman at Lons le Saunier in the Jura district proves profitable on a large scale, rabbit fur may become a rival to sheep's wool in the making of clothes generally, and a curse be turned into a blessing. The breed utilised is the Angora or "silk rabbit," which moults four times a year. The fur, just before it falls off naturally, can be stripped quite easily by skilled hands. In fact, a contemporary states that "Bunny appears to enjoy it," which is a very happy belief for those to hold who have decided that his coat is valuable.

With the possible exception of the heather, the gorse is probably the most extensively decorative of all our native wild plants, and this year it is satisfactory to see that it promises to be in even more than its normal splendour. Already its golden bloom is glorious, and it has not yet come to its full perfection. Although the prickles and the stubborn hardness of stem of the gorse seem to suggest that it has a sturdy strength of constitution, the suggestion is really rather delusive. In exceptionally cold winters there is great mortality of the gorse. This winter has been an unusually mild one, and perhaps it is as a consequence of this that the gorse appears unusually flourishing. All this is said, of course, of the larger variety, which is just now coming into its full flower. Of the heather, its frequent companion, it is too early to make a forecast.

The birds have been more than usually irregular in their dates of nesting this year; and not only have different species, which generally begin to nest about the same time, differed considerably in their dates, but even pairs of the same species have shown a good deal of caprice. Thus even by the first week in April there were young thrushes out of the nest, and yet there were other pairs of thrushes, even in the same copse, that certainly had not finished their nest-building. The probable reason is not very hard to see. Early in the spring there was some warm weather, which would have the natural effect of encouraging the birds to begin their nesting rather sooner than usual. This was followed by a spell of colder weather. Those birds then that had their domestic business well under way before the cold came on would persevere with it through the cold spell—whence the young thrushes out of the nest in early April.

An official document emanating from the Italian Chamber of Commerce publishes some facts as to the wine production in Italy from the year 1860 to the present time. In 1860 the supply was extremely limited, and, indeed, barely sufficed for the home consumption. In the following years, however, the cultivation of the vine spread rapidly; indeed, to such an extent as to be hurtful to the land, for it excluded the planting of certain crops which in several places would have been better adapted to the soil. From the years 1879 to 1888 the wine produce varied from about 18,000,000 hectolitres to 33,000,000. From 1890 to 1894 the annual yield was from 31,600,000 hectolitres to 37,000,000. The following five years saw a decrease, the average then being about 29,200,000. This was due to the presence of phylloxera, and the reduction of work in the vineyards in order to cultivate other crops. From 1901 to the present time the yield of wine in Italy has been from 35,000,000 to 45,000,000 hectolitres. Italy is now almost on a par with France as to the quantity of her wine supply, while she is ahead of Spain. The value of this produce is calculated at over 700,000,000 lire a year.

VERSES SENT WITH A DRESDEN FIGURE.

Birthday wishes, gaily played,
  On his flute he brings you:
Stepping from some Watteau glade,
In lace, and ruffles, and brocade,
Verses, delicately made,
  Fluting he sings you.

I cannot catch the polish'd air
  With which his verse is sung:
My Muse knows nought of powder'd hair,
Nor does she flower'd satins wear,
Unbuckled are her shoes, and bare
  Of flowers her tongue.

So my own ruder rhymes I stay,
  Words halt, and fleeting,
And what I would, but cannot say,
I'll bid my Beau Brocade to play
To you, upon his flute, to-day
  For birthday greeting.

G. M. G.

During the last two or three years the bulk of the literature dealing with our very extensive and important possessions in West Africa has been growing apace, and is at length beginning to open the eyes of the nation to the size and the value of that portion of our Empire. Among the most lately published of the books treating of this region are "Uganda and its Peoples," by J. F. Cunningham, with preface by Sir Harry Johnston, and "Cross River Natives," by Charles Partridge, Assistant District Commissioner in Southern Nigeria. Both books throw much valuable light on the nature of the countries and the peoples to which they relate, and especially help to show to the Briton the varied character of the populations and of the natural resources which are included in this immense and immensely fertile Imperial possession. The French have proceeded a step further than we have yet gone in the organisation of their dominions in West Africa. These dominions include five Colonies and the Civil Territory of Mauritania. Each of the colonies is administered by a Lieutenant-Governor, the Civil Territory by a Commissioner, and all are responsible to a Governor-General who represents the majesty of the French Republic.

A subject that has not attracted quite as much attention as it deserves is the furniture-makers' competition which was promoted in connection with the International Furnishing Trades' Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall. There is at the present time wide evidence of a revival of appreciation of good design in British furniture, and often in the columns of COUNTRY LIFE it has been pointed out that high-class modern work would readily find a good market if workmen would spend the care on it that was bestowed in the schools of Chippendale and Sheraton. Mr. Claude Hay, when distributing the prizes in the above competition, remarked that the entries for sideboards and cabinets had not filled, but, on the whole, spoke highly of the work submitted. Most of the prizes went to the workmen of leading London firms.

A HIGHLAND FARM.

C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. *A FAMILY PARTY.* Copyright

WE have often had occasion to show Highland cattle as they are kept in England and exhibited in our Southern shows. But to-day we have the pleasure of showing a fold on its native heath. Ardtornish is in the very heart of the Highlands of Argyllshire, and, as will be seen from our photographs, the cattle are kept exactly in their natural surroundings; that is to say, they are familiar with heath and hill, rock and water. The fold, as a herd of cattle is called in Scotland, is not one of the oldest in the country. As far as antiquity is concerned, it could not be classified with the old Colonsay and Mull herds, nor with that of Mr. Malcolm at Poltalloch, which has been in existence since the early days of last century. The Ardtornish fold dates from about the time in the seventies when small holdings began to be absorbed into large holdings in the Western Islands of Scotland. The tenants of these greater farms were in the position to build more commodious houses for their cattle, and, generally speaking, to carry on the business of breeding on a larger scale. It is true that, for a decade or so, the Highland herds showed some signs of being neglected, as it was fashionable among the young farmers of the day to go in more for dairy-work than for following the old practice of rearing stock. But, in due time, a very great change took place. The old herds were greatly improved, and many new herds founded. In 1862 animals were sent all the way from Poltalloch to compete at the International Exhibition of the Royal Agricultural Society at Battersea. Others were sent from the famous herd at Taymouth Castle. The foundation of the Ardtornish herd was laid by Mr. J. Duncan, late of Benmore. He was a first-rate judge of cattle, and made very skilful selections from the principal folds then in existence, which included Blair Athol, Bochastle, and Poltalloch. In those early

C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. *IN THE HEAT OF THE DAY.* Copyright

days the animals figured prominently in the show-yard of the Agricultural and Highland Society, and gave every promise of a successful career. At that time they were kept at a farm lying quite near to Ardtornish, and bordering on Loch Aline, which is in the Morvern district of Argyllshire, a district admirably suited to the breeding of Highland cattle. The present owner of the fold, Mr. T. V. Smith, came into possession of it about twenty years ago, when it numbered some thirty animals. It was just about then, viz., in 1884, that the first volume of the Highland Herd Book was brought out by the Highland Cattle Society at Inverness. This established the breed on a safe footing. During the time that has passed since then a very great deal of expense has been incurred at Ardtornish in acquiring fresh blood from the favourite strains of the day. The owner has always been on the look-out for animals of exceptional merit, and among his acquisitions may be mentioned the famous bulls An-t-asgair and Ceathernach. The former was really the first bull to change hands at what is even now considered to be a high figure; he was bought from Mr. James Baird, late of Knoydart, but was bred by the Earl of Dunmore. Eventually Mr. Smith sold him to the Earl of Southesk. Ceathernach was bred by John Stewart of Ensay, who probably did more for the improvement of the breed of Highland cattle than anyone in our time. After leaving Ardtornish this bull in the end became the property of an English breeder, whose cattle have been illustrated in our pages, that is to say, Mr. H. C. Stephens of Cholderton, near Salisbury. In a fold so famous as that of Ardtornish, it need scarcely be said there are many of the most famous specimens of the breed known in the show-yards.

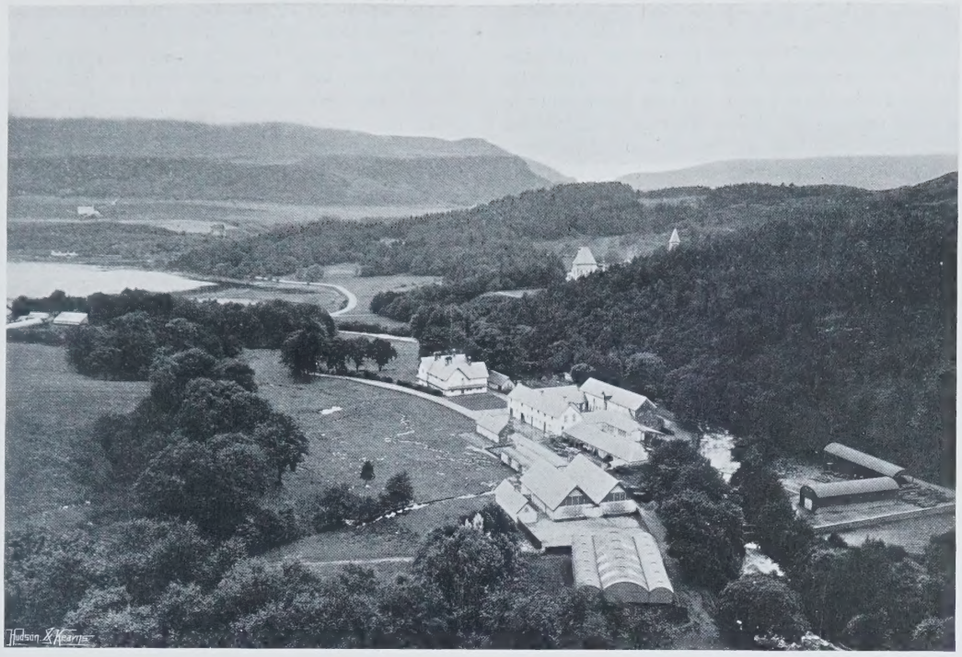
C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. *THE YOUNG ENTRY.* Copyright

C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. *CEATHERNACH.* Copyright

Indeed, more than half of the leading prizes given to this breed at the Agricultural and Highland Society's shows have gone to Ardtornish in recent years. Our photographs will help the reader to understand something of the nature of the farm, and even of the methods which are employed on it. It is a testimony to the robustness and the hardiness of the breed that the animals are allowed to live the whole of the year on their wide and wild grazing grounds. The only exception is made in the case of cows that are taken indoors in the month of November. We have called the pasturage wide and wild, and we might have described it as being also romantic. Here, on the shores of the Sound of Mull, the Lord of the Isles had his residence in the olden time. In one of our photographs the ruins of the old castle may be seen, still standing where it overlooked the famous Sound, which the Highlanders used to cross in shallops. The contrast between those turbulent times and our own day may be typified by that between the stern old castle and the useful-looking farm-buildings of which we give a picture. They are modern and convenient rather than picturesque. They are built of concrete, that being the material which is found best adapted to withstand the damp and the rats. The cow-shed is an extremely well-designed building, with an abundant supply of water for washing purposes, and the most excellent arrangements for ventilation and sanitation generally. The calves come in the early part of the year, so that by the time grass becomes green again the first born of them are able to follow their dams about and feed. The late calves are kept in a small field adjoining the pasture-ground, into

C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. *A MATRON OF THE HERD.* Copyright

which their dams are admitted twice a day to suckle them, for, needless to say, in a pedigree herd the mother is allowed to nurse her own offspring, and there is not that prompt separation of the two which is advisable when a herd of cows is kept for the dairy. Of course, care has to be exercised not to let the calves out on to the open too soon, as the cattle are accustomed to ramble over great distances, and would wear the young things out if they were permitted to follow them. The calves, therefore, are kept in confinement until fairly well grown and strong on their legs. The photographs which we show illustrate the points to be looked for in Highland cattle. It is curious that there was an old belief that the breed should be absolutely black, but of late years this has been put on one side. Mr. Housman, in his account of the breed, says "black has become, no doubt from fancy and fashion, by means of selection, the prevailing colour, but it is not the only colour of the pure Highland cattle; red, yellow-red, yellow, dun, brindled, silver dun, and a silvery sort of white are all proper colours of the true breed, whatever may be the fancy of the day." The picture which we give of Ceathernach exemplifies the main points we look for in a typical animal. The face may advantageously be studied along with Mr. Malcolm McNeill's description of the West Highland bull. He is broad in the face, and, despite the fierceness of his aspect, he is really calm and placid. The horns taper finely to a point, and are well set on at the root. The breast is wide, and projects well in front of the legs. The shoulders are broad, the girth behind the shoulder deep, the back straight, wide, and flat, the ribs broad, the space between them and the hips small. It seems to have been a fancy that a bull should have a fine throat, but the breeder of to-day would never deem that essential. Yet Mr. Housman says that, within memory, "it was no unusual thing for a breeder to cut off what he considered superabundant skin, sew up the wound, and, when healing was complete, enhance the selling value of the animal by boasting of the beautiful arching curve of the throat line."



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. *HOME FARM, ARDTORNISH.* Copyright

Happily tricks of that kind are now undreamt of by the exhibitor or breeder of cattle. The elder generation, however, appear to have had a turn for roguery in buying and selling, and it would be no difficult matter to fill a book with stories of the faking that used to be done or attempted.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

It would be interesting to ask what are the best qualifications for a man who wishes to write the history of his own time, and how many of them are possessed by Mr. Herbert Paul, who has just brought out the third volume of his *History of Modern England* (Macmillan). Ability to write would stand in the first place, and this Mr. Paul possesses in no mean degree; his style, generally speaking, is dignified even to the point of formality, though now and then his eagerness to get in a flout or jibe gives a very different character to it. But scarcely of less importance than the gift of writing must be that of discernment and judgment. Looking back over a number of years, in this case over the period which stretches between 1865 and 1875, what the historian should do is to select those incidents that are pregnant with future effects. We are not quite sure that Mr. Herbert Paul has done

C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. *HER LORD AND MASTER.* Copyright

this successfully. With him politics overshadow all else, and yet we scarcely find in him the dramatic instinct that would have placed in strong outline the two illustrious political gladiators of the time, Gladstone and Disraeli, and allotted to subordinate figures only their due place in the background. Nor is Mr. Paul quite an unbiassed philosopher when it comes to be a matter of discussing questions of franchise and reform. He seems to us to miss few opportunities of belittling Disraeli at the expense of his eminent rival. This, however, we would gladly have forgiven him if he had been able to select and deal with the more interesting questions; but what he calls the education of the Conservative Party, which is practically an account of the passing of the Reform Bill, is too long and too overcrowded with petty detail. Many of the events here narrated had very little significance at the time of their occurrence, and none whatever to-day. The chapter called "The Irish Church" is memorable as a record of the means by which Mr. Gladstone lost popularity in the country and got rid of an enormous majority. To our mind one of the most interesting themes dealt with by Mr. Herbert Paul is that which he calls "The Climax of Liberalism." Perhaps we still are somewhat too near the time to understand the true meaning of it, but the England of the early seventies actually surged with a Liberalism which, although it has flared up occasionally since, has waned and dwindled. In our non-contentious pages it might not be altogether wise to discuss the reason for this, yet we can scarcely believe in the "remainder biscuit" theory of Disraeli's famous epigram. It is true that much of the programme has been carried out, particularly in regard to the franchise, and, again, our attention has recently been taken away from home and fixed on foreign and colonial policy. To the two discussions that stirred the passions and fired the blood of men in the sixties, such as the Land Question and the Church Question, the average voter has become indifferent. Perhaps the Liberal party is awaiting the birth of a new genius, who will find more worlds for it to conquer. But if we look into those chapters that deal with subjects unconnected with parties and politics, we seem to discover more traces of the author's inability to allot to each event its relative importance. We take, for example, theology and literature. Mr. Paul begins it with an account of the controversy that raged round the proclamation of Papal infallibility, a subject that surely has a very diminished interest to-day. Nor is it very stimulating now to hear a long account of the abortive attempt to revise the Authorised Version of 1870, or to follow the author in his discussion of the Athanasian Creed. Even the heresy hunts of the time—those of which Mr. Purchas and Mr. Voysey were the victims—might have been dealt with more briefly.

His selection of literary events is, to say the least, surprising. It certainly deserved to be chronicled that Charles Dickens died in 1869, but that as much space should be given to the publication of that very poor novel "Lothair" seems to need explanation. The first issue of "Fors Clavigera" was not epoch-making, and it is descending to very small beer to insert in the pages of a dignified history an account of the attack made by Robert Buchanan on Rossetti. The episode is one that can safely be forgotten, as it never amounted to more than the merest literary squabble. We doubt if many critics would care to say Amen to the extraordinary tirade in praise of "Middlemarch," which we quote:

> "'Middlemarch' is really a great book. In eloquence, in humour, in knowledge of human nature, and in the imagination which can clothe ordinary life with genuine pathos, no book by any living writer could for a moment be compared to it. The appearance of its successive parts, in green covers, from December, 1871, to December, 1872, was anticipated with impatient eagerness by old and young. No woman had attained such celebrity in England. For Jane Austen's fame was posthumous, and Charlotte Brontë died just as her reputation was becoming universal. George Eliot at fifty stood in the front of European letters, the glory of her nation and of her sex. Although she approached the Christian religion from outside, she gave no offence to the most pious."

This opinion is at once strong and uncritical; it seems to be quite out of place. Mill's "Autobiography" and John Morley's "Voltaire" could scarcely do more than give a fresh stimulus to the publishing season. Here, however, is a crumb of genuine historical and critical work:

> "If we look for the origin and tendency of the literary movement, which reached its climax in 1873, we shall find that it came from Oxford, and broke away from authority—moral, intellectual, or religious. Ruskin, Jowett, Arnold, Pater, Swinburne, Morley, were all Oxford men. Rossetti's most intimate friends and colleagues, William Morris and Burne Jones, were at the same University. Ruskin had no sympathy with the spirit of Modern Oxford, and loved to denounce it from his professorial chair. But even he was an innovator in art, and of the others, Matthew Arnold was the most conservative. The Oxford of the early seventies was more faithfully representative of the age than it had been before or has been since."

Probably the book that was destined to exercise the most influence in the coming ages was "The Descent of Man," published in 1871. Even a glance over Mr. Paul's pages reminds us of the violent controversies that used to rage in magazines and reviews, in churches, and on platforms on theological subjects; but it was the work of Darwin to throw cold water on all that heat and produce the profound indifference characteristic of the present generation.

In his chapter on "Intellectual Progress" Mr. Paul's concern seems to be largely with Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on the Vatican decrees, the Papal answers, and results of the controversy. Other events that are grouped under the head of "Intellectual Progress" in a curious medley are the visit of Moody and Sankey, the American revivalists; Tyndall's address to the British Association on the origin of life, the case of the Exeter reredos, the suspension of Mr. Mackonochie, the case of Mr. Keet, and the action of Jenkins *v.* Cook, with a multitude of other little incidents of the same description. We have tried in vain to puzzle out a reason for grouping them together under such a title as that of "Intellectual Progress." Mr. Paul tells us, still under the same heading, that Mr. Disraeli offered Tennyson a baronetcy, and did the same thing to Carlyle. On the latter's refusal he makes the comment that "though certainly not a democrat, Carlyle had the pride of a Scottish peasant, and was imbued with the sentiments of Burns." For our part, we consider that Carlyle never showed himself a more thorough-going aristocrat in the true sense of the word than when he declined the offers made by a man for whom he had expressed little respect. Still under the head of "Intellectual Progress," Mr. Paul gives us a plum which he had evidently kept in reserve to wind up the chapter with. This is a *résumé* to the extent of three pages of the Tichborne case. The necessity to do more than simply allude to this nine days' wonder of the law courts is by no means evident, but if it had to be gone over again what on earth was the reason for putting it in a chapter on "Intellectual Progress"? It may be heresy to say so, but the pages devoted to Sir Roger read only like a superior kind of penny-a-lining.

FROM THE FARMS.

Milking-machines.

It often happens that we have enquiries about milking-machines, and occasionally contributors send an account of their experiences, so that apparently the subject is full of interest. It may well be so, because one of the greatest difficulties felt by dairy farmers is that of obtaining milkers. The job is one that entails seven days' work in the week, and it is with great difficulty that men can be found who will come to the farm on Sunday. But as far as our experience goes, it is a delusion to suppose that the milking-machine will displace human hands to any important extent. In the first place, it is a mechanical appliance that wants attention itself; and in the second, we have never yet seen one that milked a cow dry. No dairyman need be told that unless the process is finished by hand there will be a speedy decrease in the quantity of milk given. Thus the machine produces no great saving in the matter of labour. On the other hand, it has been brought to very great perfection as a piece of mechanism, and the cows are quite comfortable when being milked by it; at any rate, they may be seen eating or chewing the cud, apparently as contented as they could be under the manipulation of a dairymaid, though, at the same time, it is quite true that the wilder animals are a little fractious till they get accustomed to it.

The International Agricultural Institute.

From a document recently issued we learn that the King of Italy's plan of an International Agricultural Association has now taken definite shape, and the main points will be discussed at a conference to be held at Rome in the course of next month. One of its chief aims will be to organise and facilitate co-operative husbandry. The particular points referred to are insurance and banking facilities. In the next place, the Institute will, on its own initiative or at the invitation of Governments interested, propose International measures and institutions in connection with agriculture. The scope of the organisation will, therefore, be great enough to give plenty of work to those engaged in it. We are glad to know that the scheme has obtained the hearty approval and support of King Edward VII.

Breeding Shire Horses.

At this season of the year this is a matter claiming the attention of most people who are engaged in husbandry. The average farmer is certainly more alive to his true interests than he used to be, but still it is to be feared that a great deal of random breeding goes on; and yet excellent facilities are provided for those who do not mind taking a little trouble. There are not many districts in Great Britain in which a horse society

has not hired a good stallion for use among the farmers, and in most cases, though the fees are a little higher than would be paid for a horse of doubtful health and questionable pedigree, they ought not to be sufficient to discourage the farmer. If he should possess mares of moderate quality, the use of a first-rate stallion whose pedigree is beyond question, and whose freedom from disease is certified by a veterinary surgeon, will very soon place him in the possession of young horses that may be reckoned upon to sell well for heavy haulage purposes, while now and again one of exceptional value may turn up. As horses begin to travel at the beginning of next month, it is, perhaps, not yet too late to remind farmers what they may gain by reconsidering their present policy in regard to sires.

WELSH COBS.

Readers of COUNTRY LIFE during the last year or two cannot have failed to notice appreciative articles and letters on the qualities of the small "cobby" stamp of horses which are being bred in constantly-increasing numbers on the Welsh Hills. A chief object of those articles and letters was to point out to the farmers of Wales the adaptability of the Welsh Hills for the breeding of cobs of this useful stamp. It is satisfactory to find this good opinion of their qualities endorsed by one who has had so fine an opportunity of judging them, both at home and in the field, as Colonel Windham-Quin. In a recent speech at Ruabon, he said that while serving in command of the Glamorganshire Yeomanry in South Africa, the virtues of the Welsh cobs on which the yeomen were mounted were conspicuously brought to his notice, and were favourably commented on by all those that had a similar opportunity of forming an estimate. Colonel Windham-Quin added a recommendation to the farmers to continue breeding these useful animals, for which there was sure to be an increasing demand as the value of the mounted arm of the service became constantly more fully recognised.

WATER-CRESS.

Few articles of food are more generally in demand among all classes than water-cress, and there are, by consequence, few which it is more important to render free from all possibility of carrying disease. The Public Health Committee of the London County Council has done a useful piece of work in investigating the chief sources from which the London market is supplied with this, normally, most healthy vegetable relish. The result of these enquiries is much what might have been expected, namely, that while a very large quantity of perfectly wholesome water-cress is sent to London from North, South, East, and West, there is a distinct danger of contracting typhoid from the water-cress grown in a few beds exposed to pollution from sewage or farmyard drainings, or manured, as the practice is in some places, with the same kind of liquids. If the Local Government Board will avail itself of the detailed information which the committee is ready to supply, it should not be a matter of much difficulty or hardship to growers to make the water-cress sent to market from any locality at least as free from the possibility of infection as the milk supply is already.

C. E. Walmsley. *GOING TO HOSPITAL.* Copyright

SPRING IN . . . . . NEW ZEALAND.

THE gorse is everywhere ablaze, and the land is barred with gold, what time a lark rises higher and higher into the blue. Down the gleaming road comes a jaunty car driven by a Maori girl, and as she turns her dark head, there is a glimpse of sparkling eyes, and a flash of white teeth. Another moment, and the road is deserted once more, save for the delicious sound of hoof-beats and jingling harness receding into the distance.

The sky, from morn till night, is one cloudless dome of ethereal blue, glowing deeper towards the centre and shading into palest turquoise at the horizon; through the dazzling clearness of the air, every leaf of the Norfolk pine twenty miles away stands out perfectly distinct.

To English eyes, it is, perhaps, too dazzling, and they sometimes long for the homelier grey of the Old Country. The exquisite colour of the sky, whose vast expanse one never realises in England, is rivalled only by the

blue of the sea as it breaks in little waves upon the white beach. Sky and sea together smile of spring, and dominating all is the great mountain rising sheer from the plains, uncovered now from base to crown, save for its white crest of snow, which the sun at rising and setting tinges with rose and gold.

In the gardens, the acacia trees form masses of red, pink, and white; the magnolias are shyly opening their pure cup-like blooms, and the silver leaves shine with a radiance so joyous as to fill the air with a sense of laughter. The woods are articulate with life; through the damp undergrowth the majestic tree-ferns rise triumphant; the Supple-Jack flings his twining sinewy limbs across and around everything within his reach.

Deep in the woods the silence is intense, but it is the stillness of life, not of death. One almost hears the noise of battle, the upward progress of the silent struggling lives around. Here among the trees and out upon the roads, in every available spot of waste ground, great clumps of arum lilies are gleaming. And yet—and yet—what is wrong? The arum lilies do not satisfy us. Is it that, accustomed as we are to think of them as something rare, it jars upon us to see them flung to the common winds like weeds, as if the beauty of some lovely woman were cheapened by the gaze and comments of the vulgar? Or is it that we miss our little English primrose and the violet? J. P.

ROMNEY MARSH.—II.

RYE AND WINCHELSEA.

THE former article on Romney Marsh dealt with the eastern end, and with the castle of Lympne, Studfall Castle, Dymchurch, and the Courts of the Corporation of the Cinque Ports and of the Lords of the Level. At the other extremity of this remarkable tract of land and reclamations from the sea stand the two "ancient towns" of Rye and Winchelsea. They were added to the Corporation of the Cinque Ports after the others had been constituted, and the title given to the seven was the "Cinque Ports and the two ancient towns." It is below Rye that the present course of the Rother enters the sea. But two other streams, the Brede and the Tillingham, also unite their waters there, and anciently formed a great inland sea, in which Rye was an island of sandstone rock. Further west is "New" Winchelsea, founded 600 years ago, after old Winchelsea had been overwhelmed by the ocean.

M. C. Cottam AT THE TURN OF THE TIDE. Copyright

Looking at Rye from the flats, it is not difficult to picture it as it was six centuries ago, when it stood a steep, cliff-girt island, completely walled, and covered with houses surrounded on three sides by the tidal waters of the three rivers, and fronted by the sea. The red roofs of the houses and the narrow lanes of to-day date largely from the times of Elizabeth, because the French burnt the wooden houses on two or three separate occasions, in the reigns of the later Plantagenets. But of mediæval Rye, the church and the town gates remain, and of Norman Rye, one most remarkable relic, the oldest in the Cinque Ports, the Ypres Tower, built in the days of Stephen by the Count of Ypres in Flanders, who was also Earl of Kent. It is a modest little fortress, with four angle turrets and a curious roof. The lower part was used as a prison later, but practically nothing in it has been altered. Probably it is the only small fortalice of that very ancient date which is not ruinous, but stands as it was built, with the roof intact. But the feature of Rye is the great church. It stands exactly on the summit of the low cone made by the old city, and its finely-gilded, glittering vane, topping the low spire, is the highest object for miles around. Ascend to the battlements of the tower, and you see every lane, roof, and gateway in Rye. Below are the turbid rivers winding sinuously, the shipyard, where wooden ships are still built, the town hall, the grammar school, the gardens of the old merchants' houses, smuggling agents' look-out towers, the distant masts at Camber down the river, and the grey mass of Camber Castle. Beyond that is the twin town of Winchelsea, another former island and fortress, with its priory church, that matched or eclipsed Rye itself, and beyond all the glittering levels of the narrow sea. Rye Bay is still a favourite trawling ground, and the waters are often dotted with the sails of the Cinque Ports' fishing fleet. As the visitor looks out over sea and marsh, at his very feet rings out the clash of bells. It is the golden cherubs—"quarter boys" they are called—striking the hour on the fine old clock dial. The cherubs are a good deal "larger than life," so to speak, and, having put on their

Coronation suits of fresh gilding, make a very brave show. The boys and the dial were put up early in the eighteenth century, but the clock is much more ancient. It is supposed to be the oldest in working order in England. The pendulum is 18ft. long, and, passing through the roof of the ringing chamber, hangs down into the church, where it solemnly swings to and fro over the heads of the congregation. The people of Rye were also very careful of their clock. In 1581, on May 12th, there is an entry in the churchwardens' accounts of payment for "making the quarters and chimes work"; and on the same day there is another entry that "John Rycheman had 4s. 6d. payment for six days for keeping the clockworker at work." The value of supervision was evidently known. For a short but interesting history of this fine church, as well as of the town and neighbourhood, "Adam's Guide to Rye" will be found a useful handbook. Unfortunately no authority can be found to explain the presence of one particularly fine piece of church furniture, a massive and splendidly-carved mahogany table, used for the altar in St. Clare's chancel. Probabilities are in favour of its having been presented by one of the Lamb family. It clearly was not made for church use originally.

Rye is in many respects an epitome of the styles of different centuries of urban buildings. While the Ypres Tower shows

M. C. Cottam. *OLD HOUSES, RYE.* Copyright

one of the oldest defensive works in England, the two city gates, the Landgate Tower, and the Strandgate, part of which was standing till the year 1815, represented the Plantagenet idea of what city gates should be. The Landgate remains, a fine monument of the military style of the days of Edward III. The first walls, by the way, were built on the seaward side, in the days of Richard I., and the grant, or charter, permitting this was discovered among the town records some years ago. It is written on a slip of parchment, 12in. long and 3in. wide, in a mixture of Latin, French, and Italian! In the reign of Edward III. the water had receded so much that instead of being cut off from the land by the sea and estuary, Rye became only a peninsula, which made it necessary to fortify the landward side. The massive gateway, flanked by towers, with heavy doors iron clamped, and a portcullis, was the only entrance. Yet from the years 1317 to 1448 Rye was frequently taken by the French. The great retirement of the sea which began in the fourteenth century soon impoverished the Rye traders; yet good buildings still continued to be erected. One of these is the old "Hospital," a timber-built house of the fifteenth century, and another the delightful old Mermaid Inn, dating from the early sixteenth century. It runs round three sides of a parallelogram, and though its front to the narrow little "Mermaid Street" is so modest that it

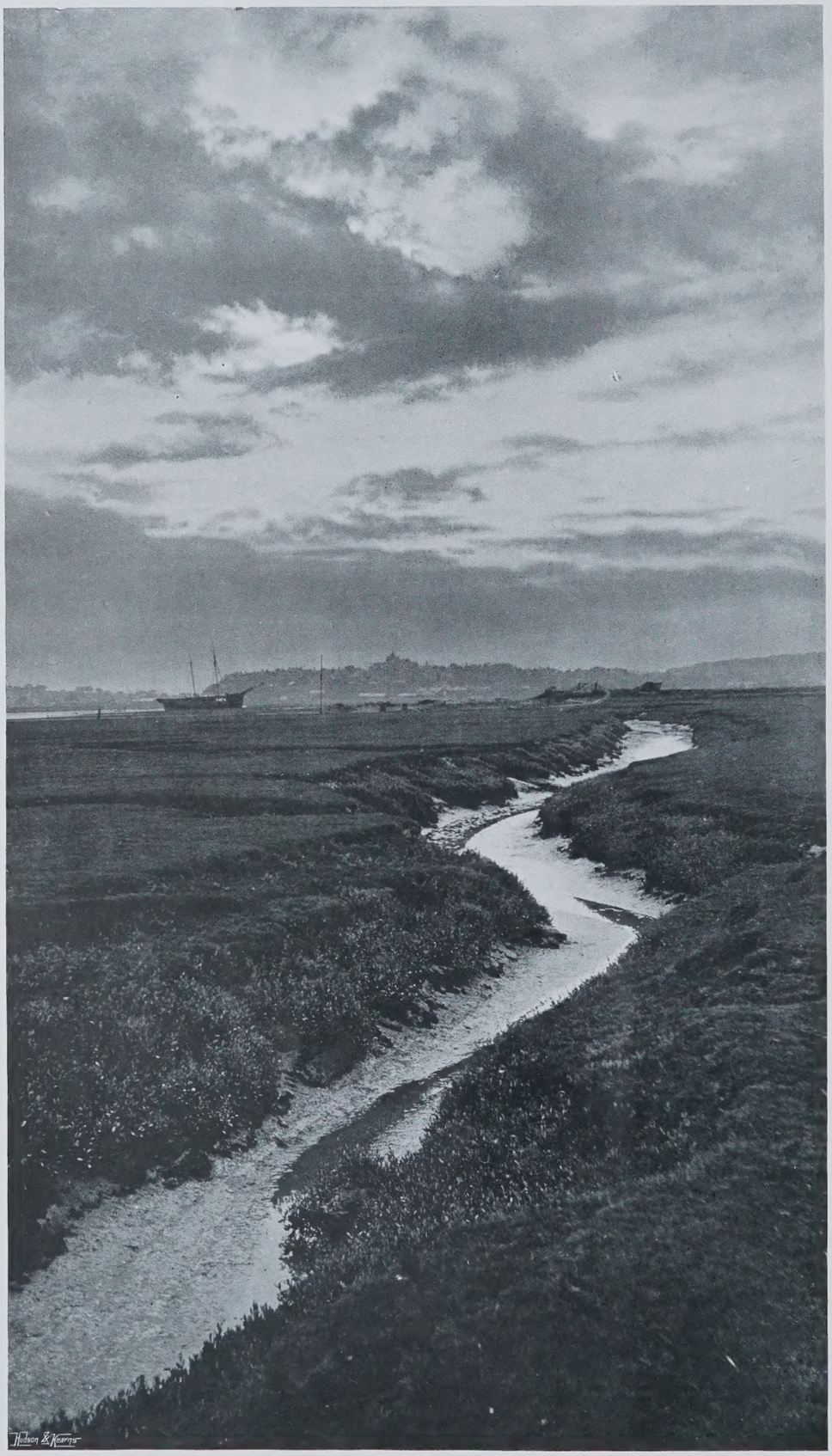
M. C. Cottam. *PLAYDEN MILL.* Copyright

might scarcely be noticed, inside it contains numbers of good and pleasant rooms, with thick timber-work, and several very fine old Tudor fireplaces. Two of these have mantels carved in stone, and one is fitted with one of the widest wooden mantel beams to be seen anywhere. The arch of this fireplace extends

M. C. Cottam. *Copyright.*
WHERE SWAYING REEDS SWEET MUSIC MAKE.

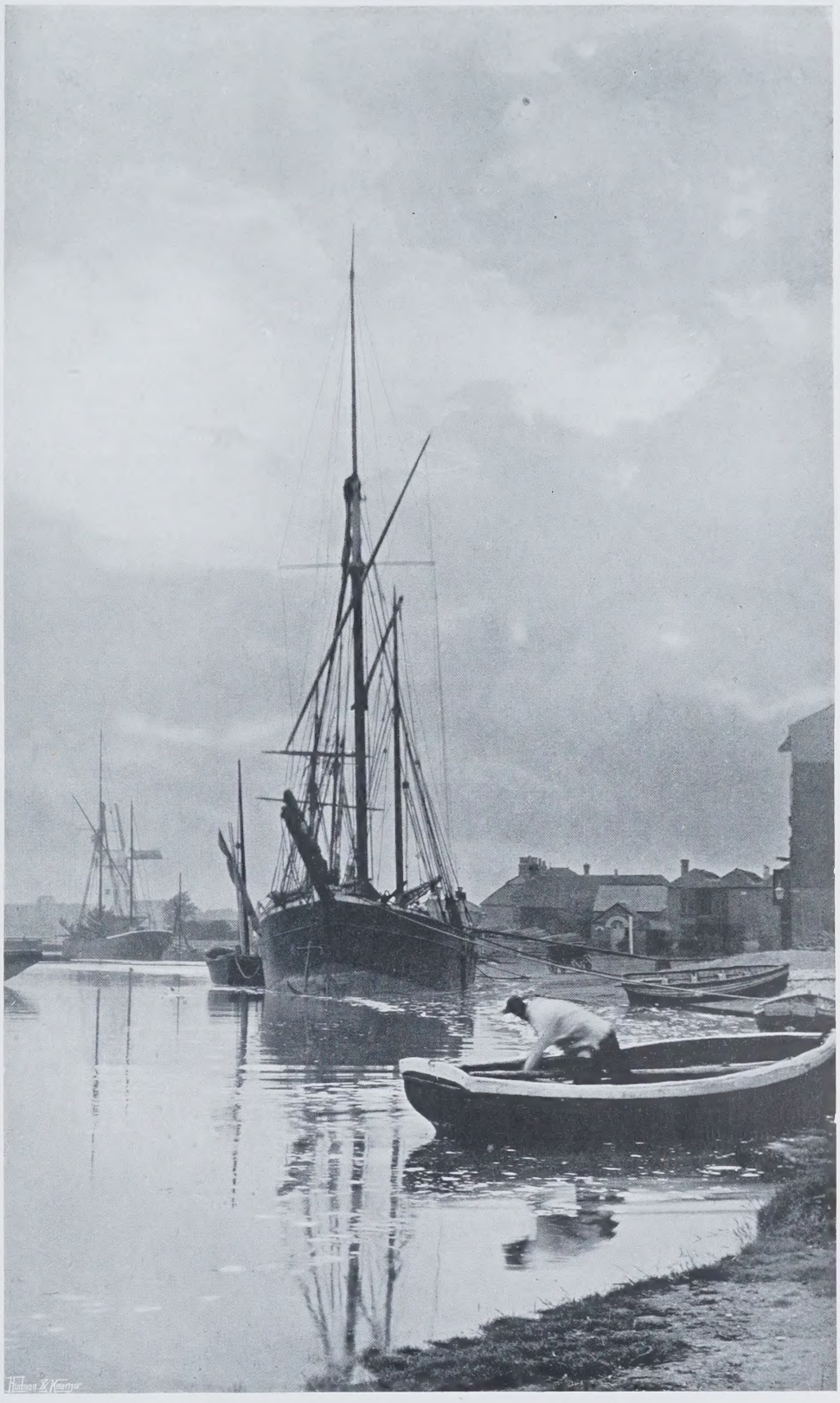
across the whole width of the room. Taking the Mermaid as representing the early Tudor period, the Court Hall, or Town Hall, is a very good example of the days of George II. It was built in the year 1742 of red brick and Portland stone, and in its fine court-room on the first floor much of the later history of the "ancient town" can be learnt. There are the lists of all the mayors from the year 1298 A.D., in which for nearly a century the families of Grebell and Lamb seem to have monopolised that office, the Lambs having rather the best of it. There, too, are the "engagement" of the city to support the Parliament, with no King, and no House of Lords. In many cases when the signatories could not write, they denoted their occupation by a drawing, such as a wheel, or a fish. In the city safe are two splendid silver-gilt maces, presented by two former members for the city in 1767. Two Elizabethan silver-plated maces of small size are also preserved, and a beautiful little Elizabethan hand-bell of bronze. There, too, in another room is the old pillory, and the chains in which the last murderer to be gibbeted was hanged on the Salt Marsh below the town in 1742. The intended victim was one of the Lamb family already mentioned, but the murderer, who bore him a grudge, and had learnt that he was going down that night to the "Strand" to take leave of a friend who was embarking for France, stabbed a friend, one of the Grebells, who had gone down in the place of Mr. Lamb. Part of the murderer's skull remains inside the head irons. The grammar school, built of brick in 1636, is a good example of the style of a period nearly 270 years ago.

Winchelsea, linked up with Rye by Camber Castle, and clearly seen across the few miles of intervening marsh, is in every way a "twin" of the other "ancient town." Like Rye, it was once as nearly an island as possible. Its present prettily sounding name is the result of an ancient compound Saxon word—Gwent-Chesil-Eye, or flat-beach island. It is on a far steeper hill than the twin town, and *quà* houses and people is now only a village. But the gates and ancient buildings are quite as interesting as those of Rye. There is a long, steep ramp, the road up which passes under the frowning arches of the Strandgate, into what is now the village, but was formerly a specially-built fortress-town of Edward III., "New Winchelsea." "Old Winchelsea" is now covered up by sea and shingle. It stood three miles to seaward of the present town, and was an important harbour. In the thirteenth century it was overflowed by the sea, its harbour silted up, and the remains of the town were half destroyed by high tides and gales in October, 1250. King Edward I. caused a new town to be planned on the sandstone rock where the present village stands. It was regularly laid out in blocks or squares to correspond with the blocks in old Winchelsea; the more exposed sides of the town were walled with stone, and the others with earth, and three gates, two of which remain, were built. At one time 4,000 people lived there, besides soldiers and sailors. The houses were built over cellars and arches of Caen stone "fit for famous merchants." But the town was burnt and plundered again and again by the French. When Henry V. sailed on the expedition which closed at Agincourt, Gabrielle de Winchelsea led the vanguard of the fleet. In the very centre of the symmetrical old town rises the unfinished but splendid church of St. Thomas of Canterbury. Only the choir and transepts were built, for the prosperity of the town lasted but for two centuries, and the transepts were ruined, probably by the French, and the choir with its aisles alone remains. The south aisle "may have been wholly a chantry to the distinguished family of Alard," Mr. Basil Champneys says; and indeed it looks as if this were so. Two magnificently decorated tombs, with recumbent figures larger than life size, and splendid canopies, mark the resting-place of Gervase Alard and Stephen Alard, both admirals of the Cinque Ports; and a third and fourth tomb are probably also those of Alards, one a Crusader. Gervase Alard was the first man in England who received the title of admiral, which, by the way, is an Arabic word, originally "Amir-el-Bahr," or Emir of the Sea. The Court Hall is the oldest building in the place, and is probably as ancient as the days of Edward I. It has a very fine open timber roof, while at the end is part of the original prison of the "Water Bailiff" of Winchelsea.



M. C. Cottam. *"VON ORANGE SUNSET WANING LOW."* Copyright

Not the least impressive landmark in the history of the "ancient town" is the massive fort, built late in the reign of Henry VIII., on what was then the margin of the sea. Camber Castle, as it is called, now stands at least a mile inland, in the midst of fat and smiling meadows, though across them there runs still a broad bank of shingle, showing where the natural coast protection of the pebbles formerly lay. A quarter of a mile off is the embanked channel of the river up which runs the tide. But on the long levels of grass on which stands the heavy and frowning fortress there is nothing to suggest the presence of the sea. The vegetation is all land vegetation. Fresh-water plants grow in the ditches, larks and starlings haunt the turf. Against the grey walls of the castle are lambing-pens; bunches of wallflower and leaves of pennywort adorn the ruined arches; and huge knotted stems of ivy twine over the embrasures and casemates. In plan the fortress is like Deal Castle. There is a high central drum tower, surrounded by semi-circular bastions; each was built to hold large cannon in casemates, and the embrasures are splayed out to allow the gun to be traversed. The roofs of these towers and bastions have now disappeared; but doubtless they, like those at Deal, also carried cannon. But though the roofs are gone, and the fort is partly ruined, these very breaches and dilapidations show us by sections, and the removal of the inner lining, the enormous strength and solidity with which these late Tudor defences were built. The designers must have held most exaggerated ideas about the power of cannon, whether on board ship or on land, as against masonry. The walls are in many places 12ft. thick. The outer facing is of carefully-hewn stone, then come many feet of unhewn stone, and the whole is completed by a lining of yellow brick about 5ft. through. The cost of the whole is said to have been equal to £220,000 of our money. Camber is one of a series of forts built along the South Coast by Henry VIII., partly from the proceeds of the sale of the monastic lands. They vary from stone batteries, or "blockhouses," like that at Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight, to those like Camber. Some still form the centre of modern forts, as, for instance, the tower at Southsea Castle, and the keep at Hurst Castle. From the latter, eastward, we find probably the original of the "blockhouse-fort" at the entrance of Portsmouth Harbour, Cowes Castle, Calshot Castle, Walmer Castle, Deal Castle, and Sandgate Castle, besides the ruins of another, swept away by the sea, between Deal and Sandwich.



M. C. Cottam. *EVENING BY THE RIVER.* Copyright

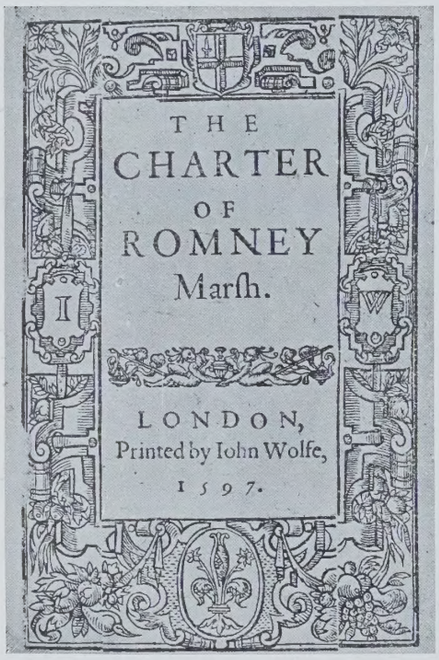
The modern hamlet of Camber stands on the west of what is the present port of Rye, and mouth of the Rother. Here is still the pretty fleet of channel trawlers, all of one rig, with their tall masts and fluttering vanes. A few of the picturesque brigs, schooners, and "billy bhoys," which trade with Rye, lie there before coming up the river. A long stone embankment keeps the river from overflowing on the left bank, and causes a rapid current at the ebb, which keeps the channel clear by its scour. Eastwards for miles stretch sandhills, on and among which are the links of the Rye Golf Club, and beyond them the endless green levels of the Marsh.

Some among the Marsh churches on the levels are particularly quaint, and unusual in form. There could never have been more than a very scattered congregation, and in some cases it is clear, from the records of the reclamation of the land, that in the days when the Norman walls of Dymchurch or Lympne were being built, the only beings to preach to would have been the fishes. Yet as soon as there were houses and people no time was lost in building a sanctuary to worship in. At Brooklands, through which the line from Littlestone to Appledore now passes, is a church of very considerable size and interest. It has a nave and two aisles, with good pillars and pointed arches, and the interior is kept in good condition, and always has been, judging from the antiquity of the work. It has a very old, but well-made, set of pews, of unpainted pitch pine. Those at Rye, made of this wood, date from the early seventeenth century, and probably the pews at Brooklands are not much later. There is a good railing cutting off a chapel, and also a splendid lead font in perfect preservation, covered with small figures and emblems in high relief. But the quaintest point about this church is that outside in the churchyard stands the spire and upper storey of a wooden bell-tower, which was never put in position on the church tower at all. It is tarred over, and looks like a pagoda. The people were determined to have their bells, so they hung them in this dismounted steeple, and still ring them. At Guildford, close to the line to Rye, is another small and quaint church. It consists of two

aisles of equal height, each with a high roof, and no nave. Neither is there a tower; but the side windows are large and good, and the roof and stone walls are covered with beautiful yellow lichen. It stands in a grass marsh, with no enclosure or trees round it. C. J. CORNISH.

OLD-TIME CHURCH . . . ORCHESTRAS.

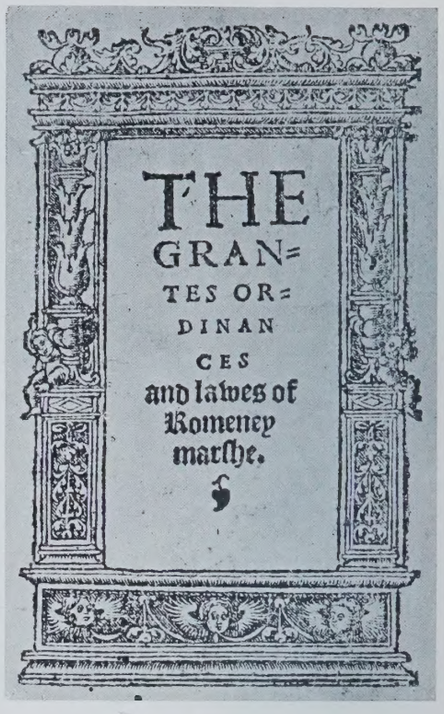
THE west galleries are very rapidly disappearing from our village churches. The modern parish priest agrees with the modern architect that his church cannot be thoroughly restored without dismantling the old musicians' gallery. It has been an eyesore for many years, as an erection quite out of accord with the ideas of the founder of the fabric, and it has been but rarely used since the days of the church musicians. It has served its purpose, and must, therefore, be removed at the first opportunity. This dismal structure in the rear of the venerable fabric not only diminishes its dignity very materially, but hides the wonderful original masonry of the Early English, Perpendicular, or Decorated period, which has lately been stripped of all accumulations of whitewash. It also offends by shutting out the light of the west window, which probably has some handsome mouldings and some relics of mediæval glass.



A TITLE-PAGE.

The west gallery will soon be a mere memory, like the musicians themselves. In their day they were the cynosure of all eyes on a Sunday morning and afternoon when they struck up a tune. What would a parish priest of to-day have to say if his parishioners dared to turn their backs on the altar and stare up at a west gallery from whence proceeded music? It is true that sixty years ago, and less, our incumbents performed divine service with their backs to what was then a most dingy communion-table, and that the congregation sat all around the high, square pews, many worshippers having their backs to the incumbent. The altar has been once more raised to its proper position, and made ornate with cross, flowers, and lights, so that it cannot fail to be the cynosure of all eyes. Where an organ is played at the west end of the church, beneath the site of the old musicians' gallery, it is always heard, but not seen.

The gallery sloped down towards the east from the west wall. It had not infrequently a panelled and grained front, with a hatchment-shaped device of the lion and unicorn contending for the crown—*i.e.*, the Royal coat of arms—suspended from the centre panel. At the ends there were often oblong black boards, upon which particulars of doles and benefactions were painted in white. In the church at a country place which I shall call Sancton, a winding stair in the whitewashed tower basement, where hung three bell-ropes, led up to a pair of old stable-like doors, by which you entered the gallery. In the days of the "musicianers" this gallery used to be so crowded at times that I feared it would collapse with the weight; and, in my juvenile mind, I could never see what there was to hold it up. An aisle was formed down the centre, where were five or six broad, flat steps, which creaked whenever anybody trod on them. In three of the front pews sat the gentlemen of music, and the village choir just behind them. The gallery was not quite appropriated by those responsible for the musical portion of the service, though I imagine it was more or less a family party that used it. Unfamiliar persons were much resented by those in possession.



COURT-HOUSE LIBRARY.

Any other parish clerk than Mr. Tobias Brown would have taken his seat in the lowermost deck of the cumbrous and lofty pulpit. Tobias preferred a much higher perch, where he could conduct the singing to advantage. Up to the gallery he brought his 'cello every Sunday in a green baize bag, and there sat in the midst of his fellows to dutifully scrape it, steadying it with a spike, which he dug into the rackety floor. Christopher Brown, his brother, tootled the flute, while Geordie, his nephew, bowed the fiddle; and here, be it noted, Christopher and Geordie between them accomplished the feat of ringing the three bells for service. Tobias's brother-in-law, Caleb Crabb, who was a shoemaker, played the hautboy; while Binnie Welford, brother of his wife's step-father, blew a bassoon. Binnie, however, had lungs for anything; he followed the harriers on foot on hunting days, and saw all the sport. Willie Skelton, a cowkeeper, sometimes would bring hither his clarionet when in the mood disposed; or Bartholomew Beal—an old-fashioned little man with a white beard under his chin, which always looked like an artificial adornment tied on with twine—might possibly bring his serpent. A serpent of wood, which never hissed when properly blown! It was a rather ugly, twisted wood tube with a tail, containing stop-holes like the gill-sacs of a lamprey, and a mouthpiece like a kettle-spout. You would have thought that some music-murderer had invented it, though in those days it answered admirably as the natural bass of the cornet family. Still, this instrument was in the highest degree capricious, if not fortuitous.

The music of Sancton Church was not ordered by the Rev. Elisha Twamley, A.B., but by his clerk and orchestral conductor, Mr. Tobias Brown. The Sunday morning service during his *régime* usually opened about twenty minutes to eleven (ten minutes late) with "Awake my soul, and

W. Selfe. *OLD ROMNEY CHURCH.* Copyright

with the sun"; and Tobias had also a predilection, shared by his colleagues, for "Glory to Thee my God this night" as an opening hymn for evensong, which was held at three o'clock in the afternoon, when the musicians were punctual. Terrific was the noise made in a morning when Tobias, as clerk and master of the ceremonies, stood up and called out, "O come, let us sing unto the Lord," for not until then did you hear the full combined power of the instruments, choir, and congregation. In this choir Richard and Molly Fletcher had sung for eighteen years, ever since they were married, and Miss Agnes Brown (Tobias's daughter) for seven years. There were several amateur vocalists, young men and maidens, one of the latter being known to me as the possessor of a sweet seraphic voice. She had long hair, and brown eyes, and a blue frock, and a white hat. I was in love with Anna T.

At Sancton Church we usually talked, muttered, or mumbled the psalms for the day. The Rev. Elisha Twamley read one verse, and the congregation, led by Tobias, said the other. These immelodious psalm-duets were always got through with all speed possible, and at the end of each one the orchestra burst out into "Glory be to the Father," etc. At the same time, our musical service professed to be run on the lines of Sternhold and Hopkins's old metrical version of the Psalms, though the time came when Tate and Brady's psalmody got a footing. I have a vivid recollection of hymn-verses being torn to pieces in the rendering for the purpose of suiting a round-about tune, and of lines of verses divided midway—often in the middle of a word. These, when repeated two or three times, would often bring an element of ludicrousness into the hymn that the writer could not possibly have foreseen. Yet I will not say that any of the hymns and anthems our choir rendered ever acted as trials of countenance rather than as promoters of piety. One anthem-like refrain was, now that I recall it so clearly, an antiphonal invocation to Sal to come downstairs and look after the stew; yet nobody seemed in those days to regard it as profane humour. It went like this:

"Come down Sal-
Come down Sal-
Come down Sal-
vation."

"Stir up my stu-
Stir up my stu-
Stir up my stu-
pid heart."

We used sometimes to sing the praises of Betsy in this fashion:

"O teach my heart to praise Thee more
And love Thee bet-
And love Thee bet-
And love Thee bet-
ter than before."

Polly had occasionally a turn, but I forget the six-syllabled preceding line:

"My poor pol-
My poor pol-
My poor pol-
luted soul."

Those were the days when we sucked mint humbugs in church and discussed pills:

"And take thy pil-
And take thy pil-
And take thy pil-
grim home."

Nor did Molly Fletcher, Agnes Brown, my little friend Anna, nor the other young ladies, see anything to laugh at in the words:

"We hasten to our heavenly prize,
And seek a man-
And seek a man-
And seek a man-
sion in the skies."

It once entered my head during the singing of this hymn that the man they were seeking was the Rev. Elisha Twamley. So, starting a man-hunt on my own account, I lifted myself from my seat behind the musicians, and found him halfway up the three-decker, which stood well-nigh in the middle of the church; but even then I could only just distinguish his bald pate, forehead, and spectacles glittering like crown-pieces. He was seated behind the book-rest when he ought to have been standing; and I have just been thinking that he looked like an orchestral conductor stripped of his bâton, and made prisoner in his ponderous oak-built "coward's castle." Nevertheless, the Rev. Elisha was always a godly man, a man of wise counsels, and a bold defender of what was then called the Protestant Faith.

Sometimes on winter afternoons the musicians and choir were unable to see their music. A few bits of tallow dips in tin save-alls spiked at the end were then got out of a box, and, after being fumbled with for some minutes, stuck in the pew tops, whereupon the instrumentalists began rubbing their lucifer matches, while, perhaps, the congregation below patiently awaited developments, and the Rev. Elisha dropped out of sight on his bench in mid-deck. When the candles had burnt a while, Tobias's wife, who was of a saving turn of mind, went round with the snuffers, at times bringing them to bear so closely upon the unburnt wicks that one light here and another there was snuffed out as if by accident in the middle of an orchestral performance. The explanation of such little mishaps might have been found in the fact that all these precious candle-ends were Mrs. Tobias Brown's perquisites; she carried them home to light the cottage. Thus, before a midwinter afternoon's service could be concluded only a very dim religious light remained for the musicians groping over their scores. One or two flickering yellow tongues of flame made the inclosing shadows more pronounced, and combined to draw the black lozenge-shaped hatchments, the three-decker with its tenant, the countenances of the musicians and their instruments, into a picture as weird as any I have ever seen.

There appears to be to-day a general consensus of opinion that fiddles, bass-viols, flutes, clarionets, bassoons, hautboys, and even serpents could never have been otherwise than ill-suited to the purpose of church music. Under a spirited leader, the members of a church orchestra who possessed a high opinion of their gifts would, as often as not, play merely to please themselves, and barely condescend to have a choir at their heels, much less a congregation bawling out at the top of its voice. In fact, these instrumentalists were often accused of discouraging congregational singing by playing unknown tunes, so as to prevent their own music being drowned in the flood of human voices rising from below. Their plain duty was, of course, merely to lead, and make the psalms and hymns go trippingly; but they had such a huge sense of their importance that they would never have borne speaking to on the subject of their duty.

HARWOOD BRIERLEY.

A "CHEESE-PRESSIE."

ONE of the homely industries in the wilds of Scotland, probably unfamiliar to most of our readers, is the manufacture of cheese by hand-presses. Where the lonely cottage on the moor is far removed from any village shop, and "mild American" can only be obtained at the expense of a weary tramp of many miles along rough and wind-swept roads, or

Mrs. Delves Broughton. THE CHEESE-PRESS. Copyright

by narrow sheep tracks across the hills, home-made cheeses form a substantial part of the peasant's diet. These cheeses are manufactured in the simplest manner possible. Skim milk, with the addition of rennet, is poured into a cloth, tied up, and placed in a wooden tub, then gradually pressed until all the whey is removed, and only the curd remains. When this has attained sufficient solidity, and acquired the shape of the vessel into which it has been forced, it is denuded of its wrappings, and is ready for ripening. The ripening takes place inside the house, where rows of cheeses may be seen laid upon a shelf, or placed out of the way on the topmost ledge of the "dresser." Here they get the full benefit of the peat or wood smoke that on gusty days—and how frequent are such days in the North of Scotland!—is driven down the wide-open chimney and fills the room with a dense and eye-smarting cloud.

The "cheese-pressie," which stands close to the cottage door, calls for a word or two of description, as in its quaint picturesqueness, and in its weather-beaten, lichen-covered stones, it redeems the otherwise bare cottage from the commonplace. It is composed of two uprights on which rest a transverse piece of stone; through it runs the screw that has attached to its lower end a huge block of granite that forms the presser, and which can be raised or lowered at will by means of a handle on top. Beneath it is placed the tub containing the newly-made cheese. Like numberless habits and fashions that as a consequence of the daily-increasing facilities for traffic have altered of late years, cheese-making is no longer as widely practised as of yore, and "cheese-pressies" have in many instances been allowed to fall into ruin. The specimen here shown is not only in good working order, but is actually at work, and a clear idea can be gained from the picture of this simple and effective device for the making of cheeses.

E. Broughton.

THE CAMERA AND THE PICTURE PORTRAIT.

GIVEN a human figure or face as the model and a capable craftsman with a camera, it might seem that the result could be counted upon with mathematical certainty and precision; and yet, as every photographer, and as nearly everyone who has ever had his or her portrait taken, knows, such is far from being the case. There was the case of "Dick, Tom, and Harry," all three being the same individual, the first as the man really was, the second as others knew him, and the third as the man pictured himself to be, and for this third aspect we might substitute the man's portrait—that is, as a man sees himself or expects his presentment to be; hence, perhaps, the conceited man's disappointment on receiving "proofs" from the photographer, and the perfect contentment of the man who is indifferent as to his appearance!

A portrait that is a likeness of a person as he or she actually is will be a mere record of fact, as though the individual had no more personality or character than a marble bust or lay figure. But men and women with rare exceptions are not interesting as racial types, nor as natural history specimens, and hence there seems no call to place their appearance on record; but with the personally interpreted portrait it is quite another matter. Man, as read by another, thereby indicating his possible influence on others, becomes a much more interesting subject for study. Man as a responsible being, as a factor for progress or the opposite, as a moral influence, as a drag upon or impetus to progress, ceases to exist but for his fellow-men. Were he alone in the universe, how could man have developed attributes, both good and bad, which are bound up in his duty to his neighbour? And hence the manner in which another portrays him, believing that portrayal to be true, is the only aspect of a man that is worth considering.

Marshall. MY LITTLE DUTCH. Copyright

Now it is precisely this that accounts for such a wide difference in the really serious and capable portraiture of a given individual which emanates from various photographers' studios. Think of the portrait of the late Mr. G. F. Watts, by Hollyer, Robinson, Caswall Smith, Cameron—how they differ! Wider still the disparity between the photographic portraits of M. Rodin, ranging from the ordinary commercial portrait such as one might recently see in one of the illustrated weekly papers, to the mystical and deeply suggestive impression of the great sculptor given us in photography by Mr. Eduard Steichen. Thus, the last-named photographer only makes portraits of those people who attract him, and who for some reason appear to him as great characters, and, strange to say, nearly all Steichen's portraits give one the idea of a big man physically. Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, the American photographic revolutionist, an object of Steichen's hero worship, is a man of small stature and slight physique, yet he looms large in his admirer's portrait of him. This personal impression is a higher form of portraiture than that to which we are accustomed, although probably the average professional studio work is as much a personal interpretation as the other, but that the producer is incapable of perceiving in his sitters much beyond the physical exterior. To him, probably, a Shakespeare would be just a man who wrote plays for the stage, a Napoleon a clever organiser of men. It is not to be laid to the blame of the average photographic operator that he feels no particular thrill in the presence of one sitter more than another. He is insensitive. A newspaper wants the portrait, and were it Jove himself come to sit, it would be merely a question of blinds, stop, "Look just here, please!" and the portrait is done.

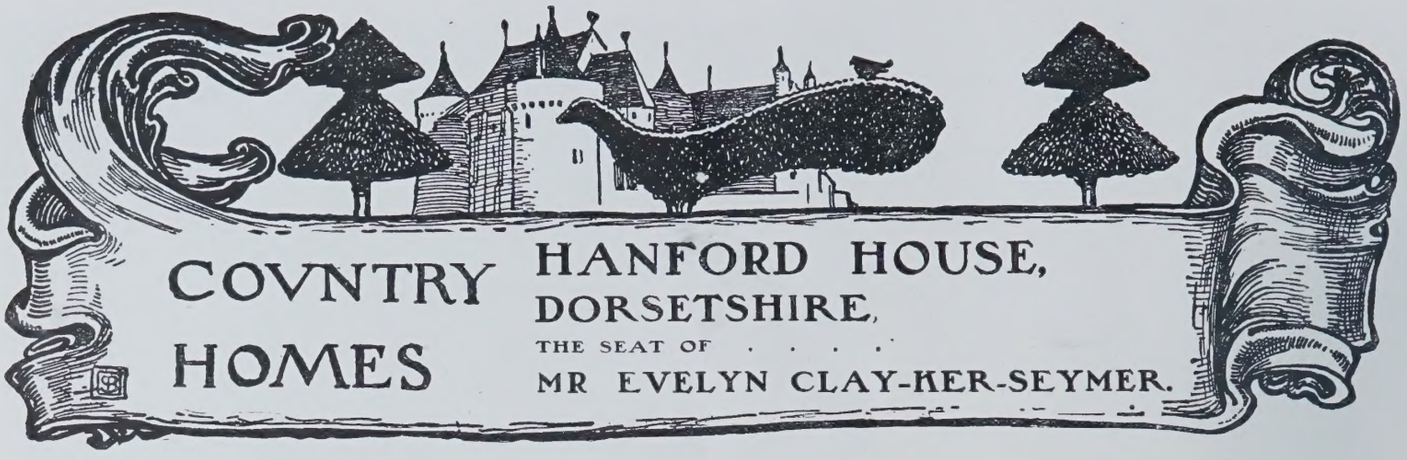
So the public, prone to be biassed by the majority and by the average, has become accustomed to this sort of thing, and the ordinary member of it looks with distrust on what for distinction's sake we may call the picture portrait, feeling that it is not as he would have expected had he himself been the subject. He is sympathising with "Harry," and is not prepared to make "Tom's" acquaintance, though for want of thought and analysis he imagines that a portrait should be "Dick." Every picture that is to be something more than a mere record of physical fact should be a personal impression, whether the subject be figure or landscape or aught else; only if it possess that stamp of individuality can it claim to be a work of art. When the Paris Salon contained those two remarkable portraits by M. Benjamin Constant, the Pope Leo XIII. and M. Loubet, a prominent critic wrote: "One would think that in Paris the portrait of M. Loubet would not have come second in interest and curiosity to any." But it has, and it is certainly strange to see the gorgeously-dressed crowds—all the notabilities of literary, artistic, fashionable, and, as is its boast, infidel Paris—converging from the various points to stand in admiration before M. Benjamin Constant's painting of Pope Leo XIII., for without one dissentient voice this picture has been declared a masterpiece of portraiture. The resemblance of Pope Leo XIII. to Voltaire, which has been so often remarked upon, is more discernible than ever in Constant's wonderful portrait, but, as one remarked, "in looking at it you have to imagine the expression of a spiritualised and humanity-loving, ascetic Voltaire." If M. Loubet's portrait comes second in interest and curiosity to that of Pope Leo, it may be a consolation to the President of the Republic to know that, so far as gossip is concerned, it is by a long way the first picture in the exhibition. A controversy rages round it, and on what point, think you? As to whether it resembles M. Loubet or not! Some critics are going so far as to aver that they cannot see the slightest resemblance, while others maintain that it is a marvellous, a speaking, likeness. I cannot say that I find it the M. Loubet of everyday life. But when I mentioned this objection to an enthusiastic critic on the speaking likeness side, he looked as if I had given the finishing touch to his conviction. He informed me that the less the portrait was like the person visible to an ordinary observer's eye, the more it was like the real person; for I was told that the examining, critical eye of an artist saw aspects and expressions which, though really the index to the soul and character, are quite lost on the inartistic observer. So now the cabinet portrait of which everyone exclaims, "How good!" "How like!" may not, after all, be the highest and best form of portraiture, but is all that the limited perception, or power of analysis, of the particular operator admitted of his doing.

A. Marshall. *THE ROSE.* Copyright

But perhaps the term picture portrait is most suitably applied to such work as the two examples by Mr. A. Marshall here reproduced, the titles of which, "My Little Dutch" and "The Rose," clearly indicate that they are intended to be quite impersonal. In such figure studies, whether the face only or the entire form be included, the subject becomes little more than a mere vehicle for light and shade, the gradations and contrasts of which the contours of face and features and of the figure so well reveal. Perhaps the photographer's chief difficulty is to rid his figure study of a personal character, and to avoid his work at once prompting the spectator's question, "Who is it?" or "Who was the model?" The clear and precise delineation of each facial detail rather contributes to this misapprehension of the artist photographer's intention, and hence some degree of diffusion of focus and a veiling the face in partial shade are wisely resorted to. Whether in direct portraiture or in a fancy figure study, the amateur commonly errs in the direction of subjecting his model to too fierce a light. He is conscious that with indoor portraiture the vast difference in the light when compared with photography out of doors necessitates a greatly prolonged exposure, and so, in order to minimise this drawback, he is usually found placing his "sitter" close to the window and directing that the face be turned towards the light, so as to secure the maximum amount of illumination on the features. Such a course, however, rarely ends in a satisfactory result. In the first place, the source of light is too near, and is, therefore, insufficiently diffused, the consequence being that, where the light strikes, much detail and gradation is lost, whilst the adjacent shadows are too dark. If now the amateur portrait-maker and his model will change places, the former with his camera taking up his position near the window and with his back to it, the model being placed in the middle of the room, although the loss of light will be considerable, and the necessary exposure greatly increased, yet the lighting will be softer, because more diffused; even then the face should be turned away from the window instead of the gaze directed towards it, and thus the face will be presented with greater roundness, or better modelling, as it is commonly termed. Yet another precaution which, unfortunately, entails a further diminution of light, is to be recommended, and that is to cover the lower part of the window with a curtain, or a sheet of brown paper, so that the light employed to take the portrait falls on the model from above, thus more nearly simulating the top light of a properly-constructed studio.

The posing of the figure, the exposing of the plate and its subsequent development, may all be accomplished with faultless accuracy, and yet all be quite futile in producing a pleasing picture if the lighting has not been well considered and tastefully carried out. Should it, however, be necessary for some definite reason to place the model near the window or other source of light, the harshness of contrast which must inevitably result may be overcome to a great extent by interposing a screen or curtain of some such diaphanous material as "butter muslin," or even tracing-paper. The principle is the same as that with which we are all acquainted, in the case where a naked electric light or incandescent gas is used; all shadows are at once crisply delineated, and so we use opal or frosted glass shades, globes, etc.

There is, after all, something pleasing about the figure study which is enveloped in a certain degree of shadow, for it is in those subtle nuances of the lower tones that the imagination finds scope for its exercise, and the half revealed is ever more beautiful than the wholly confessed, if only for the hope of undiscovered pleasure beneath. A. HORSLEY HINTON.



A VERY attractive part of the West Country is that in which this dear old Jacobean house stands. The river Stour, flowing down from the high hills in the neighbourhood of Castle Cary, traverses a chalk region intersected by many valleys on its course to Blandford and Wimborne Minster, whence it reaches the sea at Christchurch. In all that district the tourist notices many beautiful seats situated on the hills or in the valleys, including Milton Abbey, Whatcombe House, Steepleton, and Ranston. Among these, Hanford, which stands some two miles south-east of Hayward Bridge, is distinguished by its quaint, modest, and attractive Jacobean charm. It is an excellent exemplar of an age which gave us much of the best in our domestic architecture, and, as all may see, nothing is wanting to its modern perfection. It has undergone reconstruction, indeed, and one very interesting change made in its internal arrangements has been the roofing-in of the little quadrangular court about which it was built, and the creation thereby of a great hall which is one of the most attractive apartments in the mansion. There may be those who might have preferred to see the house retaining its original character in this respect; but, after all, a house that is to be maintained must be modified to meet the requirements of those who live therein, and when excellent taste and judgment preside over the work, as at Hanford, there is no cause for anything but satisfaction at what has been done. Here has been seated for centuries the family of Seymer, believed to have a common descent with the ducal house of Somerset; and it is presumed that the Seymers of Hanford held the estate under the abbesses of the neighbouring Cistercian nunnery of Tarrant, which was founded by Ralph de Caneto in the time of Richard I., and re-endowed by Bishop Poore of Salisbury in 1217.

In the reign of Henry VIII. the lands, manor, and the residence then standing there, with a fishery in the river Stour, were in the occupation of John Seymer, and, after being in the hands of the family of Daccome, the whole property was sold in Elizabeth's time to John Seymer, who was the father of Sir Robert Seymer, the builder of Hanford House. This Sir Robert was fifth in descent from John Seymer of Hanford, who was living in the reign of Henry V. He was a Teller of the Exchequer, and an important man in his day, being knighted at Whitehall in February, 1619, and he died a few years later. The house was built in the early years of the seventeenth century, and was structurally completed before Sir Robert Seymer's death. The style bespeaks the period, and the date 1623, with the arms of England in a garter, are on a lead pipe of the time.

The character of the house is entirely satisfactory, and the

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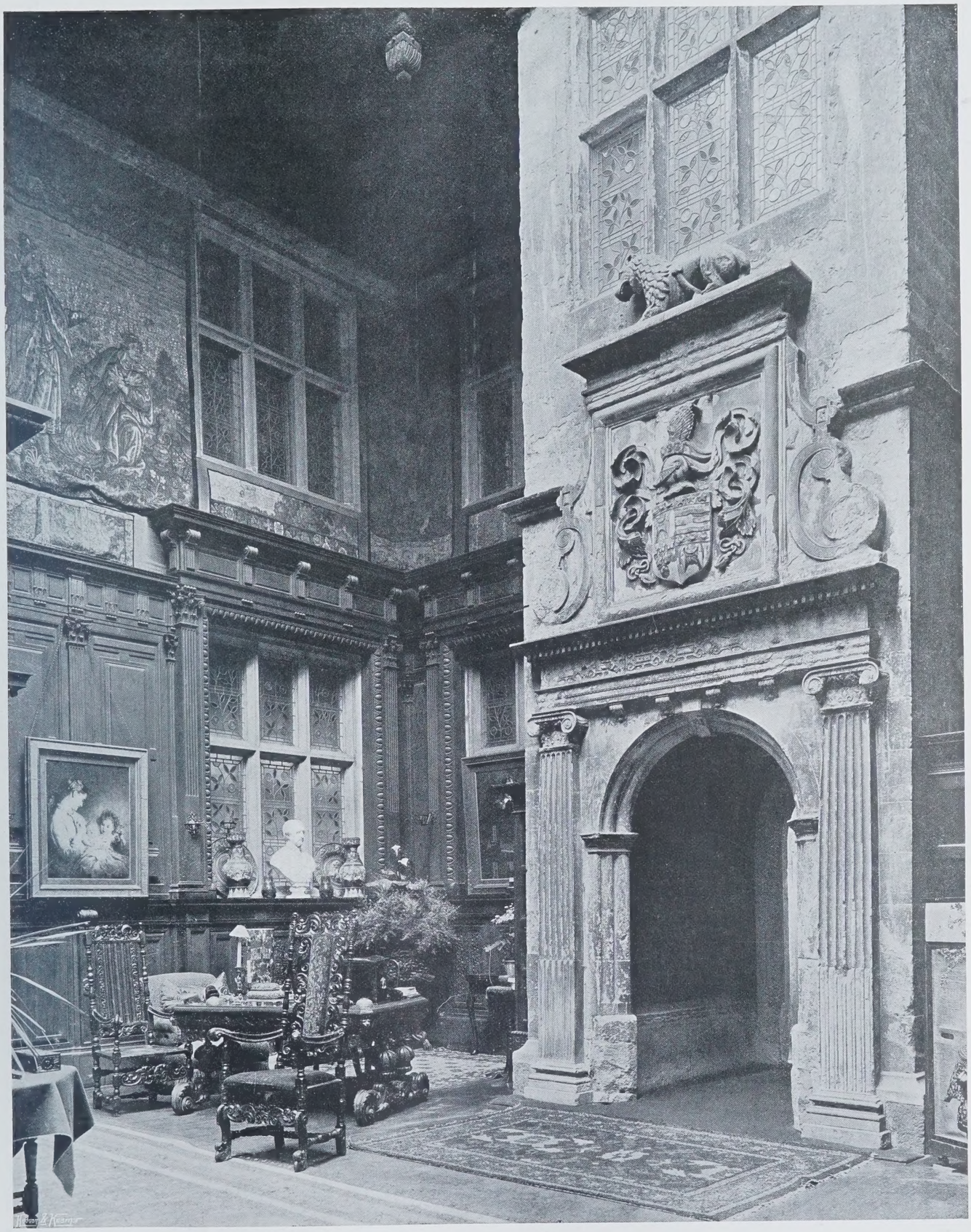

Copyright PORCH IN THE HALL. "COUNTRY LIFE."

grouping of gables and chimneys, combined with the pleasant hue of the stone of which it is built, have a charm which is not easily described, but which will be conceived from the pictures accompanying this article. The main frontage is on the north-west side, where the entrance is through a quaint round arch, flanked by fluted Doric pilasters rising to a similar arrangement, with a pediment, on the upper level. The mullioned windows and simple adornments complete a very charming effect. Still more attractive is the north-east front, where are two great and spacious bays, each more than half an octagon, which admit a flood of light through their many-windowed walls. Here again the four gables crown a very picturesque front. There is an illustration also of the south-east side, which is in the same style, and looks out over the quaint garden, with its low walls, pillars, and blocks, all deftly cut in yew by the skilful topiary of a well-directed hand. Here we may note that the surroundings of Hanford are particularly attractive in landscape beauty. The ground rises towards the north and east to a considerable elevation, whose green slopes and masses of trees are pleasant to behold. The planting has been judicious, and from the very beginning Hanford has been in the hands of those who have valued it. The principal entrance is approached by an avenue of horse-chestnuts, and the grounds abound in lime, beech, maple, chestnut, and other trees, many of them of great size, and most of them shapely and beautiful. The delightful green of the acacia adds to the effect of colour, and the dark, level branches of the cedar add a characteristic note to the picture. The chapel, as is not unusual, stands very close to the house, nearly opposite to the hall door, in fact, and we are reminded that in Jacobean and earlier times it was often but a stone's throw from the place where the knight or the squire dwelt to that in which his bones were to repose. The chapel is a picturesque building with a high gable, pleasant to look at, and within are several memorials of the Seymers.

Copyright *PARTITIONS OF BOX HEDGING.* "COUNTRY LIFE."

Before we say anything about the interior, it may be well to note the descent of the property. Sir Robert Seymer's elder sons died in their father's lifetime, and the property went to the second son, Henry Seymer, and descended to another Henry Seymer, born in 1690, who married the daughter of Archbishop Wake of Canterbury. Four other Henrys held the property in succession, of whom the second was greatly interested in natural history, and a D.C.L. This Dr. Seymer, who married Grace,

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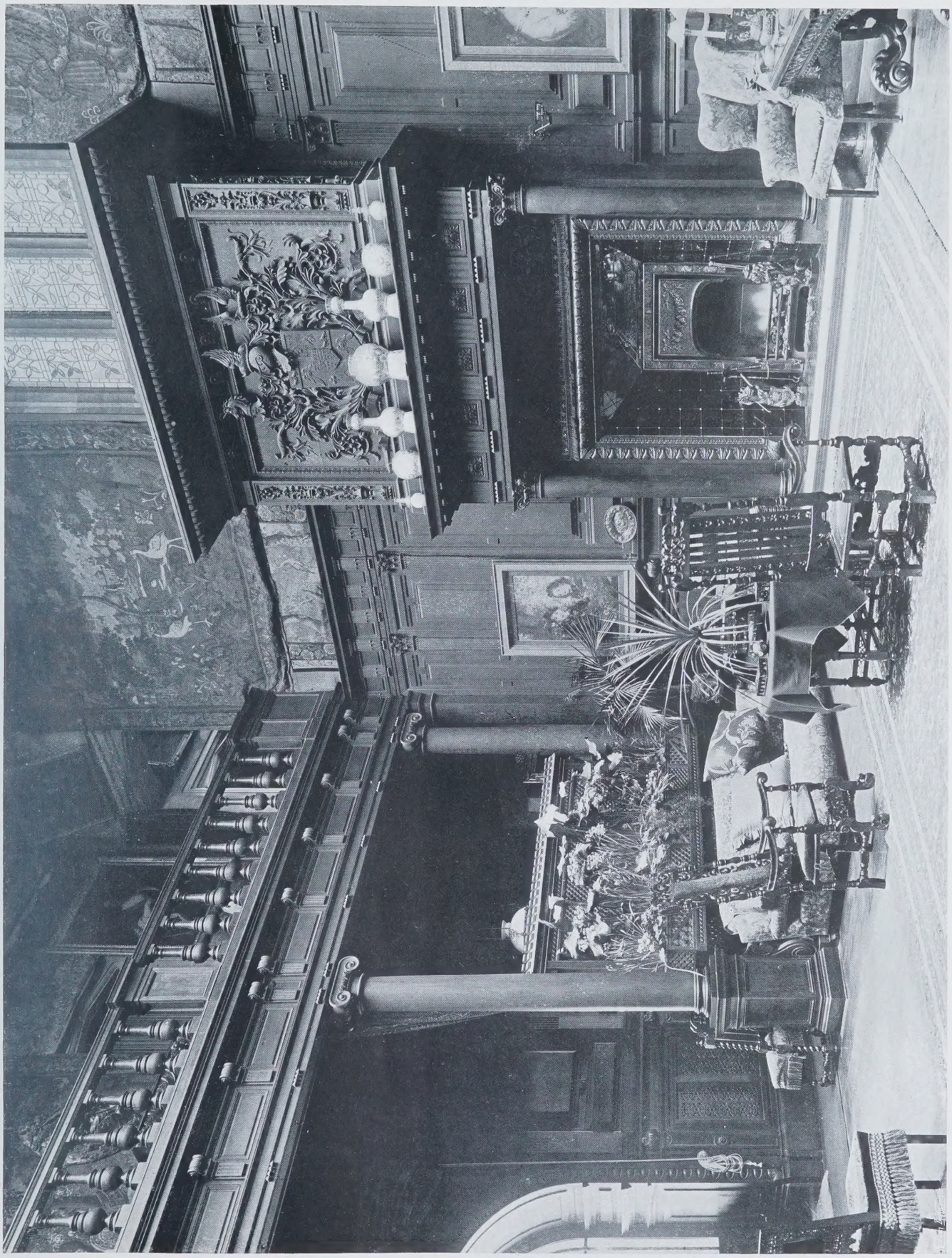


THE HALL GALLERY.

Copyright "COUNTRY LIFE."

daughter of James Ker of Morriston and Kersfield, County Berwick, did a great deal to beautify the gardens and grounds of Hanford House, which became noted for many precious things that were grown there. He was a member of several societies, and a correspondent of most of the well-known naturalists of his day. His son, who was a Deputy-Lieutenant and High Sheriff in 1810, assumed the additional name and arms of his mother's family by sign manual in 1830. This gentleman's son was Mr. Henry Ker-Seymer, D.C.L., who was High Sheriff of the county in 1842, and represented it in Parliament from 1846 to 1864. His daughter Gertrude became his ultimate heiress, and married, in 1864, Mr. Harry Ernest Clay, who by Royal licence added the name of Ker-Seymer to his own. This gentleman, who was High Sheriff of Dorsetshire in 1877, died in 1899, and from him the present owner, Mr. Evelyn Clay-Ker-Seymer, is descended. The house is at the present time the residence of Mrs. Livingstone-Learmonth, who treasures and prizes the old Jacobean dwelling-place as it deserves to be prized.

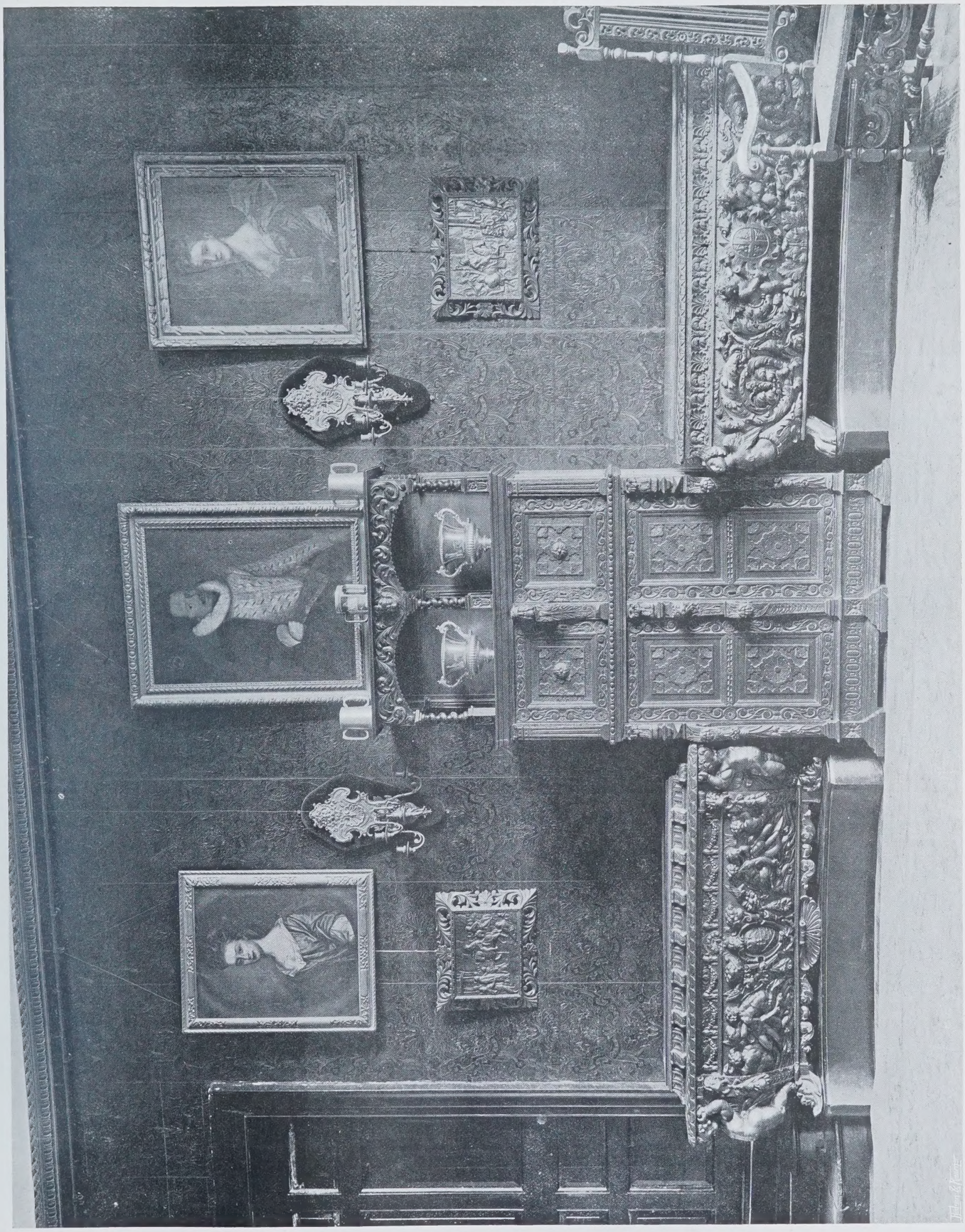
Copyright *SOUTH-EAST END.* "COUNTRY LIFE."

We may now pass through the round-arched entrance, and gain admittance to what was originally the quadrangular court, and is now, as we have said, and as may be seen from the pictures, an important room of the house. The old porch is still there as a fine architectural conception, with a moulded round arch, and pillars which have a reminiscence of an earlier time, while it is flanked by fluted Ionic pilasters supporting a sculptured architrave, all much weathered by the blasts and the rains which will now affect it no more. Above are sculptured boldly the arms of the family with their quarterings, and on the top is a couchant lion, just below the old mullioned window, which is filled with modern painted glass. This interior has been wainscoted in large panels, separated from one another by fluted Corinthian pilasters, and a balustered gallery is supported by Ionic columns. The fireplace and mantel are, of course, modern, but they are in excellent harmony with the character of the place, and the fine tapestry and portraits complete the features of a very attractive and original interior, the date of which is 1604.

Copyright *IN THE BILLIARD-ROOM.* "COUNTRY LIFE."

To the same period belongs the dining-room, which has a pleasant aspect, its walls covered with embossed leather, and its furniture partly old English and partly richly-sculptured Italian, there being two noble chests with bold scroll carving and graceful amorini. Those who know the qualities and character of fine Renaissance carving will recognise in the pictures the high value of these splendid coffers. In this room hang several family portraits, and, most interesting among them, one of Sir Robert Seymer of Hanford, the builder of the house, in slashed doublet and ruff, wearing a baldrick, and having a face which is characteristic, and evidently true to life.

The only other apartment which we shall mention is the billiard-room, which is made very remarkable by its sculptured mantel. Work of this class is well known in nearly every part of England, but there are few more characteristic examples of the style than this mantel at Hanford. Heavy carving of the kind is usually attributed to Germans or Dutchmen who came into England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as carvers and masons, and whose handicraft can be traced very plainly in some places. The Hanford mantel has terminal caryatides, the pedestals curiously carved, and the figures in semi-naturalistic style, while over the opening for the fireplace



PART OF DINING-ROOM.

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is very singular strapwork carving. An entablature with arabesques is above, and from these rise three shell niches, each with two freely-treated Corinthian columns, and between the niches are two half-length Roman soldiers, in plate and scale armour, with helmets. The whole effect of the carving is most curious, and, though the work cannot be regarded as attractive, it is an exceedingly interesting example of the English Renaissance, strongly influenced by Teutonic taste. Enough has now been said to show that the old house of Hanford, though neither large nor stately, deserves to rank very high among the quaint and attractive Jacobean houses of the West of England.

Copyright *AT THE FRONT DOORWAY.* "COUNTRY LIFE."

GREEK HORSEMANSHIP.

TO whom do we owe the fine art of horsemanship? Some "ancient writers of fables" have it that our first teachers were the Amazons; or else those wise pedagogues of Grecian heroes, the Centaurs; or, again, no less a master than the blue-eyed God, Poseidon, lord alike of the untamed sea, and of the horse, his own creation. So the Homeric Hymn acclaims the sea-god: "A double meed of honour have the Gods given thee, O Shaker of the Earth, to be tamer of horses, and saviour of ships."

However this may be, certain it is that, as one of the old English commentators says, "Whoever obliged mankind with the first invention of this art left it very imperfect"; and we may perhaps find some hints, not wholly unserviceable to our own particular imperfections, in the methods of classic horsemanship. That success attended the riding-schools of Greece no one can doubt who has ever looked at the riders of the Parthenon frieze, that long line of splendid cavalry, wherein horse and man are wholly at one in the joy of life and motion.

But the Parthenon frieze gives us the highly-finished rider of the Athens of Pericles and Pheidias—Athens in her glory. What of the earlier days? For those we can turn to the dual horse-race of our illustration, taken from a Greek vase, painted perhaps as early as 600 B.C. In the riders here depicted—stirrupless and yet with no uncertain seat, unhampered by clothes, with hair bound firmly out of the way, and with neither saddle, spur, nor whip—we have as primitive a seat as the greatest apostle of simplicity need wish. May not that absence of all fuss and fidget, of all that stands between the rider and the sensitive, nervous, responsive nature of the horse beneath him, count for something in the evolution of the perfect horsemanship of the Parthenon sculptures? Freedom and ease, the dominant notes of the Greek horseman of the finest period, are here already, though not a little disguised by the unconscious humour of the early vase painter. According to Lucan, some early tribes dispensed with even a bridle, managing their horses with the voice, a rope, and a switch alone:

"Without a saddle the Massylians ride,
And with a bending switch their horses guide."

And Strabo tells us that "the Numidians, a nation ignorant of the rein," directed their horses by a switch waved over their ears, "with not less effect than the bit." The invention of bits was, according to Statius, accredited to the sea-god:

"Neptune, if we may credit give to fame,
First taught with bits the generous horse to tame."

In Roman days, at least, the bit was a somewhat savage instrument, toothed as with wolves' teeth, and hence called *lupata*. Such a bit Horace mentions in his ode adjuring Lydia not to ruin the future of the young soldier Sybaris, an ode which proves, by the way, that the history of the Gadsbys was not unknown in ancient Rome: "Pray tell me, Lydia, in heaven's name, why haste you by your love to ruin Sybaris? Why does he, well able to endure toil and heat, fly from the Campus? Why rides he not as soldier should, among his peers, to train his gallic steed with barb-armed bit?" For all the harshness of this sharp-pointed bit of the ancients, their teaching was firm as to a light hand, and gentleness. Throughout his great treatise on horsemanship, we find Xenophon urging, always, patience and gentle dealing. He writes thus of the bit: "Whoever would desire to have a horse of a stately and striking figure to ride must abstain from pulling his mouth with the bit . . . by drawing the mouths of their horses up they blind them when they ought to see clearly before them . . . but if the rider teach his horse to go with the bridle loose, to carry his neck high, and to arch it from the head onwards, he would thus lead him to do everything in which the animal himself takes pride and pleasure." With what care the Greek considered his horse's mouth appears again in Xenophon's instructions, that the groom is "never to lead the horse by the bridle, for this practice makes horses harder on one side of the mouth than on the other"; and also in his injunction to keep the bit from pressing on the jaws, "for if the bit rubs on them too much it renders the mouth callous." It is proper, our author adds, that "the horse should not be irritated when he has work to do." Would that that sentence could be branded on to the minds—or should we say hearts?—of all those senseless modern barbarians who inflict the tight bearing-rein on their horses while they "have work to do."

M. Léon. *MOUNTING FROM THE BLOCK.* Copyright

In Virgilian fancy bit and bridle and horse-trappings savoured but little of Greek simplicity. Here is the description of the horses lent by King Latinus to a departing embassy:

"In lofty stalls three hundred coursers stand
Their shining sides with crimson cover'd o'er,
The sprightly steeds embroidered trappings wore,
With golden chains, refulgent to behold,
Gold were the bridles, and they champ'd on gold."

M. Léon. *PARTHENON FRIEZE.* Copyright

To a rider so caparisoned the horse must have seemed little more than a means of displaying a pretty taste in jewellery and clothes.

Saddles being wholly unknown to the ancient world, all riders had perforce to learn the bareback seat, save for such luxuries as a lynx or lion skin; and stirrups being also a late invention (first mentioned by a writer of the twelfth century A.D.), a certain amount of natural freedom of carriage must have belonged to all riders, even to those who, like Tony Johnson, rode on principle. The group of five Amazons, and the wonderful fighting Amazon, sitting firmly with a side-seat, unhelped by saddle or stirrup, from two Greek vase-paintings, here reproduced, bear witness to the poise and grace of the ancient barebacked horsewomen. A curious adjunct to the stable appears on another early Greek vase, where two horses are led, on a long lunging rein, both being muzzled. These muzzles are the subject of a special admonition by Xenophon: "The groom should likewise know that he should put the muzzle (*kemos*) on the horse when he takes him out, whether to be rubbed down or for exercise . . . and whenever he takes him out without a bit he should muzzle him; for the muzzle does not hinder him from breathing, though it prevents him from biting; and when it is on it makes them feel less inclined to play vicious tricks."

No shoes were used for the Greek or Roman horse, but the hoof might be protected from rough ground by a kind of sandal or boot, made of reeds or leather. A similar horse sandal, but made of straw, has been used by the Japanese. The unshod hoof obviously demanded special care, and accordingly we find Xenophon emphatic on this point: "Damp and smooth stable floors injure even naturally good hoofs . . . they should have stones inserted in the ground close to one another, similar to a horse's hoof in size; for such stable floors give firmness to the feet of horses that stand on them." And he gives further instructions for the careful preparation with stones of the ground outside the stable, "to strengthen the frogs of the feet."

The clothing of the ancient rider varies from the bare limbs and flying cloak of some of the Parthenon horsemen to the fully-clothed Amazon, habited in the strange tight-fitting Eastern tunic and trousers, or in short riding breeches. The Athenian youth of the great procession of the Parthenon frieze ride generally in a sleeveless tunic and a cloak, but some have a cloak only; some have high knee-boots, others go barefoot; some wear helmets, some flexible leather caps, others are bareheaded, and one wears the *petasos*, or flapping broad-brimmed hat used by travellers. So little did the picked youth of Athens, in her greatest pride, care for uniformity of clothes, for the precisely "correct," even when riding in the great yearly procession through the streets of the city, as escort to the sacred offering

M. Léon. *THE DEATH OF THE AMAZON QUEEN.* Copyright

M. Léon. *AN AMAZON DISMOUNTING.* Copyright

M. Léon. *ATHENIAN CAVALRY.* Copyright

to Athena, to the priests and victims, the noble Athenian maidens, the representatives of Athenian colonies, the city magnates and magistrates, who formed the pageant. The perfect horse, and the perfect skill in horsemanship, were their's; what mattered more or less of cloak or tunic, boots or headgear. To the Greek belonged the true instinct for the things that matter. And yet among the Greeks there walked also men of lesser mind, moved by a quite human vanity on this very point of riding in procession. For does not Theophrastus tell us how it was the mark of a man of petty pride when he took part in a cavalry pageant to give all his garments to a slave to carry home, except only his cloak, in which riding kit he would display himself, walking about the market-place. Human nature is much the same now as in the Athens of 400 B.C., and the spectacle of much gaitered and spurred pedestrians "displaying themselves" is by no means unknown in the present day.

In times when stirrups were unknown the problem of the mount must have been considerable for the less agile horseman. There is abundant evidence that one method of mounting was to teach the horse to kneel, or lower himself, for his rider. Thus Xenophon says: "When the groom brings the horse to the rider we have no objection that he should know how to make the horse stoop, so that it may be easy to mount him." Such a kneeling horse appears, according to Benndorf, in the beautiful central slab (now in the British Museum) of the frieze on the Phigaleian temple to Apollo the Helper. Here we have the battle of Herakles and the Amazons; and the dying Amazon Queen sinks, caught in the arms of a compassionate Greek soldier, her horse meanwhile kneeling carefully for her to dismount, unwitting of the sore wound of his mistress. So, too, the kneeling horse is interpreted on a splendid, though much-mutilated slab, also now in the British Museum, from the Nereid monument in Lycia. Alexander the Great's famous horse, Bucephalus, appears to have knelt to his master only: "When he was barebacked he would admit only his Tender to mount him; but when he had the King's War-Saddle and the rest of his brave Trappings upon him he would not suffer his former rider to get upon his Back, or any other Person but *Alexander;* and to him he would go down upon his Knees for the King to get into the Saddle." Thus, too, Diodorus Siculus, in the seventeenth century English of that noble folio edition which so well becomes him. An alternative to the horse trained to kneel was the ordinary mounting-block, which some scholars see in two of the slabs of the Parthenon frieze, and to provide which was in Greece part of the business of the overseers of roads. Yet another alternative was the back of a slave, and it was by setting him to this servile task that Sapor degraded the conquered Emperor Valerian—or perhaps one should more fitly say made manifest his own degraded and ungenerous soul.

We could wish that all our modern grooms might be imbued with the spirit of the old Greeks when a nervous horse is entrusted to their hands. Here are Xenophon's instructions for dealing with a shying animal: "When a horse is shy of any object and reluctant to approach it, the rider must try to make him feel that there is nothing terrible in it, especially to a horse of spirit: but if he cannot succeed, the rider must himself touch that which appears so alarming, and lead the horse gently up to it. As to those who force horses forward with blows in such a case, they only inspire them with greater terror; for they imagine when they suffer any pain at such a time that what they look upon with alarm is some way the cause of it." And again: "It is necessary to bear in mind that everything sudden produces perplexity in a horse." How many so-called vicious, because terrified and exasperated, horses would have borne a different character had they but received such wise and gentle training as that given by the Greek to the highly-strung, spirited horse whom he loved and understood so well. To the lover of horses it must always seem that to understand and manage a horse wisely demands much that is needed for the understanding and management of children. Frightened blindly at the unknown, full of overflowing life, sometimes naughty, needing the discipline of an instant obedience, entering wholeheartedly into the joy of the moment, calling on infinite patience, and responsive to all affection, horse and child have assuredly many qualities in common besides that of utter helplessness under the hand of any violent or stupid human being.

Truly the Greek lad loved his horse, and so sat him nobly. On one of the most beautiful of the Greek vases preserved to us, the cylix painted by Euphronios, now in the Louvre, and which is here reproduced, we have a group of those Greek lads on horseback, such lads as Plato tells us of, not less worthy of praise for their goodness than for their beauty, modest and temperate, trained in an austere perfection. The finished training of the Greek youth has been characterised as possessing dignity, strength, simplicity, reserve. Do not these young horsemen, riding with light rein, lance in hand, show us something of those qualities? For the yet more perfect rendering of the Greek rider we have but to look again at the figures of the great Athenian procession; and standing before that long grey line on the walls of the Parthenon Room, we cannot but re-echo the

M. Léon. *FROM A GREEK VASE.* Copyright

words of Mr. Pater: "If a single product only of Hellenic art were to be saved in the wreck of all beside, one might choose, perhaps, from the 'beautiful multitude' of the Pan-Athenaic frieze that line of youths on horseback, with their level glances, their proud patient lips, their chastened reins, their whole bodies in exquisite service."

So wrote the Oxford scholar. We doubt if a better model could be placed before the young English horseman of to-day than the poise, and firm free seat, of those Greek riders, no less than the intimate understanding they were taught to cultivate between horse and man.

G. M. GODDEN.

M. Léon. *AN AMAZON'S SIDE SEAT.* Copyright

IN THE GARDEN.

ROSES FOR PERGOLAS.

IN that most useful of all little handbooks, "Pruning Roses," issued recently by the National Rose Society, there is a capital reference to Roses for pergolas, and the proper treatment to give them. We may well make the following quotation: "It is of the first necessity that a pergola should be well clothed, and it is to ensure this result that suitable Roses should be selected, and a proper system of pruning adopted. Among the larger-growing climbing Roses are a select few which are particularly fitted for this purpose. These are varieties which, while rambling far and wide, will clothe the sides as well as the top of the arches. They should be floriferous and of luxuriant foliage, such as the Ayrshires and Sempervivens. Amongst the most perfect pergola Roses are the new Wichuraiana hybrids, a class only recently created. These have close, almost evergreen, foliage, and produce, on long pendulous shoots, numerous bunches of highly-coloured and fragrant flowers. Some are perpetual, all bloom over a period of some weeks; they branch continually from the base, and the laterals hang down with the abandon necessary to a pergola." The list of Roses recommended is as follows: Alpina fl.-pl., Arvensis, Bennett's Seedling, Crimson Rambler, Dundee Rambler, Electra, Felicité Perpétue, Flora, Mme. Plantier, Repens fl.-pl., Ruga, Setigera and its hybrids, Splendens, The Garland, Tea Rambler, and Wallflower. These are summer-flowering varieties. Of the Wichuraiana hybrids the selection is Alberic Barbier, Dorothy Perkins, François Foucard, Gardenia, Jersey Beauty, Paul Transom, Pink Roamer, René André, and Rubra; and of perpetual-flowering varieties, Belle Vichysoise, Climbing Aimée Vibert, Longworth Rambler, Mme. A. Carrière, and Paul's Single White. As the Wichuraiana hybrids always break freely in the new growth, the strong new base shoots will require tying in once or twice during the summer. It is necessary, however, to introduce other Roses for the sake of variety of effect. There are many very useful sorts, which, whilst making rampant growths, become naked at the sides. Many of them, such as Euphrosyne, can be made to clothe the base by cutting back the shoots which spring from that part. The clothing of the base may also be effected by planting with the more rampant variety a companion and dwarfer Rose, whose task it will be to cover the uprights whilst the more vigorous variety runs to the top. The varieties recommended for this purpose are, of summer-flowering varieties: Andersoni, Austrian Briars, Hebe's Lip, Leuchstern, Lucida, Macrantha, Mrs. O. G. Orpen, Rosa Mundi, Rubrifolia, and The Lion; of perpetual-flowering varieties: Armosa (Hermosa), Boule de Neige, Climbing Mrs. W. J. Grant, Comtesse de Turenne (Mme. Wagram), Fellenberg, François Crousse, Gloire des Rosomanes, Gloire Lyonnaise, Gruss an Teplitz, Gustave Regis, and L'Ideal. Some of the taller Teas, such as Marie van Houtte, may be used where they will grow sufficiently well.

SEASONABLE NOTES ABOUT PERGOLA ROSES.

Those who grow climbing Roses are generally perplexed as to the way to prune the plants, and in spite of the advice so often repeated we are frequently asked how to treat the growths when they become entangled through not thinning them out properly in previous years. During the spring after planting, the branches should be shortened according to the size of the plants and the effects of the winter before; the second year thin out carefully, retaining the best shoots of the previous year for the sake of the blooms and the best and strongest base shoots to reach overhead. In most cases where two varieties are to grow together it will probably be best not to plant the dwarfer kind until the second, or even the third, year, so that the taller variety may grow more rapidly and be already developed when the other is planted. It can also then be seen where a companion is needed. When thoroughly established, the plants should be pruned as follows: First the dwarfer kind should be untied from the post; the taller variety should then be dealt with by cutting away all inferior or dead wood, care being taken that the shoots left are not too numerous. At the same time, it is very important that those shoots which will carry some flowers overhead should be retained. When the pruning of the tall kind is completed, and the plant has been trained and retied, then cut and prune back as far as necessary the dwarfer form. Then retie the shoots which are left round the taller companion, avoiding tying too closely, as air and light are the chief factors in causing the lateral "eyes" to break. As a general rule, Roses on pergolas will require less pruning and more training and tying than is the case with those on ordinary pillars. Roses like the Ayrshires may often be left two or three years practically untouched, when some thinning will become necessary. Flowers and foliage, and plenty of them, are the qualities most to be desired in pergola Roses.

RANDOM NOTES.

Bulbs After Flowering.—Very soon the bulbs that have been grown in pots for flowering in spring will be passing out of bloom, and the question then arises, "What shall be done with them?" Unless the bulb be of the Sacred Lily type, that is, grown in water, which has the effect of practically destroying the plant, the proper course is to allow the foliage to ripen off, or die down. When this has been done put the bulbs into a sunny place to ripen, and then plant them out, not in the beds, but in rough woodland, or the fringe of shrubberies, or wherever they can be left to permanently establish themselves. Daffodils, Hyacinths, Tulips, Scillas, Chionodoxas, and the majority of bulbs that have been grown in pots may be treated in this simple way. There is no waste, and a fresh charm is given to the wilder parts of the garden when the bulbs flower, which they will do with delightful freedom in the appropriate season. The great point is to allow the leaves to decay naturally, and this applies not only to bulbs grown in pots, but to those in the open air.

Preparing Plants for Summer Bedding.—Success in the summer garden depends largely on the condition of the plants to be put out, that is, they must be strong in growth, hardy, and not weakened by too much artificial warmth. Many of the things used in summer bedding are exotic, and must be gradually inured to cooler conditions, until at planting time they are able to withstand any unsatisfactory weather that may arise. Tuberous Begonias, Geraniums, Ageratums, Calceolarias, and such things as the Castor Oil Plant must all undergo this preparatory hardening off. It is not advisable to allow the plants to flower during the early stages of growth. All the strength possible should be reserved for the outdoor display. A well-known gardener writes: "I find it very convenient, and the means of avoiding mistakes, to mark out the spaces for masses and lines, and indicate by means of labels the contents of each bed before beginning to plant out. Where 'carpet bedding' is indulged in it is more than necessary that the tracing should be worked out on paper before attempting it on the ground. Success in bedding out depends upon proper method and arrangement."

The Bay.—From now onwards much pruning and cutting of shrubs and trees is done. Where a close-pruned, round-headed or any other shaped monstrosity is fancied the unoffending Bay is frequently the victim. It cheerfully bears almost any amount of cutting, even if performed four or five times a year, and even under these conditions the freshness of its fragrant foliage almost vies with that of the Holly. In the formal garden something may, perhaps, be said in extenuation of these mutilations, but in many cases these unnatural lumps of greenery occur in shrubberies amongst free-growing shrubs of graceful outline, and are totally out of character. If a shrub is so placed that it cannot be permitted to fully develop, and removal is out of the question, its size may easily be regulated by cutting away—usually at the base—whole branches, and something at least of its natural habit is retained. To everyone who is only acquainted with the Bay as a clipped subject, its appearance when allowed to grow unfettered is a revelation. It is a graceful, attractive tree, upwards of 20ft. in height, and as much through, well furnished, and usually broadly pyramidal in outline. In warm localities its twigs are now smothered with fragrant flowers of yellowish colour, which, although individually inconspicuous, are very attractive as a mass. Such branches when used with floral decorations are very effective, and have a pleasant fragrance. If the two sexes are planted near together a mass of dark purple shining berries of the size of wild Cherries will be an attraction during autumn. Cuttings root readily if inserted in sandy soil and placed in a close-shaded frame or under a bell-glass. Occasionally severe frosts cut the Bay tree almost to the ground, but it almost invariably grows again from the base. Where its hardiness is doubtful, it is wise to plant on a well-drained gentle slope.

Cinerarias at Farnham Royal.—It is always a pleasure to visit the nursery of Messrs. W. J. James and Son at Farnham Royal in the time of the Cinerarias, when the houses are a blaze of colour from the hundreds of plants which, in the sunny days of April and May, are in perfect bloom. We have never seen a more gorgeous display than is there at the present moment. One large house contains only a white variety, and there is a surface of absolute purity, each plant a mound of flowers as white as a snowdrift, if it were not for a violet centre which gives a pleasant contrast. Another house is as blue as the Gentian on the mountain-side, sometimes the flowers reaching enormous proportions without shocking one with a sense of abnormal development. Then there are forms with flowers of blue colouring but white in the centre, clear pink rose, and crimsons of wonderful depth of colouring. It is almost painful to wander through these clouds of gorgeous colouring, so intense are the various shades; but, of course, plants so well

grown, leafy, and luxuriant in all ways are a joy in the greenhouse or in bold decorations. Messrs. James have also the starry or stellata group, and a white variety is the essence of grace and purity, dainty flowers on tall spreading and bending stems, a strange contrast to the dwarfer plants of more brilliant shades; but we desire both in our plant-houses.

The Blue Primrose.—In many gardens the Blue Primrose is grown in pretty ways, but it is never so well placed as when planted against moss-covered stones. The colour of the flower is not a pure blue, but is sufficiently so to merit the description, the flowers having a decided shade of purple or reddish purple. Unfortunately, the colour is not always constant, the plants the second year frequently showing flowers of quite a crimson shade, the reason for this being undoubtedly the influence of seedlings of other flowers in the near neighbourhood. It is essential in most cases to keep flowers of a certain colour quite apart from others of the same race, that is, if the variety is required to come true from seed. The time for the sowing and dividing of Primroses is approaching. Sow the seed when it is ripe, and after flowering is over divide the tufts to give an increased stock. Primroses, Polyanthuses, and the bunch forms are a joy in the spring garden.

SOME REMINISCENCES.

An appreciative notice in COUNTRY LIFE some weeks ago drew attention to a paper by the present writer in *Longmans' Magazine*, discussing the changes which have come over village life during the last seventy years. If it is not too late to return to the subject, some further evidence which I have recently obtained may be of interest, not, indeed, because it is new (in point of fact it does little more than confirm my own inferences), but because it is the testimony of an eye-witness, so to speak, who never read a magazine article in his life, and had no temptation to surmise where he did not know. Of my informant, Bettesworth, I have written elsewhere; here it will suffice to explain that he is one of the old inhabitants of this parish, a labourer of seventy, illiterate, but of vast experience, who is now wearing out his remaining years as gardener in my employment, and condescends to talk to me as if I were as good a man as himself.

One rainy morning he was clearing up the tool shed. An old wooden bucket which had long been lying about in the way caught my eye, and at my suggestion it was broken up then and there. As the axe staved in its rickety sides, and a rusty iron hoop clinked to the ground, Bettesworth said, "The old bucket's done for now." With the words, a queer sentiment of regret seized me—another link with the past seemed destroyed, and the old man, too, seemed to feel it; for speaking still of the bucket he continued meditatively, "I dessay he seen a good deal o' brewin' in his time. But there en't much on it done now," he added. "A good many men used to make purty near a livin' goin' round brewin' for people. Brown's in Church Street" (of the neighbouring town) "used to be a rare place for 'em. Dessay you knows—there's a big yard there; and then they had some good tackle, and plenty o' room for firin'. Mapeys, Figgs, Alldens"—he named a few leading townsfolk who made use of Brown's yard and tackle.

Remembering my subject, I woke up to the possibility of disclosures, and asked, "Did not the village people also brew?"

Bettesworth shook his head. "I never knowed none much—only this sugar beer."

"But surely they grew hops?"

"Oh, yes, every garden used to have a few hills o' hops. But 'twan't very often they brewed any malted beer. Now'n again one 'd get a peck o' malt; but generally 'twas this 'ere sugar beer. 'Relse I've brewed—over here at my old mother-in-law's—'cause she had the tackle, ye see; and so I have gone over there when I've killed a pig, to salt 'n."

I suggested, "I suppose you wouldn't know how to brew now?" And the answer came with a smile, "No, I don't s'pose I should." I rejoined, "Well, everybody, it seems, used to brew at one time."

"Ah, and so they did bake their own bread. They'd buy some flour——"

"They didn't grow their own corn, then?"

"Sometimes. Yes, I have growed corn as high as my own head—when I rented that garden back o' your house. My old gal and me, after hoppin' was over, we'd buy some flour, enough to last us through the winter; and then with some taters, and a pig salted down, I'd say, 'There, we no call to starve, let the winter be what it will.' Well, taters, ye see, didn't cost nothin', and then we always had a pig. You couldn't pass a cottage at that time that hadn't got a pig-sty. . . . And milk, too. Why, of a mornin' there used to be as many as fifty cows go off up the valley right into the Holt Forest, and back again at night. That was before the enclosure of the common. Boys 'd go with 'em to look after 'em; but they didn't want no lookin' after. They'd part o' theirselves and find their way 'ome. 'Tis use, ye know." The old man finished pensively, perhaps thinking of his own boyhood.

"Then the people had plenty of milk?" I asked.

"Yes, and butter, too. My sister-in-law over here used to carry two pails o' milk to the town every day."

I had heard as much before, and interrupted with further questions, to know if the people used the milk themselves, or did they sell it all away in the town?

"Well, there wasn't so many cottages here then as there is now, ye see; and what they couldn't sell here they'd sell in the town."

He had missed my point, that milk is food and drink—a thing of which I am not sure that he is convinced; so I put it to him again, "Did they never drink it themselves?" And his answer showed that he failed to understand.

"Well, ye see," he said, "there wa'n't hardly any tea drunk then. 'Tused to be fippence an ounce. . . . And sugar was dear, too; well, fo'pence you'd pay, and that wa'n't hardly good enough for tea; and thruppence was the cheapest there was. I've knowed people put a little burnt bread into water—toast, ye know—and a little sugar with it, and drink that instead o' tea. You'd go for a week without tea—well, look at the price of it. And bread I've knowed at two and tuppence; and meat—instead o' meat people 'd mash up some taters and get some suet at the butcher's and cook, or butter, p'r'aps—'cause butter didn't cost much—and pour over the taters, and that done instead o' meat. People didn't have meat, not unless they'd killed a pig. They didn't earn no money then—wages wa'n't no more 'n nine or ten shillin's a week."

I suggested that they needed less, when they did so much more for themselves than now.

"Oh, yes," he assented, "they done a good deal for theirselves. And then there was the common, where you could keep a cow, and go out and cut turf and git firin'. Most of the fir timbers for these old places, same as this shed, used to be cut on the common. There wa'n't nobody to say nothin' to ye. And then there was milk, and butter, and bread. . . . But 'twas poor money. The first farmhouse I went to I never had but thirty shillin's and my grub."

"Thirty shillings in how long?"

"Twal-month. And I had to pay my washin' and buy my own clothes out o' that."

"Ready-made clothes?"

"Yes. That was always same as 't is now. Well, there was these round frocks, you'd get they" (home-made, he meant). "My sister-in-law over here and her mother—they used to earn half a livin' at makin' of 'em. . . . You'd buy the stuff—and then she'd charge eighteenpence for makin' em; that was always her price; or if you had much work in 'em, two shillin's."

"Much fancy work, do you mean?"

"The gaugin', you know, about here." He spread his hands over his chest. "Most men got 'em made—their wives 'd make 'em. Some women, o' course, if they wasn't handy with the needle, 'd get somebody else to do 'em. . . . They was warmer 'n anybody 'd think. And if you bought brown stuff, 'tis surprisin' what a lot o' rain they'd keep out. One o' them, and a woollen jacket under it, and them yellow leather gaiters right up your thighs—you could go out into the rain. . . . But 'twas a white round frock for Sundays. . . ."

From this point the talk wandered—I could not get it back—away to other matters, that may be worth recalling some other time perhaps, but have nothing to do with my present subject. Only once we seemed to touch upon it again, in a digression (of which I hardly remember the details) about the boys who used to tend the village cows. They were paid so much for every cow. "Some of 'em didn't earn much—if they didn't get no more'n four or five cows. But some of 'em 'd get fourteen or fifteen, and then their money 'd make a purty little week of it. And see they boys race, too, if there was a new cow, to see who could get her!"

At last, "Queer old times," I murmured, as I was turning away.

"Yes," Bettesworth agreed. "A good many wouldn't be able to tell ye how they did bring up a family o' children, if you was to ask 'em. 'Twas rough livin'. But I dunno—people used to look as strong and jolly as they do now."

Did they, I wonder. Not seeing how to test the truth of that opinion, I left the old man to clear up the pieces of the broken bucket, and set myself to write out his talk while the memory of it was fresh. And as it was recorded then, so it is reproduced here, with a few omissions, indeed, but with nothing added. In another decade or so there will be no man left to relate these things from his own experience; and it is surely worth while to record, while there is yet time, the very words of those who can tell of England as it was so lately, but will never be again.

GEORGE BOURNE.

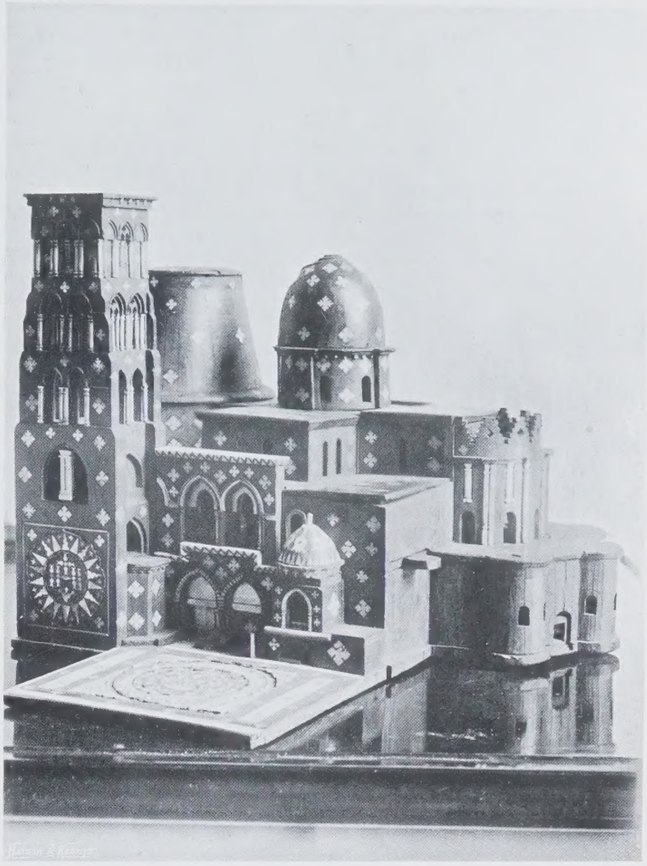
THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

FLUSHED with victory, bare-footed, and singing hymns of praise for the downfall of the infidel, the conquering Crusaders entered the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem in the year 1099. Finding it too small for their numbers and too insignificant for their taste, they enlarged and beautified it; and thus it remained with but little alteration until the disastrous fire of 1808, when almost all the eastern portion of the building was consumed, when the great dome fell in, crushing beneath it the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, and the marble columns and images were calcined and reduced to powder. That the model here shown represents the church not as it appears at the present day, but as it stood prior to this terrible destruction, adds interest to the picture, especially for those who may have recently visited the Holy Land, and who can compare the church as they have seen it with that which formerly existed.

Made of olive-wood, inlaid with ivory and mother-o'-pearl, this wonderful model is the reputed work—a work of labour and of love—of holy men in a monastery at Jerusalem. It is carefully preserved by its present owner, Captain George Pearson of Stoke Albany House, Market Harborough, whose ancestor, Mr. Ashby, a Turkish merchant, brought it to England in the seventeenth century, and who handed it down as a rare possession to his descendants. A fac-simile of this model is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and the writer believes there are two others in existence.

In the first illustration is seen the outside of the building, with its domes, its tower for the bells, its flat roofs, on which the four points of the compass are shown by the words "Meredies," "Oriens," "Septemtrio," "Ponens," inlaid in ivory. These roofs and domes being removed, the interior, with all its wonderful relics, is exposed to view, as shown in the second picture.

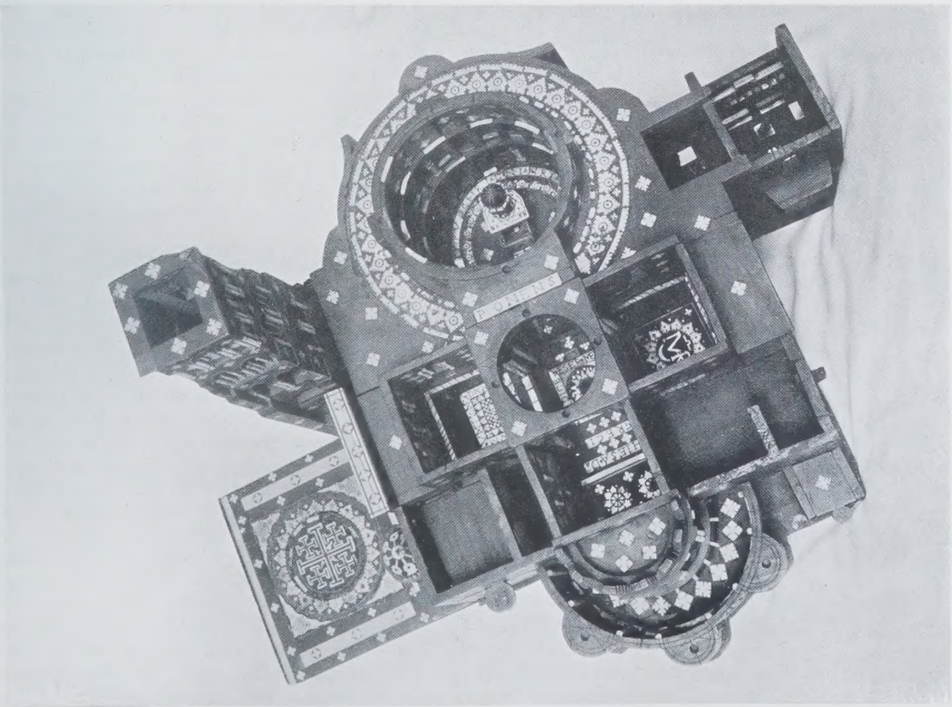
A parchment scroll (a legible copy of which is appended) accompanies the model, and gives, in ancient writing and quaint spelling, a full description of each part of the building. These are numbered to correspond with numbers on the model, making it easy to follow the plan and to find the various chapels, shrines, and sepulchres within the walls. That many of these no longer exist must be a matter of regret. The tombs of "Godfrey and Baldwin, Christian Kings," which formerly stood in the south transept close to the great south entrance, disappeared after the fire, whilst others, no doubt, fell a prey to the flames. In the centre of the Rotunda, whose dome formerly rested on twelve large columns, but which now has eighteen piers carrying a clerestory with a dome open at the top, still stands the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre, just as it did of old, its western end polygonal and its eastern end square. Here is performed that strange rite of "Holy Fire" which celebrates the Greek Easter, when the huge building is packed with pilgrims, thousands encircling the shrine and thousands lining the walls, whilst between these two masses of humanity a lane is formed and kept open by Turkish soldiers. Dean Stanley thus describes this



Mrs. Delves Broughton. THE MODEL. Copyright

curious scene: "It is about noon when this circular lane is suddenly broken through by a tangled group rushing violently round till they are caught by one of the Turkish soldiers. It seems to be the belief of the Arab Greeks that unless they run round the sepulchre a certain number of times the fire will not come. Possibly, also, there is some reminiscence of the funeral games and races round the tomb of an ancient chief. Accordingly, the night before, and from this time forward for two hours, a succession of gambols takes place, which an Englishman can only compare to a mixture of prisoner's base, football, and leapfrog, round and round the Holy Sepulchre. . . . Some are dressed in sheepskins, some almost naked, one usually preceding the rest as a fugleman, clapping his hands, to which they respond in like manner, adding also wild howls, of which the chief burden is: 'This is the tomb of Jesus Christ!' 'God save the Sultan!' 'Jesus Christ has redeemed us!'"

By and by the course is cleared for the procession, in which embroidered banners are carried; it files three times round the Sepulchre. At the third round the Turkish soldiers join in, and consent to be driven out of the building, yielding to the superstition that the descent of the Holy Fire is delayed by their presence. A wild confusion follows as the crowd closes in, banners topple over, bishops and priests fly; but by this time the "Bishop of Fire" has gained the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre and the door is shut. Close to the hole in the wall stands a priest ready to catch the fire, which is presently ignited, as the pilgrims believe, by God Himself descending upon the Holy Tomb. Every upraised hand amongst that mighty multitude holds a taper, and one by one they catch the light till the whole assembly seems on fire, till the atmosphere becomes unbearably oppressive, and a wild rush is made towards the entrance. Then through their midst "the Bishop is carried out of the chapel in triumph on the



Mrs. Delves Broughton. THE ROTUNDA AND SHRINE FROM ABOVE. Copyright

shoulders of the people in a fainting state, to give the impression that he is overcome by the glory of the Almighty from Whose immediate presence he is supposed to come."

COPY OF PARCHMENT SCROLL.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE RELIQUES WHICH ARE IN THE TEMPLE OF THE SEPULCHRE OF OUR SAVIOUR, JESUS CHRIST, IN JERUSALEM.

1. The great gate of the Temple of the Holy Sepulchre.
2. The tower for the bells.
3. The Abissines Chapel.
4. The chapel of the Holy Mountain Calvery. Where stood the Virgin Mary when they crucified our Saviour, Jesus Christ. It is in the hands of the Franciscan fathers.
5. The place and stone where our Saviour was anointed before his burial.
6. The sepulchres of Godfrey and Baldwin, Christian Kings.
7. The sepulchres of other Kings and Christian Princes.
8. The place where the Virgin Mary stood when our Saviour was anointed.
9. The stairs which lead to the Armenians.
10. The Armenians' habitation.
11. The Armenians' Church.
12. The Armenians' Altar.
13. The gate which leads to the Abyssines.
14. The ancient caves which they see in this place.
15. The sepulchres of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus.
16. The gate which leads to the Syrian Church.
17. The stone on which the Angel appeared to the two Marys and said: "He is risen, He is not here."
18. The Holy Sepulchre of our Saviour on which no nation can say masses except the Francescans.
19. The Greek Altar.
20. The Greek Church.
21. The place in the midst of the said church where they say is the midst of the world.
22. The icon of the said church.
23. The crucifix in the said church.
24. The altar in the said church
25. The gate which leads to the common cistern.
26. The place where Christ appeared to Mary Magdalene in manner of a gardener.
27. Mary Magdalene's Chapel belonging to the Francescans.
28. The gate where they enter the Francescan Church.
29. The place where a dead man was raised again by virtue of the Holy Cross.
30. The altar in the said church belonging to the Francescans where is the pillar where our Saviour was whipped, and a piece of the pillar of Repwoarth and of the Holy Sepulchre.
31. The great altar of the said church where is kept the Holy Sacrament.
32. An altar in the said church where for a time was part of the Holy Cro s.
33. The gate which leads to the Francescan habitation.
34. The gate which leads to the necessary houses.
35. The chapel where they say our Saviour was in prison, in the Greek's possession.
36. The gate which leads to the Greek Church.
37. The chapel enstyled "Longinus," which belongs to the Armenians.
38. The chapel of the dividing our Saviour's garments, in the hands of the Armenians.
39. The gate which descends to St. Helena's Chapel which is in the hands of the Armenians and the gate where St. Helena found the "Holy Crosses," which is in the hands of the Francescan fathers.
40. The chapel where was a part of the pillar of Repwoarth. It was the Abyssines, but at present it is in the hands of the Greeks.
41. The gate that leads to the Greek Church.
42. The stairs that lead to the Holy Mountain Calvery.
43. The bridge which passeth by the said stairs to the Holy Mountain Calvery.
44. The cleft in the rock of the Holy Mountain Calvery, which opened when our Saviour gave up the Ghost.
45. The hole where was fixed the Holy Cross with our Saviour.
46. The place where our Saviour was crucified.
47. . . . . (obliterated).
The Virgin was when they crucified our Saviour.

SALOME.

By ELEANOR G. HAYDEN.

THERE could be no doubt of the fact that Salome—who was known as Saylom among her acquaintances, and Sal among her intimates—was possessed of what is euphemistically termed "a temper," which means, of course, that this trait in her character was distinguished less by a "sweet reasonableness" than by force and vigour. Dick Townsend had oral demonstration both of its quality and quantity ere he had been many weeks in the village. He was strolling beside the cool murmuring stream one hot Sunday afternoon in June, when becoming drowsy like the rest of the world, save only the sun, which shone with unabated energy, he laid himself down behind a shady thicket and fell into a doze. He was roused some time later by the sound of voices near at hand. A woman was apparently delivering herself, in the direct and vivid phraseology that marks an exalted frame of mind, of her opinion respecting her companion, whose stammered apologies and excuses she brushed away like so many cobwebs.

"When I promised to let 'ee walk wi' ma, I thought you was a quiet, well-behaved young man as knowed how to treat a poor friendless orphing girl"; she wound up by saying, "but you be no better'n you ought to be simly, an' I reckon I've had anuff o' your comp'ny. You needn't call fur me nex' Sunday."

"Dang ma if ever I comes anighst 'ee agen," cried the worm, turning too late; "there be plenty moor wenches as 'ull be pl'ased to walk out wimma an' wun't scrat arraone's eyes out fur nothen. I dwunno how I've put up wi' your naesty temper sa long—I dwun't," and with this parting shaft the discomfited youth made good his retreat.

Dick waited until the rustle of his footsteps had died away ere he emerged into the open. On the grassy bank above the stream sat a girl whom he knew well by sight, and to whom he had made a few tentative advances, which had been haughtily repulsed. Her handsome features were flushed, her eyes gleamed darkly.

"Who be you, an' what d'ee mean by list'nin' an' spyin' where you wasn't wanted?" she demanded.

"I'm Dick Townsend as works on the railroad an' lodges at Bates," he answered imperturbably. "I come round the brook for peace an' quiet; who be you, an' what d'ee mean by spoilin' my Sunday arternoon nap?"

Salome gasped; this young man was little less impudent than the one she had dismissed. "I'm Saylom Woodley," she replied, too much astonished to resent his enquiries, "the servant girl at Sladens. Me an' Thomas Short as I 'lows to walk wi' me, come out for a turn, an'—an'——"

"You've sent him to the rightabout. Oh, Saylom Woodley, what a sad temper you've got."

"I can't help my temper," she returned sulkily; "I was barned wi' it, an' Thomas had no bizniss to put it up."

Dick seated himself upon the bank at a respectful distance.

"What did poor Thomas do to offend 'ee?"

She blushed to the roots of her hair. "He—he—wanted—to—gimma—a kiss."

"Ha' you bin walkin' wi' him long?"

"Six months or more."

Dick burst into a laugh. "An' d'you tell me this is the first time he's wanted to? Lord, what a poor-spiritted chap he must be! You're lookin' out for someone else to walk wi' now, then, Saylom?"

"I ain't a-goin' to ha' no more to doin' wi' men," was her dignified announcement.

He chuckled. "Oh, you ain't, ain't you?" And before she knew what was happening, he caught her round the waist and kissed her red lips. "I allus think it's best to start how you means to go on," he remarked coolly. "You an' me will keep comp'ny, Sal, an' if you flies into rages wi' me like you did wi' poor Thomas, why, I shall just stop your mouth agen—an' agen."

"So you've a-took on Saylom," remarked the discarded swain to Dick a week or two later. "I'd fight 'ee if you wurn't sa much bigger nor me. But lor' bless my soul—you'll soon ha' had anuff o' her! She's a deal too tempery for the likes o' you. When you be out mebbe I shall be back in."

"Don't you make no mistake, my son; we means stickin'. I ain't goin' to let her slip through my fingers same as you did. 'Pon my life I'm sorry for 'ee; I believe you'd go back to her tomorra if she'd have 'ee."

"Sa help ma God, that I 'ud. I likes her ter'ble, fur all she's the sart o' ooman to drive a chap to drink an' then fling in his face as a went to public."

Salome showed no sign of goading her present lover to so desperate a course. The outbursts in which from time to time she indulged provoked swift retaliation on Dick's part, so that for her dignity's sake she was fain to curb her tongue and to exercise an unwonted degree of self-control. Thomas's hopes grew dim as he watched the smooth course of his rival's wooing, and listened while Salome dilated on the "home" Dick promised to provide, and by which the girl, born in a workhouse, set such store.

"He sez if we can't find a house we can make a beginnin' in lodgin's," she confided to her quondam suitor; "but I says I 'udn't never agree to that—'twudn't be a home. He sez there ain't a house to be got fur miles round, but I tells 'un I shall tek a place away from here an' then if he wants ma, he'll find a house quick anuff. When a man can see arraone every Sunday he don't care sa much about gett'n wed, 'ee know," and she laughed, secure in the certainty of Dick's affection.

"I'd ha' got a house fur 'ee if I'd had to build 'un wi' my own hands," quoth Thomas, reproachfully. "Ah Sal, he won't never love 'ee better nor I do. 'Twas crool 'ard to turn ma off fur wantin' a kiss. I 'udn't mind laying my best Sunday breeches Dick didn't wait three months afore he had one."

"You knows nothen about it," she cried, with a fine blush,

"An' to tek up wi' 'un the very nex' Sunday—'twas 'ard—crool 'ard."

"Oh, get away, do," cried Sal, suddenly coming to an end of her patience, "an' find another girl as you said there was such a plenty on. I shall be glad to leave this place, that I shall, for to see you gloomin' about wi' your long face is anuff to mek arraone wish theirselves dead, an' you too."

It was, in fact, partly to escape from Thomas's reproaches, but still more in order, as she hoped, to spur her lover to greater effort on behalf of that "home" for which she longed, that Salome, sorely against Dick's wishes, decided to take a situation some ten miles from the village.

"Good-bye, my girl," he said, as he saw her and her box safely aboard the carrier's cart; "I shall come an' fetch you back afore long, for I shan't be able nohows to get through the summer wi'out 'ee."

"I'll come back d'reckly minnit you finds a house, my dear," replied Sal, who began now to be troubled by misgivings concerning the wisdom of her move. She had set him a more difficult task than she was aware. Owing to the proximity of the railway, houses were at a premium, and though Dick scoured the neighbourhood, he could not discover a suitable dwelling within walking distance of his work. At length fate or Providence threw a chance in his way. He wrote to Salome saying he had found a cottage and that he should put in the banns next Sunday, and in proof of his resolution he enclosed the wedding-ring for her to take care of! Farmer Sladen, in whose service she had formerly lived, promised to give the wedding dinner, and, save for one small cloud no bigger than a man's hand, Dick's horizon looked bright as heart could desire.

"Sims more like a hundred years nor six months sence you went away," he said, bestowing a hearty embrace upon his sweetheart as he lifted her down from the carrier's cart. "I ain't never goin' to part from you agen, arter to-morra, mind, never no more," and Salome smiled.

"Don't you make too sure o' that, mister," she responded, with what was, for her, a very passable attempt at coquetry. "An' now which way is it to the home as you've got ready, my dear?" was her question when the box containing her wedding finery had been deposited at the farm; "I'm just achin' to see it."

"You'll ha' to wait till to-morra fur that."

"Nonsense, I ain't a-goin' to wait—come along d'reckly minnit," and she took his arm, as he still hung back.

"The cheers an' tables won't run away," he urged; but Salome would not be denied. His obvious reluctance only stiffened her determination. "Well, if you must, you must," he said at last, wearied by her importunity. He led the way along the village street towards a pretty, creeper-clad cottage that stood in a garden a few yards from the road. Salome's smiles had vanished, Dick no longer whistled. The little cloud was gathering and spreading; already it had begun to dim their sunshine. It darkened Salome's eyes as she glanced round the clean, well-furnished kitchen into which Dick ushered her.

"Robert Alder's house," she muttered, "an'—an'—yes, 'tis poor Susan Alder's furniture. What's the meaning o' this, Dick—ha' you bought it all?"

"Bought it; why I should ha' had to be made o' money, my girl," he laughed, though his heart sank as he watched her brow contract and her lips tighten. "It's this way, you see. Susan had to go to hospital, poor soul, an' Robert was sent down the line on a job, so they was glad anuff to let me the house for—for—a couple o' months." The explanation which had seemed reasonable yesterday sounded miserably lame under Salome's hard gaze.

"Where be we goin' when they comes back?" she demanded.

"By that time we shall ha' found a place o' our own," he returned, with a cheerfulness he was far from feeling.

She stood a minute, scorched by the flame of rage that swept over her. "You've deceived ma," she began in a low tone, clutching at the shred of self-control she had acquired during the past year—"you've tricked ma, but I'll try to—— Oh!" breaking into a sudden wild cry, "it must come out! I can't kip it in—I can't!" Her passion leapt up and wrapped her about, so that she knew neither what she said nor did. All that she could remember afterwards was the vision of a white rigid face seen through a red mist; of the burning words she had poured from her tongue she did not retain the faintest memory.

When she came to herself, she was alone in the darkening kitchen. She quitted the house, locked the door, and, putting the key in her pocket, took her way with head erect to the farm. "There wun't be no weddin' to-morra," she said to Thomas, whom she met in the street. He opened his mouth to speak, but she passed, leaving him agape.

"Lor'-a-massy, you're as good as his wife!" exclaimed Mrs. Sladen, to whom she communicated the same intelligence. "I never heard tell o' no one breakin' off the marriage arter they'd been called three times. I misdoubts me as you can do't."

Upon this point, however, Salome had not any misgivings, and there was no wedding on the morrow. Dick, after hanging about for a week, vainly endeavouring to get speech of her, disappeared from the village, while Salome remained on at the farm until she should find another place. The present was Thomas Short's opportunity; evenings and Sundays he haunted the spots where Salome was likely to be seen. When they met, however, the dumb misery in her eyes drove all thoughts of self out of his mind, and he could only show his love by a silent sympathy, for which she was grateful. Slowly and heavily the days dragged past. More than one letter came for her, which she dropped into the fire unread. Robert Alder's house was still unoccupied, though poor Susan had died in the hospital and her husband's "tempor'y job" had proved permanent. Salome never passed the snug little dwelling without a shiver.

Dick had been gone nearly two months when a stranger came to the farm one afternoon. "Do Dick Townsend's wife live 'ere?" he asked. Half mechanically, scarce realising what she said, Salome answered in the affirmative. The man looked with interest at her handsome gipsy face, over which a painful flush had spread. "Maybe you's her?"

"Yes," she said again, hiding her left hand beneath her right.

"He's bin workin' on the line near Broadgate an' has fell ill; doctor sez he might get better or he mightn't. He wants bad to see his wife, so the comp'ny's sent me up to fetch you. Can you be ready to start at eight o'clock this evening?"

Salome steadied herself against the doorpost. The conflict in her breast between love and pride was sharp.

"I wun't go," she said, at length, raising her head. "He deceived me, an' I wun't ha' no more to doo wi' him."

"But the poor chap's ill an' wants you! Surely you'd never be sa crool——"

"Yes, I would! He must want, and you can tell him so!" With that she shut the door upon further expostulation. "As like as not 'tis on'y another o' his tricks to get ma down there," she remarked, as she went about her duties. "I'm glad, h'wever, that I ha'n't bin fooled this time!" So glad was she that, when the afternoon's work was done, she stole out to the orchard to indulge in a quiet cry—of pleasure! There Thomas found her, after searching kitchen, "back-place," and yard.

"Is't true what the man sez—as you wun't go wi' 'un?" he asked, tremulously.

"Aye, 'tis true anuff."

"Then I think you be a wicked, onthankful ooman," he returned.

Salome sat up in her surprise. "What d'ee mean?"

"When the Lard sends 'ee a chanst o' mendin' the mischief your ter'ble temper's done, you goes an' throws it back at 'Un. I didn't think it o' you, Saylom."

"D'you want me to go to 'un, then?"

Thomas hesitated. "If so be as ther' was any chanst o' you takin' up wi' me—but—but—you could never keer about me along o' Dick. An' you're as good as his wife; you loves 'un—go back to 'un, Sal."

She flung herself down and buried her face in the grass. "Oh! I loves 'un; I loves 'un as my own soul! I'd run all the way to 'un on my naked feet—if—he hadn't deceived ma!"

"That's—tha-at's it," blubbered Thomas, who was crying in sympathy; "you wants everybody to be perfeck 'cept yourself. You may have your tempers, as is anuff to drive a man to drink fur the rest o' his days; but I mustn't do this, an' Dick must do t'other. All in your way, else we be wrong."

"He didn't ought to ha' said he'd a home when he hadn't," she sobbed.

"No, a-course he didn't ought to; an' a-course you was quite right to drive 'un to't by swearin' you 'udn't marry 'un 'cept at your own pleasure! 'Twas the on'y house fur miles roun', an' it's stood empty ever since; but that don't put you in the wrong—no, a-course not."

"I wishes I could die," wailed Salome.

"'Tis Dick as is a-goin' to do that, an' you as is goin' to live misrubble. Get up"—shaking her by the shoulder—"get up, I tells 'ee, an' put your things in a bundle. I be gwine to find that railway chap an' say you'll be ready to start at eight o'clock."

Infected by his energy, she sprang to her feet. "What's come over 'ee, Thomas? I've never seen you like this afore. If you'd mastered ma an' taken what you wanted that Sunday when you asked for a kiss, I shouldn't never ha' given you the go-by."

"Don't you think I knows that as well as you now, my dear? There, make haste an' put up your clothes. I can't a-be'r to see you lookin' sa wretched."

"'Tis a good job as you come to a better mind," said the railway man, as they were whirled through the summer night. "'Twud ha' bin a pity if your husban' had died wi'out seein' you."

"He ain't a-gwine to die; I won't let him," was her fierce retort.

"Aye, that's it; hope for the best. I'd a hard matter to

find you, missus. Two or three women I asked in the village would have it Dick wasn't married. If it hadn't been for a short young feller wi' a white face, same as come to tell me you was goin' arter all, I should be wanderin' round there still a-lookin' for you."

"What did he say?"

"He swore as Dick's wife lived up at the farm. Knowed her well, he said. I s'pose he's right?" with a glance at her left hand, on which a wedding-ring now gleamed.

"Aye, he's right, is Thomas," she answered, and relapsed into silence.

That night journey lived in Salome's memory as a fevered dream. She had never travelled by rail before, and the rapid motion, the roar with which they shot the bridges, the inky blackness and the thunder of the tunnels, the glaring lights of the stations, with the dark moving figures below, formed in her brain a weird phantasmagoria, while ever cold at her heart lay the dread lest she should arrive too late. When at length in the grey dawn she stood beside Dick's bed, and looked down on his face, white as she had last seen it, but, oh, how pinched and drawn, she gave an exceeding bitter cry.

"He's dead—he's dead, an' I can never tell 'un as I didn't mean 't!"

Her voice pierced the shadows amid which he lay. He opened his eyes and smiled feebly at her.

"Missus," he whispered, as his weak fingers sought hers, "I was a-feared you 'udn't come. I wun't never deceive 'ee agen, my dear."

She dropped on her knees and put her arms about him. "D'wun't talk like that. It breaks my heart to hear 'ee. Ah, Dick, dear"—with a watery smile—"I dursn't never cast it up agen 'ee, seein' how I've helped to cheat the railway man."

"I means to get well anuff to go home afore the three months is out," he told her at intervals, "so's we needn't be called agen. We'll get parson to mek it square, if I has to be car'd to church."

This, in fact, is what they did; and Thomas Short, his plain features illuminated by unselfish joy, gave the bride away.

THE DUTCH GARDEN.—III.

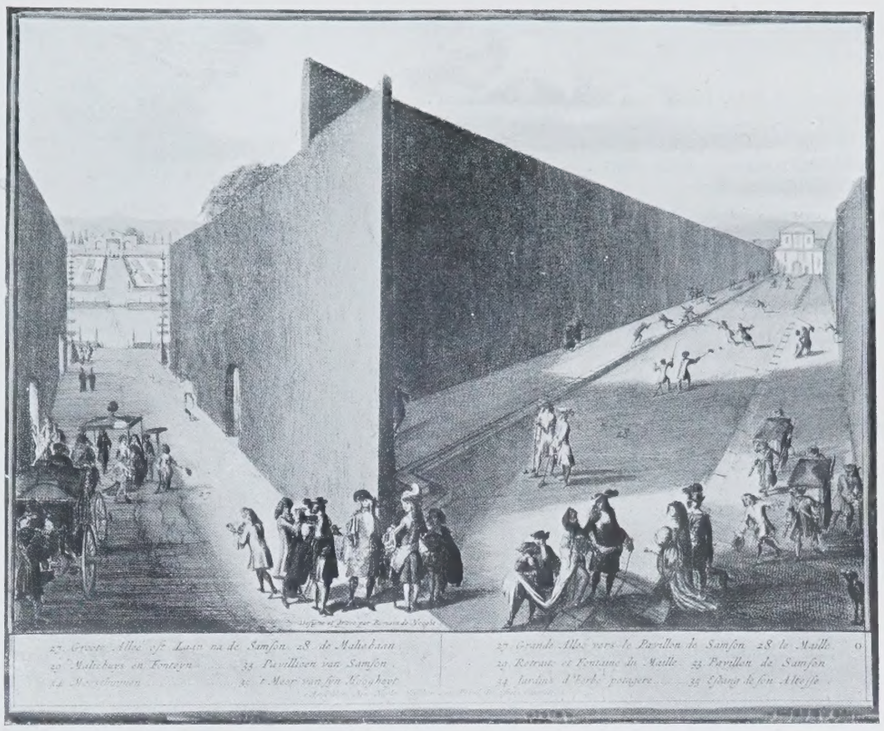
As promised in my last article, I will now give an analysis of King William III.'s royal gardens at Loo as described by Dr. Harris. On the north side of the palace there is a large garden divided into two parts, the upper and lower, separated by canals, by a low walk and broad cross-walk planted on each side with a double row of tall oaks, and in the centre an open space without trees for the view of the fountains, porticoes, and cascades. The lower garden has a terrace walk on three sides of it looking up on the fountain of Venus, and beyond it the fountain of Hercules. In the cross-walk on the right is a fountain of a celestial globe, and on the left of a terrestrial globe. At the end of the walk is the cascade of Narcissus on the right, and the cascade of Galatea on the left. In the upper garden is a noble fountain with a vast basin and thirty-three spouts throwing up water 45ft. high. Further on is a fountain with the water rising in the form of a peacock's tail, under which are divers cascades. Here, also, are two large porticoes, or semi-circular cloisters, supported on pillars; each gallery is forty paces long and six broad, the walls frescoed with gods and goddesses. The king's garden lies under his apartments, with a noble fountain and three parterres, and a bowling green adjoining. Westward we come to the labyrinth, or wilderness, with fountains of Tritons, dolphins, and sea-dragons, statuary, and paintings. From one fountain can be seen eight walks (four gravel and four green), between hedges 7ft. and 8ft. high. The queen's garden under her apartments is also divided into two—one of three parterres of flowers bordered with box, and having pyramidal juniper trees. On the walls are trained fruit trees and grapes, and they are also hung with paintings. A gilt Orion, playing on a lute and riding on a dolphin, forms the fountain, with eight gilded sea-horses on its margin jetting water from their nostrils. The rest of the garden is composed of long gravel walks under arbours or berceaux, some with three or four steps in the centre, having flower-pots at their corners. The arbours have open spaces, or windows, lower than the parterres. Fountains are innumerable; semi-circular seats, painted green, are placed in four little gardens, or parterres, separated by Dutch elm hedges, 4ft. high, from the gravel walks intersecting one another. Orange and lemon trees in portable wooden frames, and flower-pots about them; a grotto of trees, flints, and shells, disposed in a rough *grotesco* manner, with an aviary in one corner of it, are features. There is another garden for retirement, with walks and hedges of witch-elm 8ft. high, with a gate of wrought iron painted blue and gilt. More fountains—one with six stone Cupids round it—complete the inventory. From the queen's garden you enter the Volière or fowl garden, whence you issue into the park, with the long canal and the queen's grove.

POND AND GROTTO AT DIEREN.

EARL OF ALBEMARLE'S HOUSE AT VOORST.

For minor differences from the ordinary garden we observe that the terrace walks consist of a green strip in the middle, and a gravel walk on each side of the green. Green slopes are frequent, at the upper part of which there are a number of pipes of water 1ft. apart, with copper heads for watering the slope, with stones 1½ft. square at every 4yds. distance,

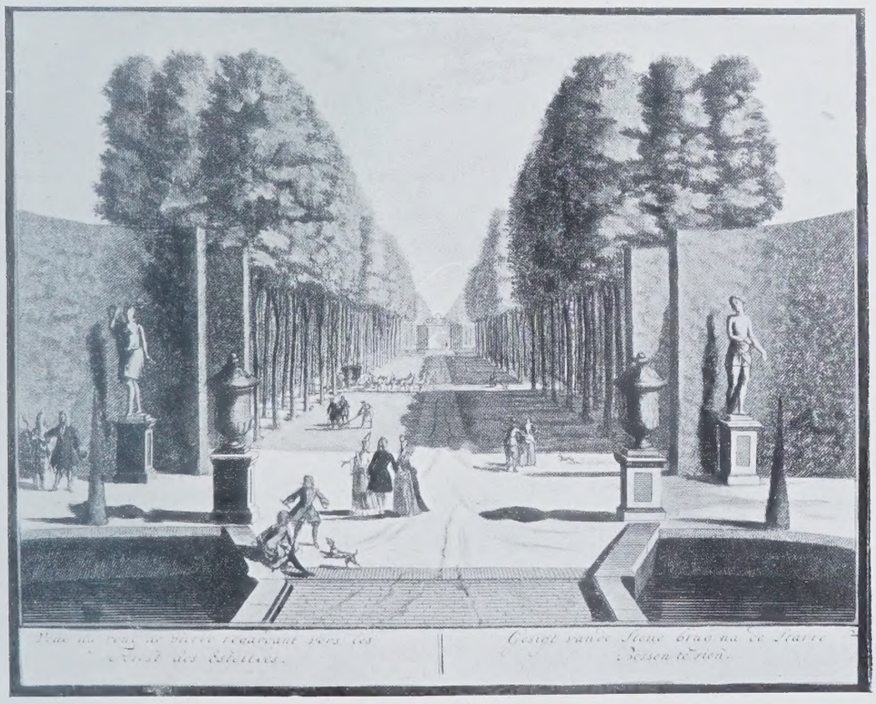
on which are placed urns and flower-pots, and seats with frescoes painted behind them. A description of one of the most elaborate fountains must do duty for the rest: A noble fountain, with a marble statue of Venus at full length in the centre of the basin, and one of Cupid at her left, with a gilded bow. The pedestal is formed by a small whale, with four gilded Tritons below it, each blowing a large trumpet, from the end of which the water flows. Around the Tritons are gilt rushes and water-lilies. Four gilt swans spout water towards the statue. The basin is bordered by blue stone, cut into four angles, and four crescents. The canals are walled and bordered with freestone, and paved with dark mosaic, in the centre of black and white diamond pattern, and have spouts throwing up the water. A noble cascade falls into three half-oval carved basins, one below the other. The beds and parterres are not only adorned with pyramids of juniper and box, but with shrubs of marshmallows of all colours, and a variety of flowers. The aviaries or volières are very fully described. The park is a great space of ground, containing many long green walks, nurseries, fountains, canals, cascades, fishponds, and divers cornfields within the gates. We notice that the water has an advantage over that of Versailles in running constantly.



PALL MALL GROUND AT ENGHIEN BY ROMAIN LE HOOGHE.

The park and gardens at Enghien (see illustration) had in the eighteenth century belonged to the Duc d'Aremberg, and had suffered considerably in the course of the French Revolution, and by the treatment of the French soldiers, by whom the conservatory and hothouses were used as cavalry stables. Neill in 1823 found that after the expulsion of Napoleon, the then duke had been busily employed in removing the traces of the troops and restoring the gardens, and gives us the following account of its then condition:

"Mr. Chatillon next conducted us into the most highly-ornamented parts of the park of Enghien. We ascended an avenue lined with tall trees, leading towards a large temple situate on an elevated spot, from which the ground declines in every direction. We had no sooner reached the precincts of the building than we perceived that we were in the centre of the Grand *Etoile* of Enghien Park, the praises of which we recollected to have long ago read. The temple is of a heptangular shape, or fronts seven different ways. At the angles on every side are two parallel columns, placed about a foot apart. From the seven large centres proceed as many broad, straight, and long avenues of noble trees, affording vista prospects of the distant country in all these directions; and from the seven small centres, formed by each pair of columns, proceed an equal number of small and narrow *allées*, each terminated by some statue, bust, vase, or other ornament. The predilection for *seven*, as the number of perfection, is here as remarkable as we found it at Brussels. The temple is moated, or immediately surrounded by a pond, or circular canal, the whole is cased with marble, a handsome bridge is thrown over the canal. Along the ledges of this bridge are the remains of fountains, which are no longer capable of exhibiting their beauties or the tricks of hydraulic machinery.



AN AVENUE AT ENGHIEN WITH FOLIAGE SCREENS.

"The orangery was surrounded and sheltered by forest trees on every side: it contained in all 108 orange trees; about a dozen of them were two centuries old, and had at first belonged to Isabella of Spain when Governor of the Netherlands. They afterwards became the property of one of the Emperors of Germany, and from him to one of the Dukes d'Aremberg. Marble busts, vases, and statuary are interspersed; the heads of the orange trees are cut into round bushes, like so many vegetable balloons: this was partly from ancient custom and partly to restrain exuberance of growth, and to form numerous flower-buds. . . . From the orangery a wide berceau walk, covered with hornbeams, conducts to the remains of the château."

Holland has long been famous for its Physic or Botanical Gardens, from the days when the Garden of Simples was practically the apothecary's shop; and even before the days of the Public Physic Garden we read in Guicciardini, the Italian traveller in the sixteenth century, how its fine private medicine-gardens flourished. "Without the Gate of Saint Jacques, at the village of Bourgeur-hout, is the noble garden of Master Peter de Couberge, apothecary, a learned and virtuous man, in which, besides many sorts of ordinary simples, which grow and increase daily here and elsewhere, are to be found more than 400 sorts of foreign simples. Alike a league and a-half from Bruges, in the Signory of Moerkercke, Charles de Saint Omer, Seigneur of the same, most qualified gentleman, has an admirable garden, with innumerable kinds of excellent simples, besides thousands of other delights." The Public Physic Garden of Leyden was founded 1577, with Augerius Clusius as first director, succeeded in 1589 by Petrus Paaw, who published a history and plan of the garden in 1601. Our illustration is from an engraving by Overadt in 1658.

And now to name—and to name is to praise—a few of the great men associated with the gardens and flowers of Holland:

First, Matthias de l'Obel, or Lobel, the godfather of the lobelia, physician to our King James I., and author of "Plantarum Stirpium Historia" (1576), who tells us the Flemings of his day brought home plants from the Levant and the two Indies, and that exotics were more cultivated by them than by any other nation. In his "Adversaria" (Lond., 1605) Lobel gives a catalogue from Clusius of thirty-eight varieties of the anemone. (Loudon.)

The great Boerhaave was long Professor of Botany in Leyden, and Deleuze says that a ship never left the ports of

Holland the captain of which was not desired to procure seeds and plants from foreign parts.

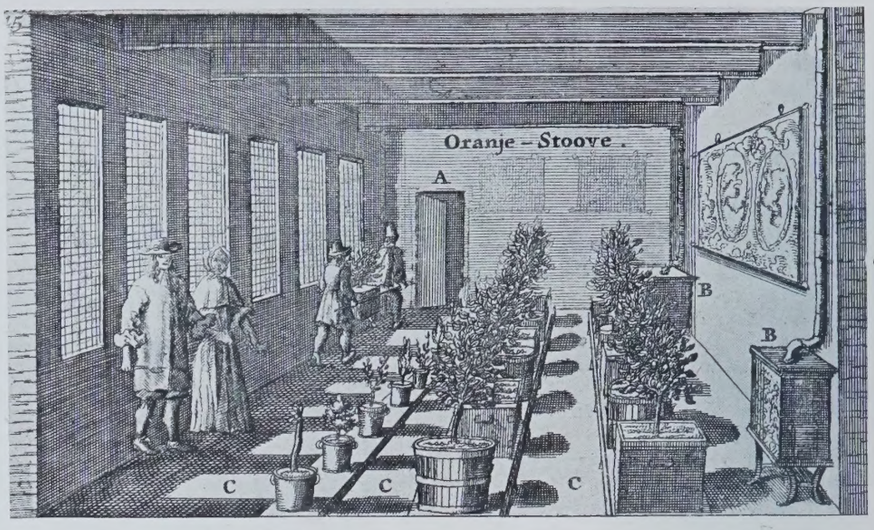
The Botanic Garden of Amsterdam, under the direction of John and Gaspar Commelyn, was the first European garden that procured a specimen of the coffee tree about 1690, from which a seedling was sent to Paris in 1714; two seedlings were sent hence to Martinique in 1726, and these, the Abbé de Raynal states, in his "Histoire du Commerce," produced all the coffee trees now cultivated in the French colonies; the gardens of Clifford, near Haarlem, Antwerp, and Utrecht were all in turn celebrated.

In 1579 Dodoens published a catalogue of the Antwerp Garden, and in 1737 Linnæus published the "History of the Gardens of Clifford near Haarlem." (Loudon.)

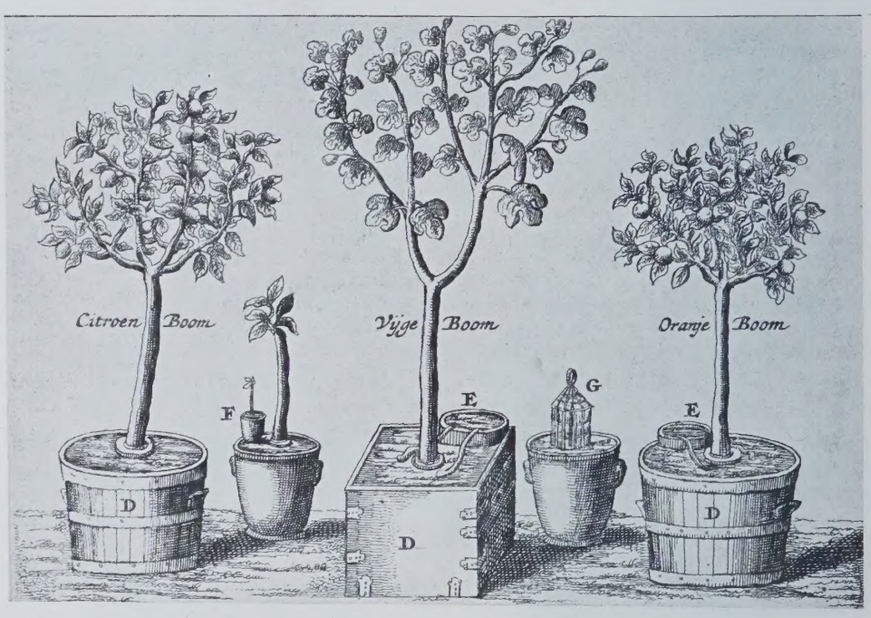
Beckford, the author of "Vathek," than whom a more tasteful and eloquent "praiser" of gardens never lived, writing in July, 1780, thus describes the route from Amsterdam to Utrecht: "Both sides of the way are lined with the country houses and gardens of opulent citizens, as fine as gilt statues and clipped hedges can make them. Their number is quite astonishing. From Amsterdam to Utrecht, full thirty miles, we beheld no other objects than endless avenues and stiff parterres, scrawled and flourished in patterns like the embroidery of an old maid's work-bag." Beckford did not share the taste for the Gallic "Parterre de Broderie," as the "carpet gardening" of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was called, the designs for which to-day serve as models for the jewellers and metal-workers of Birmingham.

But, continues Beckford, "notwithstanding this formal taste, I could not help admiring the neatness and arrangement of every enclosure, enlivened by a profusion of flowers, and decked with arbours, beneath which a vast number of consequential personages were solacing themselves after the heat of the day. Each *lusthuys* we passed contained some comfortable party dozing over their pipes, or angling in the muddy fish-ponds below."

So far we have visited only the more princely and grandiose gardens of Holland; but in the following description of Broek, borrowed from De Amicis's sketch of Holland, we descend from the heroic and gigantic to the minute and dwarf-like gardens, such as only Holland (or, perhaps, in some respects, Japan) can produce:

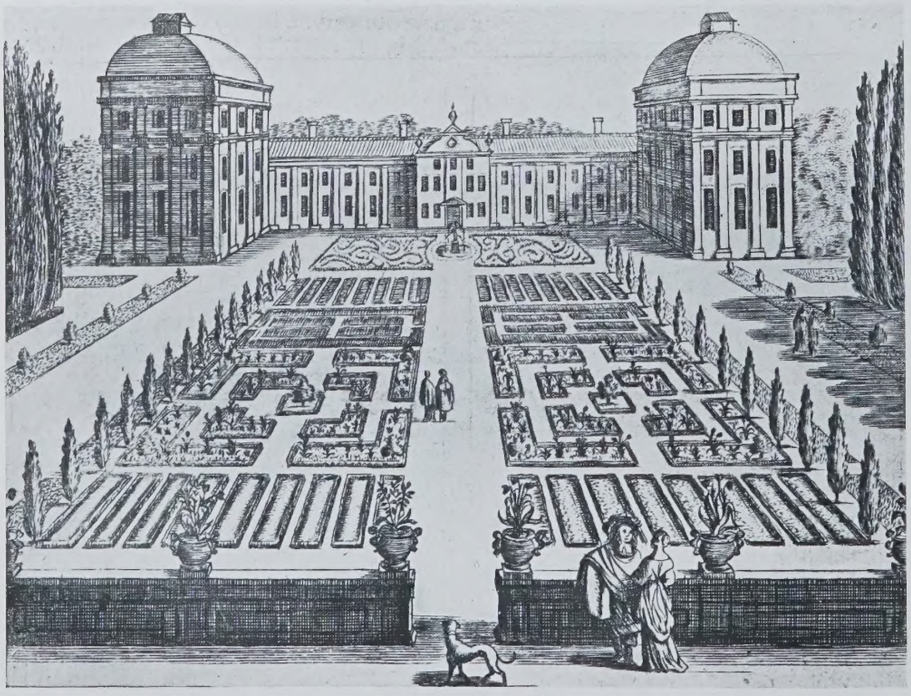


THE ORANGERY, VAN DER GROEN.



METHOD OF CULTURE.

"All the houses are surrounded by small gardens, separated from the street by a sky blue paling in the form of a balustrade, with wooden apples and oranges on the top of the pales. . . . But the absurdity is still greater in the garden. Here are bridges a palm long, grottoes and cascades of miniature proportions, small rustic chapels, Greek temples, Chinese kiosks, Indian pagodas, painted statues; tiny figures with gilded feet and hands, which bounce out of flower-baskets; automata of life size that smoke and spin; doors which open with a spring and display a company of puppets seated at a table; little basins with swans and geese in zinc; paths paved with a mosaic of shells, with a fine porcelain vase in the middle; trees cut into a representation of the human figure, bushes of box carved into the shapes of bell-towers, chapels, ships, chimæras, peacocks with spread tails, and children with arms stretched out; paths, arbors, hedges, flowers, plants all contorted, tormented, twisted, and bastardised. And such in former times were all the houses and gardens of Broek."



TITLE-PAGE OF "DE NIEWE VERSLAANDIGEN HOVENIER" (1670).

I must postpone to another opportunity the pleasant task of tracing how far the Dutch style influenced our own art of garden-design, as exemplified most prominently at Hampton Court under the *régime* of the famous gardeners London and Wise.

A. Forbes Sieveking.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BIDEFORD AND CHARLES KINGSLEY

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—I think it may be of interest to all admirers of Charles Kingsley to know that a statue of that great lover of country life is to be erected on Bideford Quay, in the town which he has made so familiar to thousands who have never seen it. Out of the £630 required for the work, about two-thirds has been raised, and there is every reason to hope that the remainder

will be forthcoming. The scheme has the full approval of his relations, and the hon. secretary of the committee appointed to carry it out, Mr. W. B. Seldon, of Bideford, will be happy to give intending subscribers any further details they may wish for.—L. T.

FRIENDS OR FOES.

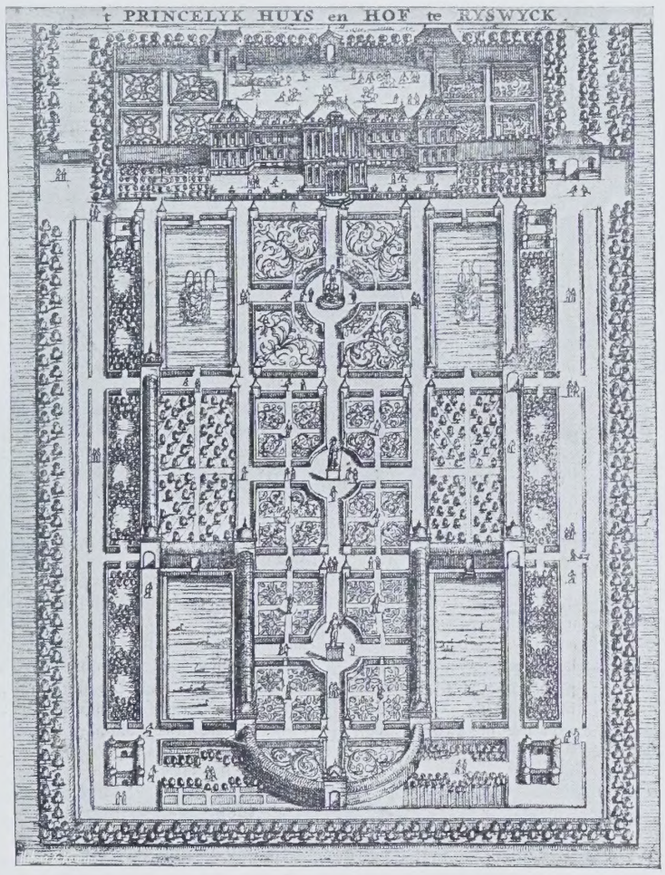
[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—That starlings are deteriorating in their usefulness in some gardens may be true, but it is equally true that in others they still confine themselves almost entirely to the lawns and shrubberies, and do no damage whatever to the kitchen garden. I speak from experience gained from the constant use of the field-glass; and even our old gardener is fast overcoming a lurking prejudice he had against them. If they would cease blocking up spouts, their presence would be nothing but welcome.—H.

DOG-LOVE.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—The following episode in the life of a dog will, I trust, seem to you deserving of notice. A bitch having become foster-mother to a litter of six or seven puppies, of whom one was small and feeble, while the others were robust and healthy, took notice that, in the struggle at mealtimes, the poor little chap was hustled by his brothers and sisters out of the place that ought to be his, and always failed to get anything like his proper share of what she was so willing to provide for all her adopted family. Moved, no doubt, by pity for her fragile foster-child, she one day took him in her mouth and jumped with him on to a couch in the room, out of the reach of the other children, and then and there let him feed at pleasure, free from interruption by them, until he was fully satisfied, when she left the couch and went to administer sustenance as usual to her other babies. This she continued to do at feeding-times, day after day, until the little creature had by her affectionate and wise maternal care of him become sufficiently able-bodied to take unassisted his own part at the daily distribution of his foster-mother's favours. Could anything be more touching and beautiful than this action of a creature not in the interest of its own, but of its adopted offspring? Could the tenderest mother have done more for her own dearly-loved, ailing child? Realising from such conduct as this something as to the depth of the love and pity which can move the heart, and the wisdom which animates the brain, of a dog, can it be wondered at that that creature is, above all other creatures, loved so intensely by multitudes of human beings in every clime and of every class?—Peter.



GROUND PLAN OF ROYAL GARDENS AT RYSWICK.

INSTANCE OF A DOG'S "HOMING" FACULTY.

[To the Editor.]

Sir,—There has come to my knowledge lately an instance, perfectly authentic, of the "homing" faculty, so called, of dogs, which has the added interest of showing a curious idiosyncrasy of canine character. The hero of the story is a "chow." He was brought by train and cab from Roehampton to a house in Halkin Street. After staying contentedly in the Halkin Street house for some days it appears that the dog grew weary of town life, for it vanished, creating much alarm and distress by its disappearance. Telegraphic communication soon showed that the dog had returned to its old country home at Roehampton, and comparison of the time when last it was seen in Halkin Street with the time when it appeared at Roehampton proved that it must have travelled at a fair pace, without serious delay in finding its way from the one place to the other. Of course, the distance is not great, but the fact that the dog could thus direct itself accurately along roads unfamiliar, and indeed utterly strange, to it (for naturally its transit by train to Waterloo and thence by cab could give it no information about the way it should take when travelling on its own feet) must be put down as yet another instance of problems of a like kind which seem to be beyond all human solution. So far the story is merely illustrative of this strange faculty. What follows is illustrative of a singular trait of character on part of the dog. After staying for a few days at Roehampton (it is to be understood that some sort of an establishment, either of masters or servants, friendly to it was maintained both at Roehampton and in Halkin Street) it apparently grew tired of the tamer joys of the country and suddenly returned again to the Halkin Street house. Thus it rang the changes between its town and country residences during the whole of the time that its owners were tenants of the London house. The repetitions of its journey, of course, are easily to be understood, but show a curious desire for variety of scene and surroundings that is not altogether canine, as we commonly conceive of the canine character. The first journey is the only one that sets a puzzle, but it is a hard puzzle.—H. G. Hutchinson.

A SPRING EVENING ON CHISWICK EYOT.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—Some proof of the way in which the natural life of birds and plants may continue on the London river in places which are protected but let alone, and not embanked and "municipalised," may be found in the following notes made opposite Chiswick Eyot before sunset on Saturday last. It was a beautiful April evening, and the sun had brought into blossom thousands of celandines, growing among the stocks of the osiers, an ample crop of which was cut last year, for the island, though its lower end is in the London boundary, is still rated as "agricultural land." A pair of swans were solemnly making their useless nest, which is certain to be flooded in the spring-tides, and the trees and bushes on the Middlesex bank were full of hedge-sparrows, singing their spring song. A carrion crow was flying across from the reservoir enclosure on the Surrey side, and was at once attacked and mobbed by a flock of pied wagtails. These latter appeared in numbers the day before, as they do every year in the first weeks of April, making a migration of some kind. They drop in just before evening, exactly as the migrating swallows do. Yet they are not supposed to leave England in the winter. At the very early date of June 16th numbers of these birds, this time all young ones, will come to the Eyot on another migration, though why and whither I have no idea. I have seen as many as sixty at a time running about on the margin of the water at low tide, and on one occasion a pair of sandpipers, almost as tame, were feeding with them. But to go back to last Saturday. The air at least 800ft. above was full of gulls, "floating spiral aerial," a form of amusement which generally takes place so high as to be above the angle of ordinary vision, while on the river a pair of moorhens were paddling across to the Middlesex shore and back, apparently with a view to nesting. Lastly, as some eights came racing down the river, they put up a pair of wild ducks, which, after flying round in circles, went off and dropped on the reservoirs opposite. The spring migrants, such as the reed-warbler, sedge-warbler, cuckoo, and white-throat, have not yet come. On the other hand, that hardy villain, the brown rat, which here is entirely riverine, was much in evidence, swimming across to the Eyot and playing on the mud. It is to be hoped that, whoever fate ordains to be the ultimate authority presiding over the destinies of the river, this bit of natural Thames scenery may always be preserved. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners own all but a few yards at the upper end.—C. J. Cornish.

DEW-PONDS.

[To the Editor.]

Sir,—I should be very much obliged if any of your correspondents could give me any information concerning dew-ponds. Has it been explained in any satisfactory manner how the ponds are supplied with water? And where could one see a good example now or in the course of the summer?—Lichen Grey.

[The means by which the water is distilled from fog, as well as from dew, is not known. Some account of various dew-ponds believed to be prehistoric will be found in "Neolithic Dew-ponds and Cattleways," by A. J. and George Hubbard (Longmans, 3s. 6d. net), just published.—Ed.]

BIRDS SINGING AT NIGHT.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—*Apropos* of the reference made in your paper, Country Life, to birds singing by artificial light, your readers may be interested to hear that we brought a wild robin with us when we returned to London from the country at the end of September, and he not only seems perfectly happy in a cage, but sings the greater part of the day and evening when the electric lights are going. He is never covered up.—L. H. A.

[It is hard to think of a robin in a cage as "perfectly happy," and we can only wish him speedy liberation from his prison.—Ed.]

THE FIRST SWALLOW.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

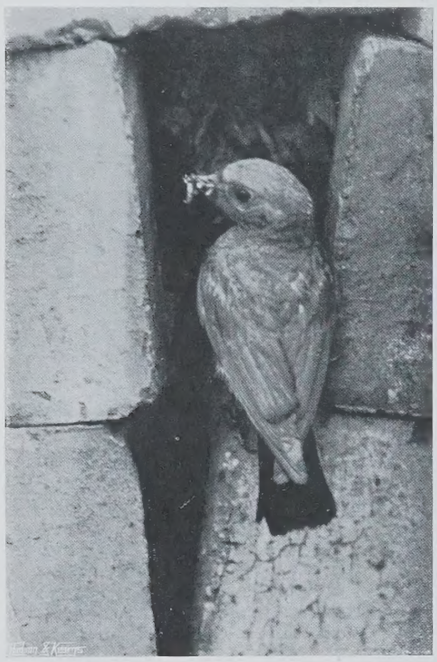
Sir,—Can any of your readers interested in migratory bird life kindly inform me if the very early appearance of the swallow in this neighbourhood, Chifnal St. James', is general in other parts of the country this spring? I observed

the first two birds on April 4th, a dull, cold morning; and the following day, which was brighter, two or three birds were merrily darting and skimming through garden and over moat. For many years past the swallow has returned here between the dates April 18th to 26th, when the weather usually has proved far more settled and genial than at the present moment.—CHELMSFORD.

REDSTARTS AS GARDEN PETS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With the exception of such illustrious rarities as the golden oriole and bee-eater, the redstart can fairly claim to be the most brilliant of our summer visitors; indeed, the cock, with his grey back, black bib, and rich orange-chestnut breast and tail, has quite a tropical appearance. The hen is a soberly-clad little creature, but her drab plumage is relieved by a tail nearly as red as her mate's, and both emphasise the conspicuousness of this appendage by constantly communicating to it what has been well described as "a vibrant wag," the lateral quiver irresistibly suggesting something hung on springs. Due to appear in the present month, the redstart will be a visitor to many gardens, where it will prove a useful and ornamental guest. In respect of its methods of procuring its insect prey, the bird is half robin and half flycatcher, seizing its quarry either in repose or on the wing; and so clever is it in catching flying insects that it will successfully attempt the chase of the small white butterfly, a garden pest which does not enter into the bill of fare of every bird by any means. Many birds find its flickering flight too baulking, and the spotted flycatcher is said to dislike it. It would seem to be worth while to take some trouble to encourage so altogether desirable a bird as this, and this can be done in more ways than one. Suitable nesting-boxes will attract it, as it is a builder in holes, and Mr. Oxley Grabham's photographs show the birds domiciled in a dry wall. It is essential not to hang the boxes in a windy situation, nor more than 2yds. from the ground, and a perch at the entrance hole is to be avoided, as such only forms an invitation for the clumsier sparrow. Supposing, however, the birds do not take to the boxes provided, and have made up their mind to nest elsewhere, they can still be conciliated by feeding, and this proceeding is desirable in any case. By far the most convenient dainty with which to tempt them is the mealworm, an inoffensive insect easily obtained from bird-dealers, and to be kept without difficulty on stale bread in a tin. A few of them thrown in the birds' way daily ought soon to conciliate them, as they are much liked, not only by birds in captivity, but by wild ones, which either never get quite so much to eat as they would like, or cannot resist a creature which, from its indoor-living habits, is a strange delicacy to them. The redstart in captivity has been found to be very fond of cockroaches, and exposure of the beetle-trap with its captives in the garden would be a simple way of effecting an introduction of the insects to the free bird.—FRANK FINN.

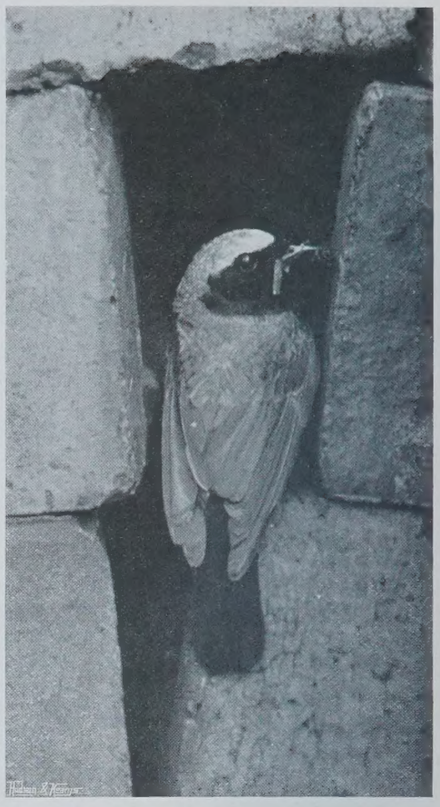


FOOD FOR HER FAMILY.
Hen bird with beak full of insects.

ANGLER'S PARADISE IN SOUTH FLORIDA.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Miami (pronounced My-ah-mee), a thriving little town in Biscayne Bay, a healthy winter resort on account of its beautiful climate, and a deservedly-favourite place among anglers, naturalists, yachtsmen, artists, and amateur photographers, is distant 366 miles by Florida East Coast Railroad from Jacksonville, which place can be reached either by rail from New York, or, better still, by the large 3,000—4,000-ton comfortable steamers of the Clyde line from New York. These steamers also call at Charleston, S.C. There is also communication (which I learn is to be greatly improved) between Miami and Nassau, also Key West and Havana. Hotels—Royal Palm and Hotel Biscayne; also a fine new one completing, called Halcyon Hall, with every improvement, which ought to be excellent, as it will be under the same management as the Hotel Biscayne. Biscayne Bay is a long (36 miles), narrow inlet, opening towards the south. Between the shore and the Atlantic Ocean are islands known as keys, covered with trees and vegetation. Virginia Key is the farthest north, and two channels, known as passes or cuts, lead from Biscayne Bay to the ocean. There is excellent fishing in these passes—Norris Cut and Bear Cut. The fish shown in the photograph are kingfish (Scomboromorus cavalla). They numbered twenty, weighed in all 225lb. (the two best were 16lb. each), but there were also seven large kingfish unweighed, bitten short off by the head, some quite close to the boat, by those nuisances, sharks and large barracuda. These fish were taken on hand-line, trailing a block-tin squid; but a piece of red flannel tied to a large hook does as well. They are a game fish, jump high out of the water, and give fine sport on rod and line. Kingfish are very strong, and it is advisable to wear cotton gloves stuffed with cotton-wool. These cost 15c. This catch of mine took place between 8.30 and 9.45 in the morning. Other catches we had, with two lines out: 60 fish, 465½lb.; 44 fish, 366lb.; 30 fish, 270lb.; 25 fish, 301lb.; 15 fish, 185lb. Kingfish, when large, are coarse, but are dried and sent in great quantities to Catholic countries. Spanish mackerel, another large and game fish, are taken trailing. They are most excellent eating, and, with the pampano, bluefish, red snapper, and yellow-tail, about the nicest sea-fish America produces. Crevalle, both Caranx hippos and Caranx crysos, give excellent sport, as do barracuda (which run large) and amber jack (going up to 45lb). Of fish taken on ground-lines, the Hamlet or Nassau grouper, rockfish, hogfish, and mutton-fish run to a good size. Besides these there are several varieties of angel and parrot fishes, brilliantly coloured; eight or ten kinds of grunts, pretty fish, and mostly good eating, despite their ugly name; two kinds of bone-fish, a large and game kind of herring that goes up to 10lb.; sand-perch innumerable (I got 150 in three hours); ugly wretches like toadfish, garfish, needle-fish, candle-fish, etc.—the list is endless; besides fresh-water fish up the Miami: Large-mouthed black bass, taken on fly or spear; dark green bream or "brim," mullet, fresh-water perch (not unlike our English ones), and fresh-water garfish. A motor-launch, hired by the day, costs 8dol., and the "guides" are mighty keen fishermen. My man, Uriah A. Dillet, never spared any trouble or pains to show one good sport. The fever at Miami is of a very mild type, and no one need catch it if they use only a little common-sense.—FRANK CUSHNY.



COCK REDSTART
At entrance to nest in wall

A BAG OF KINGFISH.

COUNTRY LIFE

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MRS. FRANCIS EGERTON AND HER CHILDREN.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE *can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.*

THE STATE AND POOR CHILDREN

A CONSIDERABLE agitation has been going on for some time past in regard to the national treatment of those children whose parents cannot, or do not, feed them adequately. Like many other questions, it has several sides to it, and we hope that a matter of this kind will never be thrust into the arena of party politics, there to become a bone of contention. In fact, the use of political terms in regard to it is to be deprecated. Certain proposals have been brought before the provincial municipalities and discussed by them. The root idea is that it is quite useless to relieve the hunger of poor children at a moment of acute distress and then to fling them back to their families to be again misused and under-fed. But at first it would be necessary to make some definition. The State has long recognised a certain responsibility for the absolutely destitute, and if children are really starving they can be taken to the workhouse and fed. But in that case the Poor Law Guardians would have power to proceed against the parents of the children, and oblige them to pay for this maintenance. Now there may be two opinions as to the advisability of putting children in the workhouse; there can be only one in regard to making the parents responsible for their offspring. A very large proportion of the class of children we are referring to ought never to have been born at all; their fathers and mothers in many cases not only lack the means to support a family, but are so low in physique that they have no prospect of producing any but the most feeble children. Without undue interference with the liberty of the subject, it would be difficult to insist on a man and woman passing the doctor before being allowed to enter into the bonds of matrimony. No practical proposal, at any rate, has ever been made to render such unions illegal; but the evil that springs from them is patent. They do but perpetuate disease, feebleness, and decay. The only machinery by which the State can operate against imprudent marriages is indirect in its character. Virtually, what the law says to a man and woman is, "You have been responsible for this child coming into the world, and until it is fit to take care of itself it will be your duty to do so." But then it may be answered that this is theory pure and simple. The State has already assumed to itself some of the duties that used to be considered parental. For one thing it educates the children; we do not know that it is a good arrangement, because experience has shown that where fathers and mothers have had to attend to the schooling themselves, they have prized it much more. Yet, having taken that step, there can be no objection to an extension of the principle. At least, so the would-be reformers argue.

One objection, then, to the State maintenance of poor children is that it would tend to weaken the sense of responsibility in the least desirable class of parents. If young men and women on the very outside fringe of society see that there is no cost attending the having of children, they will be encouraged to marry and produce offspring which are bound to form the weakness of the State. The scheme, in a word, seems to us impracticable. At any rate, to carry it out thoroughly would require a most expensive machinery, because it would be necessary to ascertain in each individual case that the parents were not shirking their duties. If a man be earning wages, then he ought to pay for the support of his own family. That is the elementary principle. Those who desire a change, however, do not regard the problem as being so simple. Many of the fathers who allow their families to starve are in regular employment, and it often happens they are actually well paid; but the money that ought to go to the purchase of food is spent at the public-house. In other words, the drink question is inextricably mixed up with the matter. Obviously it is very unjust to visit on the child the iniquities of the parent, and the boy or girl will be equally hungry whether the money that ought to have bought food be not earned at all, or, if earned, is wasted. In either case it is not available for the purpose of relieving the hunger of the sufferers. Looked at in another way, the relief of a drunkard's child is the same thing as making him a present of money to buy for him what is destroying soul and body. No such relief should be given unless accompanied by the most stringent measures for obliging parents to do their duty. That is why we say each individual case would have to be investigated and reported upon. We are afraid, too, that unless a whole school were relieved an invidious distinction would be made, and the little community would find itself divided into two sections—paupers and non-paupers. If, on the other hand, it were decided to relieve the whole of the scholars in the poor districts of large towns, then the State would be taking upon itself a responsibility so vast that we can see no limit to it. It might almost as well accept the wildest revolutionary dreams, or the fantastic notions of Mr. Bernard Shaw, and establish institutions for the general nursing of infants. That, of course, would be the means of bringing family life to an end altogether, a result that could scarcely commend itself to any except those extreme cosmopolitans who are but impracticable dreamers and visionaries.

We are, however, at present not so much disposed to apply destructive criticism to any suggestion put forward, however wild it may appear, as to gain, if possible, an intelligent view from every possible standpoint. There can be no doubt that a great evil stands in need of removal. It is only a truism to say that the future of the country belongs to the younger generation, and those who may be described as the foodless form a weak and diseased part of it. It is certainly not their fault that they are too often descended from parents who are unsound, both in body and mind. They have inherited disease, and they have acquired it. They have lived in an atmosphere calculated to destroy any notions of morality that they may have started with, and, as we have said, it is a misfortune that they should be allowed to have children. In the case of those who are utterly destitute, perhaps the best solution of the problem that has yet been found is that of taking the children when they are very young—that is to say, before they have come to an age when they can be polluted by their surroundings—and shipping them off to Canada, or some other agricultural colony. There they are cut off from all that contaminates, and have a chance of growing up into useful and creditable citizens. But then this scarcely touches the immediate difficulty, which concerns those a shade higher up in the social scale—that is to say, children who have friends and relatives who, in ordinary circumstances, would be able to see that they obtained the ordinary necessaries of life, but who, in times of commercial depression, are not able to carry this out, or who, owing to their own bad habits, are not able to devote even a moderate share of their income to such an elementary duty as that of feeding their children. The danger of the State taking their place is that it may render them more irresponsible than ever, and encourage the bad habits which account for this state of affairs. On the other hand, it would be too arbitrary to interfere forcibly between parents and children by sending the latter overseas. At present, in fact, no very plausible solution presents itself, and we can only suggest further discussion as a possible means of elucidating the right method of treatment.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Mrs. Francis Egerton and her children. Mrs. Egerton was the daughter of the late Rev. Canon Curteis, and married in 1897 the Hon. Francis William Egerton, second son of the Earl of Ellesmere.

AT Easter this year the weather, though so bitterly cold in some parts of the country that snow actually fell, was, on the whole, dry and not unpleasant, so that the enormous number of holiday-makers had fairly good grounds for satisfaction, and their numbers were beyond any previous record. One railway company alone carried over 100,000 people out of town in a single day, and this was only one of some half-dozen great holiday traffic lines, every one of which had more than the usual quantity of passengers. This shows that there is a great deal of truth in what Mr. Austen Chamberlain said in the course of his Budget speech, to the effect that the people of this country are gradually changing the style of their pleasures, giving up the old habit of loafing round the public-houses, and other forms of amusement, in favour of spending their leisure in the open air, either at the seaside or in the rural parts of Great Britain.

Among the more dubious of the celebrations at Eastertide, we must count the keeping of Shakespeare's birthday at Stratford-on-Avon. It is impossible to avoid the reflection that this kind of celebration in Great Britain always tends towards vulgarisation. About half a century ago the late Harrison Ainsworth got up a revival of the Flitch of Bacon festivals at Dunmow, and these have become simply a burlesque of the old annual custom. We all know what the Burns birthday dinners are like, to take a notorious case of anniversary keeping. It would be a great pity if the keeping of Shakespeare's birthday became the occasion of a similar kind of demonstration, and this reminds us that the international memorial to Shakespeare, which is contemplated in certain quarters, runs a very similar danger. After all, it is difficult to see what good results from this rapidly-growing practice of keeping birthdays, centenaries, and tercentenaries. There is room to doubt if they bring a single new reader to the writer who is the object of it all, and the only memorial that is really worthy of the poet is that of being constantly in the minds of his successors.

Easter Monday saw the beginning of the cricket season, which the late Mr. Ford used to indicate in the articles he contributed to our pages by the single word "Play." The counties do not begin their campaign against one another until May comes in; but the play previous to this is always interesting, as the captains take the opportunity, afforded by matches, on which nothing depends, to try the colts who have developed some kind of capacity during the course of the past year. Several of these are very promising indeed, and from their performances on Monday last it is fairly safe to prophesy that, before the season is over, one or two names will be added to the list of popular famous cricketers. Generally speaking it is expected that the season will be rather more interesting than the last one, as the Australians are sending a team over which ought to be able at least to hold its own with the pick of the English counties.

Happily no ill result, beyond the considerable amount of alarm, has been recorded as attending the earthquake in the Midlands; in fact, it can scarcely be described as an unusual occurrence. According to a very great authority, some 30,000 earthquakes occur all over the world in the course of every twelve months, and usually some six or seven of them happen in Great Britain; but it is a very long time since there was an earthquake in this country that did serious damage. We seem to have settled down into a condition of quiescence which is very different from that experienced, say, in the Himalayas, or in Japan, where seismic disturbances are still moulding the landscape. The final report on the late earthquake in India gives the number killed as 15,000—a terrible contrast to the trivial mishaps which fall to be chronicled in England.

Few of the modern generation of Eton cricketers are probably aware how much they owe to the tradition infused into the game by the great cricketer and coach whom all his contemporaries knew and loved, when alive, by the name of "Mike" Mitchell. Born in 1845 at Enderby, near Leicester, he was educated at Eton and Balliol, and was for many years a very successful housemaster at his old school. As a schoolboy cricketer he was the greatest of his day, and accomplished the remarkable feat of scoring seventy out of ninety runs for Eton against Harrow in 1860. Even in his first year at Oxford he was distinctly the best bat in the eleven, and in his second was elected captain of the eleven, and held the post during the two following years also. At neither of the classic Universities has such an honour been held for three years by any other man, and in every year of his captaincy the Oxford eleven was victorious in the 'Varsity match. Of the best judges of the cricket of that time there is not one who will not roundly assert that, with the inevitable exception of Dr. W. G. Grace, the late Mr. Mitchell was the finest batsman the world had then known. The brilliance of his hitting on the leg-side of the wicket, especially to square-leg, has always been spoken of as the feature of his game, but it was combined with a rare patience and faculty for watching the ball on wickets that were a great deal more difficult and tricky than those of to-day.

But in spite of such qualities as a player, it is rather as a coach that the name of Mr. Mitchell will go down to fame. For thirty-five years he was a master at Eton, and during all that time one may say that there was not a cricketer that left it who was not formed under his eye and by his care. And the record of great cricketers thus produced is a striking one, including the brothers Lyttelton, the brothers Studd, Ottaway, Thornton, Ridley, Longman, and Forbes. One might fill the page without exhausting the famous names, and not one of them was there who would not have admitted with pride that a large measure of his success was due to the coaching and example of "Mike." His ardent and earnest love of cricket, and of Eton cricket in particular, was in especial evidence on the great occasions of the 'Varsity match at Lord's, where the stereotyped expression, an "interested spectator," conveyed but a very feeble idea of the engrossed and conscious tension with which he followed every incident of the game. His loss will be lamented not only as that of a good cricketer and a good coach, but also of a good friend and good fellow.

OH! CUCKOO.

When first I heard thy dancing note,
What blissful dreams it set afloat
Of deep delights to come.

Since then my heart has lived a span,
Has learned that pain, not joy, outran
The race in life for love.

Ah, me! I greet thee still in spring,
Though now thy notes a dagger bring
To drive the contrast home.
Oh! cuckoo. G. M. S.

Since Professor Ray Lankester assumed the Directorship of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, its sphere of usefulness has materially increased. Not the least valuable of his innovations is undoubtedly that which has given us the really wonderful collection of domesticated animals brought together in the north hall. The greatest care has been displayed in the selection of specimens for this exhibition, and now that it is nearing completion—though it will never be complete—its value as a teaching factor and as a witness of the evolution theory cannot be over estimated. To the fine series of dogs has just been added a collection of skulls of the bulldog, which for many reasons is of peculiar interest. The origin of this animal is to be traced to the mastiff. The extraordinarily shortened muzzle, protruding lower jaw, and short, wide-set legs, which now distinguish the bulldog from its more handsome ancestor, have been acquired by the selection on the part of the breeder of those variations of the parent breed which tended to increase efficiency for the barbarous sport of bull-baiting beloved of our forbears. Two of the oldest of these skulls are of a distinctly mastiff type, one especially so. A third skull, of the most typical bulldog character, differs, however, from the modern breed in its huge size. As this is known to be of very ancient date, it would seem that the peculiar shape of the head became a fixed character before the reduction in the size of the body.

That destructive little creature, the wood-mouse, sometimes called the long-tailed field-mouse (Mus sylvaticus), seems more than commonly plentiful this year. No doubt, the late growth of the spring foliage and grasses in the hedges gives rather unusual facility for its observation; but, apart from that, it appears that its numbers really must be abnormal. The wonder,

perhaps, is that they are not greater, for this little creature has three litters in the year, and seven or eight young in a litter. The game-preserving tendency, with its destruction of stoats and weasels, and only too often of the wholly-beneficent owls and kestrels, reduces the natural enemies of this mouse, which is a scourge to the garden, not only because of what it eats to satisfy its immediate hunger, but because, unlike the dormouse, it does not hibernate, and lays up for itself a large store for winter consumption.

It has been said that the English are a masterful race, and nowhere do they show this more than in the determination to carry their own amusements with them into whatever country they may chance to go. For example, our colonists in South Africa wanted to have some fishing, and so they started a Transvaal Trout Acclimatisation Society, which has already achieved a considerable amount of success. It has its head-quarters at Johannesburg, with branches at Pretoria and Potchefstroom, there being a hatchery at the last-mentioned place. It consists of five ponds, fenced round with willow trees for the purpose of giving shade. Somewhere about 23,000 fry have been turned down in the various rivers, and are already beginning to afford good sport to the angler. It seems that the rainbow trout are doing extremely well, and no doubt in the near future trout-fishing will be one of the regular amusements of South Africa.

There is still some agitation going on about the quality of London milk, and it certainly deserves attention. The latest figures show that about 13 per cent. of the samples taken for analysis are adulterated, and it is the custom to judge these very leniently, or, in other words, the amount of added water has to be considerable before magistrates will convict. The health of the community, however, demands that greater strictness should be observed. It is a very reasonable standard that the Board of Agriculture demands, and one that the owner of a good herd of dairy cows very often exceeds. In that case he is under great temptation to add water to bring it down, and should he be inclined to cheat as well, the amount of added water is very great indeed. But that is not all. Much of the milk sold is undoubtedly "made up," and there are materials in it much less wholesome than water. It would be an interesting experiment if some enterprising dairyman would offer to sell under suitable guarantee the very best milk from Jersey cows at a price that would be remunerative to him. There is every reason to believe that he would find an abundance of customers, and an example of this kind would probably have a great effect in stimulating competitors to offer a purer and better class of article.

On the whole, it is likely that the decision reached in the case "The Attorney-General *v.* Antrobus," in the matter of the ancient monument of Stonehenge, will give satisfaction to the majority of reasonable people. That decision is to the effect that Stonehenge is the private property of Sir Edmund Antrobus and his heirs, and that only by his or their grace and licence can the public have any access thereto. Of course, all depends on the manner in which the owner may choose to exercise the rights which the law has now absolutely committed to him, and, so far as the present owner is concerned, he has made it fully apparent by his attitude during the whole of the controversy, and of the legal proceedings, that his purpose is very far removed from any jealous desire to exclude the public from a place of unique national interest, but is, on the contrary, to preserve intact the objects that give it their quite unique interest. Whether a better way of subserving this purpose might have been found, as, for instance, by handing over the whole circuit of the hill to some public body, is a question that did not come before the Court in which the case was tried.

Literally speaking, a well-graced actor has left the stage in the person of Joseph Jefferson, who, after a life well over the three score and ten allotted to men by the Psalmist, died at Florida on Easter Sunday. He might almost be called an actor of one part, for, though he played many parts, his name is most closely associated with that of Rip Van Winkle, which he dramatised himself from the well-known story of Washington Irving. He played it with great acceptance, both in the United States and in Great Britain, to which he paid several noteworthy visits. He had many friends in this country, among whom, perhaps, the poet Robert Browning was the most remarkable. The two were in the Highlands together in 1876, and Browning had a curious fondness for his actor friend. Jefferson was a man who thoroughly understood not only his own gifts, but his own limitations; and, though once or twice he made the mistake of taking up parts not quite congenial, he had the good sense to reject many such proposals as that of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, who wanted him to play King Lear. He may be described as an actor of very exceptional, though not of the highest, merit.

An event of more than French interest was the resignation of M. Delcassé, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and his subsequent consent to resume the portfolio he had given up. To us the matter was one of very great importance, as it is well known that M. Delcassé's influence has been steadily exerted in the direction of deepening and extending the bond of union between France and Great Britain. He saw clearly that the hostility between two neighbours, separated only by a narrow sea, was both stupid and mischievous. In many respects the interests of the two countries are identical, and this is likely to be even more so in the future than it has been in the past, while the same danger menaces both. M. Delcassé had the good fortune to meet in Lord Lansdowne a statesman who shared his views, and without whom he could not very well have carried them out. But it has to be remembered that long before recent developments had begun, and as early as the time of the Fashoda affair, when he was new to office, he set himself with heart and mind to avoid any quarrel with England. His retention of office, therefore, is one more weight added to the scale on the side of peace.

THE MIGHTY MOTHER.

Strange is thy calling, O Earth, and happy who hears it of thee
  Blown in the wind of the dawn, breathed from the plough-shorn loam,
Loud in the voice of the bird, strong in the fluttering tree,
  Deep when the stain is low in the west, and the rooks throng home.
For the south wind stirs on the meadow, the deep grass bows
  As a bright wave sways and gathers athwart the sea,
And his heart's gates open together upon his brows
  With the throb of the life that leaps to be kin to thee.

How dost thou hasten the blood with an ancient might
  And sound in a straitened spirit thy godlike call,
O mystic Earth, sped round with fleeting light,
  Noons, and winged rains, and gleams of evenfall!
And they that have heard thee are filled with a fiercer motion,
  The red stag leaps from the thicket, and they beside;
They shoot a sail, and skim the storm-gored ocean,
  They spread their hands, and mount its towering tide.

Blest, blest is he on whose dim eyes of wonder
  Dawned field and woodland through the dews of birth,
Whose feet grew strong in silent ways asunder,
  Who stayed his spirit on the ageless Earth.
Years have no power to wrest him from that keeping,
  Life brings no pain to make him long forget,
Deep in his heart he knows a soul is sleeping,
  Songs of the dawn shall wake him once more yet.

ANTHONY COLLETT.

The revenue figures which Lord Cromer is able to report from the Soudan are of an encouraging character, and give ground for very sanguine anticipations of the internal prosperity of that great region in the near future. It is not yet seven years since the power of the Khalifa was finally broken, and the mass of the territory recovered which he and his predecessor had laid waste with fire and sword. The outlook then looked so black that the Cairo Government was thought in many quarters to be unduly sanguine when it estimated the probable revenue at £8,000. Now, however, the Soudan revenue amounts to nearly half a million, and is rapidly growing every year as the land is brought back into cultivation, and its former limits extended. The Treasury at Khartoum is now accumulating a surplus over the expenses of administration, and, when it becomes possible to undertake further reproductive public works, the increase should be yet more rapid. A work of reconstruction is going on south of the old Wady Halfa frontier, which is fully as remarkable as that already achieved in Egypt.

Striking testimony to the increasing prosperity of the population of India is given in a little volume recently published by the Maharajah of Burdwan, one of the most enlightened of Indian rulers. There is no surer criterion of the wealth of the people than the jewellery worn by the girls and women, which represents to a great extent the family savings, and the writer describes how in the villages of Bengal silver is replacing pewter in the manufacture of the women's ornaments, and in many cases even gold is now beginning to be worn. So, too, satins and silk are more and more coming into use among the women for their holiday costumes, whereas formerly cotton garments were usual even on the greatest occasions. The men are also giving up cotton clothes for warmer woollen ones during the cold weather.

In the South Western States of North America, such as Arizona and California, the normal cause of the fruit farmer's and the rancher's anxiety in spring is an absence or an insufficiency of rainfall for the young floral growth. This year in these States the exceptional rainfall, although it is so beneficial to the country generally, has occasioned more than a little inconvenience, and the "wash-outs" on the railway lines have been very serious in their extent and frequency. Several train-loads of passengers are reported to have narrowly escaped starvation owing to detention by "wash-outs" in districts where food was scarce.

A NORTHUMBRIAN FARM.

SOME little time ago the Board of Trade published a most interesting official book on the earnings or agricultural labourers. It was in reality a second edition, but the compiler of it, Mr. Wilson Fox, had added certain valuable information, to which we directed attention at the time. He took a number of farms as typical of the rest, and made what one might almost describe as a literary map or picture of each. We were much struck by this original departure at the time, and resolved to have photographs taken, with the consent of the owners, for the purpose of showing the farm life that goes on in England for the greater part of the year To-day we offer the first of the series. It is Mr. Rae's holding of Middleton, situated in the north part of Northumberland. The country-side is so very beautiful as to make us feel sorry that we decided to begin with this one, because it would have been so much more beautiful at a later period of the year, when not only would the distant Cheviots look lovelier in the summer sunlight and the skies wider and clearer, but all the beauties of the scenery could have been displayed to perfection. However, we do not know that so much is lost after all. As our group of farm servants would in itself show, the indubitable virtues of the North are often concealed under a very rugged exterior, and a something stern in the landscape is certainly not out of place. The farm is of a type which would be very unusual in the South of England. It has the enormous extent of 3,700 acres, which in many parts of England would be considered a fair-sized estate; but then 1,900 acres consist of rough mountain pasturage, where the great flocks of sheep wander and graze at will. Last year there were no fewer than 3,180 sheep on the farm over one year old and upwards, while the number of lambs was 2,600. To attend to these immense flocks there are five shepherds and two assistants—that is to say, two of "the herdings" are double, and, in common parlance, their hands are full, since herding sheep in the hill country is far from being child's play. Every evening the flocks have to be taught to go upward to the mountain tops, for various reasons. One is that the air is purer and better, and another that the animals thus escape from the torment of insects that would prevent their sleeping during summer. For a great part of the year the shepherd needs to rise at dawn, in order to drive his charges down to the glidders or valleys in which the most succulent pasturage grows. He is as a rule an alert and vigorous man, accustomed from childhood to climb these toilsome hills, but this work would be too laborious, even for his tough muscles, if he were not served by the best of collies, animals who recognise his cry at a distance from which they look only like specks on the hillside, and obey his signals with an intelligence that would do credit

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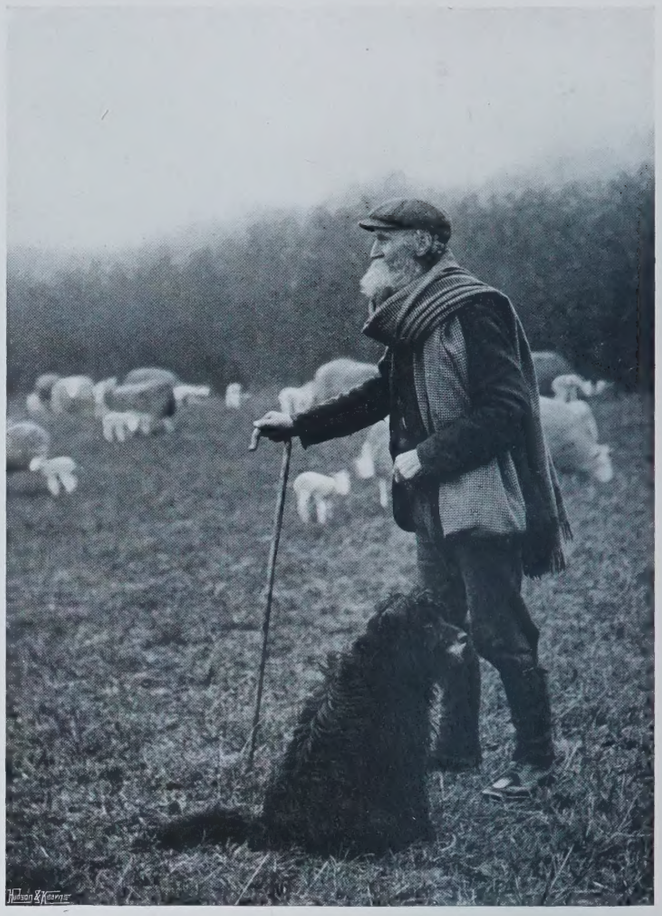
to human beings. During the busy portions of the sheep year, that is to say, at lambing and clipping time, it is necessary to have still more assistance, and three extra lads are then engaged. The shepherds form quite a section by themselves, those of lower degree being responsible to the head-shepherd, who is to them what the steward is to the other labourers. The engagements at Middleton, as in other places in the North of England, are not so short as is customary in Suffolk or Norfolk, but are made for the year, "In rain and shine, and in sickness or in health." The men get no extra cash payment, but then the rate of wages is a high one compared with that prevailing in other counties. Most of the shepherds are paid partly in cash and partly in kind, but one or two are paid wholly in kind. The following is an example: A shepherd, not a hill one, but whose flock is on the lower ground, has 26 ewes and 12 ewe hoggs kept. His allowances are 2 cows kept, 8 bowls (a bowl equals 6 bushels) of barley, 11 bowls oats, 50 stones flour, 2½ bowls beans, free house and garden, 2,000yds. of potatoes, coal carted free, and

C. Reid. *FIELD FOREMAN.* Copyright

straw for pigs. He pays his own assistant a wage varying from £26 to £28 a year and his keep. Under these conditions a skilful shepherd is often able to lay by money, and if enquiry be made concerning the farming families of Northumberland, it will be found that a great many of them originated in this way. A single shepherd on the hill receives £40 a year in cash, with 5 bowls of barley, 5 bowls of oats, 2 cows and 1 heifer kept, 24 bags of potatoes, a free house and garden, 1,000yds. of potatoes, coals carted free, and straw for pigs. Out of this he has to pay and find a man to assist him in lambing-time. It will be seen



C. Reid. *THE HEAD-SHEPHERD.* Copyright

that he, too, has plenty of scope for his enterprise, and has an interest in his own stock as well as in his master's; while we have to remember that in those districts there is practically no outlay for food. The cows supply plenty of milk, and the "kist" is generally full of meal and flour, out of which the goodwife makes her oat cakes, her girdle cakes, and her household bread. The refuse of the potatoes supplies food for the pigs, and the garden makes them independent of the greengrocer. In a word, there is no labourer in England who, on the whole, has a happier life than the hill shepherd in Northumberland. It is true he is out in all weathers, but then his occupation is one of the most engaging, and well the angler and the tourist know what a pleasure it is to encounter these men. Their speech may be rough, but it is generally frank, their hospitality is unbounded, their thoughts are simple and wholesome, and their manner of life is the healthiest conceivable.

To return to the farm, however; there are 600 acres of arable land on it, and on these are cultivated the ordinary crops, barley and oats, potatoes, roots, and temporary grass. When the figures were taken there were 16 milking cows on the farm and 90 cattle not meant for the dairy, while the number of farm horses was 20. To work all this land, there are, in addition to the shepherds, 2 stewards and 2 ploughmen stewards, 8 hinds and 4 spade hinds, 2 byremen, 5 lads and boys, 2 leading women, 8 women workers earning full women's wages, and 2 women earning less. The women are the daughters or sisters of the men employed on the farm. These women form a

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feature in agricultural life which has not a counterpart in the Southern Counties. Not long ago, a well-known agricultural authority declared that a time was coming when there would not be a single woman worker left in England. These figures certainly do not confirm that statement, and, on the whole, it does not seem desirable that the prophecy should ever come true. It may be argued that agricultural labour is hard and coarse for delicate feminine fingers, and that it engenders a corresponding coarseness in those who have to do it. But no great sympathy need be felt with this feeling. The women lead healthy open-air lives, and compare very favourably, both in morality and physique, with the factory hands, ill-paid semptresses and domestic servants of the town. Without them it would not be possible to carry on agricultural labour in Northumberland, because the rural exodus has to a very serious extent diminished the available supply of men. The pay of the women, it may be observed, is 1s. 8d. a day nearly all the year round, and 3s. a day for twenty days at harvest. Their homes are all on the farm, so that this wage enables them to live in comfort; in very great comfort indeed, as compared with the farm servants in the Eastern Counties, where there are many men with families to keep who do not earn higher wages. The regular wage of a ploughman is 17s. a week in cash, a free house and garden, coals carted, 1,000yds. of potatoes, and straw for pigs. In four cases the employer keeps a cow for the men and 3s. a week all the year round, this sum being deducted from the wages. The life of a Northern ploughman is a fairly hard one. He begins his work in the fields at 6 a.m., and for a quarter or half an hour before that is engaged in getting his horses ready before starting work; while in the evening he cleans and feeds them, or turns them out, as the case may be, on coming back from work. In the forenoon he stops at 11.30, and gets back to the fields at 2, a long interval, but not longer than is required for the adequate rest of the horses. During the interval in the middle of the day the ploughmen feed their horses on reaching home, but do not as a rule dress them down. Sometimes, however, men who are fond of their horses return to the stable and rub them down after they have had their own dinner.

C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. *THE HOMESTEAD.* Copyright

C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. *THE RUGGED NORTH.* Copyright

These labourers are healthy and stronger men than those of almost any other county in Great Britain, and one reason for this is that, as a rule, they are better fed. The ill-paid East Anglian has to bring up his family to a large extent on slops, but the Northumbrian, though one is sorry to see that porridge and milk figure less in his diet than formerly, has for breakfast tea, and to it his own home-made bread, the butter churned in the cottage of the farm, with the bacon which he has fed, killed, and cured himself. At dinner most commonly the first dish is broth, following which comes bacon or cold beef, with potatoes and other vegetables that are in season, and generally some sort of suet or plum dumpling. This is his principal meal, but he has his tea in the afternoon, and usually coffee with bread and cheese at night. He drinks much less beer and far more milk than the same sort of man in the South. In the district from which our photographs come the farm servants get their cottages rent free. Sunday work, which, of course, is inevitable with stock, is confined here to about three-quarters of an hour's work with horses when not out at grass, and, in the case of cattle-men, to one hour in summer and four in winter.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

IT is always refreshing to come upon a man with a hobby, especially if he be so able and cultured as Mr. R. Bosworth Smith, who, it need scarcely be said, has a very interesting and agreeable pastime. What he has learned about it is embodied in the book just published, *Birdlife and Birdlore* (Murray). The author does not pretend to any scientific knowledge of ornithology, nor to have made any systematic study of birds; but during the whole course of his lifetime he has been much interested in them, their nests and songs, their breeding haunts and habits, and he has amused himself by writing down some of the materials that have been long accumulating in his memory. The result is a book that is likely to take its place in many a library, as it is written from a vast store of knowledge and from a genuine love of the subject. In looking over it, the tendency for the reader who shares with Mr. Smith a love of his hobby is to try and find out what specially belongs to the writer, that is to say, what has come clearly within the scope of his individual observation, for whoever has made a careful study of bird-books knows well that for many generations they have been copied one from another. It may be said without the slightest fear of contradiction that no ornithologist has known every bird on the list, but has had to depend on the information of others for the greater part of his knowledge. This is where a writer like Mr. Bosworth Smith possesses an advantage. He makes no attempt to go through an exhaustive list, but gossips only about those birds that have been familiar to him. The book is a veritable storehouse of folklore about birds, for what he has himself seen is supplemented by what he has read, and his skill in linking the one to the other will be evident to anyone reading the following quotation:

"In the little village of Thurlestone, in South Devon, where owls are common and are carefully protected in both barn and belfry, the rector, the Rev. Frank Coope, an old pupil of my own, was explaining to his Sunday-school children the clauses of the Te Deum, when it occurred to him to ask, 'What

are Cherubim?' The answer promptly came back, 'White owls, sir,' and revealed a belief among his parishioners of which he might otherwise have remained ignorant. 'What are Seraphim, then?' 'Brown owls, sir.' 'What do you mean by, "To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry"?' 'It means that the white owls are always screeching, and the brown owls always hooting before God. The belief is not confined to Thurlestone, or to the present day, for a book of sporting anecdotes published in the last century, and still preserved at Horsmonden Rectory, Kent, contains a chapter entitled 'Cherubim Shooting.' Two cockney sportsmen have succeeded in bringing down a white owl, a bird they had never seen before. . . ."

The whole chapter about owls is fascinating, but we are afraid that on some occasions the author credits the bird with more sagacity than is due to it; for example, he tells a story of a brood of brown owls that had been put in a wire cage by a dairyman, and for some time the old birds came and fed them, but one morning they were found all dead in the cage without any external mark of violence. The cottage people held the fantastic belief that they had been poisoned by their parents, who would rather see them dead than in prison. Upon this our author gives voice to the following moralisation:

"If this be so, the deep-seated feeling of which man imagines himself to be the exclusive possessor, that there are things worse even than death, treachery, ingratitude, cowardice, loss of freedom, loss of honour, religious apostasy, the feeling which bade Virginius save his little daughter, by a kindly stab with the butcher's knife, from slavery and shame; the feeling which bade the Numidian king, Massinissa, send as his last present to his beautiful bride, Sophonisba, when she was captured by the Roman Scipio, a cup of poison, with the message that 'she was to see to it that she did nothing unworthy of the daughter of Hasdrubal, and the wife of two Numidian kings,' is not confined to Roman or Numidian, or even to human nature as a whole."

Were this speculation justified it would mean that birds are endowed with passions as complicated as man himself, when he figures in a sensational novel. But why seek an improbable explanation when a very simple one lies to hand? Most people who have ridden about woods have reason to know that the owl is a bird of very delicate constitution, and dead members of the species are picked up quite frequently, so that there might be a hundred good reasons for this small tragedy.

A much more interesting story to our mind is that which is told on the next page, of a wounded owl which was fed by its mate. Not only birds, but four-footed creatures, have been known to do this on many occasions. He gives a striking illustration of the barbarity of our ancestors in his account of the old game for Christmas-time called the duck-hunt. But this he owes to that great collector of birdlore, G. G. Wood. On the whole the favourite bird of Mr. Bosworth Smith seems to be the raven, and he has made an extraordinary collection of the superstitions connected with it, though it is curious to read the following passage in the pages of an educated writer:

"If you wish to hear or overhear the table-talk of these birds of evil omen, go to *The Twa Corbies*, written by that 'famous poet Anon,' who used so to excite one's boyish curiosity by the mystery that hung over his many and varied poems, and note what has been called its wild vigour and almost fierce sincerity."

It is not often that one hears the most famous of the Border ballads referred to as being by that famous poet Anon, but we notice that among Mr. Bosworth Smith's virtues as a writer an exact knowledge of literature is not to be numbered, since he misquotes his poetry sadly, even that of Tennyson and Shakespeare, and if the book should go to a second edition, it would need careful reading and revision. Indeed, he is not very careful in his statements of natural history, where, for example, he refers to the cuckoo laying her eggs in the nest of other birds, when, as a matter of fact, she lays the egg at a hedge-root, and carries it in her bill to the place where she finally deposits it. To our mind, the most delightful part of the raven chapter is that in which the author gives the history of his pets. Here is a charming account of the most mischievous of them:

"Did he see the gardener bedding out, with special care, any plant, he would select it for his especial attention as soon as the gardener's back was turned. Did he see a labourer in the allotment 'setting' a row of his beans, as soon as he was gone the raven would follow in his footsteps, dig them up one by one, and drop them one on the top of another into a hole of his own. Did a well-dressed man, something perhaps of a dandy, drop a new lilac kid glove, the raven would be off with it in a moment, dodge all his pursuers, and the moment the pursuit slackened, would begin to pick it to pieces, and would continue his work, each time the pursuers halted for breath, till it was a thing of shreds and tatters. He would follow me about for a walk of a mile or so; and if he happened to meet a dog there was a great show of excitement and fury on both sides; but each had too much regard for his own safety to come to close quarters. It was a case of *cave corvum* quite as much as of *cave canem*."

C. H. Hewitt. SPRINGTIME IN THE MEADOWS. Copyright

Naturally Mr. Bosworth Smith is indignant at the manner and extent to which ravens are destroyed; both in regard to these and to owls he vigorously protests against the use of the pole-trap, apparently not aware that it has already been rendered illegal by Act of Parliament. Again, his impassioned appeal in favour of bird sanctuaries, although perfectly sound, does not seem to take into account that already many are in existence. On some of the deer forests in Scotland, and other highly-preserved lands, the raven, the golden eagle, and other birds are allowed to breed in perfect security. The fifth chapter in the book is a charming account of the old thatched rectory and its birds. His account makes us long for an acquaintance with the house. Near to it is an old tiled barn, of which he writes:

"Parish memories clustered thick around it. It had celebrated, so I used to hear, the 'accession of King George,' probably of all the sorry lot of Georges, with equal and unquestioning loyalty; with better reason the whole parish held high festival in it, 'the young still dancing, while the old surveyed,' at the accession of Queen Victoria, as it has in later times at her successive jubilees, and at the accession of her son. The first missionary meeting, which was ever held in the parish, was held beneath its rafters."

But it had been put to less innocent uses in his time. A story told by Mr. Bosworth Smith illustrates in a wonderfully vivid manner the sort of parson who used to be far from uncommon in our rural districts, and who have now passed completely away, killed, as some think, by the Oxford Movement, which introduced a new seriousness into divine life. The neighbourhood was a favourite one of smugglers, and the following account of them is given:

"'Did you ever,' I asked him one day, in strict confidence, 'cut about or kill any of the Government folk?' 'No,' was the reply; 'but I have helped tie 'em to a post often.' It was the romance of their lives. They

were not too well off in point of wages; and the archdeacon and parson in one would have had much less perfect sympathy with his archdeaconry and his parishioners than he had, if he had not turned a blind eye to this source of increased income for them. He placed the tithe-barn at their disposal—a queer 'benefit of clergy'—and I have been told that scores of kegs of illicit brandy often lay, in perfect security, beneath innocent-looking heaps of hay or straw, till there was a convenient opportunity for disposing of them otherwise. Sometimes they overflowed even the sanctuary of the tithe-barn, and were stowed in the sanctum sanctorum of the church belfry."

SOME BARNS AND . . . THEIR STORY.

THE story of buildings that have come down in the world is often interesting and suggestive. Many a dirty tenement in an unfashionable quarter was once a nobleman's mansion, the tumble-down fisherman's shelter on a deserted quay was the Custom House of other days; but especially has the homely barn a chequered past. It may have been a church, a palace, a convent, or anything else, and illustrates history, biography, and tragedy in its changed aspect and uses.

L. E. Beedham. Copyright.
LEPERS' CHAPEL, SOUTH DOOR.

The massive barn at Isleham was long ago the chapel of an alien priory dedicated to St. Margaret, and a cell to the Abbey of St. Jagitto in Brittany. It was built during the latter half of the twelfth century; the fine semi-circular chancel arch, the apse with its shallow buttresses diminishing in stages, the narrow deeply-splayed windows are characteristic features of the architecture of that period. There is some herring-bone masonry on the south and east walls. The alien priories came to an end before the larger convents fell, and it was the pious Henry VI. who gave Isleham to the Master and Fellows of Pembroke College, Cambridge. It is, therefore, nearly 500 years since these substantial walls have echoed the orisons of monk or priest. The barn is 80ft. in length and 20ft. in breadth.

L. E. Beedham. *CHAPEL AT WHITTLESFORD.* Copyright

Agricultural implements and farm produce occupied it when the photograph was taken. All around Isleham stretches the fenland—Cambridgeshire on one side, Suffolk on the other, a rich corn-growing country divided by dykes, whose steep sides are gay with willow-herb, loosestrife, and meadow-sweet.

Of much the same date, though richer in ornament, is the Lepers' Chapel on the outskirts of Cambridge. This interesting little building was the place of worship attached to a leper hospital of the Middle Ages. Evidently it was not fashioned with the idea that anything would do for the poor unfortunates who were to worship here—far from it. The masons lavished upon door and window arches their favourite chevron moulding, and the same appeared on the chancel arch. They added a string-course of hatched moulding, and another of round billet just below the eaves, they ornamented the windows with jamb-shafts and a star pattern worked on the flat surface of the stone, and so their work has stood for nearly 800 years. Tolls from the great Stourbridge Fair provided the endowment of the hospital, and after Henry VIII. dissolved the latter these same tolls formed a frequent subject of discussion between representatives of the Town and University of Cambridge. This little building passed through many vicissitudes. It was alternately a storage-place for lumber of the fair, a victualling-house, a drinking-booth, a stable, a barn. As the latter it continued until 1816, when the antiquary Reverend Thomas Kerrick bought it for £160, and presented it to the

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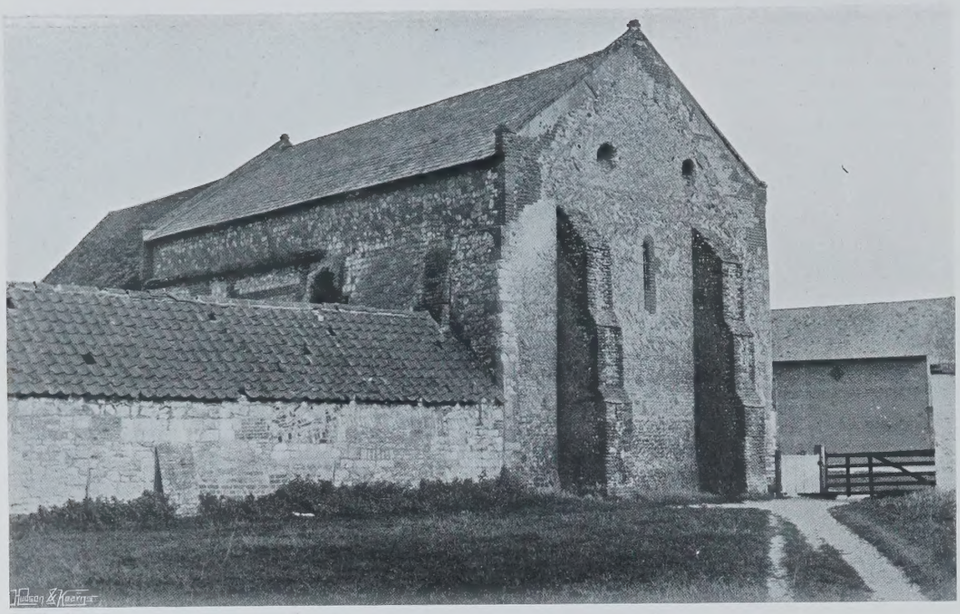


L. E. Beedham. *ISLEHAM: WEST END.* Copyright

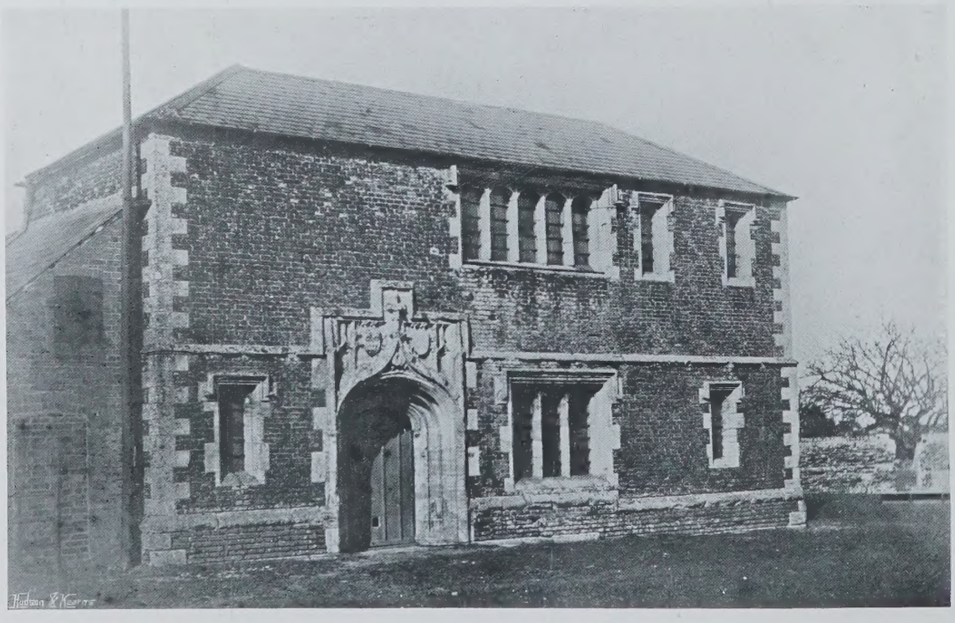
University, to which body it still belongs. It is well cared for and kept in good repair. Halfway over the fens towards Ely, at the dairy farm known as Denney Abbey, there is a fine barn, which at once attracts attention from the remains of tracery in its windows. Rather curiously this also, like Isleham, has a connection with Pembroke College, for both the latter and Denney Abbey were founded by the Countess Mary de Valence, Gray's "Sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn, That wept her bleeding Love," though, by the way, the statement that Mary was maid, wife, and widow on one day is incorrect. Her husband, Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, lived for many years after his marriage before he perished by a violent death in France, and it was after the Countess became a widow that she devoted her wealth to pious purposes. The barn was the refectory of the Minoresses of Saint Clare, who occupied Denney Abbey for about 200 years. They were expelled by Henry VIII., and the property subsequently passed through many hands; Thomas Hobson, the noted carrier, held it at one time. The barn dates from 1348, and is 93ft. long and 22ft. wide. When the photograph was taken a happy family of calves were fattening where once the nuns ate their frugal meals. Whittlesford is a village with traditions of departed greatness; it possesses an ancient Guildhall, and believes that it was once a market town. It is a quiet enough spot now; there is no village street, and the houses are scattered among the fields and woodland. Between the railway, the river Granta, and the road stands the ruin of the chapel of Whittlesford Hospital, a charitable institution for the benefit of the aged and infirm, founded by Sir William Colville, and dedicated to St. John the Baptist.

As in the case of many similar institutions, a fair formed part of its endowment. The Granta is here a narrow stream fringed with willows, and crossed within a few yards of the old chapel by a bridge, where a hermit formerly made his abode. The prior of the hospital at Whittlesford Bridge and the fair are mentioned in a document relating to Cambridgeshire in the reign of Edward I. The chapel is now a barn, the tracery of the large east window has been cut out, and the opening filled with wooden bars. The decorated mouldings of the window and piscina on the south side are graceful, and on the north there are three narrow windows with square heads and some slight ornamental mouldings.

L. E. Beedham. *DENNEY ABBEY: THE OLD REFECTORY.* Copyright

The farmhouse called The Tower at Little Downham, in the Isle of Ely, has episcopal associations, for it was one of the ten residences which in the fourteenth century appertained to the Bishopric of Ely. Bishop Matthew Wren, after his first short imprisonment in the Tower of London, retired here with his wife and family, and it was at this quiet spot in the fens that he was again arrested and committed for eighteen long years to close confinement in the Tower.

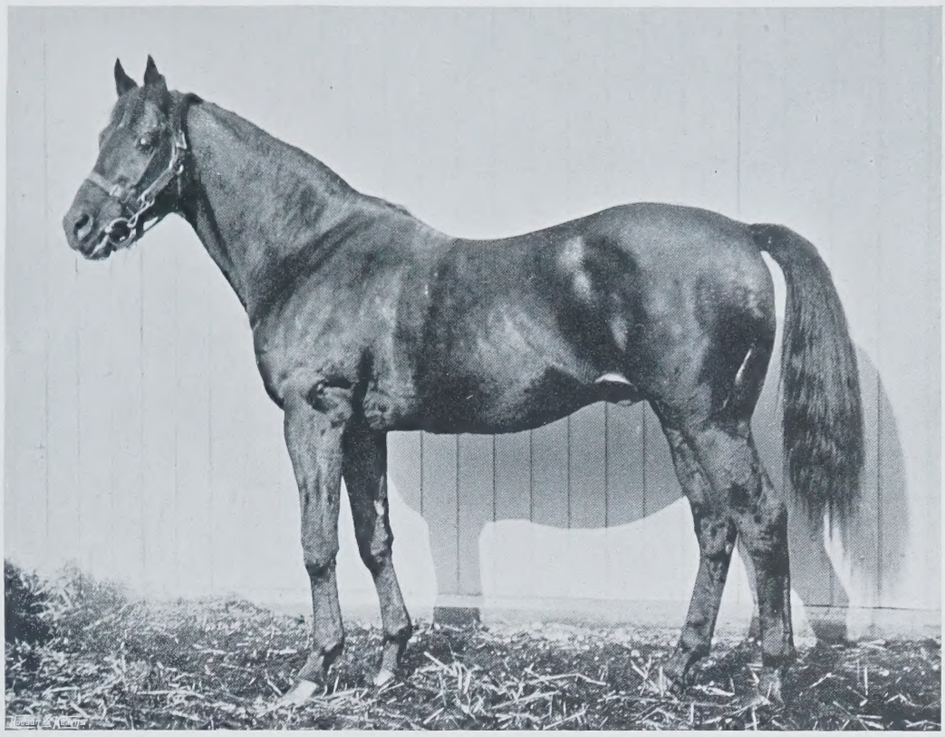
The expense of keeping up so many residences was considerable, and early in the eighteenth century Downham Palace had fallen into such a ruinous condition that Bishop Symon Patrick obtained leave to dispose of it, and so free himself and his successors from responsibility for dilapidations. A farmstead occupies the site of the palace, and the principal remaining part of the original building is now a barn, ornamented with the arms of Bishop Alcock and of the See of Ely.



L. E. Beedham. *PART OF THE PALACE, DOWNHAM.* Copyright

THE EGERTON STUD.

THERE are some envious folk who attribute the full measure of success achieved in his profession by Richard Marsh to the persistent good luck which, according to them, has followed him throughout his career. But such as these are wrong; for the position held by the master of Egerton House has been attained by a thorough knowledge of every branch of his calling, unimpeachable integrity, and an infinite capacity for hard work, in addition to which, his innate courtesy and generous disposition have secured for him the esteem and respect of all with whom he comes in contact. The responsibilities of superintending the training of some seventy odd horses are in themselves a burden sufficiently heavy for most people; but to these must now be added the cares of an important and rapidly-increasing stud.



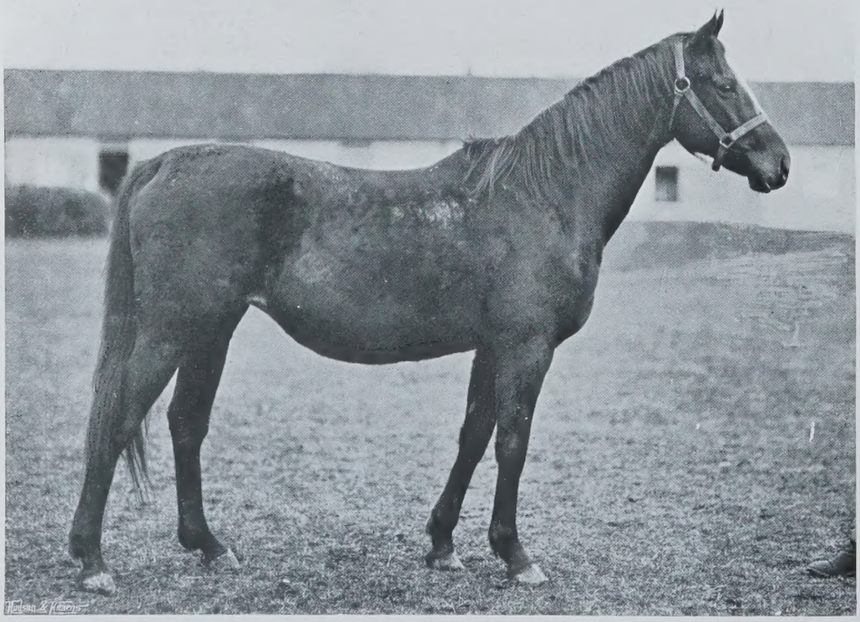
W. A. Rouch. *AYRSHIRE.* Copyright

The same attention to details and methodical organisation of daily work which have enabled the work of the great training stables at Egerton House to be so successfully carried on are noticeable in all the arrangements connected with the stud, which is not a little benefited by the supervision of a very able, hard-working, and conscientious stud-groom in the person of A. Smallwood, under whose charge are the five stallions, Common, Cyllene, Ayrshire, St. Serf, and Ugly, together with a number of first-class mares, amongst which the names of Sceptre, Memoir, Quintessence, Laodamia, and Gas are prominent. Taking the Egerton Stud sires in alphabetical order, Ayrshire comes first on the list, and right gallantly does the brave old horse carry the twenty years which have elapsed since his foalhood days. Time has not tamed the high courage of his

W. A. Rouch. *CYLLENE.* Copyright

W. A. Rouch. *UGLY.* Copyright

W. A. Rouch. *COMMON.* Copyright

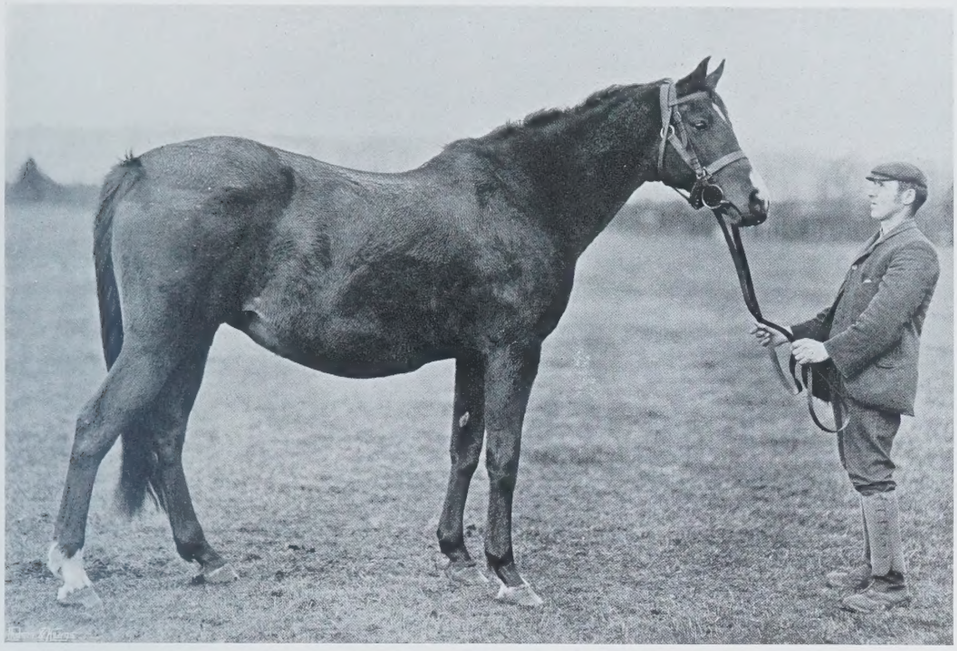


W. A. Rouch. *MANTLE, CH. MARE BY BEND OR.* Copyright

youth, an exhibition of which when a yearling came very nigh to cutting short his splendid career before it had well begun. He was always a horse of sound constitution and fairly good temper, but was prompt to resent any treatment of which he did not approve; and one day, when he was in the breaking tackle, with a lad on his back and a man on each side to lead him, something upset his equanimity, and like a flash he whipped round and round, lashing the two men together with the cavesson reins. The situation was somewhat serious, but fortunately there was plenty of assistance at hand, and no great harm was done. Ayrshire is out of Atalanta, is one of the three Derby winners sired by Hampton, and was bred by the Duke of Portland; and with his birth in 1885 may be said to have commenced the extraordinary run of luck which clung to the "white, black sleeves and cap" from 1887 to 1894. He was a rather backward colt, and was not tried till about the end of May, when he just failed to give 21lb. to a useful filly called Maiden Belle, who belonged to Lord Hastings. As a two year old he won the Chesterfield Stakes at Newmarket, the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Goodwood, and the Champagne Stakes at Newmarket; the latter of these races was certainly the best of his two year old performances, for he won easily by two lengths, defeating Caerlaverock, who had finished in front of him in the Whitsuntide Plate at Manchester, and such smart horses as Crowberry and Van Dieman's Land; but, unluckily, he hit his leg during the race, and was thereby prevented from running in the Middle Park Plate. That Ayrshire was a good horse there is no doubt; but there is no getting away from the extraordinary good luck which enabled him to win the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby in the following year. For the Guineas he started at 8 to 1, and had apparently no chance of defeating the hitherto unbeaten Friar's Balsam; but owing to an unsuspected abscess in the mouth the crack could never take hold of his bridle, and made no show at all in the race, which Ayrshire won easily enough, and followed up this victory by an easy win in the Epsom Derby; but—and here is where he was again favoured by fortune—only a few days after the race he threw out a splint, which prevented him from fulfilling any of his Ascot engagements. He ran badly in the St. Leger—won by Seabreeze—although he was backed as if he was expected to run very differently. Personally, I never considered Ayrshire to be a thorough stayer in good company, and am inclined for several reasons to the belief that a mile was really his best distance. As a four year old he won the Kempton Park Royal Stakes of 10,000 sovs., in which he beat Seabreeze, who was already showing signs that the brilliancy of her form was on the decline, of which still further proof was forthcoming in the Eclipse Stakes, in which she was completely out of the hunt, and left Ayrshire to win by a length or two from El Dorado. That was his last victory, for he broke down in the autumn during the race for the Champion Stakes, and never carried silk again. With regard to Atalanta, the dam of Ayrshire, the following extract from a letter written by the late Lord Rosslyn in 1884 should be of interest to breeders of bloodstock; his lordship says: "Many of my mares have *never been trained*, and yet have bred good winners, and I incline rather to a fresh young mare than to a broken-down racer as a brood mare, even though the latter may have been successful on the Turf. But to be true to my text I must avoid theories; Feronia, by Thormanby out of Woodbine, by Stockwell out of Sister to Newminster, is a mare I take for a chance example out of my stud. She has bred Syrinx, Seringa, Macaria, Atalanta, Camilla, and Kelpie to Le Marèchal, Macaroni, Galopin, and Blair Athol. She was

never trained. Her produce are all winners. Syrinx broke her leg, or might have won the Oaks. Atalanta was paralysed as a foal, or would have been quite first-class. I could multiply this example by many others, but my letter is already too long."

At the stud Ayrshire has been eminently successful, and, in fact, may not inaptly be termed the best all-round sire of the day. During the last four years his stock have won over 52,000 sovs. in stakes, and last year he was represented by some twenty winners,



W. A. Rouch. *GAS, DAM OF CICERO.* Copyright

who between them accounted for forty-five races. He is the sire of Our Lassie and Airs and Graces, both of whom were Oaks winners, and Airs and Graces is now the dam of Jardy, who appears likely to win both the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby in this year of grace. Many other good horses owe their paternity to Ayrshire, who is a bay horse, standing 16h., with a girth of 6ft. 4in., and 8½in. of bone below the knee. His chief characteristics are great quality, strong and well-placed shoulders, good loins and quarters, and general symmetry of proportion. When the late Lord Alington made up his mind to sell he was no stickler for price, and on one occasion he offered to sell the mare Thistle, covered by Petrarch, together with her two year old son Common and the yearling Goldfinch, for about £700. The offer was not accepted, fortunately for him, for Common won the triple crown of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger. Goldfinch became a big winner as a two year old, and was sold for £3,000. The unborn filly, which the mare was carrying, became known as Throstle, the winner of the St. Leger, and finally Common himself was sold to the late Sir J. Blundell Maple for £15,000. Common is a whole-coloured brown horse, foaled in 1888, by Isonomy out of Thistle. He stands just 16h. 1in., has 8¾in. of bone below the knee, and girths rather over 6ft. 7in. He is an animal of great power and substance, with wonderful loins and quarters, good stifles, and capital shoulders, with a remarkably well-placed humerus. To a critical eye his joints are, perhaps, none of the best, as far as looks go; but there is no getting away from the fact that they stood the stress and strain of the severe training which a heavy horse like Common had to undergo in the preparation for the classic races which he won so easily. As a two year old he was such a big, awkward, and unfurnished youngster that no attempt was made to train him for his juvenile engagements, and his first appearance in public was for the Two Thousand Guineas. In desperately heavy going and in a drenching storm of rain, Common won the Derby by two lengths from the French horse Gouverneur. Forty to one was laid on him for the St. James's Palace Stakes at Ascot, which he won as he liked, beating Barbatello, his solitary opponent, quite at his leisure. The race for the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown brought about the downfall of Common, both Surefoot and Gouverneur finishing in front of him; but it is only fair to say that both the course and the manner in which the race was run were totally unsuitable to him—they only raced for about five furlongs, and he was beaten for speed. The race for the St. Leger served to show the pluck and staying qualities which Common undoubtedly possessed, for although hard ridden in the last half mile, he drew out, and won quite easily by a good length. Immediately after the race he passed into the possession of Sir J. Blundell Maple, who decided to send him at once to the stud, although in the opinion of his trainer, John Porter, he was perfectly sound and likely to develop into a really great "Cup" horse. Hithero Common has not been a pronounced success as a sire; several of his stock have run fairly well in France, and amongst those which he has sired in this country are Nun Nicer, Osbech, and Newsboy.

Having concluded our examination of the two winners of the Derby, we turn to Cyllene, who, had he figured amongst the entries, would certainly have won that race in 1898 when Jeddah, trained by Marsh, won it for Mr. Larnach. That Cyllene was quite a first-class race-horse admits of no doubt; in fact, it is somewhat difficult to estimate how good he really was, and the writer will never forget the astounding display of speed he gave in the National Produce Stakes at Sandown Park. If ever S. Loates rode a bad race in his life, he did on that occasion, and when he finally did extricate himself from difficulties entirely of his own making, and asked the colt to go on and win his race, it seemed utterly impossible that any horse could make up the ground in time. It was done, however, and Cyllene won by a head, which should have been lengths instead. Three other important races were placed to his credit as a two year old. As a three year old he won the Sandown Foal Stakes of 2,000 sovs., the Jockey Club Stakes

W. A. Rouch. *SCEPTRE.* Copyright

of 10,000 sovs. at Newmarket, in which Velasquez was amongst the beaten lot, and the Newmarket Stakes of 3,665 sovs., in which he met and beat Jeddah, the winner of the Derby. The following year he set the seal on his fame as a four year old by winning the much-coveted Gold Cup at Ascot, and was retired to the stud, where there seemed at first to be some inclination on the part of breeders to neglect this beautifully-bred son of Bona Vista and Arcadia; but

the brilliant performances of Lord Rosebery's Cicero and the form shown by Polymelus and others have already made his reputation as a sire. Nothing succeeds like success, and the quality of the mares now sent to him, amongst which is Sceptre, will, in all likelihood, ensure his being placed at the head of the winning sires before long. He is a beautiful chestnut horse of great quality, with splendidly placed shoulders, and a singular resemblance to his grandsire, Bend Or, in the smooth, well-turned lines of his back and quarters. He is well let down, and is of a good temper and tranquil disposition. The result of his alliance with the famous Sceptre will be awaited with interest, and I append the pedigree of the hoped-for produce of this brilliant mare. The prejudice which exists against first foals is to a considerable extent confirmed by statistics, and in the case of Sceptre it must also be taken into consideration that she may require both time and rest before her constitution has entirely recovered from the effects of her racing career.

W. A. Rouch. *QUINTESSENCE AND FOAL BY ORION.* Copyright

(First foal, a week old.)

(16) PRODUCE, 1906	Cyllene 9 — Bona Vista (4)	Bend Or (1)	Doncaster (5)
			Rouge Rose
		Vista	Macaroni **14**
			Verdure
	Arcadia	Isonomy 19	Sterling **12**
			Isola Bella
		Distant Shore	Hermit (5)
			Land's End
	Sceptre 16 — Persimmon 7	St. Simon **11**	Galopin **3**
			St. Angela
		Perdita II.	Hampton 10
			Hermione
	Ornament	Bend Or (1)	Doncaster (5)
			Rouge Rose
		Lily Agnes	Macaroni **14**
			Polly Agnes

Then comes St. Serf (1887), by St. Simon out of Feronia. He was bred by the Duke of Portland, and is a great upstanding specimen of the thorough-bred, standing rather over 16h. 3in., with 8¾in. of bone below the knee, and measuring 6ft. 8in. in girth. He has been fairly successful as a sire, his stock having won a total of rather more then 24,000 sovs. during the last four seasons. He is a bit plain about the shoulders, and rather coarse about the hocks, but his back and loins are good, and it is much in his favour that he comes of a sire family (8), and that there is plenty of both sire and running blood in his pedigree.

Last of the Egerton Stud sires is Ugly, who, by the way, is really a very good-looking animal. Foaled in 1892, this son of Minting and Wee Agnes was not long in developing the power and muscle which are almost invariably the characteristics of very speedy horses. He was also exceptionally sound, and in the course of the seven years during which he remained in training he took part in forty-seven races, out of which he was returned the winner on twenty-two occasions. He is a well-bred horse, and is not likely to remain long at his present moderate fee of 10 guineas. It is, perhaps, superfluous to remark that these horses all look well, for Egerton House has long been famous for the polish and well-turned-out appearance of its representatives; but their actual state of health and well-being is all that could be desired, and they get plenty of that exercise which is so essential to the well-being of a stallion.

W. A. Rouch. *ST. SERF.* Copyright

Amongst the mares in the paddocks, Sceptre is, of course, pre-eminent, and the flying daughter of Persimmon and Ornament appears to have settled down quite naturally to the peaceful existence of a stud matron. Her performances on the Turf are fresh in the memories of most people, as are the facts that she was bought as a yearling for 10,000 guineas by Mr. Sievier at the sale of the late Duke of Westminster's bloodstock, and resold by him to Mr. W. Bass for 25,000 guineas. Perhaps the most brilliant of all her performances was when she beat Rock Sand by four lengths for the Jockey Club Stakes. Gas, by Ayrshire out of Illuminata, the dam of Cicero, has naturally gone once more on a visit to Cyllene; she is a nice stamp of mare, and is also the dam of Valve and Gascony. Quintessence, who is owned by Lord Falmouth, is a strong, thick-set little mare, with splendidly-placed shoulders and wide, strong quarters, has a foal by Orion, and has also gone to

Cyllene, to whom many other good mares are booked. Ella Tweed, a winner of the Brocklesby Stakes, is amongst the mares going to St. Serf. Miss Gunning is visiting Ayrshire, as are Autumn Rose, Mazeppa, Barndoor, and Yours. Mr. T. Cannon is sending Chrysomel and Microscope to Common, and on a visit to Ugly are Mr. Cooper Smith's Granny, Mr. Stirk's Tertia, Mr. Fernandez's Alameda, and Mr. Holmes's Chasse Café.

A DAY WITH FERRETERS.

IT is the autumn and winter months that see the farmer in the North of England busy, as is his wont, with the task (or recreation) of what is called "putting down the rabbits." Up to now they have had a good time, being unmolested during seedtime and harvest, spring and summer. Farm-work also, at the former seasons, being somewhat on the ebb, there is ample time for the waging of an incessant war on the ground game, many thousands being sold in our market towns, which in some degree (but never wholly) recoups the farmer for the injury done to his crops. It is customary for husbandmen, now and again, to join each other in a day's ferreting, and the following may give the reader some idea of such a day in that part of the "North Countree" covered by the great County of York, the old territory of our forefathers the Brigantes. At this season the leaves are off the hedgerows, and, as Tennyson says:

C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. *AN INTERRUPTED MEAL.* Copyright

> "There's not a flower on all the hills,
> The frost is on the pane."

The voice of the skylark is hushed, and the birds have ceased to twitter on the trees; the only sounds which break the quiet of the country-side are, perhaps, the distant hum of the steam thresher, which is now busy in the farmyards, the crowing of Mr. Chanticleer, or the "chack! chack!" of the fieldfare. The deficiency of cover to hide these destructive rodents is now everywhere evident, and this is decidedly so much to the gunner's advantage. Of course, we do not go ferreting on any kind of day, some attention being paid to the condition of the ground; for instance, we would not think of going ferreting when there was a frost as hard as the heart of a Memel log (as Dirk Hatteraick says somewhere in "Guy Mannering"); we must be able to dig.

Taking two ferrets (one much larger than the other) and other necessaries, we arrived, one dull morning, at our first burrow. This consisted of several holes, and had been recently worked (that is, enlarged by the rabbits), as was evidenced by the quantity of new soil near; and, further, this soil was firm and compact, indicating the frequent passing to and fro of our quarry. We give these details, as some people imagine the ferret is indiscriminately put into every hole we see; but, as a matter of fact, a certain amount of judgment has to be used. Further, it is absolutely necessary that perfect silence should be kept. The necessity for this has, perhaps, the effect of debarring the opposite sex from this sport. Be this as it may, if strict silence is not maintained, the timid little creatures will not bolt. The little ferret was now put into the hole, and we walked back ten or fifteen paces, taking particular care to remove spades, bags, etc., from the mouths of the burrows. Anything fresh about the hole "brer rabbit" notices instantly, and defers his exit, or, perhaps, does not make it at all. We must be (and are) on the alert immediately the ferret enters the burrow. A rumble was heard, and out came one full tilt, which was duly "doubled up," as we say, that is, received a sufficient quantity of lead to arrest its further progress. Another made his exit immediately after, and ran in again about three yards distant from where it came out. This frequently happens, and it requires a clever marksman to shoot them when skipping out and in in this manner. A few minutes later the ferret put his head out of the hole, looking around, as if to ask, Did you see anything? We caught him up, and he was put in where the rabbit had disappeared. Presently, a shrill squeaking was heard, and on digging in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, we were rewarded by unearthing a rabbit (almost dead, severely worried and very bloody behind the head), and the ferret, the latter having his teeth fixed in his prey; both were dragged out together. We had to "choke the ferret off," as it is called, that is, press his throat to such an extent that he was compelled to open his mouth, and so relinquish his booty. As we have seen a dog snatched by the hind legs from the strife with a fallen rival, as we have seen one half passive and defenceless, while the other half, head, teeth, eyes, claws, seems engulfed in the mangled and prostrate enemy, so it was with this ferret and his prey.

W. Cadby. *PUTTING THE FERRET IN.* Copyright

At this time we were at an altitude of nearly 1,000ft. above sea-level, and had, as a consequence, an extensive and beautiful view of a great part of Yorkshire. A picturesque valley spread itself at our feet, while in the distance could be seen hill behind hill, stretching to the horizon, some twenty miles to westward, where lay the Cumberland Lakes.

Our carrier (the lad we had to carry the rabbits, etc.) now gathered up his paraphernalia, and we started for another

W. Cadby. *CHOKING HIM OFF.* Copyright

burrow, situate in an open field, about 200yds. from a dense wood of black firs. Here a hedge had once stood, but it had now disappeared (saving an old thorn stump here and there), and only the mound ("cam," we call it) remained to indicate its former position. This mound was almost destitute of herbage. The conies had burrowed into it, and, of course, in our ferret went like a sleuth-hound. We stood off again, and remained standing for about 10min., but nothing appeared except a huge rat, which we had great pleasure in despatching. Shortly afterwards we went up to the holes to listen, that is, to kneel on the ground (of course, we are not in our Sunday best), and place our heads to the hole; in this way we attempted to locate the ferret. Nothing could be heard, so we put our ears to several points around the burrow, but all was still, not a sound audible. Putting in the large ferret, we continued listening, our guns, at half cock, having now been placed on the cam. We determined now to have a smoke and consider the matter. While busy filling our pipes, a rabbit came out about ten paces from us, and scampered to the wood, and though our dog did his utmost to intercept him, "brer rabbit" reached his "brier patch" many yards in advance.

Shortly after this both ferrets appeared, one with his fore claws full of down, indicating he had been at close quarters, but that his intended victim had escaped. It was just at this moment that rather an odd incident occurred. A prolonged squealing was heard, and looking up we espied a rabbit hopping slowly over a hill on our left. Why it made all the fuss we were at a loss to determine. It ran a short distance and then squatted, that is, sat down, and, strange to say, our carrier went and picked it up. It was alive, and absolutely unhurt. All was explained when, about 3sec. afterwards, a weasel in full pursuit came over the hill. Of course we bagged him as well.

We now set off for our third burrow, which was a hedge possessing a cam perfectly honeycombed with holes for hundreds of yards, and where, as we well knew, the ferret might be put in, and he would probably appear again about fifty or a hundred paces from us. It was quite a subterranean maze, and we only ferret it on special occasions. The ferrets, however, being in excellent condition for this labyrinth, we determined to try it, and immediately on their entrance we could hear its inhabitants rushing hither and thither. Occasionally could be heard a squeal, and in less than a minute out came one at full speed. Bang! On this occasion, to a certain extent, it was a miss, for the rabbit, still running, though sorely wounded, succeeded in reaching a hole further up the fence, nor had our dog any opportunity of forestalling it.

During this period, however, we have to record the fact that two were shot at the other side of the fence, but no ferret had as yet appeared. We waited some little time, and then determined to listen, taking care to have our guns in readiness. Nothing could be heard, but a rabbit, appearing about 50yds. ahead, led us to conclude the ferret was not far away, and our inference proved correct, for after standing about 5min. at that spot we shot four rabbits. Later on the ferrets appeared, and going further down the fence we succeeded in bolting six others, four of which were bagged. Subsequently we had to put in our large ferret to locate the other, and after some lapse of time we left this burrow, having a total bag of twelve up to this hour, viz.,

W. Cadby. *EAGER FOR THE FRAY.* Copyright

noon. As we were on the point of leaving this burrow we shot a golden plover which was flying over our heads along with two others. It is rather a rare bird hereabouts and very shy.

It would be mere repetition, tedious and uninteresting, to enumerate all the little details connected with the day's sport; but we ought perhaps to record one other fact, and that is, we lost our little ferret. We hasten to say, in our own justification, that this can happen to the most experienced veterans in this sport. For hours we tried to locate him, but could not do so, nor would the little wretch leave the burrow. Darkness coming on, with a slight shower of snow, it was determined to leave him in the hole overnight. As is usual with us in such cases, we blocked all the holes but one,

W. Cadby. *A LURE FOR THE FERRET.* Copyright

C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. *THE MORNING'S BAG.* Copyright

and in this one left the ferret-box, confident we should find him in it on the morrow. In this we were not mistaken, for on going early, he was coiled up in the straw of the box, and, on our peering in, he raised his pink eyes, blinking in the morning light, and appeared rather annoyed at being so early disturbed. We will only add that our total bag for the day, including the weasel and golden plover, was thirty-one.

IN THE GARDEN.

Tulips that Refuse to Flower.

We are perplexed and, needless to say, disappointed with the May-flowering Tulips. We made a large planting last autumn, in the full hope of an exceptionally fine display next month; the bulbs were large, well-ripened, and absolutely free from disease, but the majority have thrown quite blind stems. There is ample leaf, but no flower. It would be interesting to have the opinion of Tulip-growers on this point. After a wet and sunless year we may expect a failure; but 1904 was exceptionally warm and dry, and in every way an ideal year for bulbs of most kinds. The May Tulips, which include the Gesners and Darwin forms, are the chief delights of the many, and a wholesale failure is regrettable.

Tomatoes Out of Doors.

The culture of Tomatoes outdoors must always be regarded as more or less speculative, because climatic conditions make all the difference between success and failure. The Tomato is essentially sun-loving, and in bright, warm summers it well repays the trouble expended upon its culture outdoors. The Tomato, however, is so generally popular as an article of food that hundreds of people who have no glass accommodation willingly take the risks of the weather and grow their plants in the open. There are several important points, however, bearing on the success of outdoor Tomato culture, and if more attention were paid to these the failures would not be so numerous, even in indifferent seasons. In the first place, it should be remembered that the season of the Tomato at its best is a short one, and if the plants suffer a check at the outset they are at a disadvantage throughout. Both purchasers and raisers of Tomatoes should see that they get plants which have been grown steadily from the seedling stage, and are furnished with strong fleshy stems. If these plants are not over-root-bound, and are growing steadily when put out, they suffer no check, and are not very long before they begin to show flower trusses. In short, there can be no doubt that half the success of outdoor Tomato culture is due to a good start. The second point is that of growing the plants in a favourable position. Of all places there is none equal to a warm south wall, as the heat conserved by the masonry is helpful to the plants. If a favourable wall cannot be provided, then an open sunny position outdoors should be selected, and the plants be trained to strong stakes and confined to single stems. The Tomato does not need heavy feeding during the early stages of growth, and heavy applications of manure to the soil at planting-time are conducive to rank stems and huge leaves. The time to feed Tomatoes is when the plants are undergoing the strain of cropping, and then the fruit takes up the nutriment provided. There is no better way of growing Tomatoes in the open than on single stems, and this is done by pinching back the lateral growths as they appear. If no pinching is done, the plants become mere thickets of growth, and the fruits which are produced are prevented from ripening owing to the exclusion of air. Most varieties of Tomatoes may be grown in the open in favourable seasons, but some are better adapted for this method of culture than others. Though it is not the handsomest of fruits, we still favour Laxton's Open Air as a serviceable variety for outdoors, and Sutton's Earliest of All is also good.

Random Notes.

Work to be Done.—Prune Evergreen shrubs and sow seeds of Forget-me-Nots, Primroses, Polyanthuses, and Wallflowers to provide plants for putting out in the coming autumn. Raspberries will now be throwing up strong canes, which must be thinned out, retaining only the strongest. Remove suckers springing up in the rows of old plants, and top-dress with well-decayed manure. Continue to thin out annual flowers, and trim in Box edges with the shears where this work is necessary. Blank spaces often occur, especially when the edging is old. Now is the season to make good these defects. Keep the hoe busy amongst garden crops, and do not spare water when the weather is very dry.

Crown Imperials in the Grass.—We made last year an interesting experiment which is happily bringing forth an abundant return at the time of writing. In February of last year a quantity of Crown Imperials were planted in grass land, the soil light, rather dry, and with gravel close to the surface. In the following spring, of course, the growth was weakly, but a few flowers appeared, which were promptly removed to concentrate the plant's energies into growth for another year. Now the clumps are in full flower, and the effect of the strong leafy flower-crowned stems in the grass is not unpleasant. The flowers of the Crown Imperial (or Fritillaria imperialis), as it is called in books, have great variety of colouring. Some are a pure self yellow, others of a bronzy shade, and a few quite a reddish brown. We dislike them near to the house, as the shoots when spearing through the soil in spring have a strong and objectionable odour.

Quality in Vegetables.—That beautiful monthly publication, *Flora and Sylva*, opens this month with an important article upon the evil of growing vegetables to an abnormal size and of cooking them badly. This is a perennial question in horticultural journals, but it is only by constant allusion to it that reform is possible. The editor, Mr. Robinson, urges all to "work against the spoiling of some vegetables through the misguided effort for size. Although the flavour of vegetables may be less marked than that of fruit, it is often their essential quality. A change in size, by adding to the watery and fibrous tissue of a plant, may spoil the flavour, as has been done in the case of the Brussels Sprout, which is no longer the same little rosette of green, but a coarse Cabbage Sprout. For some years there has been in our markets a very large French Bean, without any of the quality of the small kinds, though its huge pod makes it popular with the market gardener, whereas the French Bean ought to be a delicate vegetable, the value of which should depend entirely upon its flavour. The cooking of vegetables to form dishes for their own sakes—as is done in France and other countries—might also be encouraged. If fruits, cereals, and roots are worth this care, far more should be the fresh green vegetables which our moist climate enables to thrive longer without artificial watering than, perhaps, any other. Among the vegetables which are treated in this way by the French cook are Cardoons, Celery, Celeriac, the Artichoke (both true and false), Kidney Beans, Indian Corn, Marrows, and other Gourds, Egg Plant, Batavian Endine, etc. The methods of steaming and braising which preserve the natural juices of vegetables, instead of throwing them into (often) hard water, makes this all the more desirable, and, indeed, necessary, if we are to enjoy the full benefit of the many excellent vegetables now within our reach."

C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. *A "CAM."* Copyright

CHICHELEY HALL, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE,

THE SEAT OF . . . .

SIR GEORGE FARRAR.

CHICHELEY HALL, the fine old Buckinghamshire manor house which we depict, may be traced back to a race of those prosperous traders and merchants who rose to such prominence, replacing to a large extent the old nobility, in the Tudor age. The house stands near the northern extremity of the shire, some three miles from the old town of Newport Pagnell, and the property belonged to Tickford Priory, founded by Ralph Paganell, or Pagnell, as a cell of Marmoutier, until the Dissolution, when it was purchased from the Crown by Anthony Cave, whose father, Richard Cave of Stanford, was greatly advanced owing to his intimate friendship with Cromwell, the vicar-general, but died before he could share in the great spoliation. Anthony was bred to the trade of a merchant of the Staple of Calais, but, desiring to reside in England, Cromwell procured him the lease of Tickford Abbey, Bucks, in 1546. Partly through this association with his father's friend he grew very rich, and chiefly invested his wealth in lands in Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, and Northamptonshire. He is described on his memorial brass in Chicheley Church as a former merchant of the Staple of Calais, and "Dominus" of Chicheley. This old merchant and landowner was the builder of the original Chicheley Hall, and some parts of his ancient structure, erected about the year 1550, are incorporated in the present edifice, which was built by Sir Anthony Chester at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Anthony Cave's association with the existing house may be found in some of the old features retained, and in particular in a room panelled with early oak, where is a beam on which may be read the moral injunction playing upon his name: "Cave ne Deum offendas; Cave ne proximum lædas; Cave ne tua negligentia familiam deseras; 1550."

Anthony Cave died in 1558, and his estate at Chicheley passed with his eldest daughter and co-heiress, Judith, to her husband, who was also her cousin, William Chester, citizen and draper of London, eldest son of Sir William Chester, M.P., Lord Mayor of London, a munificent merchant of the City, who loved learning and was concerned in the founding and endowment of Christ's Hospital and St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The son of William and Judith Chester, named Anthony after his maternal grandfather, succeeded to the estates on the death of the widow of the latter in 1577. He was a prominent man in his day, who took an active part in local affairs, raised a troop of horse in 1588, was sheriff of Buckinghamshire in 1602-3, and was created a baronet in 1620. He was succeeded by his son Sir Anthony, the second baronet, who, having married the daughter of Sir John Peyton of Doddington, without his father's consent, was partially disinherited. He was in some pecuniary difficulty, but is remembered as a valiant Cavalier, who commanded a troop of horse at Naseby. His conspicuous loyalty in those troublous times drew down upon himself and his estates the vengeance of the Parliament, and in 1645 the garrison of Newport Pagnell sacked and plundered Chicheley Hall, of

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SOUTH-EAST CORNER.

Copyright "COUNTRY LIFE."

which the rents were sequestrated. In these misfortunes Sir Anthony Chester was overwhelmed, and, in peril of his life or liberty, fled to Holland, having transferred a great part of his estate to his "good brother" Henry. A letter still remains in which, on the eve of his departure, he besought this brother to be "as a husband to my wife, and a father to my children." Henry, like the good brother he was, had a nominal possession only, but the Cavalier, returning to England in 1650, broken alike in fortune and health, found his house wasted and in ruins. He died in the following year, and two portraits now at the hall are attributed to the gallant but unfortunate gentleman and his wife. The lady survived her husband for forty years, and died at Chicheley in 1692, in her 89th year.

Copyright. *EAST FRONT.* "COUNTRY LIFE."

Sir Anthony, third of the name, one of their thirteen children, succeeded to the shattered estate on his father's death in 1651, but on the death of his uncle, Sir Henry Chester, K.B., in 1669, his fortunes changed, and his son Sir John, who succeeded him in 1698, was able to rebuild the house, which he did at great cost between the years 1699 and 1704. His figure, as a blue-eyed, fair-haired boy of twelve or thirteen, with his brother Anthony, is to be seen in a painting at Chicheley Hall. While he was still under age he married Anne, daughter of William Wollaston, and the lady having a fortune of £10,000, with more in prospect, the fortunes of the Chesters were repaired. He rebuilt the old house, therefore, with little regard to expense, in the style of architecture favoured in his time. It is a great mass of red brick, with stone facings, and a flat roof, very characteristic and imposing, with a certain calm dignity in its features. The south frontage is divided into three compartments, that in the centre being curiously raised above the others, and the wall surface has fluted Corinthian pilasters at intervals, while the door and windows are good but plain, the most ornate feature being a cornice over the second storey windows sculptured with masks and cornucopias. The east and west fronts are in similar style, but plainer, and on the south-west is a range of quaint old stables, while the embattled tower of the church rises amid the trees close at hand. The pile of buildings is certainly very striking in character, but there are designs in existence which show that the house itself was to have been more lavishly adorned, with statuary upon the parapet.

The interior is both beautiful and interesting. Entering, we find the hall very noble and imposing, with exquisite marbles and glorious panelling. There are two Corinthian arcades, through one of which the great staircase is reached, a magnificent example of woodwork, inlaid with cedar and mahogany. The panelling has a cornice of the key pattern carved in wood, over which the balustered gallery has a fine effect. Beautiful portraits, excellent old furniture, many choice art works and rich carpets and rugs are the features of the hall; and lovely panelling, moulded and inlaid, fine chimney-pieces of marble, pilasters and carvings worthy of Grinling Gibbons, give rare distinction to other parts of the interior.

Ascending the noble staircase we reach the library, which is at the top of the house, and is, perhaps, the most interesting of the apartments. It has a certain kinship with the Vatican library, in that the books are concealed. The walls are panelled

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THE HALL GALLERY.

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CORRIDORS OF HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Copyright STEPS IN HALL. "COUNTRY LIFE."

with oak, the large spaces being divided by fluted pilasters, which open with a curious key, and disclose the volumes on the shelves, with two tiers of drawers below. The materials of the old house were freely used in the new structure, as in the oak-panelled room already alluded to, which has the punning inscription of Anthony Cave. This panelling had been painted many a time, but the pigment was carefully removed in 1872 and the inscription disclosed. Part of the old staircase of oak probably came from the ancient structure, and has some curious features. A massive wooden chimney-piece of later date is also noticeable, being adorned with the shield of Chester and Cave, quarterly, carved in oak, with figures of soldiers, with swords and halberds, painted in oils on either side.

Copyright *EAST FRONT OF STABLES.* "COUNTRY LIFE."

Sir John Chester did not confine his improvements to the house, for he employed a landscape gardener, and a lake was formed in the park in 1699, and a boat-house added in the following year. He also laid out a new walled garden, and made new approaches with avenues of elms, besides planting thousands of other trees. Later possessors have been planters also, and the effect is seen in the fine trees which now give such distinction to the place. The work of building and planting was in progress during many years, the main structure being completed about 1701, and the cost was enormous. Mr. R. E. Chester Waters, who has written a fine genealogy of the Chesters of Chicheley, says, indeed, that it was always believed in the family that for less than the money spent Sir John Chester might have purchased the great house of Gayhurst, which was then for sale, and was purchased, with its estate, in 1704 by the son of Sir Nathan Wright, the Lord Keeper. Evidently, however, Sir John Chester preferred his ancestral seat. He was a well-known sportsman, and one of the Gentlemen of Queen Anne's Privy Chamber.

Copyright *DOVECOTE IN THE PARK.* "COUNTRY LIFE."

Copyright

IN THE BILLIARD-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The fifth baronet died in the year of his accession to the title, 1726, when another Sir John Chester, his brother, came into possession. The baronetcy became extinct on the death of the ninth baronet in 1769. The seventh baronet, who left no legitimate descendants, and whose uncle succeeded to the title, cut off the entail of the whole of the family estates, and left them to his maternal cousin, a stranger in blood, who assumed the name of Chester. This gentleman died in 1793, and is mentioned with respect by Cowper, who frequently visited Chicheley from Olney. Mr. Charles Chester succeeded, but, leaving no son, the property passed to his nephew, the Rev. Anthony Chester. The latter also dying without issue, the estate passed to his cousin and heir, Colonel Charles Montague Chester, who did a good deal to restore Chicheley Hall, and died in 1879. He was the father of Mr. Charles Anthony Chester, and the old estate is still in the hands of the family, which represents, but not in blood, the old possessors of the place. Chicheley Hall is now the residence of Sir George Farrar, D.S.O., who gained this latter distinction when serving as Major on the Staff of the Colonial Division in the late war in South Africa, and who had the further honour of being mentioned in despatches, thus carrying on the old traditions of loyalty to King and country which have been previously alluded to in this article as characteristic of the owners of this fine old country home.

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THE WILD APPLE.

By Fiona Macleod.

THE foam of the White Tide of blossom has been flung across the land. It is already ebbing from the blackthorn hedges; the wild-cherry herself is no longer so immaculately snow-white. It drifts on the wind that has wooed the wild-apple. The plum is like a reef swept with surf. Has not the laurustinus long been as cream-dappled as, later, the elder will be in every hedgerow or green lane or cottage-garden? Not that all the tides of blossom are like fallen snow: is not the apple-bloom itself flushed with the hearts of roses? Think of the flowering almond, that cloud of shell-heart pink: of the delicate bloom of the peach that lives on the south wind: of the greengold of the sallow catkins: of the blazing yellow of the gorse: of the homely flowering-currant, which even by mid-March had hung out her gay tangle of pinky blooms: of the purple-red of the deadnettle in the ditch, and of the ruddy-hued fallaways of the poplar overhead. I wonder if in most places the flowering-currant is no more than an ordinary shrub. Here, where I write, there are several small trees of it, taller than the general growth of the lilac, tall as the laburnum, though at the time of their unloosening the one had not revealed her delicate mauve and white, while the other was still a miser of the countless gold he will now soon be spreading upon the wind. The pink blooms, carmine-ended where the five or six unfolded blossoms hang like fruit, droop in a roseal shower, as innumerous as the golden drops of the laburnum-rain or the suspended snow-flakes of the white lilac themselves. The brown bees have long discovered this flusht eden: their drowsily-sweet murmurous drone is as continuous as though these slow-swaying pastures were of linden-bloom and the hour the heart of summer.

Everywhere the largesse of Spring has followed her first penury in the scanty snow of the blackthorn on bare boughs. What, by the way, is the origin of the phrase 'Blackthorn-sorrow'? I heard it again recently, as though to say that summer was safely at hand so that now there was no more fear of the blackthorn sorrow. However, as later I hope to deal with the complex folklore of the Thorn, I need not let the subject delay me now, except to say that in the North-west Highlands I have heard the blackthorn called *Bròn Lochlannach*, the Northman's woe, literally Norse or Norland Sorrow or Mourning, . . . a legendary designation to which there is, I believe, a North-German analogue. The idea here is that the blackthorn sprang from the blood of the slain Norse invaders, the 'pagans from Lochlin' of mediæval Gaelic story. In many parts of the kingdom it is looked on askance, and cut sprays of it brought into a house are considered as a menace of ill, as a death-token even; and it has been surmised that this is due to some confused memory of a druidical or other early symbolism of the commingling of winter and summer, in other words of life and death, in the blackthorn's blossom-strewn leafless branches. It may be so, but does not seem to me likely, for by far the greater part of flower and tree folklore has little to do with such subtle conceptions. Too many of these are as vague and fantastical as that legend which says that one must not taste of the root of the peony if a woodpecker be in sight, or else the penalty may be blindness: a safe prognostication!

It is that other thorn which holds us now, that lovely torch of blossom which has taken to itself the name of the lovers'-month. Not that the hawthorn has unchallenged use of May as a name. In Devon the white lilac is often called the May, and elsewhere too the 'laylock' is spoken of as May-bloom. The laurustinus, again, is thus named in some parts of Somerset, and I have heard lilies-of-the-valley called May-blossoms. In Scotland I have often heard the hawthorn-in-bloom called Queen of the May and even Queen of the Meadow, though neither name properly belongs to it, and the latter is the inalienable title of the meadowsweet. But of all wild-blossom nothing surpasses in mass that of the hawthorn. It, truly, is the foam of the groves and hollows. From the south to the north it flows in a foaming tide. 'Bride of the world' I have heard it called in a Gaelic song, and long ago an ancient Celtic bard spoke of it lovingly . . . 'white is every green thorn, and honeysweet.'

But it is of the Apple I want to write just now, she whose coronal of blossom is surely loveliest of all fruitbearers: Bride of the Wind we may say—'Persephone herself' as a modern Italian poet calls her.

In the Highlands to-day the Apple (*Ubhal*), or the Wild-Apple or Crab-Apple (*Ubhal-fiadhaich*), is still common in woods and by streamsides. The bitter juice of the fruit is still used for sprains and bruises, and to-day as of old the Gaelic poet has no more frequent comparison of his sweetheart's charm than to the delicate-hued sweet-smelling apple—*e.g.*,

Iseubail òg
An òr-fhuilt bhuidhe—
Do ghruaidh mar ròs
'S do phòg mar ubhal,

where the poet praises his Isabel of the yellow tresses and rose-flusht cheek and kissing-mouth sweet as an apple. Once the apple was far more common in Scotland than it is now. An old authority, Solinus, says that Moray and all the North-East abounded in the third century with fruit-bearing apple-trees, and Buchanan even speaks of Inverness-shire as being unsurpassed for the fruit. Visitors to Iona to-day, who see it a sandy treeless isle, may hardly credit that it was once famous for its apple-orchards, and that too as late as the ninth century, till the monks of Iona were slain and the orchards destroyed by the ravaging vikings out of Norway. Beautiful Arran, too, was once lovelier still, so lovely with apple-blossom and ruddy yellow fruit that it was called Emhain Abhlach, the Avalon of the Gael.

To come in a waste place of tangled woods, or on some lapwing-haunted pasture-edge, or in the heathy wilderness, on the wild-apple in bloom, is to know one of the most thrilling experiences of the Spring. As a rule the wild-apple stands solitary. Seen thus, it has often something of the remote element of dreamland. I came once, in the heart of a beechwood, on a single tree of laburnum, in full glory of dense unfallen gold. How did it come to be there, what wind had first brought it on the tides of birth, what friendly nurture had led the seedling to the sapling and the sapling to lovely youth? I wondered; but most I wondered at the sudden beauty, at the unexpected revelation of vistas other than those of the woodland, at the unloosening of the secret gates of dreams and the imagination. Faerie stood open. Angus Og, the Celtic Apollo Chrusokumos, the golden Baldur of the Gael, stood yonder just a moment ago, surely? Yonder, in the sunlit greenness, Midir of the Dew it was who passed swiftly among the bat-wings of disguising shadows? Was that Findabair going like a moonbeam, there in the sea-caverns of the green leaf? Or was it Fand, whose laughter the storm-thrush caught, long, long ago? Surely that was an echo of old forgotten song in the gloom of the beeches? Could it be Fedelm of the *Sìdhe*, 'the young girl of the mouth of red berries, with voice sweeter than the strings of a curved harp, and skin showing like the snow of a single night'? And there, vanishing in the sunlit cataract of gold itself, like a rainbow behind falling water, was not that Niamh of the Golden Tresses? . . . Niamh, whose beauty was so great that the poets of the Other-world and those who died of love for her called her Love Entangled, she whose beauty filled three hundred years in the single hour that Fionn thought he was with her, in the days when the ancient world had suddenly grown old, and the little bell of Patrick the Christ-Bringer had tinkled sorrow and desolation and passing away across the Irish hills. Up among the devious green pathways of the travelling wood what lost king's voice was that? . . .

> "Say, down those halls of Quiet
> Doth he cry upon his Queen?
> Or doth he sleep, contented
> To dream of what has been?"

. . . what poet of long ago, living in a flame of passion still, a wandering breath for ever, went by on that drowsy wind?—

> "Across the world my sorrow flies,
> A-hunger for the grey and wistful
> Beauty of Feithfailge's eyes."

Something of that emotion as of ancestral memories, as of an awakened past, of an unloosening of the imagination, may well come to any imaginative nature encountering suddenly a wild-apple in blossom in some solitary place. To people of a Celtic race or having a dominant Celtic strain, in particular, perhaps: for to the Gael, the Cymru and the Breton the Apple-tree is associated with his most sacred traditional beliefs. Of old it was sacrosanct. It was the Celtic Tree of Life, what Yggdrasil was to the ancient dreamers of Scandinavia. He cannot think of it, but of the kingdom of eternal youth: of Emhain Abhlach, of Y Breasil, of Avalon, of drowned Avillion. It waves over the lost Edens. In Tir-na-n'Og its boughs, heavy with blossom, hang above the foam of the last pale waters of doom. The tired islander, who has put away hunger and weariness and dreams and the old secret desire of the sword, lays himself down below its branches in Flatheanas, and hears the wild harpers of Rinn in a drowsy hum like the hum of wild bees. Grey-haired men and women on the shores of Connemara look out across the dim wave and see the waving of its boughs. The Breton peasant, standing at twilight on the rock-strewn beaches of Tregastèl, will cross himself as he smells the fragrance of apple-blossom coming from sunken isles across the long rolling billows, and remember, perhaps, how of old in moonlit nights he has seen his keel drive through the yielding topmost branches of the woods of Avalon. Many poets have wandered in the secret valleys of Avillion, and have passed under boughs heavy with foam of dreams, and have forgotten all things and been uplifted in joy.

In the glens of the Land of Heart's Desire the tired singers of the world have become silent under the windless branches, snowwhite in the moonshine, having found the Heart of Song.

The cross and death-coffer of applewood, the crown of wild-apple, the apple-staff, the poet's tablets of applewood, all the apple-myths and apple-legends, how could one tell of them in a few words. They are in old songs and old tales of all lands. Our Gaelic literature alone is fragrant with apple-bloom, is lovely with the flickering shadow of the apple-leaf, mysterious with symbol of fruit and the applewood that holds life and death in one embrace. Many readers will at once recall that lovely old tale of Bailê the Sweet-spoken and Ailinn Honeymouth, whose love was so great that when in their beautiful youth they died and were buried, one in a grave to the north and one in a grave to the south, grave-wood grew into grave-wood and green branches from the north and the south became one overhanging branch, under which the winds murmured of passion that winter-death could not kill nor the hot noons of summer lull into forgetfulness. There is an older and less-known *sgeul* of how Ana, that most ancient goddess, the Mother, after she had fashioned all the gods, and had made man out of rock and sand and water and the breathing of her breath, made woman out of the body of a wave of the sea and out of foam of apple-blossom and out of the wandering wind. And there are many tales that, in this way or a like way, have in them the mysterious wind of the wild-apple, many poems on whose shadowy waters float the rose-flusht snow of the scattered blossoms of dreams and desires. Was not the apple-blossom first stained through the inappeasable longing of a poet-king, who, yet living, had reached Y Breasil? Ulad saw there a garth of white blossom, and of this he gathered, and warmed all night against his breast, and at dawn breathed into them. When the sunbreak slid a rising line along the dawn he saw that what had been white blooms, made warm by his breath and flusht by the beating of his heart, was a woman. And how at the end Fand became once more a drift of white blossom upon the deerskin. For when the longing and the sorrow of all sorrows in the heart of Ulad wrapt his heart in flame, suddenly a wind-eddy scattered the blossoms upon the deerskin, so that they wavered hither and thither, but some were stained by the wandering fires of a rainbow that drifted out of the rose-red thickets of the dawn.

How far back do these apple-legends go? I know not. But when Aphrodite was born of the Idalian foam she held an apple in her hand, as Asia or Eve looked long upon the fruit of life and death in Eden. In Hades itself was it not the lure and the bitterness of Tantalus? All old poems and tales, as I have said, have it, whether as legend, or dream, or metaphor, or as a simile even, as in the seventh-century MS. of the *Cain Adamnain*, where Adamnan's old mother cries *mo maccan-sa suut amail bis ubull fo' tuind* . . . 'my dear son yonder is like an apple on a wave: [*i.e.*] little is his hold on the earth.' And those of us who have read, and remember, the *Prose Edda*, will recall how Iduna 'keeps in a box, Apples, which the gods, when they feel old age approaching, have only to taste to become young again.'

Is that too a dream, or is there no Ragnarök for the gods to fear? This at least we know, that as the winter-tide, the death-tide, eternally recurs, so is the foam-white Dream continually rewoven, so everlastingly does Spring come again in the green garment that is the symbol of immortality and wearing the white coronals of blossom which stand for the soul's inalienable hope, for the spirit's incalculable joy. For Avalon is not a dream. It is with us still. It is here indeed, though set within no frontiers, and unlimned in any chart. And even the apples of Iduna grow within reach: the least of us may eat of the fruit . . . till the coming of Ragnarök.

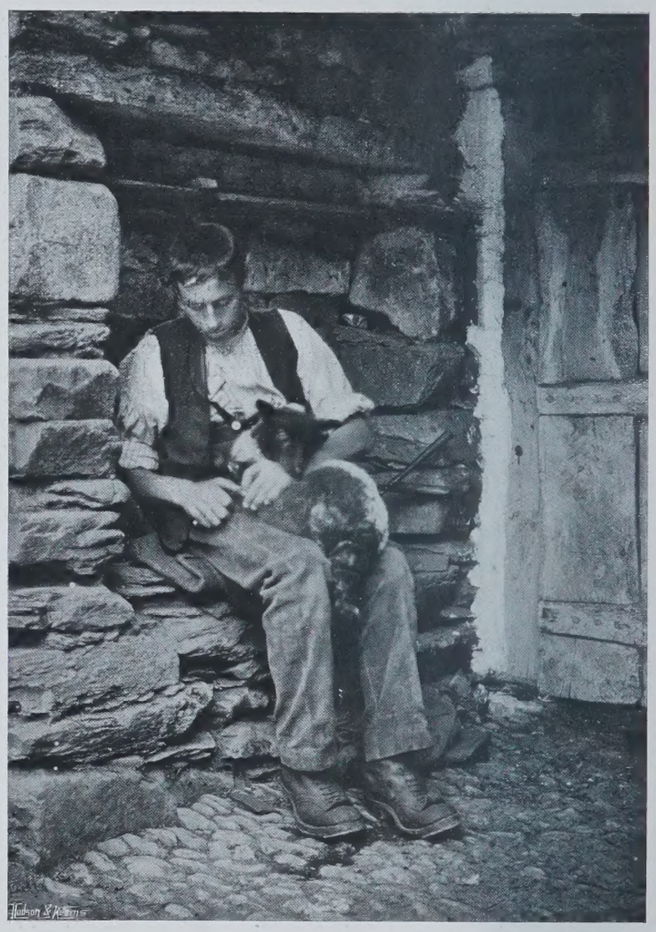
FROM THE FARMS.

Inoculating the Soil.

THE expression which we have taken as the heading for this article has come to be generally applied to the application of nitragin to the soil. The history of this product is extremely interesting. It was an old fashion of husbandmen to plough leguminous crops into the ground for manurial purposes. In doing so they were following a tradition that was not based on scientific knowledge. The Department of Agriculture in the United States has recently made a thorough investigation of the subject, and has issued a brief account of the work done. As probably many of our readers know, the Germans have been equally busy on the same subject, and, as a matter of fact, pure cultures can be obtained in the United Kingdom from Germany at a cost of 2s. a tube, containing the quantity sufficient to treat the seed required for about three-fifths of an acre in the case of small seeds, such as clover, and about half that area in the case of such large seeds as peas, lupins, and beans. The best results have been obtained on newly-broken-up soil, or newly-cultivated moorland. The expert for the Board of Agriculture has given most detailed directions for using the material in the Journal of the Board of Agriculture for February. In the United States' document there is an interesting sketch of the work done in investigating the question of the fixation of the nitragin by the root nodules of leguminous plants, and of the experiments that preceded the preparation of nitragin. The substance of the report will be found in the Journal of the Board of Agriculture for March, and deserves the careful attention of farmers. Between November, 1902, and November, 1904, the department distributed about 12,500 separate packages of inoculating material. On the reports received from those who tried it the opinion of the Board of Agriculture has been formed. In this respect the United States has shown itself extremely enterprising, and we can only wish that as brilliant an example had been set by England.

The Richness of Milk.

In the eleventh annual report of the Agricultural Department of University College, Reading, there is a paragraph which owners of dairy herds will read with very great interest. It runs as follows: "A large number of samples of mixed milk and milk from individual cows have been examined. In some cases where complaints have been made by purchasers in regard to the poor fat contents of certain 'morning' churns consigned to them



E. A. Girdlestone. *TENDING A LAMB.* Copyright

by farmers, it has been found that individual cows of the herd have given milk with less than 3 per cent. of fat. In all cases this has been met with in morning milk only. The deficiency in fat has always disappeared when the interval between the evening and morning milkings has been shortened. Many farmers try to improve the quality and bring it up to the legal standard by extra high feeding, but this rarely or never succeeds when the interval is too long, and attempts to improve matters in this way are of no avail. Whatever happens, the interval must be shortened, even if it means extra wages to the men." This points to a serious state of things. If a healthy cow does not produce milk which reaches the standard set by the Board of Agriculture, there would seem to be in that fact itself a *primâ facie* case for either reconsidering the standard set up by the experts at Whitehall, or of improving the breed of cows in our dairy herds.

Rooks and Farmers.

From accounts in the Scottish papers we notice that farmers in Teviotdale and other parts of Southern Scotland have, at their clubs, been taking council to induce their landlords to thin the rooks down. These birds have increased to an enormous extent, and though natural historians are agreed that when they exist in moderate numbers they are a service to husbandry, when

they multiply abnormally they become pests. One reason for their increase is, no doubt, that their destruction, both by natural foes and by man, has been practically stopped. Nearly all the larger birds of prey have been killed down to the point of extinction. The modern schoolboy is not such a nest-harrying child as his predecessors were, and rook-shooting—except as an amusement with rifles—has greatly diminished. Indeed, the taste for rook pie seems to have gone out altogether, though the time is not far off when it was esteemed a delicacy by rich and poor.

AMENDING THE BUILDING BYE-LAWS.

Our readers ought to be particularly interested in the little measure that has been drawn up under the name of Public Health Acts (Amendment) Bill, as its main object is to ameliorate the tyranny of the rural building bye-laws. It consists of only five clauses, of which the first is that it is to be construed with the Public Health Act. The main clauses are exempting clauses; the idea is that certain buildings in the country should not be subject to the operation of any bye-law in respect to the structure of walls, foundations, roofs, floors, chimneys, or hearths. It would be a relief to those who are anxious to promote building in the villages if this Bill could be made into an Act of Parliament during the present session; but, with a Parliament nearing dissolution, and a Ministry preparing to meet the country, we doubt if a piece of work that is not showy, but only useful, will have much chance of becoming law.

LAMBING ON ROMNEY MARSHES.

THE illustrations which we show to-day are from a flock of sheep founded as far back as 1746, by the grandfather of Mr. Henry Rigden, the present owner. It consists of no fewer than 2,000 ewes, of which part are grazed on Romney Marsh and part on the uplands. The examples that we show illustrate the characteristics of the breed, which may be called a general purpose one, combining a good fleece of wool with a good carcase of mutton, and an extremely hardy constitution. It is a fact worth noting that the best of our breeds of farmstock have originated from the bleakest districts of the country. In the fen district of East Anglia we have the first home of the Lincoln breed, and the country there does not differ so very much from that which stretches from Hythe to the river Rother, and from Dungeness to the Appledore. Sheep are said to be thicker upon Romney Marsh than upon any other part of Great Britain, and the thinly-sown population exists almost solely for the purpose of attending to them. Romney Marsh as a residence of human beings possesses some of the characteristics of the fenland; that is to say, the atmosphere is damp, and inclined to produce rheumatism and the ills that are akin to it. But the sheep thrive

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upon it exceedingly, and Mr. Rigden puts them to a very hard test. They literally live out of doors, and even the preparations for their lambing are conceived and carried out in the simplest possible manner. No elaborate houses are erected for the purpose, but a rough pen is formed, partially sheltered from the colder winds by the use of straw. Within a very short space, not more than a few hours, after coming into the world the healthy lamb is turned out on the marsh, and left to the care of its dam. The treatment, however, seems to suit the constitution of the animals, since they attain to size and strength under it. No doubt much has been done to help them in the way of introducing new blood, though it is probable that the defects of the original Romney Marsh breed have been considerably exaggerated by writers on agriculture, who describe them as having "broad feet, long stout limbs, narrow chests, flat sides, and great bellies."

At one time the rage was all for using Leicesters for the purpose of improvement, and in the middle of last century Professor David Low said, "It may be doubted if there exists a single long-woolled sheep in the county of Kent in which the influence of the new Leicester blood does not appear." Yet the fashion does not seem to have lasted long, for in 1855 his successor wrote, "Attempts have been made at various times to introduce Leicester blood into the flocks, but they have not been altogether successful. The shape and points of the animal have been improved, and earlier maturity and aptitude for fattening obtained, while, at the same time, the size of the sheep has been somewhat diminished, and the fleece, though improved in staple, has been reduced in weight. It has also been found that if the Leicester blood predominates, or even exceeds a certain point, the natural hardihood of constitution is changed, and the sheep become too tender for their exposed pastures." Of late years some breeders have tried to cross Romneys with Down rams instead of Leicesters, but it has been found that the offspring are inferior to the pure breed for grazing purposes, and at the present moment there is a general reversion to the uncrossed type. During the last thirty years, however, the sheep must have undergone very great changes, as Professor Wilson relates that in his day they had "white heads and legs, a long and broad face with a tuft of wool on the forehead, no horns, a long and thin neck, a narrow breast, and moderate fore-quarters; the body was long with flattish sides and sharp chine; the loins wide and strong, the belly large, thighs broad and thick; the legs and feet large, with coarse bone and muscle." This description may be profitably contrasted with that given by Professor Wrightson in his book on "The Breeds and Management of Sheep": "The Romney Marsh or Kentish Long-woolled sheep of our day is of large size, and is in this respect scarcely excelled by any British breed excepting the Lincolns. A pen of three ewes, exhibited by Mr. Henry Rigden of Lyminge, at a recent show of the Smithfield Club, weighed 8cwt. 2qr. 24lb., which was only excelled by two pens of Lincoln ewes, which were respectively 9cwt. 1qr. 22lb. and 9cwt. 2qr. 14lb. The breed is white-faced, hornless, and inclined to be bareheaded. The wool is of long staple and great weight, and in general appearance the breed resembles the heavy long-woolled Lincoln race. Fine specimens are to be seen at our great shows, not only from the true Marsh district, but also from Sittingbourne and other localities of good land, of higher position."

It may not be an absolute test of the quality of a breed of sheep to look at its entries in the various shows, but there can be no doubt of the growing popularity of the Kentish breed.

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At all the shows in the South of England they are thoroughly well represented, and the judges at the Royal have frequently drawn attention to the continuous improvement that has taken place. For instance, in regard to the show of 1903, the remark they made was that the ram lambs were possibly the strongest ever exhibited. And in those days, when the exhibition was migratory, and was held at the extreme North of the kingdom, good representatives of Romney sheep could be seen as far away from their native habitat as Carlisle. The flock which we illustrate has been singularly successful in these competitions, and has taken no fewer than about 600 prizes. There is also a continuous demand in regard to these sheep for purposes of export, and it is easy to understand how they should commend themselves to the colonist who has large tracts of land at his disposal. It is absolutely necessary that his sheep should be of hardy constitution, and able for the most part to take care of themselves, because, if that were not so, his inability to give the individual attention would ultimately be the ruin of the flock. With that soundness of health the colonist wants naturally to secure as good a fleece as possible, and also as much mutton. These requirements are fulfilled by the Romneys to an extent not exceeded by any other breed, though that is not denying the fact that in each particular point they may be excelled. It would be possible to have better pelts, constitution, and also heavier sheep; but the three in combination—fleeces, mutton, and health—are more difficult to find. And this probably accounts in large measure for the continuous demand from abroad.

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Romney Marsh in some respects has a resemblance to various other districts in England whose pastoral associations are more or less connected with sheep. There are records which show that after the Black Death and the Peasants' Rising, which had the effect of disposing landlords to give up the ancient manorial system and take to sheep-grazing as a more profitable pursuit, this tract of country was very soon utilised for the purpose, and anyone familiar with it may easily learn from the conversation of the men themselves that shepherding is no occupation merely fulfilling a temporary purpose. It is a tradition handed down from long centuries of sheep-raising. The present writer on summer days has gone strolling about the neighbourhood, and very frequently got into conversation with one of the men tending his flock. He was fulfilling one of the many duties summer brings with it. Perhaps he had been engaged in dipping, and had finished with the last of his patients, or maybe there was a merry band who had been performing the annual washing of the sheep and had stopped for their luncheon-hour. But more often the encounter was with one of the individuals who wander over the marsh with the invariable and invaluable tar-bottle in his possession, ready to administer comfort or relief to any suffering member of his flock. But whoever the man might be, his mind was usually as full of sheep as are the persons in Mr. Hardy's famous novel "Far from the Madding Crowd." It has often been accounted a curious accomplishment that a shepherd should know the features of every individual sheep with which he has to deal, so that animals which, to the casual eye, seem all to resemble each other as much as peas in a pod, have each of them, in his eyes, marked characteristics of their own. But these shepherds laugh at this as being only elementary. They ask you to look at human beings, and though, to one who came from a long distance—say a Chinaman or a Japanese—Europeans may bear a strong resemblance to one another, yet familiarity shows that they differ extremely in size, in expression, and in their various features. So a man whose life from boyhood has been spent among sheep knows each as well as he knows his neighbours; but it is somewhat perplexing when, putting two together, he insists that the stranger should recognise the difference as vividly as it appears to his individual eye.

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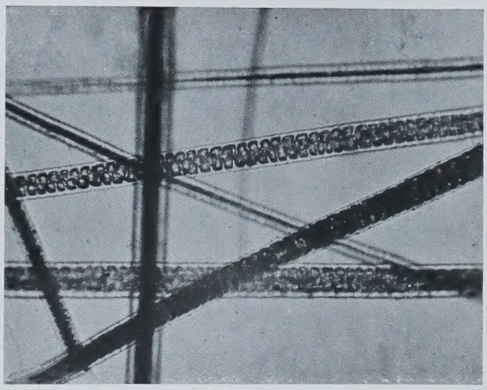
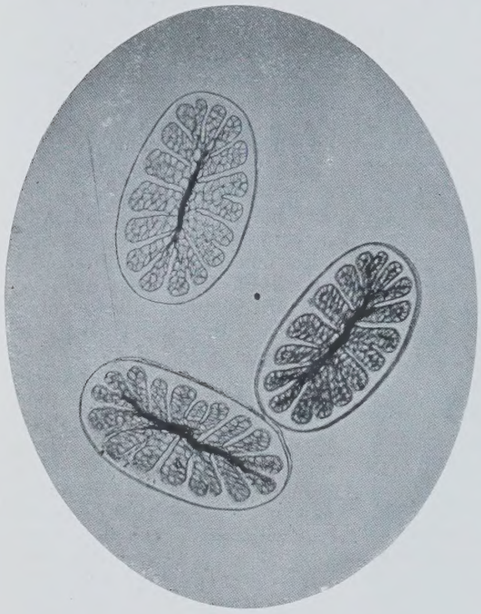
THE HAIRS OF MAMMALS.

WHEN the hairs of various kinds of animals are examined under the microscope, the remarkably varied nature of their structure is very noticeable. Even if the specimens have had no preliminary preparation for microscopic inspection they are extremely interesting objects, but when carefully prepared and mounted afford unlimited scope for investigation. Generally speaking the hairs of mammals present much the same appearance to the naked eye, the chief distinction being found in size and colour. This apparent similarity is observable also in birds in the early stages of their existence. With very young birds the body is often covered with hair, or, as it is termed, "down." This down merely serves the purpose of keeping the possessor warm, and in course of time is gradually replaced by feathers, which, in addition to being a protective covering for the body, are necessary for the purposes of flight.



ENGLISH SQUIRREL.



SECTIONS OF PECCARY HAIRS.

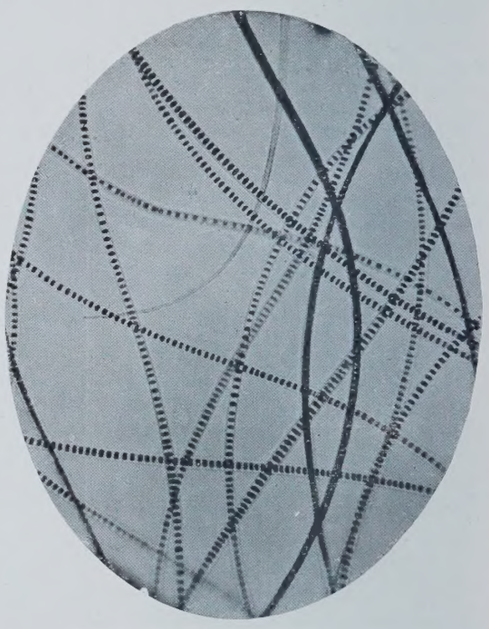
The distinction between the hairs of mammals and the feathers of fully-fledged birds is not so great as would appear at first sight. The quills of the porcupine and spines of the hedgehog, for instance, bearing a close resemblance to the quills of feathers, form connecting links between feathers and hairs.

At present, however, we have only to consider the hairs of mammals. These hairs, when closely examined, differ to an enormous extent in both external and internal structure, and from the physiologist's standpoint range from the horns of the rhinoceros to the finest wool. The formation of hair takes place in a depression in the skin, which is known as the hair follicle. The hair is kept firmly in position in the follicle by a swelling at the base, which is termed the "bulb." Hairs are composed of two distinct parts, the cortex or exterior substance, and the medulla, or central portion. The cortex is composed of closely-connected horny scales of flattened and elongated shape. These scales overlap each other, but are so closely connected that, as a rule, no division is perceptible, even under the microscope, except in a prepared specimen. The scales can be separated by immersing the hair for some time in dilute sulphuric acid. An illustration of a hair which has been treated by acid is given here; the scales of the cortex are seen separating from the medulla.

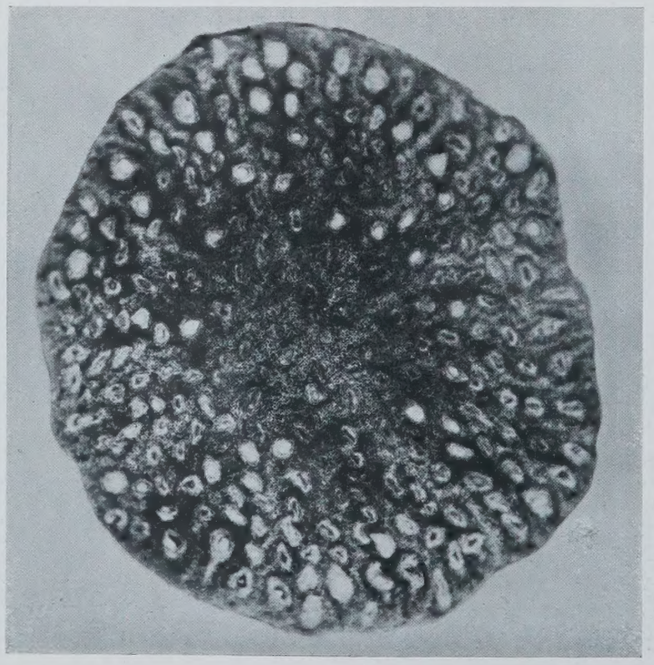
The cortical portion gives the colour, strength, and flexibility of the hair. The medulla or pith is of less dense structure; the cells generally contain globules of fat' but are sometimes filled only with air' in which case they appear black when viewed under the microscope. The cortical is generally the largest portion of the hair, but in some cases the medulla is of considerable width, and the cortex forms a comparatively thin envelope to the pith.

One of the most striking deviations from the general nature of hairs is to be found in the quill of the porcupine, which is constructed to serve the purpose of a formidable defensive weapon. The quill is of close texture on the outside, the interior being of a more open structure. This formation gives both strength and lightness to the spine. A photo-micrograph of a section through a porcupine's quill is reproduced here; in appearance it is not unlike a section of the stem of a plant.

A curious form of hair is found in the bat tribe. The cortical cells project from the hair at regular intervals. This projection is seen in the accompanying photograph of the hairs of an English bat. The hair of the Indian bat has a still more striking appearance; the projecting scales form a series of points arranged in circles at regular intervals round the hair. The hair of the elephant is of a very large size, and has an easily-recognised structure. As will be seen in the photograph of a transverse section, it seems to be composed of an amalgamation of several hairs. The hair of the American wild pig or peccary has also a very interesting and well-defined structure, the medulla being penetrated almost to the centre by the cortex at regular intervals, in a somewhat similar manner to the quill of the porcupine. A photograph of some transverse sections of peccary hairs is included in our illustrations. The hair of the squirrel is another interesting object. The medulla in this case is exceptionally large; the cortex forms a thin covering, which at short intervals pierces to the centre of the pith. In the hair of the rabbit the medulla is completely divided at regular intervals by the cortex. An illustration of a tiger's hair in course of disintegration by sulphuric acid is given to show the separation of the cortical scales. Another photograph showing the normal appearance of a tiger's hair is also reproduced.

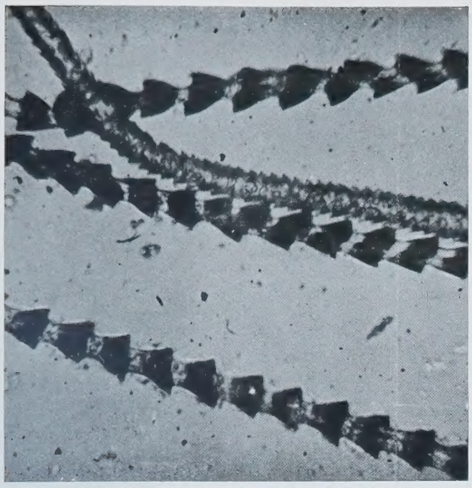


WILD RABBIT.



HAIR OF AFRICAN ELEPHANT—TRANSVERSE SECTION.

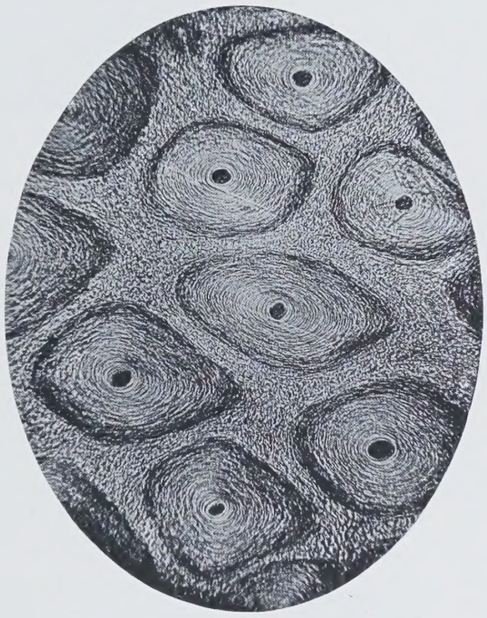
The horn of the rhinoceros when examined under the microscope is found to consist of what is practically a bundle of hairs. The horn is of cuticular growth, and is not composed of bony



ENGLISH BAT.

material like the horns or antlers of the deer tribe. The horn of the prehistoric rhinoceros is in consequence missing when the skeleton of the animal is found. The rhino horn, however, though unable to stand the ravages of time, was impervious to the teeth of wolves and hyenas, and skulls have been found indented with the marks of the teeth of these animals, with the exception of a clear space on the skull where the animal's horn had defied the scavengers' jaws. A transverse section of a piece of rhinoceros horn is reproduced here. The mass of hairs of which it is composed is plainly seen in the illustration. The division of the medullary and cortical portions is very marked, the medulla being of small size in comparison with the cortex.

J. I. PIGG.

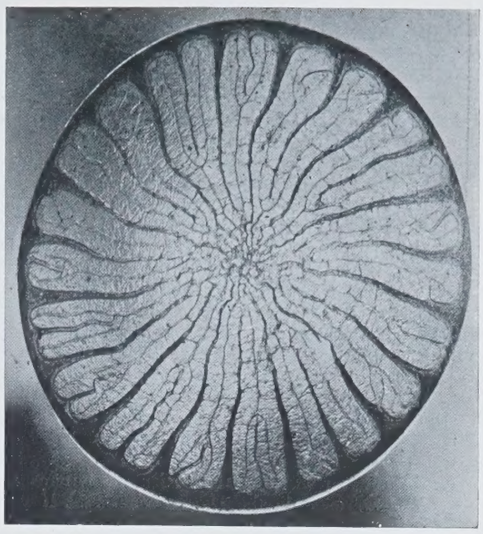


PORTION OF RHINOCEROS HORN.

IN THE HAUNTS OF THE BITTERN.

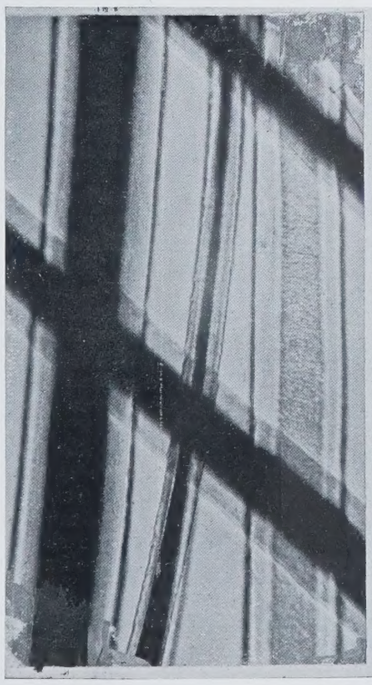
THE arrival in these islands of a select company of bitterns, duly signalised by the shooting of specimens of them at various places in the country, has served to call attention to the fact that what we term the common bittern is now but a rare visitor to the British Isles. Inasmuch as the bird in question is known to us as the common member of the genus only serves to accentuate the lamentable fact that it was in the past a frequent denizen of the marshlands of the country. That it is so no longer is due to many causes, which may be succinctly set down under the headings of persecution on the one hand and drainage upon the other. Whether it is ever likely to re-establish itself in any suitable quarters which may be still open to it, is very doubtful, and the shooting of the few which have, by design or accident, visited our shores this winter, is not calculated to exercise any serious effect upon the matter one way or the other. It is generally thought that the few which have come were blown over here from Holland; but this is probably incorrect, as bitterns once set down in the land of dykes and canals would not be likely to be so high in flight as to be driven over the North Sea. The greater probability is that these were members of very long flights from much further north and east, which were making their way to warmer and more favoured localities, and were driven beyond the intended limits of their migration.

The food of the bittern is of such a nature that a spell of severe frost speedily reduces the supply of it to vanishing point; but, inasmuch as these birds invariably leave any favoured haunts which it is usual for winter to bind in a frozen covering, before the frost sets in, it is only unusual happenings which would compel them to long flights at the present time of year. These haunts are essentially marshlands, and the more pronounced they are in the characteristics chiefly associated with country of this description, the greater the favour in which they are held by this bird. Nowadays, even in the most remote of our fenlands, we have none of the essentials which captivate the bittern. The fens retain to some extent the features, but they have lost the atmosphere, of true marshland. The solitude unbroken save by the hoarse cry of bittern no longer exists. The angler, the gunner, the all-slaughtering naturalist invade the privacies of the fens, the shriek of the locomotive, and the throb of the steam-launch are over the lands and the waters. To a not insignificant extent, the same may be maintained with partial truth of many other marsh and fen lands of the Continent. It is necessary nowadays to go very far afield to discover the bittern serene and secure in haunts of the character and surroundings which may be claimed to be its own.

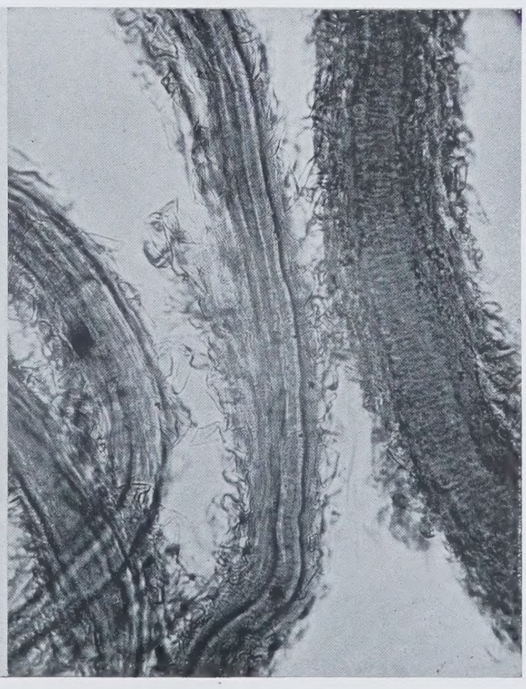


PORCUPINE QUILL.

The vast marshes of the lower Danube are the paradise of the bird. Here is everything which the heart of bittern, common or otherwise, can possibly desire, and here you can see, and watch, and study the curious bird under circumstances such as no Western European country can possibly offer. Miles upon miles of silent tortuous waterways threading their course through luxuriant growth of reed and rush, anon opening into wide lakes and lagoons, anon losing themselves in the greater channels of the main river. Willows of every age and size fringe their banks or spread out into woods over the lands of the marsh. As the spring flood water ceases to rise, stays at its highest level, and then drops as quickly as it rises, the bitterns arrive; not by tens or hundreds, but by thousands, until almost upon every willow, upon every stump, upon every knoll of dry ground standing out from the waste of rushing, swirling, eddying flood may be seen the seemingly stolid but actually keen and watchful figure of the bittern. With long neck sunk beneath the hunched-up wings, the beak hung upon its breast, its lengthy legs bent beneath, the piercing eye, however, ever intent, ever watching, the bird offers but a reverse idea of what it is when standing erect, or rising in flight. No one who sees a bittern for the first time dead, extended upon the ground, would recognise it as the same bird as it stands sentinel by the creek-side. As one passes up these Danube waterways, following them from their point of egress to the main river, it is almost an unbroken solitude which is encountered. There is nought to remind of the outer world beyond, nought to be seen but the wild bird life, the wild marsh nature within. At the time of flood, when first the bitterns arrive, only the fringe of willows marks the course of the creeks from the waste of waters everywhere around. As the flood subsides, and the marsh resumes its summer contour, the water of the creeks sinks beneath the level of the banks, the growth of reed and other marsh



TIGER (NORMAL).



TIGER (CORTICAL SCALES SEPARATING).

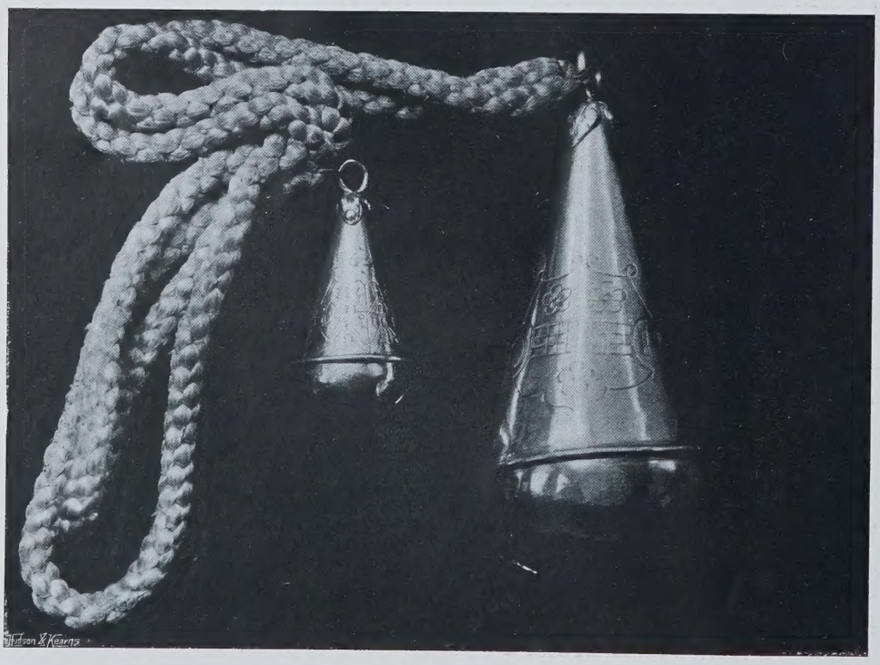
vegetation quickly springs from its muddy bed, insect, animal, and reptile life discovers itself upon every hand, and where before the bitterns were in evidence on every bare stump, and bough, and naked knoll, they are now couched among the rich foliage and luxuriant growth of water-plant. For the most part dozing the hours away during the great and glaring heat of the summer on the Danube marshes, these birds are but little in evidence during the day, unless you come upon them unawares, disturbing them in their seeming security, or when one flops from a post of observation to catch a basking fish or pounce upon a lizard sunning itself upon the bank.

Food they never lack in this their paradise, and leisurely they pursue it. Fish, frogs, and leeches in the water; lizards and beetles, shrews, mice, and voles on the land. Here are all in profusion and in every variety. In the remoter corners of the marsh they make their nests and rear their young with nought to hurry and nothing to disturb them save the herons, grey and white, the terns, the ducks, and a hundred more of other fowl pursuing the same peaceful vocation. It is but a short space before the small brood flies, and the bittern comes forth from retirement to the more open portions of the marsh, where from the time of spring flood till the threatening of winter frost it is one long summer of unfettered life for the birds with nothing to disturb them save the silent coming and going of occasional fishermen. The bitterns are at peace with all the world saving only the squabbles which their somewhat pugnacious nature brings upon them.

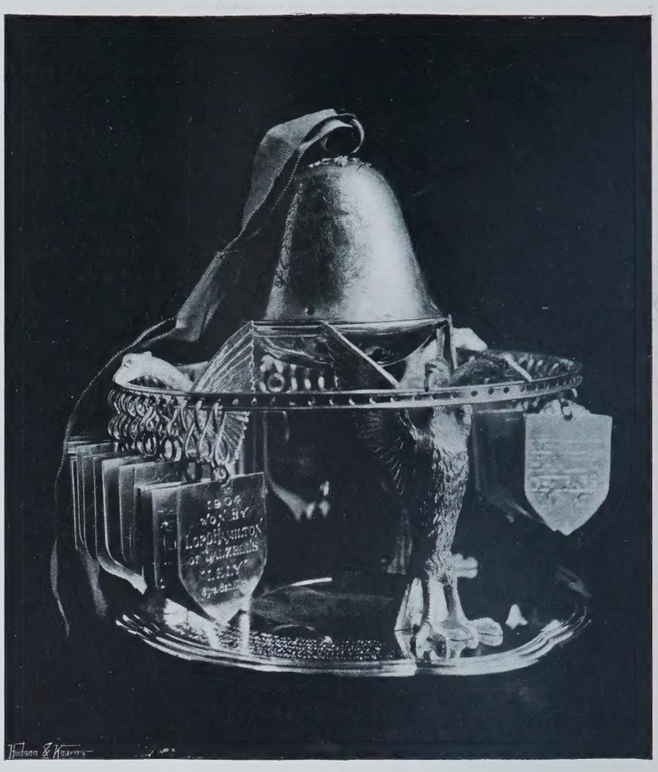
It is, however, at night time when the bitterns are at the height of their life's enjoyment in the Danube marshes. If you care to thread the creeks in the fisherman's canoe, braving the myriads of mosquitoes, risking the fever-stricken air and deafened by the croaking of countless frogs, it is possible to come amongst the bitterns in their haunts and observe them as by day in the weird light of the cloudless moon. It is then that their hoarse croak resounds on every side, as they drop, to rise again from the willows on every side, first one, as it is startled into flight, another, two, three, a dozen, a score; all circling, wheeling, they come like shadows, like shadows so depart as they again drop into their perching places amongst the trees. The flapping of their wings, the croaking of their cries startle the other life of the marsh into life and movement. Ghostly-white herons flash into the moonlight, ducks whirr up the creeks, fat old bull-frogs flop back into the water, rats and voles dart here and there in the gleams of moonlight, and a great splashing tells where some great pelican waddles down into the stream. Then, as the canoe slowly comes to rest amidst the ever-increasing water-lilies, the marsh again subsides into silence, and quiet once more reigns in the haunts of the bittern.

OLD SILVER RACING BELLS.

SMALL bells, both ecclesiastical and secular, in gold, silver, and bronze, are of great antiquity, and frequent references are made, in English documents of the Middle Ages, to the use of bells for decorative and sporting purposes. In a copy of the Roll of Purchases made for the Tournament of Windsor Park in the sixth year of the reign of Edward I., one Richard Paternoster provided 800 little bells for the horses. Illustrated instances have come down to us where the horses engaged in these tournaments are adorned with a collar round the neck covered with a row of small globular bells closely packed. At the marriage of Mary, daughter of Henry VII., with Charles, Prince of Castile, the horses were garnished with silver bells, and in the reign of Henry VIII. horse bells were of silver and globular in form, the Royal Plate of the latter period also including hawk bells of the more precious metal, gold.



THE PAISLEY BELLS.



THE LANARK BELL.

In the Gordon collection at the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, are four very small globular bells of bronze, beautifully patinated, found with late Celtic and Roman antiquities at Wood Eaton, and these are in all probability the prototypes not only of the silver racing bells, such as those at Carlisle, but also of the bronze hawk bells, of which an interesting specimen may be seen in the celebrated Holbein portrait, now at the Hague, of Robert Cheseman, of Dormanswell, 1533, who is holding a hawk; and in other hawking pictures. The same type of globular bell was in use on the old censers, of silver and bronze, in the Abyssinian Church, and it is to be found also on a fine silver-gilt censer, of Roumanian goldsmiths' work, dated 1686, in the Treasure of Petrossa. According to the household accounts of the Lestranges of Hunstanton, from 1519 to 1578, these bronze hawk bells were of the value of 3d. each. Similar bells would seem to have been in use for dogs, for in an early sixteenth century inventory mention is made of the payment for a dozen couples of small bells for spaniels. This form of prize at cock-fights was quite common, and a silver cocking bell of the year 1655 is still extant.

The earliest existing silver racing bells in this country are the two in the possession of the Corporation of Carlisle, The larger of these is 2¼in. in diameter, and is gilt, and bears on a band surrounding its centre this engraved inscription: "+ THE + SWEFTES + HORSE + THES + BEL + TO + TAK + FOR + MI + LADE + DAKER + SAKE." It was probably a prize offered by Elizabeth, daughter of George Talbot, fourth Earl of Shrewsbury, and wife of William Lord Dacre of Gillesland, who was Governour of Carlisle in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The smaller bell has a plain moulding round its centre, and is engraved with the date, 1599, and also the initials H.B.M.C., which are believed to represent "Henry Baines, Mayor of Carlisle." Neither bell is hall-marked, and therefore the exact year of their production cannot be ascertained, but they are probably not earlier than the first quarter of Elizabeth's reign. Carlisle Races were held on Kingmoor, about two miles outside the city, and created much excitement among the freemen and inhabitants.

At York Races, in 1607, the reward of victory was a small golden bell, and the records and inventories of the Corporations of Chester, Richmond, and other places supply instances of the silver racing bells given as prizes before the introduction of race cups:

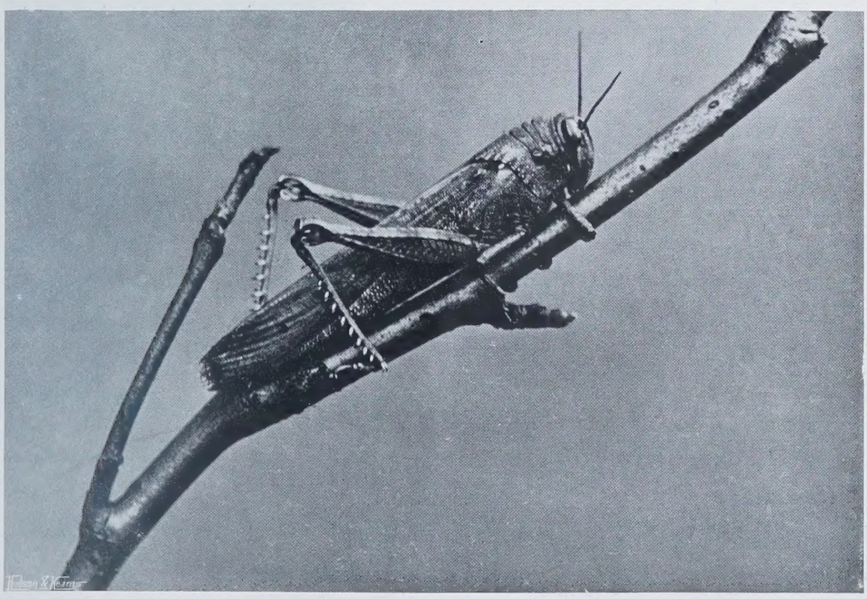
> "Jockey and his horse were by their masters sent
> To put in for the bell . . . .
> They are to run and cannot miss the bell."

The bell was tied on the forehead of the winning horse, and from this old custom

arose the popular expression "to bear away the bell." In Scotland, if traditional evidence may be relied upon, horse-racing dates at least as far back as the reign of King William the Lion, who is said to have given a prize to the royal burgh of Lanark for the races there, and this prize was for long believed to be the identical old silver bell of Lanark, run for yearly to the present day, and which is here illustrated. This bell is 4in. high, excluding the handle, and measures 4in. in diameter at the mouth. The handle, which consists of a plain wire circle 1in. in diameter, rests upon a radiating ornament of six oak leaves, applied. The arms, engraved within a floral wreath, are those of the burgh of Lanark. It bears four marks, the first being the monogram of the maker, Robert Denneistoun, or Danielstoun, who was admitted a freeman of the Edinburgh goldsmiths on April 23rd, 1597; the second and third marks, which are believed by antiquarians to be unique in old Scotch plate, denote the quality of the silver—xj deniers—prescribed by the Acts of 1457 and 1483, though, as a matter of fact, the silver in this bell is barely of that standard; and the fourth mark, the monogram HL, is that of Henry Lindsay, who, like his brother craftsman, was a freeman of the Edinburgh goldsmiths, having been admitted on October 17th, 1587.

This bell, which is held by the winner for a year, has been mounted within recent years on a silver frame, supported by three eagles, double-headed, displayed, in allusion to the arms of Lanark; and from this are suspended several small silver shields engraved with the winners' names, from the year 1852 to the present time, the holder for this year being Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, whose horse, Lely, was the winner. The only shield boasting any antiquity is that on the extreme right in the illustration, and is engraved with this inscription: VIN . BE . ME . SIR . IOHNE . HAMILTON . OF . TRABROVN . 1628 . , and opposite, the winner's coat of arms. The following interesting notice appeared in 1661 in an Edinburgh newspaper, *Mercurius Caledonius:* "The horse-race at Lanark, instituted by King William about six hundred years since, but obstructed these twenty-three years by the iniquity of the times, is now restored by Sir John Wilkie of Foulden, as being loath so ancient a foundation should perish; and for that effect he hath given gratis a piece of plate of the accustomed value, with a silver bell and saddle to the second and third horse." Lanark Races had been suspended during the Commonwealth and revived at the Restoration.

The Corporation of Paisley owns two fine old silver bells of early seventeenth century date, of which illustrations appear here. The larger of the two, which is 4½in. long, with a diameter of 2½in., and weighs about 4½oz., is the bell referred to in the records of the Town Council of the date April 27th, 1608, viz.: "Act anent the silver Bell—Item, it is concluded that one silver bell be made of 4oz. weight with all diligence for one horse-race yearly, to be appointed within burgh bounds, and day for running thereof to be set down by advice of my Lord Earl of Abercorn, Lord Paisley and Kilpatrick." Covering the centre



of this bell is an unidentified shield of arms, *a fess, chequy, arg. and vert, between three cinquefoils*, between the initials O P., probably those of one of the early winners. The smaller bell, which measures 2in. in length and 1in. in diameter, is similar in form, and is engraved with the date 1620 above a shield of arms between the initials H O. Lengthy and minute details are given in the Council records of the period as to the management of the race down to the weighing in of the jockey. One of the first winners, if not actually the first, was Hew Crawford of Cloberhill. Horse-racing was an extremely popular form of sport in Scotland during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, among the important towns holding races being Dumfries, Dunfermline, and Haddington, and at each of these places a silver bell was the coveted prize, but, alas! neither of these trophies has escaped destruction. E. ALFRED JONES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PLANTING COVERTS FOR GAME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your pages are so widely read amongst game preservers that perhaps a word upon this subject may not be out of place. Anyone acquainted with the habits of game and trees must often have been struck with the lack of knowledge displayed, in many cases, in the selection of the trees, and in the sites fixed upon for game coverts; and on a large estate which I have recently been over this was very marked. To begin with the trees; where pheasants are the chief object in view, there is no better tree to plant than the spruce fir; it grows quickly, forms excellent covert, and all birds prefer its shade to that of almost any other tree. The flat frondose branches are chosen to roost upon in preference to those of any other of the conifers, and there is no tree that the woodcock loves so well to nestle under. Many of the less common species are just as suitable as Abies excelsa (the common or Norway spruce), but that tree, being the most available for general planting, may be taken as the type of all the rest. The silver firs are almost, if not quite, as good, and grow well upon some soils which are not suited to spruce, but they are rather slower in growth during the first few years after planting. The timber of the silver fir (where its commercial value may be an ulterior object) is rather inferior to that of the spruce. Larch is much preferred to Scotch pine by pheasants for roosting upon, and its timber is, of course, more valuable than that of any of the other coniferous trees, but it likes a drier situation than the spruce, and does not grow well in many districts. In order to succeed best spruce want shelter from high winds, and like plenty of room for the spread of their lower branches. They ought, therefore, to be planted rather further apart than most other trees, and if the covert is a new one, and the site is exposed, they should be chiefly kept in the middle and be surrounded by Scotch or other trees They delight in damp situations, in which larch, and, indeed, few other trees will flourish, and very often it is just these spots which one likes to select as sites for game coverts, plenty of water being a *sine quâ non* for pheasants. Upon the estate just referred to, planting for game is being extensively carried out, but Scotch and larch are almost the only trees being used, and the sites chosen are mostly too wet for the latter, while the former by itself will never form a good covert for winged game. Oaks, upon the other hand, do well, and if the pines were mixed with that tree, or even with alders or birch, in the damper situations, the ultimate results from a sporting as well as from a commercial point of view would, I am sure, be much better.—L. G.

PERSEVERING ROBINS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think the following may interest some of your readers. A pair of robins, desirous of building on the window-ledge of a small outside room, began to take leaves and moss, which they put on the narrow ledge, and which, as they put them down, dropped inside the room. This must have gone on for some days, as on Saturday a trug full of leaves and moss was swept out of the room. The robins have given up their attempt, and we hope have made their home with less trouble elsewhere. I wish I had a photograph of the trug full of leaves; you could hardly believe that two birds could have done such a lot in one week.—E. C. C., Sussex.

A CURIOUS NEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think you will be interested to hear of an extraordinary nest which was found in some grounds adjoining a churchyard near Chelsworth. The nest has been built in a small prunus tree, and, though the interior is the same as the ordinary chaffinch's nest, the bird has made the exterior entirely of different coloured confetti, woven together with cobwebs. It is to be supposed she picked it up after a village wedding. The nest, situated as it is all among the blossom of the prunus, looks itself like the flowers.—W. H. S.

LOCUSTS IN ENGLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—From time to time single specimens of the locust are picked up in this country, and, as a rule, it may be taken that they are derelicts blown astray on some current of winds from the vast hordes that work such havoc in Algeria or Southern Europe. It is known in small numbers in Portugal and as far North as Switzerland, while in Turcomania, some few years ago, a body of Russian troops were literally unable to move for some hours, the ground being rendered slippery as ice by these insects. Their power of flight is enormous, some having been picked up as far as 1,200 miles out from land in the Atlantic. The one illustrated here was found the other day in a fruiterer's shop in Lancashire, and a suggestion is made that it may have come over in a box of oranges, which at this time of the year is probable enough.—H.

REVERSION TO WILD HABITS AT BREEDING-TIME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following instances of this tendency may be of interest to your readers: A remarkably quiet collie, when about to have puppies, always went off to a distance from the house, scraped out a deep burrow in some secluded spot, and there remained with her new family until discovered. A sow, too, usually contrived to disappear before farrowing, and in some brake

make a lair for her litter. I noticed, too, a curious thing about the lambs of a ewe who was noted for constantly rearing fine twins. The lambs invariably were to be seen sleeping on their mother's head.—T. S. B.

DR. LYDEKKER'S THEORY.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—The very interesting paragraphs I have seen in your paper referring to Mr. R. Lydekker's theory of the thorough-bred being descended from a distinct breed of horses originally inhabiting India, have made me pen these few lines to you about a type quite distinct in itself. I refer to the Kathiawar

breed, which has always appeared to me to be of a very thorough-bred stock. I am judging from the few I have seen owned and ridden in these parts (Behar). They were generally a light-bodied pony or small horse, with good bone and sinews like whipcord. They have the peculiarity that the tips of their ears curl inwards, often forming quite a hook. They are generally a bundle of nerves, sensitive and excitable, good mounts for long solitary journeys in the blazing Indian sun, but quite objectionable for cross-country work, or riding in company, though I possess in a mare of the breed an exception to my remarks, in that she is quite placid in company. No doubt a man in the Punjaub could give better information than I can about these horses. I imagine their origin, it it could be traced by a competent man interested in horses and such theories, would show them to be, if not of distinct stock, at least originally of a carefully-selected type.—F. H. Murdoch, Sunbursah Fy., Barouli P.O.

CARRYING POWER OF EAGLES.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—Referring to the most interesting article in your issue of April 15th, on "The Nesting of the Golden Eagle in Montana," I should like to point out, in regard to the carrying power of eagles, which is therein raised, that the weight of an average-sized golden eagle will run from 10lb. to 12lb., and, judging from analogy, I should expect the bird to be able to carry at least its own weight in the shape of prey, probably a good deal more. The largest peregrine falcon I ever handled weighed 2lb. 12oz. This was an adult female. A young male, weighed on the same day, scaled exactly 1lb. less. A blackcock weighs from 3lb. to 4lb. (perhaps a little more in some cases), and a peregrine has been known to carry a blackcock to its eyrie on the Bass Rock, the nearest place where the bird could have been killed being about three miles distant. Although it has nothing to do with the carrying powers of the birds, the mention of the falcon and the black game recalls to mind a curious incident which happened to me with these birds some years ago. I was fishing a mountain burn, and in passing it stopped at a shepherd's cottage, where the man was busy setting potatoes in his garden, and was surprised to see a very fine blackcock lying on the ground beside him. The bird was quite newly dead, and the shepherd told me that he "had been nearly gliffed out o' his wits" a few minutes before by a great rush of wings above him, and the bird's falling with a crash within a few feet of where he was working, while a falcon screamed in the air high above him. There was a nest of peregrines in a cliff, a little more than a mile distant, but, needless to say, on this occasion the shepherd relieved the falcon from taxing his powers in carrying the blackcock thither!—Lichen Grey.

PREJUDICE AGAINST CURLEW.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—I have been reading that most interesting article, "The Tribe of the Plover." I do not know if it is common knowledge that the Ayrshire peasant has a particular hatred for the peaseweep, and never fails to destroy their nests when he finds a chance. The reason is this. During the persecutions of the Covenanters the birds were useful allies to the soldiers. Not troubling to hunt all the moss hags, the dragoons used to keep to the hilltops, only a few of their comrades riding along the low ground. If any hiding Covenanter found himself in danger, he would creep away through the heather, and the actions and crying of the plovers soon betrayed the poor wretch to the watchers on the hills. This has not been forgotten or forgiven. Ayrshire folk will not eat peaseweeps; they are "only fit for English."—T. Treherne Barton.

A CURIOUS PRIMROSE GROWTH.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—When primroses are plentiful, few can have failed to notice the great variation in their blooms. Specimens are quite often found with (instead of the usual five) six, seven, eight, or even more petals, though over eight they may be described as rather rudimentary attempts at petals. Once the eye gets accustomed to their fuller appearance these may be easily detected among hundreds of ordinary ones. In the garden curious growths of this flower are even more common, and in the accompanying illustration a calyx is shown nearly equal in size to the flower, and as its colour is the same as that of the petals, the impression is given of two complete blooms on one stem.—P.

POISONING CATS.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—It is with sincerest sympathy that I have read your correspondent's complaint of the wanton and wicked cruelty of those fiends in human shape who poison their neighbours' pet cats. There have been so many such cases recently that I am glad you are directing public attention to the matter. A neighbour nursed her poisoned cat back to recovery, but the next time it went out a second and deadly dose was administered. Another neighbour's cat, a gentle, playful white one, was treated in the same way, and our own pet cat (a most affectionate and winsome little animal), has, we fear, also succumbed to the same inhuman monster, whose only excuse is that he owns a garden—evidently deeming this wholesale "massacre of the innocents" quite justifiable on this account!—A Lover of Animals.

BLESSING THE SHEEP ON AN ENGLISH FARM.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—I am sending you a photograph of a scene which is comparatively rare in this country, though an old custom where the Romish Church holds sway. Mr. Blackmore has written a graphic description of the parson holding service in a Devonshire cornfield at the beginning of harvest, and cutting the first sheaf. And most of your readers will have read of, or

witnessed, similar services held on quay or pier in Breton villages at the commencement of the fishing season.—H. P.

SKINNING MOLES.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—A method of skinning moles that meets with much favour here is as follows: The skin is cut right round the neck, the feet are cut off, and the skin is then turned back at the neck and pulled off inside out. A straight cut down the belly is then ensured. The whole operation takes less than a minute, and is as clean as such an operation can possibly be.—E. W. C., Herts.

COUNTRY LIFE

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LADY EVELYN FARQUHAR.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE Journal for all interested in Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE *can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.*

THE SMALL HOLDINGS . . COMMITTEE.

ON another page will be found particulars of the committee appointed by the Board of Agriculture. Leaving the question of its constitution alone for the time being, it may be useful to ask what work there is for it to do? In other words, what solid ground is there for the discontent that has induced so many young labourers to leave the land where their forefathers lived in contentment? Unless this is clearly understood, it is evident that very little progress can be made by the committee; and perhaps the central fact is the lowness of wages in rural districts. Husbandry has always been a laborious calling, and those engaged in it usually have plenty of the necessaries of life, but not much money, and money, as a matter of fact, is less wanted in the country than in the town. In the latter, even the working man has continually to put his hand into his pocket; he cannot afford time to walk the distances, and has to pay for train or omnibus, this being only one of innumerable drains upon his income. All round him are temptations to spend money; but in the country if a man have food, dress, and house-room, it does not matter much though his purse be empty. And these are exactly what he used to have in the olden time. His master fed, clothed, and housed him. Pocket-money he scarcely ever needed, and did not possess to any considerable extent. Nor is this state of things obsolete yet. In many parts of the country payment in kind is used in conjunction with payment in cash. But it is the gradual substitution of the latter that makes the labourer so anxious to have land of his own. He thinks that the ideal condition is for him to receive a direct wage from his master, and at the same time have means and opportunity to make a little for himself out of the cultivation of the ground. The result of long experience has been to show that a "bare wage"—we do not mean only a living wage, but a wage with no perquisites—is impracticable in agriculture. In former times the want was met in various ways, and till the Enclosure Acts were passed there was plenty of free pasturage.

The history of small holdings in England is full of interest. The oldest of them were, no doubt, given by the knights and barons to favourite retainers, for services in the field and otherwise, though in the manorial system there could not have been any considerable number of small owners. A great many came into existence, however, in the time of Elizabeth, when, as now, it was found extremely difficult to keep people on the land, and the Government of the day had to devise special encouragements to induce them to do so. These small holdings endured well on into the nineteenth century, and in many parts of the country the houses still remain, though the holdings themselves have been merged in the large estates. We know of one village in particular which must at one time have been composed of a group of small holders. Until quite recently the cottages, with stabling and cow-sheds, still were left standing, and the tenants of former days were the yeomen farmers of whom England was so proud. It is doubtful, however, if those little owners, as a class, deserved all the good things said of them. They were, it is true, singularly rugged and independent, because nothing induces these qualities in a man more quickly and certainly than the possession of land. On the other hand, they were apt to get into debt, and in consequence neglected their land to some extent. If a man is hard put to it to find interest, it usually happens that he becomes rather careless, or, it might be more accurate to say, finds the lack of means oppressing him. He has not the wherewith to buy seed and manure at the exact time when they are wanted. When his tools get broken, or become old, he cannot always replace them, and if there are holes in his fences, or in the roofs of his buildings, it is always a difficulty to find even a small amount of capital for purchasing the material necessary to mend them with. Accordingly it is no wonder that legend credits these holdings with being much more untidy than were the great steadings. The reason for the disappearance of these yeomen is not very far to seek. They could not at any time have made a living out of the small acreage at their disposal had it not been for the waste of the manor, whereon they pastured their cattle and their horses. When the latter were enclosed, the petty landowner began to get into trouble. Anyone who desired to study a case of the kind from actual documents could scarcely do better than take that of Richard Jefferies, the well-known writer on outdoor subjects. At the church to which he went there are substantial monuments left to show how many generations of his family had in turn occupied the old thatched house at Coate, of which it is said they had been in possession since the time of Elizabeth, and how for a couple of centuries at least they were a prosperous and probably a fairly happy family. But as modern conditions arose affairs at the farm became involved, and the youth of Richard Jefferies was spent in an atmosphere of financial trouble and anxiety that led in the end to the transference of the holding to another owner. Now this little history has been acted and re-enacted in almost every part of Great Britain, till of the many thousand little holdings that used to dot the country at the time when stage-coaches were the best means of travelling, only a very small proportion is left.

The committee, then, has to enquire how to rehabilitate this class, which, on the whole, when it existed added to the strength of England. It has been attempted several times to revive small holders by means of legislation, and the Bill of 1892 is a case in point. Those who drew it up followed an example that had been set throughout Europe, all the continental countries recognising that it was a great advantage to keep peasant land in the hands of the people. The efforts of our legislators for a long time back had been concentrated on preserving the great families, a very proper thing to do at a time when they were the main supports of the kingdom, but not quite so necessary under modern conditions. The Act itself did not work well—at least, comparatively few have taken advantage of its clauses, the complaint being common among the labouring classes that the conditions are too hard. Probably the committee will compare the provisions with those in legislation of a similar kind in other parts of the world. In Denmark a peasant can obtain possession of a plot of ground on much easier terms than are to be had in Great Britain, and for the last century and a-half at least that country has maintained a jealous guardianship of the agrarian rights of the peasants. What there is to copy or learn from their system remains to be seen. We are afraid that foreign arrangements cannot easily be imported into Great Britain, as in every country they have been developed out of special conditions, and to some extent reflect the character of the inhabitants. The French petty proprietor, for example, is as different as possible from the small holder of Germany. However, the Government is to be congratulated on its determination to face the difficulty with spirit and courage.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Evelyn Farquhar, eldest sister of the present Earl of Donoughmore, whose marriage to Captain F. D. Farquhar, D.S.O., of the Coldstream Guards, took place last week.

RUSSIA just now appears to be fated to be the scene of distressing and deplorable calamities. No event could have been more regrettable than the massacre at Warsaw, concerning which the officials are trying to conceal the details. But, supposing it to be granted that the labouring men were foolish and imprudent to march through the streets singing revolutionary songs, it was no less a crime on the part of the bureaucracy to make the soldiers fire on a mob and attack them with swords. Will the lesson never be learned that the only way to neutralise the ill-effects of revolutionary feeling is to enlarge the bounds of freedom? Such an attempt to coerce the crowd of working people leads to nothing but the bomb outrages which are reported both from St. Petersburg and from Warsaw. The Russian Government seems to be engaged in an insane attempt to prevent an explosion by sitting on the vent-hole of a barrel of gunpowder. Whom the gods have doomed to perish they first drive mad, is an ancient saying that is receiving a new and a vivid application.

In the course of his tour, King Edward VII., on Monday, paid a visit to the racing stables of M. Edmond Blanc, and saw for himself how closely the stud of a modern French sportsman resembles that of his English neighbour. Many of our readers will remember that last year in the pages of COUNTRY LIFE we showed illustrations of this well-appointed stable, and the magnificent race-horses which are the envy of Europe. Last year it was believed that M. Blanc would win the Derby with one of them, and experts are of opinion that he will have a good chance of doing so in the coming race. It would not be altogether a disappointment if he were to win, since his success as an owner of thorough-breds is largely due to the fact of his having purchased English horses and English mares for stud purposes. In Flying Fox the King of England saw again a horse whose performances he had witnessed many a time on English soil. His Majesty's sympathies with sport form no small factor in the maintenance of his good relations with our friends on the Continent.

A versatile and active citizen has passed away in the person of Lord Grimthorpe, who died at his residence at St. Albans on Saturday night. He made his first mark in life at the Parliamentary bar, where he was a distinguished cross-examiner; but law did not by any means suffice for his activity. He was a great controversialist, and it has been said that he wrote more to the newspapers than many of those who were paid to do so. His hobby was architecture, and his principle was that "Architecture is the art of erecting new buildings for use and beauty." It led him into a disregard of what we may call legendary beauty, which he despised when it was opposed to modern comfort. He had something approaching genius for mechanism, and his book on "Clocks, Watches, and Bells" is a classic in its way. On bells especially he was a great authority, and, as is graven on the rim of the bell, he was the designer of Big Ben at Westminster. These were only a few of the avenues of activity for his restless and dogmatic mind. It should never be forgotten that withal he was of a most generous and kindly disposition, and nowhere was this more manifest than in his love of little children.

Mr. Alfred Austin made an excellent speech at the unveiling of the bust to Mrs. Browning, on Monday. One of his best points was that while monuments in stone or marble are appropriate to keep green the memory of men of action, writers are in less need of such memorials because their personalities are enshrined in the works they leave behind them. He went on to say that, "If these are permanently endeared to mankind by the humanity and the universality of their imagination, what need is there for more than, at most, a speaking bust, an unpretentious portrait, a commemorative tablet in the place of their birth or of their chief activity?" It reads as though the Poet Laureate had but slight sympathy with the proposal to create a gigantic memorial to Shakespeare. At the same time, what he said of Elizabeth Barrett Browning was just, kind, and sensible. She is one of the few women poets who appear to have secured a permanent place in English literature.

A writer in *The Times*, whose communication is simply signed by the letter "X," gives an interesting account of the manner in which he inexpensively started a village club. In September, 1903, he opened two small rooms with a few books and the apparatus for one or two games, the rent costing him about £5 a year. During the first six months 167 members paid a penny a week subscription; thus the cost may be said to have been met. He is now building a third room, with a billiard-table, which will be capable of being used for concerts and private theatricals, at a cost of about £200. The club is managed by a committee selected by the members themselves, and which includes neither the squire or the parson. The result is, "there has never been one row, and the paper of the room is nearly as good as when put up." This is an example that might very usefully be followed elsewhere, since a well-conducted club is one of the best institutions that a village can possess.

Somewhere on the outskirts of the great forest of the Congo there dwells a tribe of pigmies, averaging from 4ft. to 4ft. 3½in. in height. The place in which they dwell is one of mystery and solitude. So dense is the foliage overhead that the sun can never penetrate it, and a dreary twilight reigns for ever in the gloomy shadow of the giant trees. These strange atoms of humanity have no belief in any god, no dream of a future existence enters into their philosophy, and, unlike any other tribe of savages, they have no form of worship, be it fetish or otherwise. Their wants are few; some store of poisoned spears and perhaps a clay cooking-pot constitute all their worldly wealth. They have the knowledge of how to make fire, which is supposed to be the one dividing point between the highest form of animals and the lowest type of humanity. They are spare of speech, and will sit for hours together silent and motionless, when, as if moved by some common impulse, they will arise and depart like shadows into the gloom of the surrounding forest. Some half-dozen of these strange beings have been persuaded to undertake a journey to this country; but it is more than doubtful if they will ever survive the complete change from their own habits of life, and, even if they should do so, it is difficult to see what purpose would be served by transporting them to a climate and surroundings so completely at variance from those to which they have been accustomed.

FABLE.

The speech of birds is music overhead,
As though the dimpling cloud and dreaming bud,
The daffodils in prideless splendour spread,
Passed into language urgent as a flood,
Gentle as sleep.

What is my voice? And yet I move along
These delicate alleys and these lawns new mown,
And strive to rearticulate the song
Which, in my heart, I think that I alone
Receive and keep.

But now I hear the lamentable mew
Of something moving slowlier than I move
A peacock's egotism fills the view,
The worth of pride to boast of and disprove:
At self I peep.

W. H. CHESSON.

Not infrequently there is a note of pathos in the dispersal of the private collections of artistic treasures which take place at Messrs. Christie's famous auction-rooms. Only the other day a small ivory case containing an exquisitely-painted miniature of a lady was handed round for inspection. Facing the portrait was a letter written long, long ago, in which the writer bequeathed to his daughter "this picture of her dear mother, with the hope that she would in all things strive to copy the example of a woman whose equal there was not in this world." Somehow this voice from the past seemed sadly out of place amidst the crowd of bargain-hunters; but the pity of it is that *tout lasse, tout casse, tout passe*, and what is ours to-day may be another's before the morrow sets. The famous Capel-Curé collection of old Italian bronzes, which is now being sold, contains many splendid specimens of the finest workmanship, most of which were acquired by Mr. Edward Cheney, who was living in Venice between 1820 and 1840. There was then no Pacca law to prevent the sale of objects of national value, and many of the impoverished Venetian families were only too ready to part with the heirlooms of their houses. One of the choicest specimens in this unique collection is the splendid group of Pluto and Cerberus in the Perdu bronze, which is attributed to the master hand of Benvenuto Cellini: the spirit of

a great artist breathes in the exquisite modelling and life-like pose of the figures. It is difficult to estimate the value of such a *chef d'œuvre*, but it may be recalled that just three years ago a statuette of Hercules, supposed to have come from the chisel of Antonio del Pollainolo, realised £6,000.

On Friday, April 28th, the Fellows of the Zoological Society held their annual meeting to consider the Council's report for the year 1904. The occasion was most gratifying to all concerned. Those who have watched the history of the gardens since the appointment of Dr. Chalmers Mitchell cannot fail to have observed the strenuous efforts which have been made to render the condition of the animals as natural as is consistent with captivity. To secure health and comfort, no pains have been spared, and to this end the services of Dr. Seligmann have been enlisted in the capacity of pathologist. In all cases where the post-mortem investigation shows signs of the presence of an infectious disease, a proper disinfection of the cages is at once made. This is as it should be. But more follows from this long-needed innovation. As a result of Dr. Seligmann's work, we shall rapidly accumulate a vast amount of most valuable information on the diseases of animals, which may have far-reaching consequences. Largely on account of this increased care, there has followed a marked rise in the number of animals breeding in the gardens, and this is a very important gain indeed, from a scientific point of view. Nor is the financial aspect of the question to be neglected, as may be seen by the fact that in the case of the birds, for example, the value of those reared in 1903 was only £8 5s., while in 1904 it was £173 10s.! Among the more noticeable of these birds, we may mention Tickell's ouzels, crested screamers, brush turkeys, weka rails, and three species of gulls.

It appears that the penguin is threatened with the same fate of extinction that has overtaken his big cousin, the great auk, and in the case of the penguin, whose numbers are, or till lately were, so vast, man and his wastefulness in destruction are far more to blame than in the case of the bird whose eggs are now so valuable and whose numbers always were few. Indeed, nothing but the enormous quantities of the penguin and the ease of killing it could have suggested the idea of utilising its natural oil for commercial purposes. Dr. Wilson, who took part in the Antartic expedition of the Discovery, has been drawing special attention to the wholesale destruction of the penguin "rookeries" in Macquarie and Auckland Islands.

The vogue of turbine engines in various kinds of vessels shows a steady increase, and indicates that the principle is establishing itself more and more firmly in the favour of practical engineers. Some of the ocean liners are fitted with them; in several of the most luxurious and up-to-date yachts they are proving an unqualified success, and the United States Navy is reported to be constructing two turbine-driven cruisers, one with engines of the British turbine type, and one with the American kind. Apart from their merits as a means of propulsion, which is an affair belonging rather to the special department of the engineer, they possess undoubted merits of convenience, which are apparent to every passenger. They occupy considerably less space than the ordinary engines, and so give proportionately greater room on board, and their vibration is very appreciably less.

To the long list of animals and birds which on their introduction have become pests to agriculture in different countries, must be added the English starling in Australia. Some pairs of these birds were originally brought from England and set free in the Colony of Victoria, in the expectation that they would be valuable allies of the farmer in the destruction of insect enemies. They were also protected by legislation. It now appears that they have taken entirely to a fruit diet, so long as any fruit is available, and have, like the Australian rabbits, increased in such disproportionate numbers, that their depredations inflict very severe loss upon the fruit farmers. The Royal Agricultural Society of Victoria, and other kindred bodies, are now petitioning the Government to take measures for their suppression. Unhappily, every similar instance, from the mongoose introduced into Jamaica to the English sparrow in the United States, has shown that nothing is more difficult than to diminish seriously the numbers of a species, when the checks of Nature herself are absent.

The various species of the swallow family are only just settling down in their quarters for the summer, and it yet remains to be seen if last year's genial nesting season, after the disastrous preceding summer, has perceptibly increased their numbers, which for some time past have shown a curious diminution. The diminution is curious, because no one seems able to suggest a sufficient reason for it. But in the case of the house-martin, the member of the swallow family which in particular seems scarcer than it was, there is no doubt that one check upon its increase is the continual interference of the common sparrow with its nesting. It is a constant habit of this little pest to seize the martins' nests either before their return or, just as often, as soon as they have finished building the mud shell of a new one, and it is a common sight to see a house with a number of old martins' nests upon it, and not a single pair of martins still in occupation. Most people are glad to see the martins round their houses, and a good deal may be done towards preserving them by destroying as far as possible the sparrows and their nests about the house at the time when the martins begin to build.

A detailed return has been issued by the Board of Trade on the immigration into the United Kingdom, and the emigration from it, during 1904. That part of it which deals with the flow of population to British colonies shows very strikingly how large an increase there has lately been in the number of persons seeking new homes in Canada. In 1903 the number of British emigrants who entered Canada was 59,652, this being the largest number then on record for any year; but in 1904 there was a further leap to 69,681. The number of British emigrants who entered South Africa fell, on the other hand, from 43,206 in 1902, and 50,206 in 1903, to no more than 26,818 in the year ending last December. The high figures of the two previous years are, however, directly attributable to the inducements to immigrants offered by the opening up of the country at the close of the war, and a decline last year was only to be expected. In the case of Canada there is no exceptional cause of this kind now at work, and the great access of immigration both from our own country and from the United States is simply due to the better recognition of the immense agricultural possibilities of the West and North-West Territories of the Dominion.

FAREWELL.

Ah! these last hours. How bitter-sweet they are.
Ebbing away too fast, too slow, too sure;
While still there stands before us to endure
The worst—the Last . . . I seem to see the star
That once above me burned—high hopes afire—
Sinking, each breath I take, into the sea;
Yet heralding no gracious dawn for me;
But dreary nights of longing and desire.
Oh! vain the helpless arms stretched out to stay
That heedless Fate that speeds the word "Good-bye.'
On, on, and on the thieving moments fly
Towards the worst, the Last, while far away
My star sinks slowly lower on the main.
Oh dear dead hours—come back, come back again.

L. C. M. L.

It has generally been supposed that the wild cat has been extinct in Ireland for many years, but gamekeepers and others in the "Wild West" have been asked to "keep their eyes open" and see whether they may not yet come across one. The Irish Cave Committee sent a report to the British Association last year announcing the discovery of the remains of a wild cat in the caves of County Clare. These remains would lead to the belief that if the wild cat is extinct in Ireland, it must only have become so quite recently. Thompson, the naturalist, says that wild cats existed in the mountains of Erris, in County Mayo, up to a very late date. The Irish wild cat was quite a different species to the Scotch, which still exists. It was of the same type as the wild cat of Southern Europe or Northern Africa, and had a pointed tail instead of a bushy one. Dr. Scharff of the Dublin Museum has asked keepers and others who may get cats in their traps to send them on to him, as he thinks it is quite possible a genuine Irish wild cat might still be got.

The effect of sanitation on the death-rate is brought out strikingly by the reports that are being issued in Scotland by the medical officers of health. In the middle of last century the death-rate of the eight principal towns, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, Paisley, Leith, Greenock, and Perth, frequently went up to twenty-nine or thirty per 1,000, and in 1870, when the work of sanitation began to be taken seriously in hand, it was twenty-seven. Last year the death-rate for the same towns was only eighteen per 1,000. The diminution is chiefly due to the fact that fewer deaths occur from small-pox, measles, scarlet fever, influenza, whooping-cough, diphtheria, and fevers, all of which are diseases which good sanitation combats. The one exception to this satisfactory record of progress is the infantile mortality, and though energetic measures are being taken to reduce this, not only in Scotland, but in England, they do not seem up to the present to have been of much avail.

GORSE ON THE CHALK DOWNS & ELSEWHERE.

W. A. J. Hensler. SELF SOWN, SELF GROWN. Copyright

'KISSING'S out of season when the gorse is out of bloom" runs the old allusion to its determination to put out one or two blossoms in every week throughout the year; but it has its regular season for flowering for all that, and, if the crop of kisses keeps pace at all with its myriad spikes of gold, there must be a "deal o' courtin'" going on just now. A patch of some acres hanging on the side of a coombe in late spring furnishes a sheet of brilliant colour that holds the eye entranced in the clear May morning, while the scent, almost too strong indoors, comes pleasantly here on the breeze blowing up from the sea over the hill.

Only a couple of months ago, and the winter sunshine was glinting off polished bit and stirrup-iron, as the field lined the upper edge of this covert, while, down below in the bottom, the pink of the Master's coat showed up, a warm note of colour, against the russet background as the gorse and crackling bramble growth shook to the eager driving of the pack, and many a memory recalls the merry stampede that took place

"When the red fox broke from the gorse."

Still enough now it lies, save for the noisy blackbird's startled cry, or the cuckoo's notes as he chases his mate backward and forward across it. The fox may bask undisturbed on a sheep-ledge in the daytime now, and later on, in the summer evenings, this lonely coombe will witness the romps of his family as the vixen leads them forth in the moonlight, and the rabbits withdraw to a respectful distance. Badgers live here too, but invisible, save to the midnight watcher; and many a bird's nest or moth may be sought for with success, though at the expense of torn clothes and scratched hands and faces. Rabbits, of course, swarm (that is the reason foxes flourish here), and it is comical to watch their games round the emmet butts on the velvet rides they have nibbled so close, or their efforts to climb sometimes 2ft. off the ground to nibble the tops of the bracken.

W. A. J. Hensler. A MAY MORNING. Copyright.

W. A. J. Hensler. *GOLDEN GORSE.* Copyright

If burnt regularly in patches, or cut for "viring," it sends up through the blackened soil tender green shoots, much beloved of stock, but in many instances—in Dorset for one—it is neglected by the farmers, towers into a rhododendron-like mass, and then the end is near. Too late now to cut or burn; the roots are exhausted, and in a couple of years or so it will almost have vanished. Gone with it, too, will be all those long tufts of grass that used to provide pickings for cattle and horses, and prevent them wandering into distant pounds during a hot August, for gorse, be it remembered, is one of the leguminosæ, and a valuable factor in enriching this two inches of soil, which, left to itself, grows nothing long enough in stalk for aught save sheep or rabbits. Like the broom it is an excellent thing to plant previous to tree-planting, and where a landowner gives his personal attention to an estate, there may be seen many a young specimen of larch and fir in these sheltered coombes, which, apart from their value for shooting purposes, must ultimately put into the soil an enormous amount of humus, thus paving the way later for the growing of bigger trees—beech, ash, and the like—and there seems to be every need for increasing the number of trees in an agricultural district in view of the constant cries of shortage of water that are upraised in all directions.

W. A. J. Hensler. *ON THE HILL CREST.* Copyright

Turning back to the gorse: If this be allowed to disappear, the farmer will lose most excellent bedding for his ricks and the labourer that load he is ever willing to "car huome" on his back at the end of the day, though his missus no longer wants it to heat the brick-oven, out of which used to come bread that had some "maintainance into it." This load of "viring" is one of the many perquisites that help to make the 13s. a week into a comfortable living wage. Only the stranger must be careful in his nomenclature when talking of it, as the auctioneer found when he tried to induce a Dorset man to accept a load of gorse when he had been bidding for fir-poles. The mistake was pardonable, but his excuse that "'Twas furze, not firs, I sold to you," availed him nothing against

the stern logic of the bidder:

"I bid for virs and not for vuzzen . . .
. . . .
Why don't ye gi'e a thing his neäme?
Aye, firs and furze! Why, who can tell
Which 'tis that you do meän to zell?
No, no, be kind enough to call
'Em virs, and vuzzen, then that's all."

The small farmer, too, should recollect that when keep is scarce, gorse can be fed crushed to stock with good results, and where landlords and farmers both turn out on hunting mornings, they must know that low thick "vuz" provides the ideal resting-place for a fox both as his home and as a temporary resting-place when stopped out. The old furze-cutters used to show with pride curiously twisted walking-sticks, whose toughness made it almost impossible to break them, but these are not the fashion now on the Chalk Downs.

W. A. J. Hensler. *ACROSS THE HEATH.* Copyright

Of course, though thus far the gorse of the chalk country has been specially alluded to, it is luxuriant to an even greater degree on gravelly soils like those of parts of Hampshire, Surrey, and Sussex; in fact, if the individual plant be considered, these counties are the ones perhaps which show it in its utmost magnificence: Such spots as the slopes of Leith Hill or the expanse of Reigate Heath rise at once to the eye of the Londoner when gorse is mentioned, and further south "Fair Sussex by the sea" has many a common, glade, and hill studded with its glowing masses.

In the North Country attempts have been made from time to time to reclaim waste ground which produced gorse naturally and continuously. In many cases the experiment was not successful, owing to the fact that, in spite of all that could be done by grubbing, ploughing, and manuring to eradicate this plant, and to induce the soil to raise more profitable crops, Nature reasserted herself. During the agricultural depression, when the cost of cultivation tended to decrease the thoroughness with which such a system was carried out, the natural bent of the land was not to be overcome, and propagated either by seeds brought from a distance, or deeply buried by the plough, the gorse rapidly recovered its supremacy over the districts from which these attempts had been made to exclude it.

Where a shooting includes plenty of gorse coverts bye-days between the big shoots can be frequent, and everyone will have many a pleasant memory of hours spent standing on the edge of a ride while the spaniel and terrier bustle industriously through and through the rough stuff, never heeding the countless thorns and prickles, which their master will pick out for them as they stretch and sleep on the hearthrug at his feet before the smoking-room fire in the evening. Quick hand and eye this kind of shooting needs; more often the shot must be taken before the gun reaches the shoulder, as bruised trigger fingers testify, and some shots make wonderful practice from the thigh. Overhead the larks are singing joyously as these sandy heaths are traversed in the spring, their continuous notes dropping from the sky, and from among the prickly thickets comes the lower note of busy bees, working from spike to spike in their quest for sweetness, and carrying with them a coat of golden dust that matches in hue the blooms they rove the livelong day among.

W. A. J. Hensler. *WASTE OF THE MANOR.* Copyright

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE Exhibition of the Royal Academy may this year be described as an average one. It does not contain any picture of great and commanding merit, but yet there are many which reach a high standard of excellence. Among them we might mention Sir Edward Poynter's "The Cup of Tantalus," a fine study of architecture and female figures. Mr. Sargent is represented nearly at his best in "The Marlborough Family," both the Duke and the Duchess being singularly lifelike and characteristic portraits. If this work be compared with anything of a similar nature in the gallery, it will only serve to show Mr. Sargent's immense power. His other work is scarcely so good as usual, the "Lady Warwick," for instance, being a stiffly-posed picture which is far from doing justice to the subject. Sir L. Alma-Tadema shows a picture on which he is said to have been engaged for years, and which is well worth the trouble. The subject is "The Finding of Moses," and the value of the painting lies in the exquisite precision with which the tones of the flowers and bulrushes have been brought out, the portraits of the stalwart train-bearers and retinue of the Princess all being rendered with the certainty of a great colourist. There is a fine picture by the late Mr. Furse of "Cub-hunting with the Ainsty," remarkable for the lifelike movement of the horses. We always anticipate with pleasure the work of Mr. La Thangue, but this year he has not been quite so happy as usual, owing, as we think, to a certain hardness in his colouring, while for his models he is too much addicted to choosing the same kind of figure.

As nearly all the painters go to the country for their subjects, it is only a truism to say that many of the pictures have a special interest for our readers, though we are bound to add that there

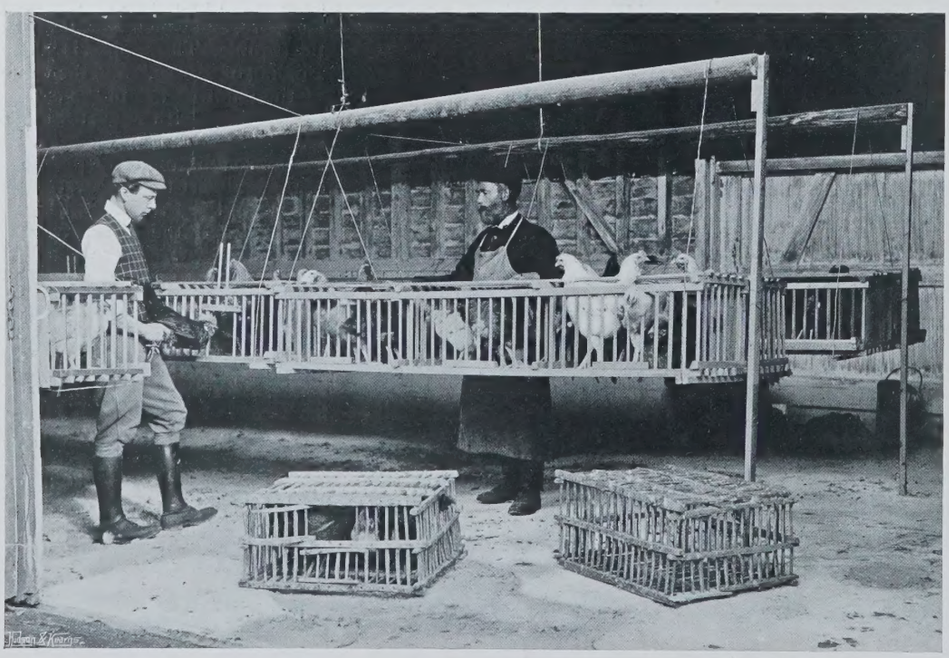
is a tendency to monotony. The birch, no doubt, is in spring the most graceful of trees, but after it has been painted a million times one would think that the artists would begin to fight shy of it. In the treatment of farm scenes, including orchards, rustic bridges, gates, barns, moors, rivers, and mountains, there is the same tendency of painters to follow in one another's footsteps; and when the Academy is accused, as it has been, of being an institution for the greater encouragement of mediocrity, we do not know that an effective reply can be made. Among the rejections this year is a statue by Mr. Havard Thomas, now on view at the New Gallery. He is admittedly one of the best, if not the very best, of our sculptors, and this work is pronounced one of his finest by the most competent judges. Yet it was rejected by the Selection Committee in favour of very inferior work now to be seen in the room devoted to sculpture. This sort of thing has frequently occurred before, and the signatories to a letter in *The Times* complain that before it existed England produced such men as Inigo Jones, Wren, Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Richard Wilson. Since its establishment those who have risen to real eminence have been outside the pale of its influence. The case for reform has been very strongly stated, but it is to be feared that, unless the educated public outside take the matter in hand, things are extremely likely to remain exactly where they are.

FATTING POULTRY.

SUBDIVISION of labour is characteristic of modern times, and it applies to poultry as much as to anything else. Those who have taken up the calling in a business-like manner are thoroughly aware that rearing and fatting are two different branches, and can be most advantageously carried on by different people. Considering the vast increase that has taken place recently in the number of establishments devoted to the fatting of poultry, we cannot help wondering why rearing is not carried on on a larger scale by the peasantry. Most of the labourers, now that allotments have become so common, have abundant facilities for the purpose, and, indeed, in some parts of the country, where the high roads have wide, grassy margins, no other convenience is required. The coop containing the brood hen can be placed by the wayside, and the chicks run out and in between the bars just as young pheasants do. As the demand for young fowl is much greater than the supply, the labourer is fairly sure of a market. Mr. Edward Brown, the well-known expert, in his book on poultry-keeping, tells us that it is no uncommon thing for higglers to give up to 3s. 6d. each for early-hatched, well-grown chickens of eight to ten weeks old. Of course it would be wrong to make the cottagers think this is a regular price that they could command, when, as a matter of fact, half of it would be above the average. But the point is that if the cottager does not attempt too much he can rear a certain number of chickens at practically no expense. Such coops and houses as are necessary he can knock together himself; there is plenty of grass on the roadside, and if he is the head of a family of average size there is certain to be as much waste as will feed two or three broods of chickens. Further, the labour will cost him nothing, because it can be done by himself, his wife, or his children in time that otherwise would not have been productive. Of course, it must be borne in mind that all this does not apply to rearing poultry on a large scale, when there must at once be a considerable outlay on incubators and other appliances, while the labour required would, in addition, have to be paid for. Our only contention is that nearly every cottager might rear in the course of the twelve months as many chickens as would form a nice supplement to his wages without involving himself in any perceptible risk or expense. No doubt, too, if the number of those who do this was largely increased, the supply, coming from so many sources, would soon approach the demand more nearly. Not that it is at all likely to go beyond it. The public taste for chicken is one that is rapidly growing. Mr. Rew, in his report to the Royal Commission of Agriculture, states that at Heathfield the total value of the dead poultry sent from the station rose in ten years from £60,000 to £140,000. The erection of so many new first-class hotels, and the multiplication of clubs and eating-houses, afford sufficient guarantee of an increase in the consumption of good chickens. There is plenty of scope, therefore, for the humble efforts of the labourer as well as for the enterprise of those who wish to rear chickens on a large scale. They will at the same time be wise to remember old Tusser's warning, "Be cunning in fatting, for robbing thy barn"; substitute rearing for fatting, and the advice remains equally sound. There is no profit in poultry unless the strictest economy be observed.

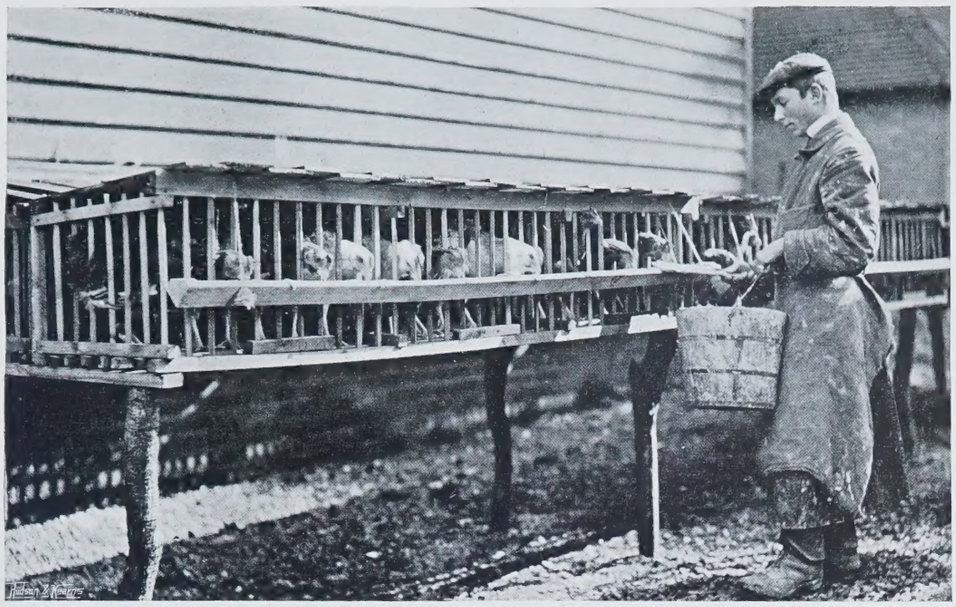
The process of fatting almost explains itself, if that were necessary, through the pictures we show of it. The usual practice is for higglers to go round the country collecting the young chickens of from eight to ten weeks old to sell to the establishments.

W. Cadby. *HIGGLING.* Copyright



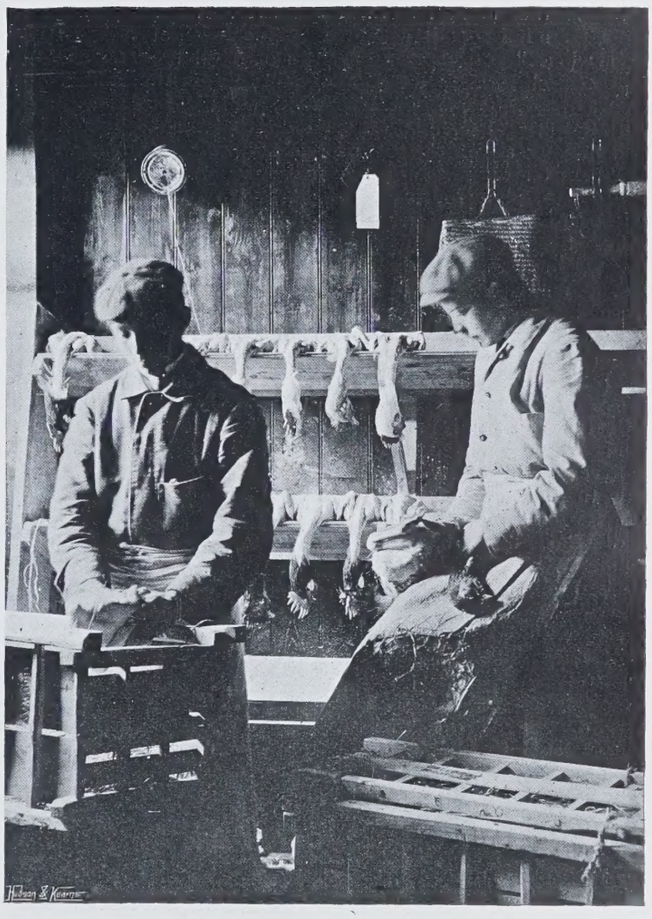
W. Cadby. *FILLING THE COOPS.* Copyright

When they are received the birds are not usually machine fatted at once, but for a week or ten days are fed from the troughs. There is a very great difference in the facility with which one fowl will lay on fat as compared with another, and controversies have frequently taken place as to which is the best breed for the purpose. This depends, however, to a very large extent on locality. A breed from which excellent results may be obtained on the sheltered and sunny fields of the South of England may not do so well in the bleak North. We are thinking particularly of a well-known poultry establishment situated on a high part of the South of Scotland. Trees have been planted for shelter, but no way of escape has yet been found from the chilly north-easterly winds and the tempests of rain characteristic of the climate. When this place was started, the owner of it believed devoutly in the books that said the best cross for table purposes was that between Dorking and Cornish game. No one who has any practical knowledge of the subject will dispute that in many parts of the country this is the very best cross that can be procured; nevertheless, it would not do on the land in question. It was found that the hens used for laying purposes were not prolific, and that the chickens did not fatten quickly. Eventually, several other breeds were tried, and that which was finally selected was the buff Orpington. One can scarcely tell why this breed does so well in a very bleak district, and the present writer by no means wishes to recommend it. All he has to say is that it has proved a great success in the locality in question. On looking over fatting establishments in the South of England we have generally found that the birds were an extraordinary collection of mongrels, such as higglers would pick up naturally if they were going round in search of them at cottages and farm places. It does not matter much of what breed a chicken is so long as it has a clean leg that will look well at table, and a breast made to carry plenty of meat on it. There are, in fact, several breeds of fowl that will answer these requirements. It is not always necessary to cram the birds, as a demand exists for half-fatted fowl, and the most economical thing to do with many of them is to sell them from the trough, and as long as it is used they may be kept in the open air, either in an orchard or on the sheltered side of a hedge. After rather less than a fortnight of such feeding they can be taken inside to the regular feeding sheds, where the cages are arranged in tiers. Here, what the owner of the establishment has to watch most closely is cleanliness, the arrangements for obtaining which can easily be both simple and effective. It has to be remembered that the manure obtained from chickens is of the most valuable description, and can either be sold or utilised on the farm. It is sometimes objected that cramming is a cruel process, but this would never be said by one who had watched it. When the crammer is going round with his machine the birds will often give that chuckle of delight which is heard when they find a tit-bit on the gravel. Practice and experience have



W. Cadby. *FEEDING.* Copyright

W. Cadby. *BIRDS IN THE SHAPING PRESS.* Copyright



W. Cadby. *PRICING AND PACKING.* Copyright

taught him to administer the food quickly, and yet with so precise a measurement that the chicken gets neither too much nor too little. Nor need it be said that progress does not altogether depend upon the quantity of food given. Human beings might learn a great deal about diet from a study of the methods employed. The great point, which was understood ages ago, is that each meal should be digested before another was given, and, as a rule, feeding does not take place more than twice a day. If a bird's crop be not empty, the attendant misses it, or gives it a little medicine. Mr. Brown holds that in "three weeks from one and a-half pounds to three pounds can be added to the weight of any ordinary-sized fowl, largely a gain in flesh, and at a cost of about eightpence, the improvement in quality of flesh and general appearance being very great." Obviously, to obtain anything like this result the question of food must be carefully looked into. In many of these establishments finely-ground oats are largely used. Mr. Brown says it is a special product of the valley of the Medway, but, as a matter of fact, there is at least one mill in Gloucestershire where it is ground. With the meal it is usual to mix milk, and this renders chicken fatting a good industry to be carried on in conjunction with a dairy, where the disposal of skim milk and buttermilk offers an unending problem.

APRIL IN A . . . . TUSCAN GARDEN.

LAST April I was in Tuscany, and many times since then I have wondered why Browning should have recorded his desire to be in England rather than Italy during that month. For it has left this impression on my mind that it was a veritable feast of roses—"roses everywhere." On those later days of April the "tramontana" had ceased to blow its chill breath across the imperishable snows of northern Alpine fastnesses, and the garden was aglow with flowers. I seem to see an old wall built strong and high, and making a forbidding barrier as seen from the road without, but here on its garden-side a real sun-trap for the shy green lizards to play in, its harshness delicately festooned with wistaria, hanging like great bunches of pale mauve grapes, and filling the air with an elusive sweetness. On those warm scented days the big blue bees found a feast of honey in the fragile mauve cells. Those early mornings were sweet and fresh before the great heat of the day began, and the great golden fragrant heads of the Maréchal Niel roses drooped under their weight of dew. They clustered below the loggia in reckless prodigal profusion. Across the dim mysterious grove of ilex trees a Banksian rose trailed, creamily yellow, a wilderness of pale clustering blossom climbing where it listed. And everywhere the monthly roses scattered their petals like rose-coloured shells. One saw them at times fringing the top of some worn grey wall—their pink blossoms coming sheer against a vivid background of blue sky in a glow of colour that feasted the eye. The sunshine ran riot in a blazing line of "parrot" tulips that flamed like mimic fires, and in a wonderful patch of deep purple irises framed by the long grass of the *podere*. The olives made a tender harmonious background of silver green to it all, the young shoots of the vines vied with the straight-springing wheat, and the lush grass in producing vivid emerald tints. It was all gold and silver and green and glowing purple and poppy-red and rose-pink, mixed with soft greys and subdued touches of lilac and amber. There were butterflies everywhere flitting with fairy gossamer wings in the sunshine. The orange trees had been moved out upon the terrace in big pots, and were beginning to fill the air with their strong drowsy perfume. At the far end of the terrace, beyond the dark fringe of ilexes, a grey weather-worn statue of Pan piped among the roses.

It was worth while in those days to drive into the wild country beyond Fiesole, where the roads were shaded with sombre groves of pine and cypress, against which the gay green and coral pink of the spring tints and the snow of flowering cherry and pear showed in dainty contrast. The hills were touched with a soft purple bloom. Worth while, too, to return at sunset-time, when the "Ave Maria" sounded from San Domenico, and watch the Arno glow like a scarlet ribbon, the skies and far snows stained to deepest crimson, and the towers and cupolas showing like dim ghosts in the gathering mists.

Those warm scented days were followed by still starry nights, when the great plain below looked as if it, too, slept, guarded by the watchful sentinel mountains. The moon shone white on the Arno, and the stars hung like radiant jewels in far-off high-hanging skies. From Fiesole and the barren height of Monte Morello to the cypress groves of San Miniato across the wonderful dream-city of Florence—the whole scene was bathed in the magic of moonlight.

In the clumps of bamboos an early fire-fly flashed like a winged jewel, carrying my mind back to the great groves of "giant" bamboos in our garden at Kandy in far Ceylon, when the feathery branches were illuminated on still hot tropical nights by a perfect tangle of fire-flies. And as if to still further transport one's memory thither I could hear the low monotonous croaking of the frogs in some pool below. The garden, too, had something akin to a tropical one with its well-grown palms, their stiff fronds etched in sharp silhouette against that moon-washed sky. I almost expected to hear the dull throb of tom-toms echoing from some neighbouring pettah, instead of which the gay lilt of a Tuscan song, charming, pathetic, haunting, was flung out to the night by some passing peasant. And though the scene was without the bewildering glory of the East, it seemed to possess something of its vivid atmosphere and compelling magic, something, too, of its everlasting feast of flower and colour touched with a sadness that is elusive and cannot be expressed.

ISABEL CLARKE.

J. H. Andries. *A SUNNY CORNER* Copyright

DUTCH COUNTRY LIFE.

READER of COUNTRY LIFE, has the question ever entered your brain, when feasting on the choice, sweet green peas, or enjoying the tender salad, the juicy currants and melons, "Are all these delicacies home products, or do these delightful vegetables, these lovely fruits, come to us from the Continent?" Ten to one you have never asked yourself this question. And yet if you were to betake yourself on a summer morning at an early hour, say at half-past three, from the Hague, the charming Dutch Court-capital, to the Westland, you would receive, when asking where all those flat little boats passing through the canal and loaded with lovely fresh vegetables were going to, the same laconic answer, "To the English boat." On the side of the canal, frequently planted with dwarf willows, great quantities are piled up—here, there, everywhere—of fresh-cut bunches of young orange-coloured carrots, of prettily-tinted red and white currants, of small light green salad beans, of dewy greengages, or of purple giant or Cataconi plums. They peep from the little boxes consisting of narrow laths, or from the meshes of the covering of a white wicker basket. On dry spots, waiting to be removed to the boats, lie heaps of creamy-coloured or golden musk-melons resting on dark leaves, whilst on the top a graceful stalk with one or two leaves is to be seen; and all those vegetables, that fruit packed in boxes, little hampers, baskets, are laden as quickly as possible into the little boats, which, moving on again in no time, and joined ever and again by smaller boats

coming from the still narrower branch canals, hastily remove their cargo, while sailing along, on to the boats bound for Rotterdam collecting all for the English steamer. For all those dewy goods must arrive in time where the London merchant expects them. If the London boat is missed, which has a contract with the forwarding agent, then all has to be sold in hot haste in Holland at too low prices on account of the quantities.

Every box or basket loaded has the word "Westland" clearly visible on it. This was formerly not the case. Once the Westland growers paid little attention either to the manner of forwarding or to the goods to be forwarded. And the consequences were soon felt. The English purchasers began to suspect the goods, and trade became decidedly bad for the Westland growers. Then sturdy Dutchmen took the affair in hand; they united and saw to the business. Nothing is put into the boats without having been marked by the assayer of the society "Westland," which, willy-nilly, soon every grower has to join in his own interest, if he wishes to dispose of his wares on the English market. Westland, the flourishing society, has regained the confidence of England. And when eating your most juicy fruit, you may be assured that it is "grown in Westland." A few words more to indicate the situation of the kitchen garden, *par excellence*, of Holland, called Westland. This small piece of land is sheltered against too rough sea winds by a row of dunes, which, as a counterpart of the chalk cliffs of England, are the guardians of the Dutch coast against the dangerous North Sea. Delft—so well known in England also for its faïence factories—and its environs form the boundary on the other side, and the little piece of ground, but a hand-breadth, runs obliquely to the Hook of Holland. Loosduinen, Naaldwyk, Monstor, Wateringen, Gravezande, Poeldyk, and Honslaarsdyk are chief among the little villages, all of them situated on small canals or streamlets, with their pretty red roofs overhanging the low cottages, the little church spires, the little walls running from one village to another, on which the choice peach and the orange-tinted apricot ripen, and on which formerly also the renowned Westland grapes were grown. Between those walls are large spaces covered with glass panes, resting on a border of small bricks, which panes promote the ripening of vegetables. Honslaarsdyk, formerly Honsholredyk, now one vast nursery garden, was about 300 years ago a delightful park, with a country residence built in the style of the day, with extensive woods and preserves. It was the favourite abode of the then stadtholder of the United Provinces—Frederic Henry, son of the great William of Orange, and grandfather of William III., that stadtholder who ascended the throne of England, and who passed his first youth at the castle of Honsholredyk.

J. H. Andries. DUTCH POLLARDS. Copyright.

The splendour of this domain has vanished, but a square pond remains, on which formerly in summertime the Royal children learned to ply the oars, and on which in wintertime, when the rippling water was frozen over, the young stadtholders William II. and William III. indulged with their friends in the truly Dutch ice sport, skating. Around this, forming at present part of the ground of Nieuw-Honsel, the present owner, Mr. van den Berg, has erected his spacious modern glasshouses for the cultivation of the best Dutch and foreign grapes. This gentleman, who first won his spurs in the East Indies as a coffee-planter and fruit-grower, and then studied Continental and English methods of cultivation, with a view to putting into practice in the Westland what he had seen, has really brought about a revolution in the grape-growing.

Already, for many years, the quality and the produce of the grapes had diminished by the afore-mentioned manner of planting the vine against low walls on the sun side. Then, by means of a loose glass covering, endeavours were made to regain the lost reputation; but this, too, proved unsuccessful. Mr. van den Berg, who had then just returned to Holland, after having studied the

J. H. Andries. EARLY MORNING. Copyright

grape-growing of Roxford and of Frankenthal, spared neither cost nor trouble, and in the end his endeavours were crowned with a brilliant success. His hundreds of gigantic glass-houses furnish from the beginning of summer lovely clusters of juicy and highly-aromatic grapes as large as small plums, and up to the beginning of winter the eye can revel at Nieuw-Honsel

J. H. Andries. *VINERY AT NIEUW-HONSEL.* Copyright

in that wonderful spectacle of gigantic bowers, growing luxuriantly under glass, and formed by vine branches on which hang dark blue clusters of grapes, heavy and luxuriant. The spectator gets the most overwhelming impression of luxuriance of fruit during the last part of August, when on the branches climbing to the roof of the houses the heavy clusters hang high, and among them peeps smiling the red yellowish tomato, growing there in earthen pots, whilst the delicate asparagus hanging from boxes halfway down, heightens the graceful luxuriance of that model nursery. Indeed, at Nieuw-Honsel they know how to make every inch of soil productive. Outdoors, towards the south, forming as it were the bank of the pond, stand endless rows of the best and newest kinds of chrysanthemums, gradually, as winter approaches, coming into bloom. And the pond still offers during the frost opportunities for skating to the neighbouring villages.

Honsholredyk, at one time a Royal residence, has become, after lying fallow many years, a model nursery where all that is novel in science is put into practice. How can the foreigner obtain a view of this peculiar bit of Dutch country life? The easiest, but the most expensive, way is to leave the whole affair in the hands of the hotel porter, who looks after a carriage to convey you through the whole of Westland, a ride which will take many an hour, but will reward you greatly, or to take a special guide, who can accompany you on your ride. The second manner is highly recommendable if you cycle, and speak a little Dutch, for in that part of Holland you must not expect people to speak foreign languages, and from time to time you must gather information, even though you have a quantity of written information about you provided by the hotel porter. A trip on the bicycle through Westland, especially in the months of July, August, or beginning of September, cannot but leave behind it impressions not easily to be forgotten.

Your "Baedeker" may mention the existence of a Westland steam car. This means of conveyance, starting in some out-of-the-way nook of the Hague, may justly be said to date from the time when Stephenson's first locomotive engine began to run. It is therefore hardly to be recommended for such a trip.

S. DE BEER.

THE DOMESTIC ANT.

SOME few years ago M. Maurice Maeterlinck discovered the bee. If it is at all too much to say that he discovered the bee, it is at least not too much to say that he revealed it. Other people, hundreds of people, had written about the bee, from Aristotle and Virgil, and earlier, to Lord Avebury; but their writings, it is to be supposed, were read by a comparative few, for as soon as Maeterlinck published his book, which was very delightfully written, people went about speaking to each other of the bee as if they had heard of that industrious insect for the first time, as if it had only lately been created. "Have you read Maeterlinck about bees?" they asked each other. "What wonderful little creatures they are! They do this, and they do that." Amongst other marvellous things about them it was discovered that they made honey. Maeterlinck's was a charming book. Of course, it was written in French, but it was very well translated, according to the judgment of the present writer, though one has heard another opinion expressed as to this. And Maeterlinck's book was quite a modest one. He did not claim to have made any new discoveries. It appears that he did keep bees for a while in observation hives, but he admits with perfect candour that what he has to say was culled from the writings of others. It was, besides, perfectly well known; but what Maeterlinck did was this: His poetic fancy was struck by the marvellous ways of life of these insects, and he wrote with an imagination and a poetry fired by them. The result was a delightful record, which everybody ran to read, and their exclamations on reading only showed how very little people in general know of the interesting common things that are happening round about them, how much of possible interest to them in books and in Nature they miss.

Maeterlinck, then, made the bee the fashion in England no less than in France; but the fashion was restricted to reading and talking about the bee. It did not inspire many of those that read to keep bees and observe for themselves. Observation hives are rather costly, rather troublesome; and bees, though delightful, generally have stings, which are not a delight. The keeping of bees meant trouble. Last year it seems to have occurred to some ingenious persons, who deserve all the credit of their ingenuity, that there is another insect, of no less interest in its ways than the bee, that can be kept in confinement and be observed very much more easily. This is the ant. To be sure, the ant, no more than the bee, has been brought on the stage of observation now for the first time. Lord Avebury has made even a closer study of the ant than of the bee, and Solomon, before him, had a word to say of the same insect. But all that Solomon had to say was to tell the sluggard to go and look at the ant. This, however, being a sluggard, he was not likely to take the trouble to do. The man who seems to deserve credit for thinking of the ant as a nice domestic pet has advanced on Solomon's proposition. Instead of telling the sluggard to go to the ant he has brought the ant to the sluggard.

What has happened is this: that in many shops in London shortly before Christmas you might see an arrangement that looked like a picture frame lying on the table. Lifting a red cover off it, you discovered underneath, between two sheets of glass, a nest of the small meadow ant, the little red ant that so often comes out when you kick an ant-hill to pieces in summer. Their heaps are very much in evidence just after the grass has been cut for hay. When one says "nest," one does not mean a confection of fur and feathers and twigs, like a bird's nest; it is rather an "earth," like a fox's or rabbit's on a small scale. The earth is enclosed between two sheets of glass, kept apart by a narrow strip of glass sandwiched between them all round the outside edge—except for a small orifice left by way of door—and kept in close contact with the strips, so that the ants cannot escape, by small clamps of iron. Here the ants have tunnelled their chambers and galleries through the earth. They require no care except moistening the earth by pouring half a teaspoonful of water in at the door about every three or four weeks in the summer, which is the time of their activity, and giving them a little honey or sugar and water at like intervals on the end of a penknife. In this little space they will go on rearing their babies. They have a queen, always attended by a bodyguard, who lays eggs, and the

workers care for the eggs, keep them in the right temperature till they hatch out as larvæ, then feed the larvæ till they are ready to turn into pupæ, and look after the pupæ till they come out as mature ants. There are the two kinds of worker, the queen, and two or three kinds of the ants' domestic animals supplied with the cases, so that all their world goes on within the space of the two panes of glass, and can be observed.

All this is not new, but it is new to most of those who see it now for the first time. Lord Avebury has described these nests in his "Ants, Bees, and Wasps." They are the simplest of all kinds. A hundred years ago Huber learned so much about ants that he left comparatively little for the next century to learn. One curious thing he said—that Solomon was in error in saying that the ant laid up her food in summer for winter use. But it has been seen since that ants of a climate warmer than the European undoubtedly do this, and that some of the European species do it seems more than likely, so that Solomon was not mistaken in taking the ant as an ensample for the sluggard. It is very good for the sluggard to observe these small insects, even in the glass cases that some shops have supplied, but he will get far more fun out of ants if he will go and find them for himself.

Lord Avebury, in his book just mentioned, explains a very simple way of inducing the ants to go within the plates of glass, and it is most interesting to watch them carrying in their pupæ, larvæ, domestic animals, or whatever they may have in the nest. A heap of ants, earth, and all that the natural ant-hill may contain, is just piled over the artificial nest, already half filled with powdered earth. The whole is placed in a vessel surrounded with water, or with fur with the hair pointing downwards, to prevent the escape of the ants. As the earth taken from the heap dries, the ants leave it and repair to the moister earth (kept moist by the glass preventing the evaporation) between the two panes, carrying all their nursery, and some, at least, of their animals with them. The function of all their domestic animals is not at all clearly understood, and some, such as the Beckia Albinus, they will not trouble to take in with them, and it is very doubtful if the ants are even conscious that these little creatures are there. It is in the solution of such questions as these, acquiring a clearer knowledge of the purpose of the various animals in the economy of the ants' nest, and of the means of communication between the ants themselves and the functions of their different sense organs, that the great interest of observing them lies. The parallel and horizontal panes of glass are by no means the only method of keeping them subject to observation, and by no means the most suitable method for some kinds; but it answers well for the almost wholly subterranean kinds, such as Lasius flavus and Lasius niger. The ants become restless and will not pursue their usual avocations when exposed to a white light; but, if the glass be tinted to an orange hue, the transmitted light annoys them far less than when it is not so mellowed, and they can be observed almost as plainly as through untinted glass.

It is possible that too much reliance should not be placed on observations made under such artificial conditions, for all wild things show great powers of adapting themselves to novel surroundings; but experiments of this nature are likely to yield many a hint which should be useful to the student in telling him what to look for when he explores the homes and habits of this insect with a view to elucidating the whole of its life history. The bigger wood-ant, too, no doubt, if treated in this way, will furnish useful data.

SOME NATIVE NORTH AMERICAN ORCHIDS.

To most people the name orchid carries only an impression of those superbly gorgeous, exotic forms which the majority of us never have the opportunity of seeing in their wild state. These are the far Southern species, which cannot be grown in the North except in hothouses, and then only by the exercise of the greatest care and attention.

In them Nature has attained the highest point of perfection in her floral art. In shape and colouring they are, one and all, exquisitely and wonderfully perfect, and it was no mere dabbler after artistic effect whose hand fashioned them, for to each is given that form and colour best suited to it in its struggle for existence. With every one the colour, form, structure, time of opening, and the various small details of its blossom are so arranged as to best entice that particular insect upon which it mainly depends for fertilisation, and to force the pilferer to carry its pollen, willy-nilly, to the next flower visited. This is true of every flower; but the orchids have reached the greatest perfection of mechanism for continuing their scheme of salvation, and no one can examine one without being lost in wonder at its intricate organism, or can doubt for an instant that it is more of a sentient being than a passive creation.

To those who are unacquainted with the variety and splendour of Nature's vast floral garden, and whose knowledge of the orchids is limited to the sight of those which adorn the windows of our city florists or the hothouses of some millionaires, it may be surprising to learn that the North-Eastern United States can boast of no less than sixty distinct native species, and that the region immediately surrounding New York City produces some fifteen or twenty of these.

PINK LADY'S SLIPPER (WILD).

Many are rare, and specimens of them are difficult to find; but others are more or less abundant, and one needs but a slight knowledge of botany and a fairly sharp eye in order to discover their whereabouts. While these Northern varieties cannot compete with the exquisitely vivid colouring or general gorgeousness of their Southern relations, yet many of them are very beautiful both in colour and form, and none other of the native flowers can compare with them in the delicate intricacy of their structure. They are well worth studying carefully, and the deeper one goes in this study the greater becomes his wonder at the marvellous adaptability of each flower to the requirements of that bee or butterfly which assists in the continuation of its species.

A mistaken idea held by many people is that all orchids are aërial or parasitic in their growth. This comes from having merely a superficial knowledge of, or a bowing acquaintance, so to speak, with, those grown for show in the hothouses, many of which are of these varieties. As a matter of fact, by far the larger number of orchids are terrestrial, as are all of these Northern species, growing from bulbous or tuberous roots. One of the first to bloom in the spring is the spring orchis (Cypripedium spectabile). It can be found, during May, almost anywhere through the deeper woods where the ground is rich and moist, but especially prefers to grow under hemlocks. Its two large, broad, fleshy leaves show glossy green on the upper, with a silvery sheen on the under, sides. They lie close to the ground, and from between them rises the thick, five-sided stem to a height of from 5in. to 10in., topped with the loose spikes of from three to six flowers. These flowers, of about 1in. in length, are purple and white, the lip being white, while the petals and sepals

SPRING ORCHIS.

are purple, the latter uniting in an arching hood. The "lip" is a peculiarity possessed by the entire orchid family, for, of the six floral leaves with which every orchid is provided, one is always either hanging or projecting forward, and of an odd form. Sometimes this takes the shape of a pouch or cornucopia, but more often forms a kind of platform upon which the bee, butterfly, or other insect that comes to despoil the willing flower of its nectar alights. Differing from the foregoing, in that the stems are usually much longer and leaved, and the flowering heads much denser, are the Habenarias, a genus of which about eighteen species are natives of Eastern North America. They are not all found in any one locality, however, and lucky is the flower-lover who knows of the hiding-places of more than two or three within a reasonable distance of his home. They are most of them particularly partial to low, damp ground, and several of them "waste their sweetness on the desert air" of the swamps or hidden among the low, rank growth of the marshes. Indeed, we must search diligently and well, and in the most dismal and forbidding places, if we would find any one of these dainty flowers; but when we are successful the reward is well worth the price paid.

The largest and most showy of the Eastern species of this genus is the large purple-fringed orchis (Habenaria grandiflora). It must be searched for in rich, deep woods and low, damp meadows. In such places it sends up its solitary spike to a height of from 1ft. to 5ft., crowned with a dense cluster of lilac or purplish blooms from 3in. to 15in. long. It is a gorgeous production of Nature's art, and well worth a long, tiresome tramp to find, but unfortunately it is far from common. Its little sister, the smaller purple-fringed orchis (H. psycodes), is more common, and grows in even wetter places. The white-fringed orchis (H. blephariglottis) is a more Northern species, and one must penetrate the almost impassable peat bogs of Northern Maine, Newfoundland, and Eastern Canada, where at every step the searcher sinks to the knees in peat and mud, ere he can hope to become acquainted with this exquisitely beautiful and dainty little orchid. It seems as though it were placed in such remote places in order to prove to man that the floral beauties of this earth were created and are perpetuated by Mother Nature for something beyond the mere gratification of his senses.

Much the same as this retiring species in structure and manner of growth, as well as in its choice of locality, is the yellow-fringed orchis (H. ciliaris). The two can occasionally be found growing in the same bog; but this is rare, as the former is a far Northern, while the latter is a more Southern species, growing from Vermont to Florida. The stem grows to a height of from 1ft. to 2½ft., the bright yellow flowers forming a spike from 3in. to 6in. in length. One of the most inconspicuous of this genus is Hooker's orchis (H. Hookeri). Growing as it does in the deep woods, its foot-long stem, with its loose raceme of greenish yellow flowers, is very likely to be overlooked. It must be closely examined before the delicately perfect construction of each bloom becomes apparent.

Of all the Eastern orchids, the most showy, and from this fact the ones best known to the casual observer, are the Lady's Slippers (Cypripedia). This genus is represented in the neighbourhood of New York by four species: the Pink Lady's Slipper (C. acaule); the Showy Lady's Slipper (C. reginæ); the large Yellow Lady's Slipper (C. hirsutum); and the small Yellow Lady's Slipper (C. parviflorum). Of these the first-named is the most common, although, owing to the fact that few who see it can withstand the temptation to pick it, it is each year becoming more and more rare.

The Indians, who, before they were degenerated by the civilising influences of the whites, lived so close to Nature that they could count her pulse-beats, have a very pretty legend concerning these flowers. They will tell you that in the spring, when the Whip-poor-Wills go nightly to their wooing, they take their choice of these flowers, pink, white, or yellow, and use them as moccasins. Hence come the names, common in different parts of the country, "Whip-poor-Will's Shoes" and "Moccasin Flower." This slight resemblance to footgear has gained for these flowers other quaint and suggestive names, such as "Our Lady's Sabot," "Priest's Shoe," etc., and the generic name is but the Greek rendering of the folk-name "Venus' Shoe." These flowers must be hunted in late May or early June if one would find them in the full glory of their bloom, and the moss-carpeted paths of the silent woods are where we must search for the pink and the yellow species. The latter grows singly or in groups of two or three plants, but the former is more often to be found in numbers when found at all. I have discovered beds of this orchid covering several square rods of ground, and have counted over a hundred blooms in the space immediately surrounding me. This was at one time nothing unusual, as this was once the most common of all the Eastern orchids; but nowadays it is a rare occasion to find a patch of more than ten or fifteen blooms.

The largest and most beautiful of this genus, the Showy Lady's Slipper, chooses to hide itself even more effectually than its fellows, in swamps and low, damp places. It is not so uncommon as is generally supposed, but owing to the almost inaccessible places in which it frequently hides itself is not often seen by any but those who make a systematic hunt for it. This is well, too, for, if its finding was a matter

PINK LADY'S SLIPPER

of greater ease, I fear it would soon be rendered extinct by those who cannot resist picking what to them is but a passing thing of beauty. It grows in groups, and where one is found others are certain to be in the near neighbourhood. Its large, white sac, with the splashes of purplish pink, looks, as one writer has said, as though wine had overflowed its cup and trickled down the sides. One's first instinct upon plucking one of these blooms is to raise it to the nose, for it seems as though so fair a blossom must have as fair an odour; but unfortunately it has no scent at all, and it is with a distinct feeling of disappointment that one realises this after repeated attempts to catch the expected fragrance. It was not given to this beautiful blossom to charm two senses, and therefore we must be content to feast our eyes upon its loveliness alone.

SNAKE-MOUTH.

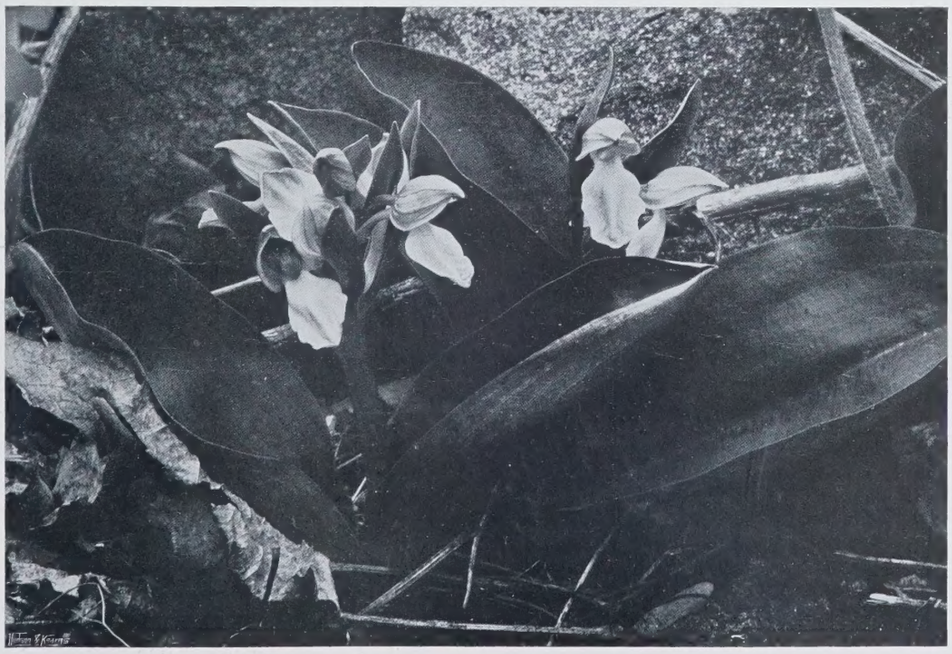
In the shadow of the hemlock groves grow the rattlesnake plantains, the tufts of whose grey-green leaves, delicately marked with netted veinings, do much more to attract attention to this little plant than do the tall spikes of rather insignificant white flowers. It has been said that these leaves are used by the Indians as an antidote to the bite of a rattlesnake, but this is only one of the many fables told of the red man. The probable derivation of the name is from the fact that the veinings of the leaves somewhat resemble the markings on the belly of a snake, and not from their supposed curative powers. The two species common in the eastern part of North America are the lesser rattlesnake plantain (Perumium repens) and the downy rattlesnake plantain (P. pubescens). The latter can readily be distinguished from the former by its taller spike and larger blossoms, as well as by the silky down with which its stems and leaves are covered.

Among the long, coarse grass of the swamps and low, marshy meadows lives a modest, retiring little orchid, the rose pogonia or snake-mouth (Pogonia ophioglossoides). Of a delicate rose-pink, and with a faint perfume peculiarly its own, it is altogether a daintily beautiful creation, notwithstanding the fact that the name snake-mouth is given it through a fancied resemblance which it bears to the jaws of a snake. Wherever it blooms it is plentiful, but, hidden as it is in the long, tangled grass, a diligent search is sometimes necessary for the discovery of its whereabouts. It flowers in late June and throughout July. Somewhat resembling it in form and growing in the same general situations, although a resident of a more northern latitude, is the Arethusa or Indian pink (Arethusa bulbosa). Its long, slender stem bears but one flower, but that one as complete and perfect a gem as any flower-hunter could wish for. Of from 1in. to 2in. in length, bright purplish pink, and with a delicate violet-like odour, it is well worth a place in our hothouses, and in fact such numbers of them have been gathered in the past few years for transportation to Europe that many a Northern bog, wherein they once grew in large numbers, knows them no more. Like Arethusa, whom Diana caused to be changed into an ever-flowing fountain in order to protect her from the persecutions of the love-mad river god, this little plant chooses the spring-fed marshes in which to live, and where her destroyers will be least likely to follow. Linnæus, fancying this resemblance, gave to the flower its name.

NODDING LADY'S TRESSES.

Plants, as well as human beings, have their poor relations, and among the orchids these are the coral-roots, so named from the formation of their roots. Their long, brown, naked stems, devoid of leaves, pushing their way up from the damp mould of dry woods and topped with a loose raceme of indefinitely coloured flowers, have little of beauty to attract the eye. Related as they are to the most aristocratic plants in existence, the coral-roots have fallen low indeed, and have become mere ghoulish parasites living upon another's decay. Thus is their lack of leaves accounted for, as are also their dull and indefinite colours.

All honest, self-respecting plants have an abundance of a green colouring matter called chlorophyl, which serves as a screen to protect the vital juices of the leaves and stem from the too strong light. Those which live on the already assimilated juices of other plants have no use for this colour screen, and so dispense with it as well as with their leaves, for Nature has no wish to give herself unnecessary labour. In this class may be placed the Indian pipes, beech-drops, broom-rape, dodder, etc., and with these we must place the coral-roots, sad as it is to see a member of the



SPRING ORCHIS GROWING WILD.

orchid family keeping such company. The last orchids of the year to bloom are the Ladies' Tresses, and they are also probably the commonest members of this family found in the North-Eastern States.

I wonder how many people, even of those who are fond of the flowers and gather them every day in summer, have ever noticed that with those whose blossoms form in a spike or raceme the blooms almost in every instance commence to open at the bottom of the spike, and open gradually upward until, by the time the topmost flower is full blown, the bottom ones are dead or dying. And of those who have noticed this fact, who, outside the ranks of the botanists, has thought that it was done for a definite purpose? Well, it is so, for the bee always alights upon the lowermost flowers and works his way upward, a fact which the flowers well know, none better than this little orchid, and for which they have prepared themselves, so that the bee, in leaving the topmost or newly-opened flowers of one plant, carries the pollen directly to the oldest or lower flowers of the next plant visited, and by the time he has worked himself to the top again, he has disposed of this mass of pollen and is ready for another load, which he can obtain from those newly-opened flowers which have as yet been unvisited by other bees.

NODDING LADY'S TRESSES (WILD).

Of the Ladies' Tresses we have two common in the vicinity of New York—the Nodding Lady's Tresses (Gyrostachys ceruna) and the Slender Lady's Tresses (G. gracilis). The two are easily distinguishable, as the one chooses moist, low meadows and ditches in which to grow, while the other is to be found only in dry fields, hillsides, and sandy places.

I have omitted speaking of some of the rarest of the North-Eastern species, as space will not allow me to write of them all, and those which are least likely to be found can most easily be dispensed with. The dainty little grass pink (Calopogon pulchellus) is, however, not rare, and can be found growing in wet meadows wherever the pogonia or other bog dwellers among its relations are found, and usually in much larger numbers than any of the others. The flower is purplish pink, of about an inch in length, with the lip densely bearded with white and yellow hairs, from which fact it derives its name, calopogon—beautiful beard.

SNAKE-MOUTH GROWING WILD.

Before closing I must say one word of the little Northern dweller of the peat bogs, the Calypso (Calypso bulbosa), to find which one must brave mud and cold, icy water. Like Calypso of old, who fell in love with Ulysses and detained him for seven years on her island, dying of a broken heart when he left, this is a solitary little flower, beautiful but lonely, blooming from the top of a jointed scape that grows to a height of about 5in. or 6in. from the bulb hidden among the moss, and which can boast of but one nearly round leaf hidden near its base. The one purple bloom bears a resemblance to the Ladies' Slippers, and this caused the plant to originally be placed in the same genus with them; but it now can boast of a genus of its very own, being the only species in it. L. W. BROWNELL.

A DINNER OF . . . . SALT LEAVES.

BOB MISKERRY and Bridget Foyle, his wife, had words one wild March morning on Invertully Strand. High words they were in one sense, as they had to be shouted lustily, by reason of a ruffling wind and the distance that separated the speakers; but they were neither violent or abusive. He was standing up in his queer-shaped, canvas-covered boat, which danced hoydenishly on the edge of the full tide as he baled her out with an old jam-pot, and his wife was calling to him from the nearest point of the shingly reef.

"Arrah, man, come along in wid yourself out of that. What foolery would you be at at all, wid the win' risin' up every minyit, and the say gettin' as soft as anythin'?"

"Och, to be sure, you never seen me goin' fishin' before!"

"Sorra the one you'll get this day. Ould Tim Walsh was tellin' me just now he and his sons are after trawlin' about ever since it was light, and ne'er a sign of a fish there is in the bay. You might as well be diggin' the shingle-stones for pitaties."

"And what else will you be givin' your sister for her dinner?"

"Is it poor Rosanne? 'Twould be a quare thing if we couldn't conthrive a bit one way or another."

"'Twould so. I was thinkin' the very same; and divil an atom have you in the house fit to be offerin' her if she was an ould crow out of the fields."

"That's an ontruth for you, and me after gatherin' half a potful of the salt laves last night, the way we mightn't be left short entirely, wid you bringin' in nothin'."

"Salt laves—preserve the whole of us!"

"There's plenty as good as you has to put up wid naught better."

"Better or worse, if there's a fish in it at all, I'd be long sorry to have man, woman, or child come into my house after trampin' over from beyant Kilduff, and an ould brash of stinkin' sayweed at the end of it."

"Amn't I tellin' you what Tim Walsh says? And for the matter of that, I well know me sisther'd as lief have one thing as another. She never was one that minded a pin's point what she would be aitin'. So where's the sinse of drowndin' yourself for nothin'? Come in out of that."

"What talk has anybody of drowndin'? Do you think ould Tim Walsh is after puttin' the bay through a strainer, that he's so sure there mightn't be an odd pair of sole, or a few plaice in it yet?"

"Now that I think of it, Rosanne wouldn't touch e'er a bit of fish, if we had the house full. I mind she couldn't abide so much as the smell of it. She——"

"Och, isn't it a wonder that you're not tired romancin' there? You'd be doin' some use if you run along and fetched in any sticks you could find to the fire, that's gettin' black."

Mrs. Miskerry turned away in a huff, but repenting in a couple of steps, she jumped off the shingle-bank and scampered down among slippery-rimmed pools, still closer to the water's edge, where she resumed her argument. Bob was by this time getting out his oars.

"Look you here, Bob, lave clatterin' wid them ould consarns and listen to me. If you'll come ashore like a raisonable man, I'll slip round to thry can Mrs. Daly or any of them loan us a thrifle of male and a grain of tay for the dinner, agin Rosanne comes. They might by chance have it among them."

"The divil receive the thranen a one of them crathurs has; I well know, suppose I was wishful you to be axin' them, and bedad I am not so."

"Then I'll tell you what we had a right to do, if you're so set agin the salt laves. Just come along now, and the two of us 'ill start off walkin' on the Kilduff road. It's early yet, so we'll get to Kilduff all out, or very nearly, before we meet her, and we'll say 'twas to save her the long tramp over here we come to see her at her own place. So then she'll be apt to stop where she is, and no need for us to be throublin' ourselves about the dinner. That's the best way we can conthrive."

But Bob said: "It's no way I ever heard tell of," a reply which immediately crushed all Bridget's hopes of carrying out her plan. She had not been his wife for some twelve months without learning that any line of conduct deemed by him contrary to custom would certainly rouse his strongest disapproval. Accordingly she relinquished it in a very ill-humour, which was not bettered when a sliding wave surprised her with a sudden cold uprush around her ankles, making her plunge backwards hastily. From this increased distance she called with sarcasm: "Ah sure, have it your own way. Plase yourself, and you'll plase me. If it's gettin' your death you'd be foolin' after fishes, and ne'er a one in the bay, that's your own look-out. I've nothin' to say to it."

Having thus pointed a barb of remorse wherewith to torment herself during his absence, she turned away up the beach, and tried by a quest for firewood to fend off the hardest pressure of her troubles. Invertully, with its handful of amphibious cabins scattered on the strand, lies perpetually under a cloud-shadow of penury. Failure of crops, failure of turf, failure of fishing, had followed one another in waves of want, each bearing off something from the scantily provided lives over which it swept. Therefore the lengthening daylight shone into eyes that deplored its over-early return, and upon peaked-faced people searching among the rocks for seaweed and drift-wood, or scanning the rough water for a chance of putting out not altogether too recklessly after possible prey, and here and there lit upon a small dwindled hoard of Indian meal or tea-leaves, painfully saved to keep the life in some feeble old body or pining child, until—goodness knows when, since Invertully's prospect of relief lies ever remote and vague, beyond the reach of anything save a wistful "plase God."

And now, at this lowest ebb of the Miskerrys' fortunes, here was Bridget's sister Rosanne sending word that she would be stepping over to see them in the course of the day; and they without a scrapeen in the house, good or bad, except a dish of salt leaves off the rocks, scandalous fare to set before a guest.

Rosanne, very much Bridget's elder, had lately returned widowed from a long absence in America, and was staying with her husband's people away beyond Kildrum. "And a poor, hungry country she's after comin' back to bedad," the Miskerrys had commented; "but sure the crathur'd be worse off belike in the States wid nobody to do her a hand's turn." This would be her first meeting with them, and that she should find them in such miserable circumstances was a sore mortification to her sister, whom it drove to suggest the inhospitable device of preventing her visit. As Bridget picked up her fuel, the thought that there was "ne'er a stick of furniture in it, nor e'er a bit fit to offer a pig, let alone a Christian," occupied her mind, until the rising clamour of winds and waves scared away every consideration but fear for the safety of Bob. She went through what seemed a long spell of darkening dread, before her eyes were rejoiced by the sight of the pookawn struggling back to shore. Bob landed at some little distance, and by the time she had scrambled across the intervening boulders he had already disembarked, and stood surveying his take, which lay on a wreath of brown weed. It was a very small film of a flat fish, which might eventually have developed into a flounder, only for this premature arrest. "That's the whole of it," Bob said as his wife approached. His tone was half deprecating and half defiant.

"He looks to be but very young yet," Bridget said, wishing to put things as pleasantly as possible. "I question could we do aught wid him!"

"Sure not at all," said Bob, and drawing the bundle of sticks from her apron, he turned homewards up the bleak and blustery strand.

"And what great matter, so long as you aren't drowndded goin' after them?" Bridget said, trotting beside. "Me sister might maybe think bad of settin' off in this outrageous win'," she added hopefully.

"Och, she'll come fast enough, no fear," said Bob.

And Bob was right, even more so than he knew. For when they reached their doorway, who should be standing in it but Rosanne herself? A lift on the road had brought her unexpectedly early, and she had, in fact, been waiting there for upwards of half-an-hour.

Bridget's first thought, at sight of her sister, was, "And herself in a bonnet." That headdress, which is almost a mark of caste at Invertully, dismayed the young hostess with a keen sense of the incongruity between her own squalid dwelling and the grandeur of her guest, whose good black shawl and gown strengthened the bonnet's effect. "It's the quare show of a scarecrow I am this minyit," she said to herself, becoming suddenly alive to the raggedness of the wisp which covered her dark head, and to the fact that her feet had no covering at all.

However, Rosanne was, of course, duly bidden kindly welcome, and presently seated beside Bridget on a plank supported at either end by a little pile of shingle-stones, while Bob hastily thrust pieces of drift-wood in among the blinking embers. The sooty pot, with its simmering salt leaves, sat by the hearth, and Bridget's eyes kept turning towards it furtively, as if it held some guilty secret. "It's a long step from here to Kilduff," Rosanne remarked. "And I'd be a great while walking it, only for the jaunt I got on Keogh's car. 'Twas scarce ten o'clock and I settin' off, and now it's goin' on for twelve."

"'Deed, woman dear, it's perished you had a right to be, out all that while in the cold win'," said Bridget, "and starved, too, if"—she was beginning to add, when she stopped suddenly, and changed colour as swiftly as the pink embers which Bob was blowing up. But Rosanne interposed almost as abruptly, with much eagerness: "Tellin' you the truth, Biddy, if it wouldn't be too troublesome to you altogether, this is what I was wondering when I was comin' along, whether by any chance you could give me e'er a weeny bit of the sayweed for me dinner, the same as we did be aitin' of an odd time at home in Dunlane. I disremimber now the name we had for it—was it sloke or dilisk?—but the look of it and the flaviour I mind right well, and there's nothin' in the world I'd liefer have a taste of. So I was thinkin' to meself, and I comin' along, that yous livin' convanient to the shore might happen to have a bit ready in the house. Bedad, if I had that I wouldn't so much as look at e'er a thing else, for I don't be very hungry in meself these times at all. Sure the strong air here away is mate and drink to them that's not used to it."

"D'ye hear that, Bob?" Bridget called to her husband, with relief and a sort of triumph in her tone, while he, whisking the lid off the pot, lifted it up, saying: "Would that be what you was thinkin' of, ma'am? Salt laves is what I heard called to it ever in the County Mayo."

"Aye, is it, the very same," their visitor said, peering through ocean-odorous steam at a dark mass of a substance that resembled discoloured spinach mixed with glue. "Isn't it a lucky thing now that yous chanced to have some ready? For I know it takes a power of boilin', and I can't be stoppin' long wid yous, lest I'd miss the car goin' back."

The dinner of salt leaves must be considered, on the whole, a success, since the "company" contrived to consume a quantity which, eked out with enthusiastic praises, nearly satisfied her entertainers; and that was the main point. But a knowledge of her meditations on her homeward way would have caused them more mingled feelings.

"It was great good luck," Rosanne said to herself, "that I had time to be takin' a look round before they come in. I always had more than a notion they were none too well off; but sure it's starvin' they are altogether. Ne'er a bit or sup in the place, let alone a chair or a table. Biddy the crathur hasn't a pick on her bones, and her dacint lad's face isn't me hand's width across. The deer knows the people are to be pitied. Howane'er, glory be to goodness, I've got enough to take them two out of it anyway, and give them a fair start on the other side. You might as well be sowin' the money in the ditches as lettin' them have it over here, where they're all livin' on the stones along the strand, like as if the whole of them was so much rubbish swep' down for the waves to be washin' out of the way. If Biddy and himself 'ill be said by me, it's off to the States they'll go the first passage they can get."

Thus it came about that this was the last dinner-party ever given by the Miskerrys at Invertully. For they were "said" by Bridget's sister, and a few days afterwards—in fact, not many days ago—were voyaging away on board the great, crowded, orderly Cunard liner. Not without regretful memories of the little empty house left forlorn on that desolate strand, among whose shaggy rocks, however, other people are still seeking their dinner of salt leaves.

JANE BARLOW.

LONGFORD HALL, DERBYSHIRE

THE SEAT OF . . . .

THE HON. H. J. COKE.

DERBYSHIRE, styled by an old writer "the amphitheatre of renowned persons," and not unsuitably so described because of those who have built or have inhabited such ancient castles within its bounds as Codnor and Castleton, such time-honoured halls as Haddon, Hardwick, and South Wingfield, and modern palaces such as Chatsworth and Kedleston, has something added to its dignity by the possession of Longford. Though poor in monastic institutions, the county is rich in feudal grandeur and fine churches, and it possesses, as all the world knows, more than its share of the picturesque. There is in the southern part of the county a somewhat elevated region forming the watershed between the Derwent and the Dove, but the land falls towards the south, and is comparatively little known to the tourist. Longford Hall, which is in this part of the county, stands some nine miles from Derby and six from Ashbourne and Tutbury, and is not, therefore, very accessible, so that it is not even mentioned in some of the guide-books. The old village is located upon a small tributary of the Dove, spanned by two bridges, which flows through the middle of it, and it has a very fine old church, with much Norman work, and a noble tower, and some interesting almshouses are there, founded for six poor persons by Sir Robert Coke of Longford Hall in 1687.

There are obscurities about the early history of the place, and Dr. Cox, in his "Churches of Derbyshire," suggests that it was originally called Bubdene, and took the name it has borne for many centuries from the family of Longford. If this be the case, it may be taken to illustrate a rule which has been practically universal, that the place gives name to the family and not the family to the place, except by way of suffix. However that may have been in the instance of this Derbyshire manor, it is known that the family of De Longford or Longford owned it for about fourteen generations, having obtained it by marriage with the heiress of Fitz Ercald in the time of Richard I., and that its members were the builders and inhabitants of the ancient hall, which long since was replaced by the existing structure. In the old church, beneath a canopied arch, may be seen a recumbent effigy in armour and surcoat, wearing a basenet, which is ascribed to Sir Nicholas Longford, about 1350, and two other early effigies are believed to represent two of his successors of the same name, while the last Sir Nicholas, who died in 1610, is seen in a fine alabaster effigy, with his lady. The Longfords were a race of name and fame in their day. They had a park at Longford in 1330, enclosed nearly 100 years before. In 1393 Nicholas de Longford presented his kinsman, John de Longford, to the rectory of Longford, the beneficiary being then of the age of sixteen, and his presentation was conditional on his proceeding to the schools at Oxford for two years. In 1401 Alured, fourth son of Sir Nicholas, was presented to the same rectory, and in 1499 Sir Ralph Longford presented Henry Longford thereto. Sir Nicholas Longford—"Which God assoile!" says the Harleian roll—was at Agincourt, with Robert Redyche, Henry Walker, and Ralph Byrches in his train. The wife of Sir George Vernon of Haddon, the famous "King of the Peak," was a daughter of Sir Ralph Longford. Trouble, however, gathered about the

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family in the troubled sixteenth century. There is in existence a letter from Sir Anthony Fitzherbert, written in 1537, in which he thanks Cromwell—*malleus monachorum*—for his goodness to Sir Ralph Longford, who, he hoped, would "now amend himself and live after his substance." There was legal administration of Longford's estate, £281 being paid for his heir, and sums for his own use under agreement of the Lord Chief Baron. The last of the long line was Sir Nicholas, who at various times represented his county in Parliament, who died in 1610, and whose effigy is in the church. He was a stalwart Englishman, a recusant, and a "stiff man," whose whole life was a warfare owing to his stout adherence to the faith of his fathers.

Sir Nicholas Longford's widow lived until 1620, and shortly afterwards the fine estate passed to Clement Coke, youngest son of the famous Lord Chief Justice Coke. This new possessor had married a co-heiress of Alexander Reddiche or Reddish of Reddish, Lancashire, by the heiress of Dethick, into whose family a co-heiress of Longford had married. What manner of house stood at Longford in those days we may imagine, but do not know. Doubtless it was an ancient structure, enlarged and altered by various possessors, and further changed by its new owners. Evidences of it still exist, and in the church are some heraldic roundlets of stained glass, which appear to have been removed from it.

The next possessor was Sir Edward Coke, who was created a baronet in 1641, and was Sheriff of Derbyshire in 1646, and to him succeeded, about 1669, Sir Robert Coke, born at Longford in 1645, who was sheriff of the county in 1671, and represented it in Parliament from 1685 to 1687, dying in the following year. He it was who founded the almshouses, and six poor persons still enjoy his bounty, receiving 2s. 6d. a week, and £1 at Easter, in lieu of a "gowne" of good grey cloth, as left in the founder's will. He had no son, and his brother, Sir Edward, who succeeded in 1688, and died in 1727, was the last baronet of the family. He bequeathed his property to his kinsman, Edward Coke, brother of Thomas Coke of Holkham, Norfolk, afterwards Earl of Leicester, and another brother, Robert Coke, succeeded to Longford in 1733. The direct line now failed, and Wenman Roberts, who assumed the name of Coke, and was a nephew of the last-named owner, succeeded, and was the father of Thomas Coke of Holkham and of Edward Coke, M.P., of Longford. The great Norfolk commoner, "Coke of Norfolk," who did so much for the agriculture of that county, and was one of the best shots and horsemen of his time, was induced to accept the Earldom of Leicester as a new creation in 1837. He died at Longford in 1842, and a fine monument to his memory is in the church there, the property passing to his younger son.

It has seemed the best plan thus to describe the descent of the Longford estate before speaking of the house which now stands there. It is mainly an eighteenth century structure, the central block appearing to be older than the great wings, which are crested with balustrades and urns, and advance boldly on the east side, giving the house a very imposing aspect, and grouping it on the plan of a hollow square. This character, it may be noted, was unusual in the period in which

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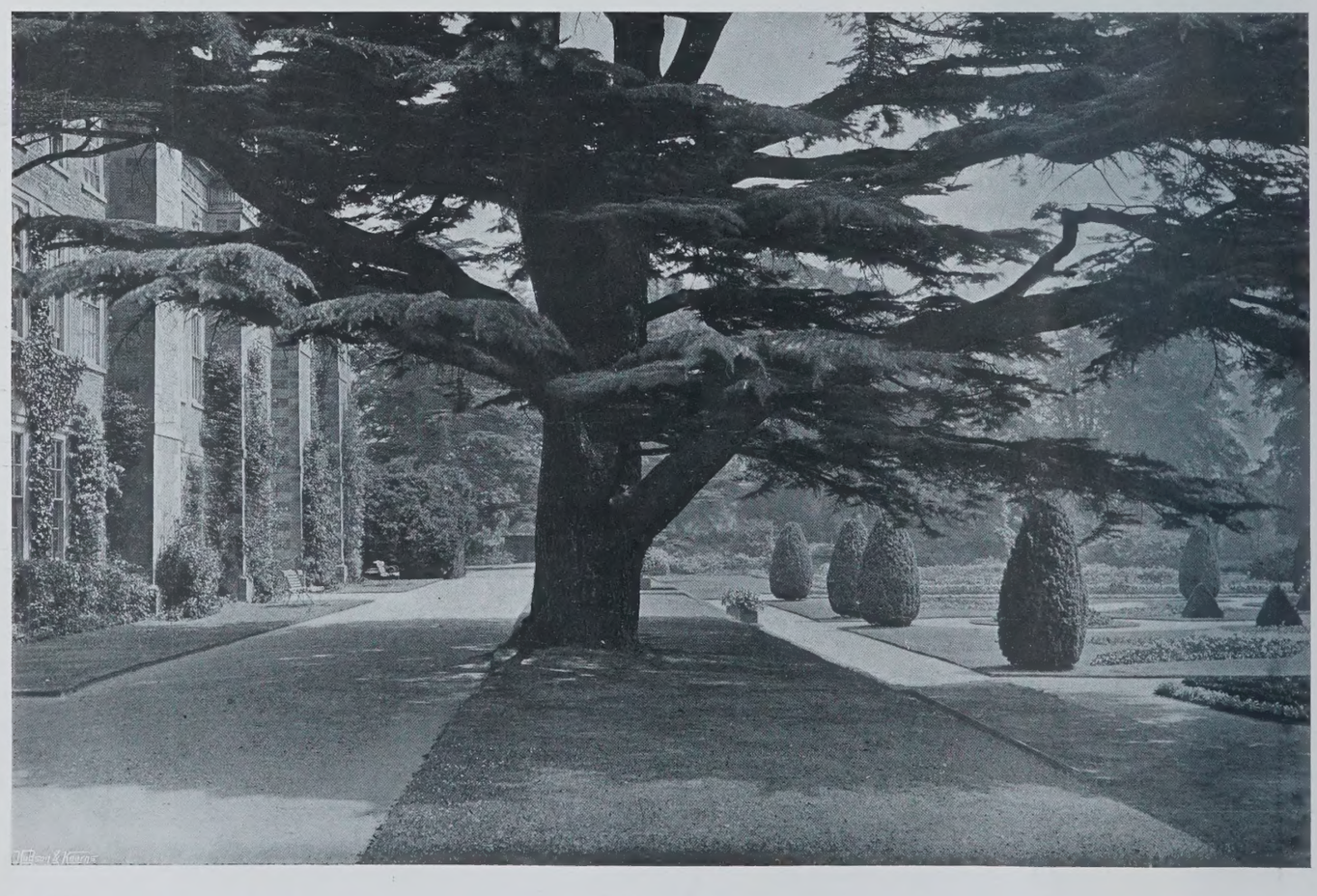

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THE WEST LAWN.

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Longford Hall was built. The great dignity of the edifice may be observed in several of the pictures, which admirably interpret its character, and particularly, perhaps, in the view from the south-east and that of the long frontage which looks over the south lawns and is reflected in the glassy mirror of the lake. There is breadth and repose, with fine grouping of masses and elegance in the simple details, which will not fail to impress those who examine our pictures.

The gardens and grounds are in harmony with the building, and have been formed and adorned with its growth. There are venerable cedars of grand proportions, which bespeak the care of former possessors, and broad lawns and sentinel yews give the effect of open, sunlit spaces contrasted with sombre shadows. The entrance gate, which is illustrated, is on the east, and gives admission to a lawn studded with fine ornamental trees. On the south side, the long frontage, with the bold chimney stacks, opens upon a beautiful terrace, shadowed at one end by a most noble and impressive cedar, and then, for the pleasure of the dwellers at Longford, there is a descent by a grass slope to a lower garden and a lake, beyond which is a fair sylvan landscape to behold. The admirable cedars, the solemn sentinel yews, the gay flower-beds, and the lake gemmed with its water-lilies, compose a garden picture of unusual charm and character. Nor do we find one less gratifying to the eye and the sense of beauty on the west side of the house. Here, representing the rounding of man's life from his cradle to his grave, stands the venerable church, with its noble tower, and its massive Norman arcade and the tombs and monuments of the Longfords and the Cokes within. An emerald lawn and well-kept hedges of yew complete a grouping and character such as England alone can supply. Elsewhere, in new countries, may be beautiful houses and gardens, but where else can we find the spirit, the indwelling personality, that resides in ancient stone and immemorial yew? There is no part of the well-kept gardens and grounds of Longford Hall that fails to exercise a potent charm. There are many noble and ornamental coniferous trees in the pleasaunce, and old elms and oaks add greatly to the beauties of the place. Excellent judgment has ruled everything, and Longford Hall stands eminent among a goodly company of notable places in the same region, including Kedleston, Radbourne, Sudbury, Osmaston, and Elvaston.

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THOUGHTS ON RURAL WATER SUPPLY.

AMONG all the interests of man, few, if any, can be said to compare in importance with that which is conveyed by the word "water." It is the commonest of knowledge that drought and starvation are, in their relation to each other, as cause and effect, and all are familiar with stories of famine, resulting from failures of the monsoons in tropical countries; when perennial vegetation is at a standstill, and foodstuffs fail; when gaunt starvation stalks the earth, and thousands of human beings fall victims to lack of food; but widely as these facts are known, it is not so commonly understood why man is so greatly dependent upon large supplies of water for his continued existence. The simple fact is, that man, in common with all other animals, and in common with all vegetables, is composed mostly of water, with the necessary consequence that, although he can, without taking dry food, and with nothing but a water diet, live for a considerable period, he cannot, without water, in one form or another, sustain life for more than a few days. This fact will not appear strange when it is realised that the human body is made up, in weight, of about 39 per cent. of solids, and 61 per cent. of water, and, similarly, that lean beef comprises 33 per cent. and 67 per cent. respectively. Of the vegetables, cabbages and turnips contain but 9 per cent. of solids and 91 per cent. of water, and potatoes 24 per cent. and 76 per cent. respectively. In bread the proportions are 67 per cent. and 33 per cent. respectively. It thus appears that water, in whatever form it is assimilated, constitutes a very important item in all food materials.

In the economy of Nature's forces, water is, in its various guises, constantly in motion. Evaporated from the surface of the oceans, it rises and is condensed, in the upper strata of the atmosphere, into clouds of vapour, to be afterwards wafted over the earth, where it discharges its blessings in the form of rain or dew or snow. The rushing mountain torrents of the higher lands and the meandering streams of the lesser hills, which find their natural paths into the lakes and rivers and seas, are but precipitated clouds of pure fresh aerated water, taken up by that mighty engine the sun from the salt deeps. Of the rain which falls upon the more level tracts of country, a large proportion soaks down into the soft earth and there serves either to feed and nourish vegetable life, or finds its way through the interstices of the permeable subsoils and porous rocks to lesser or greater depths, thus forming those underground reservoirs which give rise

to springs. The kind of spring which is best known is that which bubbles forth from the earth and forms a tiny rivulet of sparkling water, pleasant alike to eye and palate. This, the land spring, is merely the overflow of an underground basin of water, which probably has no great depth, and which may cease to yield an overflow if it is not regularly and plentifully fed by copious rainfalls. The phrase "dry up," which is commonly used to describe the failure of a spring, conveys a fairly correct description of what actually occurs; for when no rain falls upon the surface for a lengthened period, the roots and fibres of the trees and plants strike deeper into the earth to find their nutriment, and the arid top soils and their withering plant life begin slowly to absorb upwards from the subsoils the waters which, but for the drought, would have remained to feed the shallow springs and the wells which tap their sources.

In the British Isles very little of the summer rainfall penetrates the surface to any great depth; but during the wetter months, say from October to March, a very large degree of infiltration takes place. It is clear, therefore, that as the greater proportion of the year's rainfall is deposited at a period when comparatively little liquid nourishment is needed to sustain vegetation, and when, also, very little evaporation from the surface soil is taking place, the great bulk of the winter rains must either run off the land into the rivers and lakes, or must become absorbed into the earth.

It has been seen that some of the water goes to form the shallow underground basins, many of which are liable during dry seasons to failure; but, beyond the reach of such influences as dry summers, vast volumes of water percolate the deeper and older strata of the earth's crust and go down to many hundred of feet in depth, to form those stupendous reservoirs which are known to the hydro-geologist as "deep-seated springs," which, from the earliest ages, men have found means to tap for their permanent use and enjoyment.

History and the Scriptures abound in references to famous wells, which it appears to have been the practice of the ancients first to dig to a depth of from 60yds. to 80yds., and then, from the bottom of these deep sumps, to bore until the inexhaustible sources were reached. Among the most renowned of the old wells is Joseph's well at Cairo. This is oblong in section, and has a total depth of 297ft.

It would, indeed, seem that we have learnt little that was unknown to the patriarchs as regards the means of tapping the deeper water sources; but the same can hardly be said of our water-raising knowledge and capabilities, for, in this regard, the thousand and one inventions in pumps and machinery for raising water place the modern engineer in an incomparably more favourable position than were his ancient predecessors, as the following short description of the machinery of Joseph's well will show. Hughes says of it: "The mode of raising water was by means of an endless rope, carrying leathern pots or buckets and working over a wheel at top and bottom, similar to the buckets of the modern dredging engine, only that the chain of pots moved vertically instead of working in a sloping direction. The endless rope carrying the pots was put in motion by oxen walking round in a circle, and as the depth of the well (nearly 300ft.) was too great to be worked in one lift, it was divided into two separate shafts by a compartment large enough for the oxen to work in at a depth of 160ft. below the surface of the ground. Herein arises the great peculiarity of the well, the upper passage having a section of 24ft. by 18ft., with a spiral passage winding round it from top to bottom, of sufficient dimensions to allow the oxen to pass from the surface to the lower extremity of the upper shaft. The oxen working in the chamber between the two shafts raised the water into a reservoir immediately at the bottom of the upper shaft, through which it was again raised to the surface by another chain of pots worked by oxen at the top of the well."

In view of this description it seems difficult to decide whether the design or its achievement is most to be admired, for both were undoubtedly great; but one fact which must strike the thoughtful admirer of this marvel of ancient engineering is that the limit of both design and achievement was the top of the well, for, when the water had been raised to that point, the triumph was at an end, and every pint had to be carried by man or beast to wherever it was needed for use.

The question seems, here, to occur, How far we have made progress in the means of conveying water from our wells? It is true that the modern engineer is prepared not only to raise, but to drive the water in any desired direction, and to almost any height, by means within his knowledge; but whilst we have daily before our eyes the moss-grown windlass and hoary bucket, or at best the time-worn village pump, the thought is forced upon us that we are still greatly lacking in our avail of the means at our disposal.

As to our wells themselves, the thoughtful man can but wonder why, 4,000 years after the example of Joseph's great well was set before the world, hundreds of English, Welsh, and Scottish villages should still be dependent upon their half-dozen puny surface wells, each only just deep enough to tap the shallow springs, most of them, from their proximity to cottage or farm, liable to surface or other pollution, and from which, under any conditions, the water must be hand carried. One cannot but marvel that, with history behind and science at hand, the wealthier, at least, among the rural magnates of these islands, have been to so great an extent content with the shallow well, dependent for its supply upon the rainfall of a brief period; dependent, too, for its accidental purity or pollution on the chances of fouling from animal or other refuse, and, under the best of circumstances, a source of constant labour, and an excuse, or perhaps even a reason, for uncleanliness and ill-health; why, in short, they have not more largely recognised the wisdom of tapping the permanent water sources and thereby providing themselves and their often dependent neighbours with assurance against lack or contamination of the precious fluid.

If, merely as to quantity, it is unwise to depend upon shallow wells for one's supply of the prime necessity of life, what shall be said of a condition of dependence upon the rain-water butt or the house tank? Perhaps, in the case of farm buildings having a very considerable roof area, a sufficiency of rain-water for domestic needs may be collected during an average season; but in the case of small houses, or cottages which are dependent for their supplies upon such means, the condition of the dwellers becomes, during a period of drought, pitiable indeed. The writer has, in the course of his professional work, known cases in which, during a dry season, every drop of water has had to be carried by the cottagers by means of a yoke and buckets from the nearest stream or effective well for distances up to two miles. In one case, within the writer's knowledge, there was no well nearer than three-quarters of a mile from quite a cluster of cottages, and, in this case, when the water-butts were empty, the elder children, girls as well as boys, had, perforce, to take their turn with their parents, either during the broiling hours of the day, or after school hours, at the laborious work of carrying such quantities of water as might meanly serve them for all purposes. When it is remembered that the weight of two buckets of water and a yoke is about 75lb., some excuse may, perhaps, be found for persons of the labouring class, situated as these people were, if they are not quite so cleanly in their personal habits as those more happily circumstanced would desire them to be. Instances of this kind, or worse, might, no doubt, be greatly multiplied, but one prefers not to draw the picture too darkly. In any case, it is to be feared that much disease, many deaths, and at least woeful insanitation are caused by dependence upon such sources of supply.

Mention has been made of water taken from streams for domestic purposes, but who that drinks of the "babbling brook" can tell to what foul uses its otherwise pellucid waters have been applied nearer to its source? It is, doubtless, due more to the carelessness and thoughtlessness than to the wickedness of individuals that fœtid house refuse, foul rags, and dirt of all kinds, is pitched into the neighbouring water-course, and that the microbe-laden washings of body and bed-linen are commonly poured unthinkingly into the stream-feeder which is presently to form a river with a name. Parliament, in its wisdom, has provided that penalties may be imposed upon "Authorities" which pollute rivers and streams; but can any man devise means which shall prevent their pollution by the thoughtless housewife?

It may be generally stated that, except in open hilly districts, as, for example, in parts of Wales, where impounding reservoirs can be formed by damming the valleys, and where natural oxidisation renders artificial purification unnecessary, crude surface water is unfit for domestic use. If, then, we must under ordinary conditions dismiss the consideration of shallow wells, rain-water catchment and surface streams, as means of supplying drinking water, the only remaining alternative is the deep well, and here excellence of quality and sufficiency of quantity usually unite to yield satisfactory results, for whether we tap the great reservoirs of the sand deposits, or the harder water of the chalk formation, the results are likely to be good. Many rural district councils and not a few private owners have proved for themselves that in almost any district within these islands, deep wells are not only successful, but that the cost of a perfectly efficient water supply for house and farm and village is little greater than that of the unsatisfactory series of shallow wells so common in the country. One deep well, fitted with an oil-engine-driven pump, one good reservoir, and the necessary mains and fittings for the high-pressure domestic and fire services of a somewhat scattered population of 300 persons have, in the writer's experience, been installed at a total capital cost of less than £1,000, and an annual outlay thereafter for maintenance and service of about £50.

The unprotectedness from fire of the average mansion or village is notorious; but this consideration, though great, is perhaps of less importance than that which, during recent years, has presented itself in the frequency (and hygienic consequences) of droughts, due to the remarkable prevalence of dry winters. For these reasons, some closer attention on the parts of landed proprietors and rural governing bodies to the important subject of permanent water supply seems highly necessary.

AFTER WHITE TROUT IN COUNTY DONEGAL.

ON LOUGH ALECK MOR.

IT falls to the lot of few men to enjoy the much-coveted experience of heavy baskets of sea-trout taken on the fly amidst most charming surroundings. Many matters stand in the way, and not the least of these is the eccentricity of our British climate. In common with the fish, the fishermen learn to be mistrustful of the most promising day; a south - west wind and a cloudy sky do not necessarily spell success. A blank day is always annoying, but it is the more easily tolerated when one's surroundings are likely to provide food for pleasant thought. Therefore, such white trout-fishing as is to be obtained within an easy radius of the quiet little village of Dungloe, County Donegal, is always welcome to the wandering angler; and when fortune favours the rod, and the bag is heavy at the end of the day, his satisfaction is complete.

To fully describe the many lakes and the quiet pools on the several rivers and streams which constitute the Rosses Fishery would occupy far too much space; space which, it is hoped, is more usefully occupied by the lines that follow. Sufficient it is to say that there is a wealth of fishing, a truly magnificent countryside, health-promoting air, cleanly and comfortable accommodation, and, beyond all, the certainty of decent sport, and the probability of exceptionally good sport, with S. trutta, S. fario, and not improbably S. salar. When to this is added the extra inducements of economy, and obliging courtesy on the part of the manager of the fishery, enough has been said to warrant the recommendation it is intended to convey.

The Rosses Fishery is reached by Midland Railway, *viâ* Heysham and Londonderry, and from thence by the Letterkenny Railway to Dungloe Road Station, which is 2½ miles distant from Dungloe; or you may travel from Londonderry *viâ* the Donegal Highland Railway to Fintown, which is 10 miles from Dungloe—a delightful drive through typical Irish mountain scenery. You will do well to communicate direct with Mr. S. Hanlon, the manager of the fishery, who will see that a car meets the train at either station, will issue you a licence and permit to fish, and will recommend to you the available accommodation, which, by the by, is very good in the village. An ordinary £1 licence entitles you to fish for the migratory salmonidæ, and the permit to fish the whole of the waters which constitutes the fishery costs 25s. per week. These consist of three chains of lakes into which sea-trout run (and in one of which salmon up to 15lb. may be taken), and upwards of 150 lakes, varying in size from 1,500 acres to 2 acres, which contain large numbers of brown trout running up to 2½lb. The first and most important of these chains of lakes is the Dungloe series, consisting of Lough Dungloe, Lough Tully, Lough Meenlecknalore, and several smaller lakes, with the river and streams connecting them. The second series is that of Derrydruel, on which are Lough Derrydruel, Lough Namurrig, Lough Gannavegil, Lough Nabrackmore, Lough Anallanowenamarve, and the river Derrydruel, and connecting streams. The third chain includes the famous salmon lake Lough Anure, the river Crolly, and the river Devenatorr. The principal of the brown trout loughs are Lough Illion, Lough Aleck Mor, Lough Aleck Beg, Lough Nageeragh, Lough Toberkeen, Lough Aughnich, Lough Croaghnasballog, Lough Keel, Lough Anuller, Lough Salt, Lough Meenatoren, Lough Tunny, Lough Awolae Crockaereaghan, Lough Waskel, Lough Nawnaugh, Lough Nafullnarany, Lough Nagreagh, Lough Meenbannad, Lough Mullaghderg, and Lough Long. On several of these there are boats, and on all the white-trout loughs there are two boats. The boatmen are competent, painstaking men, and do their utmost to obtain sport for their customers. The cost of man and boat is 3s. 6d. per day.

The sea-trout average about 1lb., with an occasional fish of from 2lb. to 3lb., the best month for the very big fish being October. The lure *par excellence* is the artificial fly; and of the various successful patterns the following hold premier positions in the order named: Blue and bloa, black and teal, olive and teal, green and grouse, claret and mallard, olive and grouse. An ordinary 10ft. or 10ft. 6in. rod is sufficiently powerful. The flies should be small-lake size. The salmon in the Crolly River and in Lough Anure may be fished for with small salmon - flies, such as Jock Scott, Blue Doctor, Thunder and lightning, etc., but they are most often hooked on ordinary trout-flies. Indeed, the tip in connection with their capture is to fish with small flies attached to fairly stout gut. When hooked on the small flies, dressed to fine trout gut, they more often than not break away, after providing a few minutes' grand excitement for the angler. When fishing the Crolly and Lough Anure, it is advisable to use a more powerful rod than that recommended for the other lakes. A trustworthy weapon of from 11ft. 6in. to 12ft. will do what is necessary in the hands of an expert, but

AT DUNGLOE.

the average angler is well-advised to use one of from 14ft. to 15ft., the latter length being long enough for anything.

The brown trout rise readily to the flies recommended for sea-trout, and other useful patterns are: Olive and bloa, March brown, hare's ear, black spider, and a spider dressed fly with claret body and furnace hackle. This latter fly is, perhaps, the best all-round brown trout-fly on these waters. At times some extraordinary baskets of brown trout fall to the angler's rod. In the early part of the season it is no uncommon thing to take from four to six or even eight dozen. The record basket of brown trout is eighteen dozen fish to one rod in one day! For the most part the fish average three to the pound, but much heavier specimens are included in a day's catch, and on some of the loughs, when the number captured is less, the size of the fish averages quite 1lb., with, as previously stated, an occasional fish of from 1½lb. to 2½lb. or 3lb. The best months for brown trout-fishing are May and June, but the fish continue to rise readily to the fly until October is well advanced.

IN THE GARDEN.

Position for Bamboos.

A CORRESPONDENT writes for information as to the best position for the Bamboo, and we cannot give this better than by quoting the words of Lord Redesdale in "The Bamboo Garden," page 20. No one has a greater knowledge of this beautiful grass than he, both in its native wilds and at home. "A rich, warm spot, with partial shade and a good screen on the north and east, especially under the influence of sea air, is the true home of the Bamboo. Sea mists bring moisture to the leaves and are Nature's syringe. Nothing revives the plants more thoroughly or more effectually brings out the brilliancy which is one of their characteristics. The worst living enemies of the plants, especially of the dwarf species, appear to be rats and voles, which will burrow under the wire-netting and gnaw through the stems in order to carry away the leaves for linings to their nests. It is not easy to suggest any remedy for this nuisance. From the landscape gardener's point of view, it seems almost unnecessary to say that a good background is of the first importance to show off the beauty of the Bamboo. A bay in a clump of Hollies or Evergreens will afford the most appropriate setting. The tall culms waving their dainty green foliage against such a backing, under the influence of a gentle summer breeze, are the embodiment of all that is graceful; while the tender leaves look like a flight of the most delicate green butterflies hovering in the air. A group planted on a lawn may be very effective, but Bamboos are seen at their best when their gracefully bending culms are shown in contrast against stiffer and darker foliage. If such a position can be found on the banks of running water, with here and there a rugged moss-grown rock cropping out of the hillside, there you have the ideal composition dear to the Japanese landscape painter. Great care must be taken to assign to those sorts which are rampant at the roots (such as Arundinaria Mètaké, Arundinaria Simoni, and some others) isolated positions where they may run riot as they please. Failing this precaution, there will in a very short time be endless work and trouble in checking their invasions. Above all, let the groups be as big as may be suitable, but do not mix the species. Let each variety stand out by itself."

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

Blackthorn and Star Daffodils.

A tall Munstead vase filled with Blackthorn and Star Daffodils is very dainty. The little white flowers against the almost black stems of the Thorn and the pure freshness of the Daffodil form a beautiful association of colouring. The Blackthorn at the moment of writing is whitening many a hedgerow, and its appearance is a reminder of the usefulness in the garden of the double variety (Prunus spinosa fl.-pl.), which has flowers like little rosettes, and remains in beauty for a longer season than the wilding of the hedgerows. The double Blackthorn is a good garden shrub.

Garden Enemies.

We have received a most useful leaflet issued by the Surrey Education Committee, descriptive of the chief garden pests and the best ways of destroying them. A few of the more important points may be reproduced, for the reason that at this season insect pests multiply with exceeding rapidity. The hints are compiled by Mr. J. Wright, the chief instructor in horticulture in the county of Surrey. *Black Currant Bud-mite.*—This pest has destroyed acres of Black Currants in market and other gardens. The advice given is as follows: "If cottagers or others see a few buds on their bushes swelling to the size of Peas instead of pushing leaves in the spring, let them at once pick off and carefully burn such buds. They are full of mites which have spread and ruined valuable plantations. No other preventive means have yet been discovered. *Slugs and Snails.*—Remedies: (1) Lime-water—Pour water at the rate of 3gal. to 1lb. of lime in lumps, as fresh from the kiln as possible, stir, then let stand, and use the clear lime-water through the perforated nozzle of a can, as if giving the crops a good watering. This should be done an hour after dark, when the slugs are feeding; it will destroy all it reaches and do no harm to the crops. Day applications are of small service. If a film of lime settles at the bottom of the vessel when the water is clear, the solution is strong enough; if no 'settlings,' add more lime. (2) Dust the crops at night (after dark) or at sunrise with fresh lime, soot, guano or wood ashes, or all combined. These dressings destroy slugs and fertilise the ground. *Mice in Gardens.*—These often spoil rows of newly-sown Peas. Moistening the seeds with paraffin oil, then dusting with red lead, renders them distasteful. Many mice may be caught by sinking clean (inside) 8in. diameter flower-pots (made water-tight) level with the soil, well greasing the pots' sides, and, placing water in them, a tempting bait supported above it, and bits of laths laid round, nicely balanced, with their ends over the centre, attract the nocturnal visitants, which end in turning somersaults. Another plan is to tie paper over the pots, with a few dainty crumbs sprinkled on it, but a delusive slit in it. When one little prowler goes through he is not silent; others, going to see what is the matter, follow suit, and they cannot climb up the slippery rope provided. Such has been the end of hundreds. Of course, no 'lover of animals' is obliged to adopt the plan. When the alternative is a case of mice without Peas or Peas without mice each person must decide on his own preferences." *Green-fly on Roses.*—The ordinary green-fly on Roses and plants generally can, when few, soft, and young, be swept away in a moment by a syringeful of pure clean water as hot as the hand can be borne in it for 12sec. or 15sec.; but let the branches be encrusted with a filthy mass of case-hardened pests, and no insecticides, however strong and lavishly used, can render the shoots and leaves as healthy and satisfactory as those which were kept clean from the first by pure water alone. This is stated to enforce the value of watchfulness and promptitude in combating garden pests with mild applications where they are known to suffice.

Random Notes.

Primrose Evelyn Arkwright.—When in Barr's nursery at Long Ditton a few days ago, we were pleased to see the Primrose called Evelyn Arkwright. A colony of it clustered at the foot of a little rock garden, and it is just the plant for such a purpose as this. The growth is very dense, and the leaves lie close to the ground, spreading out in a tufted sort of way, which makes them a strong green background to the remarkable flowers. These are of the same colour as the Primrose of the woods, but they are twice the size of those of the finest development in the wilding state, and remain perfectly constant. When we first saw this huge Primrose we thought that it would soon run back to the wild form, but this is not so. Presumably it is a seedling from the common Primrose; but, whatever its origin, it is a good garden flower.

The Lilacs.—Of all spring-flowering shrubs the Lilac is the most welcome in the garden. The bush has a certain grace, but we think little of this in contemplating the masses of flowers which bend the leafy growths and scent the air with the sweetest of fragrance. Of late years many new varieties have been raised, but we are not quite certain that the old Lilac of our gardens is not still the most beautiful in colouring. It is soft, refined, and has a telling effect when the plants are judiciously grouped. One great virtue the Lilac possesses is adaptability to town and country gardens. It will live as happily almost near so large and smoky a city as London as in the heart of Somerset, and is not in the least degree particular about the quality of the soil. We know this to be true from experience. A Lilac was dug up from another garden, roughly treated, and planted to hide an unsightly corner. The soil was full of tree roots, and there was unwelcome shade from neighbouring boughs. The tree, however, actually lived, and is now bursting into flower. It is most important to remove suckers which come thickly from the base, and are a source of great

weakness to the parent shrub, crowding the growths, and in time rendering anything like profuse flowering an impossibility. Unfortunately, it generally happens that the plants are grafted, and when this is the case it is the more necessary to remove the suckers when they are observed. It is also wise to thin out the shoots to allow those that remain to enjoy the ripening influence of air and sunshine, and this simple attention is repaid by increased flowering. There are several species and many varieties. Of the species, the Rouen Lilac, Syringa rothomagensis, has much elegance; its flowers are rosy lilac in colour, and the bush grows to a height of about 8ft. It has the luxuriance of other Lilacs, but it is graceful and pretty. The Lilacs are divided into two great groups, the single-flowered and the double-flowered, and both have their characteristic merits. Some prefer one and dislike the other, but in most gardens both are represented. Of the single-flowered the most beautiful are Marie Legrange, pure white, Dr. Lindley, a reddish shade, Charles X., of a similar colour, and Souvenir de L. Spath, deep purplish crimson. Of the double-flowered, choose Mme. Lemoine, pure white, each flower a little rosette of petals, La Tour d'Avergne, purple, Comtesse Horace de Choiseul, soft lilac, and Jean Bart, a pleasant, carmine shade.

REDSHANKS IN THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE FENS.

ALTHOUGH the redshank cannot be described as common in the Cambridgeshire fens, small colonies of from two or three to six or eight pairs may be found scattered throughout the line of fenland in the broad valley of the Cam, wherever there is suitable nesting ground. South of Cambridge there are, near Grantchester, some low-lying meadows, known as Lingay Fen, which every winter, when there is frost enough, are flooded from the upper Cam or Granta, and form the ice arena where the speed-skating championships are fought out, in which the fenmen, having discarded the "pattens" on which their grandfathers sped along the frozen dykes for the long "runners" introduced from Norway and Canada, still hold their own against all comers. They are wise enough and clever enough to adopt any improvement, not only in skates, but in style, and the arm swinging is dying out in favour of hands clasped behind the back. No doubt to the eyes of many this attitude is more graceful, but to the fenman who knew the old champions, real fen skating will always be the style of "Fish" Smart and Dewsbury, the swinging arms keeping time with the long straight strokes. But I am wandering from the redshanks. To see them we must visit Lingay Fen, not when it is a broad sheet of ice, broken here and there by straggling portions of tall hawthorn hedges, which mark the boundaries of the fields, but towards the end of April, when the meadows are gay with the different varieties of the buttercup family, from brilliant star-like celandine to luxuriant masses of the great marsh marigold.

W. Farren. *A FINE CLUTCH.* Copyright

A few lapwings may be seen standing in the grass, their long erect crests waving in the breeze, or flying with a bouyancy hardly attained by any other bird, with musical wing beats and joyous cries of "pee-wee-it whoo-hoo-ee coo-ee." From high overhead comes the "drumming" or "bleating" of a snipe, without which, in fenland, no spring bird-concert is complete.

But the most insistent of bird cries is the shrill whistling of one or two pairs of redshanks, "whood-lie-hee, whood-lie-hee," several times repeated, as they fly round, looking very bright, in spite of their grey plumage, for their arched and pointed wings, when extended, show the brilliant white of the lesser flight feathers. The long-drawn whistle changes to the quickly-uttered "dhu-lie, dhu-lie, dhu-lie," as the bird descends, and one catches a glimpse of the bright under-sides of the wings as they are lifted high up during the last stage of the drop to earth, a brief vision of silvery white plumage suddenly hidden from view by the closing grey wings. There will not be more than a pair or two, but the redshank is a noisy bird, and one receives the impression of a larger number.

Passing to the north of Cambridge, two or three pairs nest on Willingham and Quy Fens; further still, a like number may be found on the fens of Reach and Swaffham; but on Burwell Fen the number in some years may be half-a-dozen pairs, and so on to Ely and beyond, a pair or two here and there. To the west, there are generally two or three small colonies in the rich meadow-land on the banks of the Ouse between St. Ives and Earith Bridge, and probably along the banks of the "Hundred-foot" to Denver; but of this latter I cannot speak from personal experience, though I know that a few occur in the grassy fens by the Old West River from Earith to the Cam. Eastwards, I have found them on the edge of Chippenham Fen, and they become more numerous in the low land forming the valleys of the river Lark and Brandon Creek.

W. Farren. *A PORTRAIT OF THE OWNER.* Copyright

I have often heard the redshank's nest spoken of as easy to find, but I must admit that I have not myself found this to be the case — possibly because I have not the necessary knack, but more probably because those who speak of it as easy have in mind localities where the birds are very numerous, and therefore where the chances of finding a nest are greater. By dint of prolonged and careful watching, I have on a few occasions succeeded in marking a bird on to her nest, and, having found one, I have approached it from a distance several times, in order to note what indication the bird, when she rose, would give of the whereabouts of the nest. I found that, as a rule, the bird rose while I was still a considerable distance away, when, in the lack of previous knowledge, it would have been impossible for me to mark the

spot. Once or twice, however, I have walked right up to the nest, and have been surprised to find the bird sitting tight, her head drawn close down beneath the tips of the grass, and forming altogether an object difficult to discover. To test her powers of playing "possum" I have walked by within a yard of the nest without putting her up. From this it seems clear that the redshank practises successfully as occasion requires the tactics of both lapwing and snipe, for the former bird always leaves her nest while one is so far away as to make it difficult to mark the spot from which she rises, while the snipe, hidden beneath the incurved grass tips, always sits close. But the redshank appears to excel both at their own game, rising sooner than does the lapwing, unless one happens to approach so near, before the bird is aware, as to make her rising likely to lead to discovery of the nest, when she proves that she can be a closer sitter even than the snipe, which latter bird allows one to approach very near generally, and then rises with a noisy "sc-a-a-a-pe." This is the snipe's weakness, making her's the easiest nest to find of all those "waders" of which I have had experience. It always seems that she is either only just evolving the habit of playing "possum," or has learnt it in a half-hearted way. One can imagine her schooling herself to sit close, telling herself, like a nervous person, that so long as she does not move all will be well; but she has not sufficiently calculated the terror of a man walking within a yard of her, and so at the last moment the snipe's heart fails her; there follows the startling noise of hard-feathered wings swishing through the air, and "sc-a-a-a-pe, sc-a-a-a-pe," as she flashes away. The redshank, stouter of heart, remains unmoved, although not nearly so well equipped with protective pattern as the other.

W. Farren. *MILDLY INTERESTED.* Copyright

Two years ago I witnessed a very good demonstration of this adaptability of the redshank to a change of method. I was trying to photograph a moorhen on one of those low, grassy strips of fenland which, overlapping the Suffolk border, abut on the high, sandy ground of the "Breck" district. The moorhen had given me a great deal of trouble; I had spent about three hours, getting one photograph of her, which, owing to movement, turned out a failure. I had arranged with a very good gamekeeper friend to look me up at a certain time, and, when he came, I was quite ready to abandon the moorhen and go with him in search of a redshank's nest which we knew could not be far away. While walking carefully in the direction in which we expected to find it, we saw the redshank fly up fully 200yds. away, at which distance it was impossible to mark the spot with accuracy. For a long time we hunted the ground for the nest, and at last the keeper came upon it. Although the grass was quite short, so neatly were the ends of that above the nest incurved that the eggs, four in number, boldly marked, and richly coloured, were hardly visible.

W. Farren. *PANTING IN THE HEAT.* Copyright

Taking note of some landmarks by which we could find the spot again, we went back for the camera. As we stopped on the way back to photograph a snipe's nest, it may have been nearly an hour before we returned to the place where the redshank's nest was found. To our surprise we could not see it, although by the landmarks we felt sure of the spot. At last, feeling doubtful, we were about to try other marks near which looked similar—it is often very difficult to refind such a spot without having actually put a stick in the ground—when I was pulled up sharp with surprise by catching sight of the bird sitting on her nest almost at my feet. Her neck was drawn close in, and she remained flat and motionless, scarcely seeming to be drawing breath. Although the grass would have rendered her almost invisible in a photograph, I quietly prepared to try for one, and set up the camera; but it was as much as I could do to make the bird out on the focussing screen, so I tried a fresh position, but could not improve on my former view, and therefore, in order to do the best I could under the circumstances, was in the act of drawing the shutter of the plate-holder when even redshank nerves could stand no more, and away she went.

No simile so well describes such a situation as the fall of a house of cards as the finishing one is being added, except that in the case of the card house the material remains, inviting another attempt; the material for the bird picture has vanished completely.

However, there was the nest, and clearing the grass from one side, I made the photograph which forms one of our illustrations. The grass, being so short, does not show well the way these birds train the tips to curve inwards, forming a miniature arched roof over the nest; but I had photographed another nest ten days before, in which the incurved grass tips are well shown; one side had been cleared in order to take the photograph. The eggs in this latter nest were an abnormally fine clutch, very long and narrow, more like guillemots' eggs in shape, and speckled all over with minute spots on a greenish white ground. Concealed within a bower made of sallow branches and dry hay, and with the aid of the long shutter release, I secured a portrait of the owner of this nest, in return for which she was allowed to convert her very tempting clutch of eggs into young redshanks.

As the nest, the finding of which I have described, was in a convenient place, I determined to make an attempt to photograph the redshank at close quarters, for which purpose I visited it again on the following Monday, which happened to be Whit-Monday. What a glorious Whitsuntide it was in 1903, a spell of two or three days of calm cloudless heat breaking the continuity of the dull wet weather which prevailed during the greater part of that season of record rainfall. My friend the gamekeeper had arranged things most excellently. A comfortable bower of branches and hay was erected about 6ft. from the nest, into which I crept with my camera at about ten o'clock in the morning. I had made up my mind for two or three hours of cramped discomfort and breathless quiet, for so wary a bird as the redshank would detect and take alarm at the slightest movement so near at hand. But bird study is fraught with the unexpected, and a very pleasurable surprise was in store for me. Within ten minutes after I was ready the redshank walked into my sphere of vision, a very narrow one, by the way, for I durst not have more than the tiniest peep-hole, which afforded me a

clear view of the nest, and but a foot or so beyond; I could have seen further by twisting my head about, but to have done that might have been disastrous. Slowly and stealthily the redshank approached, thrusting her head forward and backward with a jerky movement and ever with a watchful eye on the lens; crouching low she entered a little "run" worn in the grass near the nest, through which she slipped on to the eggs. For a few minutes she went through the regular performance of gathering the eggs under her, lifting the front pad of breast feathers forward over the eggs, and rocking from side to side as she arranged them. Breathlessly I waited for her to settle, expecting at any moment that she would take alarm. At last she appeared to have arranged the eggs to her satisfaction, and just when it seemed that my chance had come she commenced to pant violently, whether from the heat of the sun or nervous excitement I could not say; but her bill vibrated rapidly, with which movement her back, the white feathers of which showed through between the folded wings, kept time. Here was a fresh complication with a vengeance; an exposure while it continued was out of the question, and I waited, hoping she would quiet down, but in vain. Now and then, with widely open bill, she would cease panting for a bare second, and, as this seemed my only chance, I watched closely for an opportunity, and made the study reproduced, in which she is depicted with open bill. She did not heed the slight scraping noise of the shutter, nor to my greater surprise was she alarmed by the rustling I could not avoid in changing the plate.

W. Farren. *SLIPPING BACK TO THE NEST.* Copyright

During the next half-hour or so I made several similar studies; in all that time the bird did not cease panting except for an instant at a time, and always rested with open bill. As there was nothing to gain by continuing to photograph her in this way, I determined to risk losing her altogether in an attempt to secure her portrait with—well, with a more pleasing expression. It is often possible, by making a slight but sudden noise, such as a clicking or squeaking sound with the mouth, to cause a bird to look up or pause during a movement, and so secure a good photograph. So I tapped gently with my finger-nail on the woodwork of the camera, and as this failed to attract the redshank's attention, I tried squeaking, then whistling. This having no effect, I commenced talking to her, and as the situation was becoming ludicrous, laughed aloud and shouted at the top of my voice, and all within 6ft. of a wild bird, to avoid alarming whom I had endured an hour and a-half of cramp and backache. No noise I could make had the slightest effect on the redshank, so I resorted to what I considered extreme measures; changing the rubber ball to my left hand, I thrust my right hand through the wall of the bower and waved it about, but little more than a yard from the bird's head. Then, at last, this strange puzzle of a bird condescended to be—not alarmed or even surprised, but just mildly interested; she shut her bill, and with head slightly tilted to one side, quietly took stock of my waving hand. Meantime, with my left hand, I made an exposure of fully half a second, securing not only a well-exposed plate, but a good photograph of a wild bird under conditions as strange as one can well imagine.

There being no further need for quiet on my part, I proceeded to make myself comfortable, stretching my legs as well as the confined space would allow, and as it was very hot, struggled out of my coat, not an easy matter with the walls of my temporary dwelling almost touching me on all sides, and as the bird seemed rather interested than otherwise by my conversational efforts, I exercised my tongue also.

In true English fashion I opened with the weather, asking her if she did not think the hot sunshine was better for hatching purposes than the dull wet we had been having; I consulted her also on photographic matters—did she think f.16 too small a stop to have used for the last exposure? Possibly we were both slightly hysterical. There is no doubt that the strange behaviour of the redshank was due to the heat; the constant panting showed great distress, which, while apparently for the time robbing her of the instinct of self-preservation, had the effect of intensifying her desire to brood the eggs.

Having made sure of good studies of the sitting bird, and being desirous of photographing her while approaching the nest, I suggested to her that she should go for a walk; but in order to impress my meaning upon her, I had to crawl out of the bower and reveal to her that there was a whole man attached to the hand she had seen waving through the branches. This had the desired effect, and she went off in a great hurry; creeping back into the bower, I made ready to photograph her on her return. She was back again within ten minutes, but she crouched so low and slipped on to the eggs so quickly that I missed the opportunity, and was forced to frighten her away a second time. She was evidently becoming shy, as twenty minutes elapsed before she returned, but this time I secured a photograph as I desired. It was terribly underexposed, as I durst not give more than one-fiftieth of a second, but it illustrates satisfactorily her method of approaching the nest. Having achieved all I could expect, and not wishing to distress the bird any more, I dug up and planted some tufts of grass in front of the nest to replace that which I had cut away, and arranging it so as to shelter the bird from the sun, I took my departure. When I last saw the redshank she was perched on a post a short distance away, a position these birds are very fond of.

Gladly would I conclude by saying that she successfully hatched off her eggs, and became the happy mother of four downy redshanks; but later in the week, one of three or four colts, which were "at grass" in the fen, put its foot on to the nest and broke the eggs. Truly, as the great Canadian field naturalist, Seton-Thompson, says, the only way to make a happy ending to true stories of the lives of wild creatures is to leave off before the end.

WILLIAM FARREN.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

OUR opinion of Mrs. Blundell as a writer of country stories has been frequently expressed in these columns, and the latest of her books, *Dorset Dear* (Longmans), contains work which will compare favourably with the best to be found in its predecessors. If we wished to describe it in one word, the epithet chosen would be felicitous, for Mrs. Blundell throughout the book writes in her happiest vein, and this applies even to the title, which is taken from the bard of the county. It seems to us that the peculiar genius of Mrs. Blundell is much more suitable to the production of short tales than of long novels; at any rate, we like her briefer pieces better than the others. Of those before us several require no comment whatever, because they originally appeared in the columns of COUNTRY LIFE, and no doubt many of our readers remember "Witch Ann," "Keeper Guppy," "Mrs. Sibley and the Sexton," "The Call of the Woods," and other brief sketches that are here reprinted. The book exemplifies to a wonderful degree the qualities possessed by Mrs. Blundell as a writer of fiction. To begin with, she understands the peasant as few other living writers do. Then she is full of wit, humour, and that finest faculty of all which we can only describe by the French word *esprit*. It is her merit that she seldom or never exaggerates the ambitions, hopes, or wishes of her characters; they love and live in the homeliest manner conceivable. Yet this realism does not blind her to the pathetic aspect of things. It is impossible to read this book without feeling a more tender sympathy than before alike with the growing helplessness of old age and the modest and homely aspirations of youth. A good example of Mrs. Blundell's treatment of the former of these will be found in the sketch, "A Runaway Couple," in which the husband and wife, on their golden wedding-day, elope as they had done half a century before, but with this difference,

that, whereas on the first occasion they were pursued by an angry father, the second time it is by a troop of children, grandchildren, and other relatives, who laughingly defeat the ruse of the old people to have a day by themselves. The following extract illustrates the tenderness with which Mrs. Blundell paints scenes of this kind. It is after the family party had discovered the runaways:

"'The folks are waiting for you outside now,' he concluded. 'You'd best show yourselves to them, else they'll never forgive you.'

So over to the window marched the bridal couple, and there they stood arm-in-arm, the illusion being a little damaged by the presence of the baby which grandma would not relinquish, and by the background of laughing folk, all of whom bore so strong a family likeness to their progenitors that their relationship could not be doubted.

A rousing cheer went up once more, and John waved his hat in reply, and Susan laughed and nodded, and was suddenly taken by surprise by a dimness in the eyes and a choking sensation in the throat.

'I don't know however I could have had the heart to run away from them,' she murmured.

And then when the speeches had been made and the presents delivered, and the wedding-feast, supplemented by many substantial additions set forth upon the table, and when she sat down with John the elder on her right, and John the younger on her left, and Annie's baby sound asleep in her lap, and looked round at the kindly happy faces, she surreptitiously squeezed her husband's hand:

'You and me was very happy this time fifty year,' she said, 'but after all—I don't know—I d' 'low this is best."

It is the humour that makes the pathos so beautiful, and in many of these sketches tears and laughter are mingled like clouds and sunshine on an April day. Let us take a passage describing an incident of quite an opposite character, viz., not the end, but the beginning, of a courtship. The man in this case had won a £1,000 prize in a lottery, and with the funds meant to purchase a farm and marry, but, at the last moment, when the bank tried to collect the money which the cheque was supposed to represent, the thing was found to be a fraud, and the poor fellow learnt, as many have learnt before, that "the best-laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley."

"Olf looked at her dejectedly. 'There, my maid,' cried he, 'I wish ye hadn't done that. I could wish ye had kept them two things what I did give ye—'twas all I could do for ye. We can never do all we'd like to do now.'

Kitty sobbed.

'I take it very kind o' ye to be so feelin',' said Olf. 'I could wish we could have got wed, my maid. I'd ha' been a lovin' husband, and I d' 'low you'd ha' been a lovin' wife.'

'I would,' sobbed Kitty.

'But there, 'tis all over, bain't it? I be nothin' but a poor chap earnin' of a poor wage. You be a vitty maid too good for the likes o' me. I'll never have a wife now.'

'I don't see that,' said Kitty, in a low voice. She was hanging her head and drawing patterns with the point of her shoe in the sandy soil.

Olf stared at her, and then repeated his statement. 'A poor man earnin' of a poor wage, Kitty. I'll never have a wife.'

'Why not?' said Kitty, almost inarticulately. 'Many poor men get wed, Olf.'

Olf caught his breath with a gasp. 'Kitty,' he cried, 'Kitty, do ye mean you'd take me now wi'out no fortun', and just as I be? You'd never take me now, Kitty?'

'I would,' said Kitty, and she hid her face on his patched shoulder and burst into tears.

'Then I don't care about nothin',' cried Olf, valiantly. 'If you would really like it, Kitty, say no more.'

'I would,' said Kitty again. And then raising her head, she smiled at him through her tears. 'But don't tell nobody I axed ye,' said she."

If we were asked to name the most poetic of the sketches here, it would certainly be one which appeared in our columns under the title of "The Call of the Woods." In this the youth is a poet, not the less so because education has furnished him with no means of expressing his feelings except in the homeliest language. He is, in fact, utterly and completely unconscious of being out of the ordinary, yet his love of wood and sky, of wind and tree and hill, and of every living thing is over-mastering; and it is developed with unequalled skill by the writer. Mrs. Blundell, with consummate art, causes him to fall in love with a good but ordinary and commonplace girl. At first, neither is aware that in reality the only bond between them is that of sex and youth, and as they become more intimate and familiar the inevitable misunderstanding follows. It would require a somewhat long quotation to show exactly what we mean, yet a brief one may suffice to give at least a hint of it:

"A green woodpecker was climbing up the tree near which they had halted; the pair watched him until he took wing, and then pursued their way. Alice's heart was sinking more and more; she yawned once or twice in a frank, undisguised way, and walked ever more slowly.

'Hark!' cried Adam jubilantly, 'the cuckoo. 'Tis the first time I've heard en—he be late to-year.'

'Have ye got any money about ye?' enquired Alice, eagerly. 'Turn it round quick, if ye have.'

'What for?'

'Why, for luck, sure. Didn't ye know that? You must turn your money first time you do hear cuckoo cry so as you'll have plenty more to-year.'

Adam's fingers dropped from the waistcoat pocket where they had been vaguely fumbling.

'What's money to me?' he muttered, as, with head thrown back and brows frowning with eagerness, he followed the course of certain black specks which at that moment were flying high over the wood.

'Wild duck!' he remarked, presently.

Alice turned on him in desperation.

'Well, I be a-goin' for to sit down,' she remarked. 'I've a-brought a bit o' summat to eat wi' me.'

She produced from the little basket which she had carried sundry slices of cake which she offered to Baverstock.

'I did bring seed-cake a-purpose because you did say you liked it best,' she observed, in an expectant tone. But Adam's dark eyes continued to rove even while he ate, and his only response was inconsequent enough, 'Don't it taste good out o' door?'

Alice edged away from him and munched in silence, and presently tears of mortification welled into her eyes."

The book is one of the most delightful Mrs. Blundell has given us, full of spirit and go, and a sweet tenderness that shows under its cheery laughter like the glint of a river-bed beneath a foamy channel.

PHILOMEL.

IN spite of the charm of the nightingale's song, and the praise lavished by the poets on the pretty brown bird, the swallow and the cuckoo are connected with far more legendary lore than "faire Philomele," perhaps because its range is so limited, at least as far as our isles are concerned, for it never visits Scotland, Ireland, Wales, or Cornwall, and is rare in most of the northern and in many of the western counties. There is an old belief that it will not go north of the Humber, or some say the Trent, or west of the Hampshire Avon; but this is incorrect, for it is occasionally heard in Lancashire and the more northern counties of England, and is fairly common in Somerset and the north of Dorset. It is difficult to understand why it shuns the warm, moist climates of Ireland, Wales, and Cornwall, where the grubs and worms on which it feeds are abundant, and should frequent colder countries than Scotland, such as Sweden, North Germany, and Poland.

Some call it a shy bird, but it is not uncommon near London and other towns; and it falls a ready prey to the bird-catchers, especially if they use its favourite mealworms as a bait. Like the swallow, it returns year after year to its old haunts, arriving in England about the middle of April, and beginning to sing almost immediately. It commences its delightful warble in the evening, and sings all night if the weather is warm, and sometimes joins in the chorus of bird-music during the day, but then its notes pass almost unheeded amid the host of feathered vocalists.

Nightingales sing best during the week or two after they reach our shores, for the cocks are trying to attract their mates, and sing loudly and continuously in rivalry of each other—a fact noted by Pliny, who said that the young birds listened to their elders, and tried to imitate them, and declared that the vanquished singers often died in the contest. If nightingales are caught during this period, they may be kept in full song for many weeks; but if they are captured after they have chosen their mates and are busy nest-building, they will pine and die of grief.

In spite of the poets' assertions to the contrary, the hens do not sing; but doubtless the bird is addressed as "she" in allusion to the story of Philomela, who was said to have been transformed into a nightingale, whose plaintive tones were supposed to recall the sorrows of the hapless maiden:

"That thou wert once a woman we believe,
Or such sweet music never had been thine."

The birds were highly valued by the Romans. A white one presented to Agrippina, wife of Claudius, cost 6,000 sesterces, and a slave could often be purchased as cheaply as a nightingale! Pliny asserted that the young Cæsars—Britannicus, son of Claudius, and Nero, his stepson—had pet nightingales and starlings, who were taught to speak in Latin and Greek.

Chaucer makes many references to this bird, and is loud in his praise of

". . . the nightingale,
That clepeth forthe the fresshe leves newe."

In the "Cuckoo and Nightingale" he describes a controversy between the two birds, the former of which, in his day, was considered the type of profligacy, while Philomel was the emblem of constant and virtuous love.

The Elizabethan poets often mentioned the bird. Spenser speaks of

> "The darling of the summer's pryde,
> Faire Philomele."

Shakespeare bids

> "Philomel, with melody,
> Sing in our sweet lullaby,"

and perhaps the prettiest tribute of all is paid by "rare Ben Jonson":

> "I grant the linnet, lark, and bulfinch sing,
> But best the dear good angel of the spring,
> The nightingale."

Less complimentary is the name bestowed on it in "The Mirror for Magistrates":

> "Sweete are the songs that merry night crow singes,
> For many parts are in those charming notes."

Old writers quote the legend that the bird leans against a thorn, lest she should be overcome by sleep. In Eastern tales the "bul-bul," or nightingale, is represented as the lover of the rose; one version of the tale is that the flower first bloomed at the sound of the exquisite song, another declares that the bird was mute till he saw the rose, when he burst into sweetest melody. The queen of flowers was said to have been white at first, but the nightingale perched upon her thorny stem, and pressed his breast against her blossoms, heedless that the sharp spines were wounding him, and his blood stained the snowy petals crimson.

Another Eastern tale says that the other birds were angry because the nightingale disturbed their rest, and summoned him to appear before Allah; but the bul-bul excused himself by pleading his love for the rose, and said he could only soothe his grief by pouring forth music all night long. No doubt, this is why the clear, sweet warble is so often associated with the thought of sorrow. Gipsy girls will not listen to the nightingale if their lovers are with them, lest sorrow should follow.

The Germans are fond of "Frau Nachtigall," and say she sings her young into life. They have a curious legend that the bird and the blindworm had originally one eye apiece, and lived together in the woods. One day the nightingale was invited to a feast, and begged the blindworm to lend her its eye, as she would look so much better with two, and promised to bring it back next day. The worm agreed, and Frau Nachtigall hurried off to her party; but, alas! when she found how convenient it was to be able to see at both sides, she resolved to keep the eye, and, when the blindworm claimed its property, the bird mocked it and said she would build so high in the linden tree that a crawling worm could not reach her. Ever since, nightingales have two eyes and blindworms none; but, when the birds build their nests, the worms lurk in the bushes near, and try to climb up and suck the eggs. Needless to say, the blindworm really owns a pair of good eyes, and it is hard to say why it has gained its name; and the nightingale does not build in a lofty tree, but places its slightly-woven nest of leaves, grass, and moss either on or close to the ground, hiding it very carefully in dense foliage, in thickets, or among the roots of trees.

This bird lays four or five eggs of a peculiar, smooth, olive brown tint, quite unlike those of any of our other British birds. The nest is so very loosely woven that it is by no means easy to remove it without injury, and it is hidden in such a careful way that, although it is often placed close to the footpath, few people ever see a nightingale's nest. Clare describes its construction:

> "How curious is the nest! no other bird
> Uses such loose material, or weaves
> Its dwelling in such spots: dead oaken leaves
> Are placed without, and velvet moss within,
> And little scraps of grass, and scant and spare,
> What scarcely seem materials, down and hair."

Thick copses are a favourite haunt of the bird, who is supposed to be especially fond of meadows where cowslips grow; in fact, there is an old belief that the gay yellow flowers do not appear till the nightingale is heard. "Titania's pensioners," however, are abundant in Ireland and Wales, where, as we have seen, the "most musical, most melancholy bird" is unknown.

By the way, Coleridge took Milton to task for calling the nightingale "melancholy":

> "A melancholy bird? Oh, idle thought—
> In Nature there is nothing melancholy."

Like the cuckoo, the nightingale's voice changes towards the end of June, becoming a hoarse croak, supposed by naturalists to be intended as a warning to the young birds, and often accompanied by a curious snapping of the beak. It has a large appetite, and during its sojourn in England disposes of a huge number of worms, grubs, caterpillars, beetles, butterflies, spiders, flies, cockchafers, and the eggs of all these insects, and late in the summer it often feasts upon ripe fruit and berries.

Towards the end of August, and with the first warning of approaching autumn, the nightingales prepare to seek winter quarters, either in Asia or Southern Europe, and are seen no more till the following spring. MAUD E. SARGENT.

A WHALING STATION IN SHETLAND.

LAST summer, whilst spending a few weeks in Shetland, I took the opportunity of visiting one of the four whaling stations that have lately been established by Norwegians on the island, and endeavoured to gather a certain amount of information regarding the capture of these huge mammals and the disposal of their carcases. Interesting as it may be from a commercial or industrial point of view, a whaling station is not a place where I should desire to spend much time. The stench of putrefying flesh and cooking blubber pervades the surrounding country literally for miles; and if the smell is not unhealthy, as is stated, that is all that can be said in its favour. The men employed at these stations, or those who have the misfortune to dwell in the neighbourhood, seem to become quite indifferent to the odour, and will sit down to their meals within a few yards of several tons of rotting flesh, and eat their bread and cheese with a good appetite notwithstanding. Thousands of gulls, most of the lesser black-backed variety, have discovered in a whaling station a sort of free restaurant, where unlimited food is provided for them. They are extraordinarily tame, and are seen hovering and wheeling in dense clouds round the men at work. But they recognise a stranger in a moment, and fly off to a distance directly he appears on the scene. Gulls who have acquired this depraved taste for scavenging lead a most lazy existence. When not devouring scraps of offal they sit gorged on the rocks close by, merely waiting till they feel inclined for another meal.

The whaling steamers are generally absent from four days to a week, according to the distance from home their quarry is to be found. With good luck they seldom return with less than two, and often with three, carcases in tow. The harpoon that is used for destroying these great creatures is about 4ft. in length, and very heavy. It has folding barbs that open like the ribs of an umbrella, so that once buried in the flesh it holds as firmly as an anchor. At the end is a pointed shell containing an explosive charge, attached to which is a fuse calculated to fire in about 3sec. This terrible-looking weapon is shot into the whale's body from a small cannon at a range not exceeding 25yds. If the harpoon strikes a vital spot, as is usually the case, the explosion that takes place immediately kills the animal; but should the aim be not so good, as sometimes happens, a whale will dash madly away in its pain and fright, and a most exciting chase ensues, attended with considerable risk to the

C. E. Butler. FLENCHING A WHALE. Copyright.

crew, till an opportunity occurs of giving it a *coup de grace* with a second shot. When the whale is dead it is brought alongside the vessel, and the carcase is inflated by means of a powerful air-pump, till it appears like a black balloon floating on the waves. A flag is stuck upright upon it to enable it to be seen at a distance, and then a search is commenced for a fresh victim.

On arrival at the station great excitement and energy are displayed among the workmen. The body of the whale is raised from the water on to a sloping platform of wood by a steel hawser, made fast to the tail, and drawn along by a steam winch. All hands are soon busy stripping off the blubber and chopping it into blocks, which are carried up to the vats, where they are soon melted down to oil.

By the aid of ropes and powerful machinery, the operation of "flenching" a whale is performed in a surprisingly short space of time. At the end of half-an-hour, nothing but a gory, shapeless mass remains, all the blubber and whalebone having been removed. The latter belonging to this particular species—"finners," as they are called—being in small strips, which average 2ft. in length, and only about ¼in. in thickness, is not of much value. It is washed in boiling water, and then spread out in the sun to dry.

C. E. Butler. *WASHING WHALEBONE.* Copyright

Formerly, after all the blubber and whalebone had been removed, the carcase of a whale was towed a few miles out to sea and cast adrift. But nowadays every part of it is made use of, the bones being ground up for artificial manure, and the flesh desiccated and turned into food for cattle. During the past season over 400 whales have thus been killed off the Shetland coasts, and, numerous as they still appear to be, it is doubtful how long the supply will last at this enormous rate of destruction. I have heard the limit of the period estimated at five years; but, in all probability, the whales will have left the vicinity of Shetland for less disturbed parts of the Atlantic before that time, or else have grown so shy that steamers will no longer be able to approach them. But this is a question that only the future can decide.

The photographs I took are perhaps not so good as they might be (alas! photographs seldom are), but I found it was no easy matter to balance myself on the slippery staging, keep clear of dragging ropes, and use a camera successfully at the same time, and a tumble in all that unmentionable filth would have been truly disastrous.

C. E. Butler. *CLEARING AWAY SMALL PORTIONS.* Copyright

FROM THE FARMS.

Cows in Denmark.

An interesting little anecdote is related by a writer in the Journal of the Board of Agriculture in the beginning of an article on milk testing and control in Denmark. One of the societies, which exist for the purpose of exercising supervision over cows, reported of two kine that one gave 10,267lb. of milk in 1900, and the other 10,653lb. So far as these figures go, the cows would seem to have been fairly equal; but the application of the milk test showed that the butter fat in one amounted to 2·75 per cent., and in the other to 3·56 per cent. In the course of twelve months the difference in the butter ratio meant that one cow yielded 112lb. of butter more than the other, and, when the question of food was looked into, it was found that the inferior animal had consumed most. Such a case as this shows how necessary it is that dairy farmers should have the milk of their cows tested, since the whole of their profits may easily depend upon their possessing animals who upon a minimum of food give a maximum of milk. In this country it is much to be desired that adequate machinery be brought into operation for the purpose of analysing milk. In regard to fodder it is much more difficult to make an exact comparison, because every man has his own method of feeding; but in Denmark a great many experiments have been conducted both with pigs and cows, and some interesting results have been obtained. Thus it was found that in feeding swine 1lb. of skim milk produced the same result as 2lb. of whey, and 1lb. of grain had the same effect as 6lb. of skim milk. In the end the conclusion arrived at was that the quantities of feeding-stuff mentioned below might be treated as equal to one another:

1lb. mixed corn.	12lb. turnips.
1lb. wheat.	4lb. straw.
1lb. bran.	10lb. green fodder.
1lb. oil-cake and other concentrated foods.	4lb. potatoes.
2lb. clover hay.	2lb. whole milk.
2½lb. meadow hay.	6lb. skim milk.
10lb. mangolds.	12lb. whey.

Obviously these are very practical measures towards finding out how to get the best possible results from the treatment of cows for dairy purposes, and they may be earnestly recommended to those engaged in the milk industry in this country.

The Farm in April.

This year the month of April scarcely lived up to its reputation. It brought with it many cold, rainy days in which it was not practicable to get on very fast with the sowing and planting usually done in this month. Much of it has, therefore, been left over to May. In some districts it was not even possible to finish

sowing the spring corn, and the mangel crop, which farmers usually expect to be in at this time, has not yet received due attention. The cereals that were sown in autumn have had their growth very much arrested by the inclement weather, and already gloomy forebodings are being expressed. But, the old proverb says that April showers make May flowers, and if May and June bring with them plenty of sunny days we have experience to show that a little backwardness in April will not make much difference. The business of lambing is now practically finished all over the country, and the year only proves to be a moderate one. As far as we can judge, the average number of lambs in a flock is smaller than usual, and so, too, is the percentage of deaths among the ewes.

On Small Holdings.

General satisfaction will be felt at the appointment by the President of the Board of Agriculture of a Committee of Inquiry into the Administration and Working of the Small Holdings Act, 1892. They are to report on the various arrangements made by landlords in recent years for the provision of small occupations, and to make suggestions generally on the subject. Their opinion is being asked as to what measures can be advantageously taken, by legislation, co-operative association, or otherwise, to secure the increase of small holdings. They may take it as the basis of their investigation that there is no country in Europe that, proportionately to the extent of its acreage, has so few small holdings as Great Britain, and it has generally been admitted by experts that to increase their number is the only feasible proposition for solving some of the most vexing problems of the day. The composition of the committee will naturally be scanned very carefully, and we do not know that it is altogether very satisfactory. No exception to any individual need be taken; but at a glance it would appear that the official element is as strong as it could be made. The Earl of Onslow will be chairman, and Mr. Thomas Hickling Sutton secretary. Naturally Major Craigie finds a place on it, and the other members are the Earl of Carrington, Mr. Jesse Collings, Sir Ralph Anstruther, Mr. Charles Bidwell, Mr. William Brown, Mr. Channing, Mr. James Long, Mr. Willis Bund, and Mr. Yerburgh. If to this list were added the names of one or two of the men who from an outside position have worked at this subject for years, the committee would be all that could be desired.

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MUSIC IN VILLAGES.

SOME six years ago an article in Country Life drew attention to the work in progress in the north-west corner of Norfolk in organising the singing in the village schools on rather a novel method. To define the locality more exactly, the villages all lay in the neighbourhood of Hunstanton, where Mr. W. H. Leslie lived, to whom the organisation was almost entirely due in the first instance. In the second instance the organisation was due to the happy co-operation, which Mr. Leslie was able to enlist, of the teachers in the village schools. The chief immediate object of the organisation was to inspire with a new life the existing methods of teaching music in the schools, so that the children might be led to take a more real and intelligent interest in it, and an interest that should abide with them to brighten their after lives. Under the old systems it is to be feared that the children think little of the music that they are taught while at school, and think not at all of it so soon as they leave school. There are, of course, exceptional instances, but the above is the common rule. Mr. Leslie's own knowledge of music, both theoretic and practical, is largely, of course, due to the fact that he is the son of the late Mr. Henry Leslie, who was so leading a figure in the British musical world some decades ago, and whose name is still rendered familiar by his compositions. The great feature in the system of musical instruction in the village schools of this part of Norfolk, which has been introduced as a novelty, is the substitution of sight-singing for singing by ear. Mr. Leslie, in one of his addresses on the subject, compares the latter, not inaptly, to the performance of a child who repeats, by ear, the whole of a German poem, having no other knowledge of the language; you would not say that that child knew German. The sight-singing he compares to a child reading off, from a book, the same poem on its first being presented to him. That child you would unhesitatingly say to have at least some knowledge of the German language. With the language of music, he argues, the case is no otherwise. The child should be taught to know at sight the sounds of which the notation is the sign. This is fertile knowledge; it leads to further knowledge. The learning of a tune by ear leads to nothing. It hardly can be said to help the child appreciably to the learning of another tune. It is barren of any but the most immediate result. Add to this the assumption, which has since been abundantly proved, of the principle that in the early stages the children can be taught the elements of music better by those who teach them the elements of other branches of knowledge, than by skilled musicians, and you have, practically, the groundwork on which, in the north-west corner of Norfolk, a very considerable edifice has been raised. How considerable it is, the following few facts and figures may shortly show; and when the brief space of time in which so much has been accomplished is taken into the account, the total result is very gratifying.

"In order to mark the completion of seven years' work," to quote the words of the committee making the announcement, it was decided to hold a musical festival of combined choirs in the Corn Hall at King's Lynn. The choirs taking part were divided into senior, junior, and children's choirs, and full combined choirs of 700 voices, accompanied by the band, joined in giving Mendelssohn's Chorale, "Sleepers Awake," and Henry Leslie's "Songs of Praise." The concert had the very valuable vocal assistance of

Mr. Plunket Greene as vocalist, and of Mr. Percy Grainger as pianist; but, naturally, the chief interest of the performance consisted in the musical execution of these choirs, which started from the very small beginnings which we have indicated. From the very first Mr. Leslie and his assistant conductor, Mr. A. H. Cross, in visiting the various villages, have suggested the lines on which they wished the pieces rehearsed by the local conductors, so that all work was in a considerably advanced stage by the date of the first combined rehearsal. In nearly thirty villages small choral societies, embracing every grade of life, every sect of religion, and every side of politics, have been established, and they have been meeting every year to compete for various prizes and challenge banners. The music selected for the purposes of these competitions has always been chosen with a view to its ultimate use in a combined musical festival when it should be thought that adequate advance had been made for such a performance to be given with good effect.

The remarkable success with which the combined choirs carried through the really rather ambitious programme arranged for them at King's Lynn is sufficient evidence that its organisers had not been premature in deeming that the time had come for the village musicians to demonstrate the value of the system under which they had been trained. In course of this training of the children by the teachers in the schools, it was, of course, inevitable that the teachers themselves should be learning, and an incidental, but still valuable, result is that a large staff of thoroughly competent singers and music teachers has been trained, and it is the intention of the committee of management to offer to send them round to any village in which children's choirs are being organised, in case it should be found that the teachers of the ordinary subjects require some guidance in the best way of developing their pupils' musical powers. The interest that the performers themselves take in the festival is shown by the fact that some of the choirs came a distance of over twenty miles, not only to the big entertainment itself, but also to the full rehearsals.

There are two distinct ways of appreciating the value of this musical element thus introduced into village life. The more obvious way is to regard it primarily from the musical point of judgment, and, thus viewed, it is found that there is latent in the British villager a musical capacity of a high order, waiting only to be developed. Already some rather remarkable talent has been revealed, and he would be a bold prophet who would deny the possibility of great singers and composers being some day discovered and trained by some such means as this, whose powers, but for a musical education of the kind, would have remained latent and unsuspected. Incidentally, the development of village singing on similar lines to those indicated has been the means of bringing to the notice of musicians, capable of appreciating its merit, a singularly beautiful and interesting old Lincolnshire folklore song. Apart from all this, however, the whole conception has another effect, going deeper and reaching farther, an effect that cannot fail to modify and develop the mental life of the people. The appeal that music makes to the heart of man is singularly simple, direct, and strong. As a means of awakening the finer feelings in an uncultured nature it has no equal in the other arts, and by no means of a purely intellectual kind can the interest of children be excited at all in a like degree. Its value, therefore, to the individual life, and consequently to the national life, of the people is not very easy to over-estimate. At the present moment, moreover, this consideration has a special economic and social value, apart from its psychical importance. It is a moment when the depletion of the rural and village population is giving peculiar concern. The chief motive of that change of population is the superior interest and excitement of the far less wholesome life in the towns. The consequence is that all that can tend to increase the relative interest of life in the rural districts must be deemed of very great importance, and amongst all the possible means of increasing that interest it is not easy to discern any that even competes with the study of music conducted on the simple and pleasant lines that have led to such satisfactory results in the villages of the north-west of Norfolk.

THE NATIVITY OF . . . . THE VIRGIN.

The year before Our Lady's birth
  Her childless parents wept for grief.
The springtime filled the impatient earth,
  And every burgeon burst in leaf.

The birds were building in the trees,
  The lambkins leapt about the fold;
"Their offspring, Lord, are born to these
  While we unchilded are and old."

The farmer rose to tend his herds,
  But Anna, where the sparrows build,
Knelt down and prayed: "O Lord of Birds,
  Let my nest, too, like theirs, be filled!"

And Anna watched her aloes flower
  That bear one bloom in gnarled eld—
A famished heart is full of power,
  Desire creates the gift withheld.

Not to the young who meet in bliss
  And deem their happy love a Heaven,
Not to their flushed triumphant kiss
  The Child-Redemptress shall be given.

MARY DUCLAUX

CORRESPONDENCE.

SEA GIPSIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to your note on the sea gipsies mentioned in the *Madras Mail* (the note appeared in your issue of April 15th), it may interest your readers to know that the case is not without its parallel in this country—that is to say, on the West Coast of Scotland. The character of that country is, as is well known, to be cut up and indented by numerous big sea-lochs, or arms of the sea running far inland. Under these circumstances it is evident that a traverse of very many miles by land would often be required to reach a place only a very few miles distant by sea across the loch. In this country, as in others, there is a demand for such labour as the wandering tinker supplies, and for the wares of the whitesmith. In consequence, there are a certain number of wandering tinkers of the sea in this land, living, or at least moving, in small boats with a single sail (that, at least, is the type of boat in which I have seen them) from place to place, farm to farm, township to township on the borders of these lochs. The boat generally transports a man and his wife and one or two children, together with the pots and pans and instruments of his craft. It is, no doubt, a hard life, for the storms on these lochs are swift and severe, and the climate, though soft, is very rainy; but, if it is any mitigation, it is life in the midst of some of the most beautiful surroundings in the world. Very likely there are others who live a like life, plying the same trade, in other parts of the British Islands, but the West of Scotland is the only part in which I happen to have seen them.—H. G. H.

CHERRY BLOSSOM.

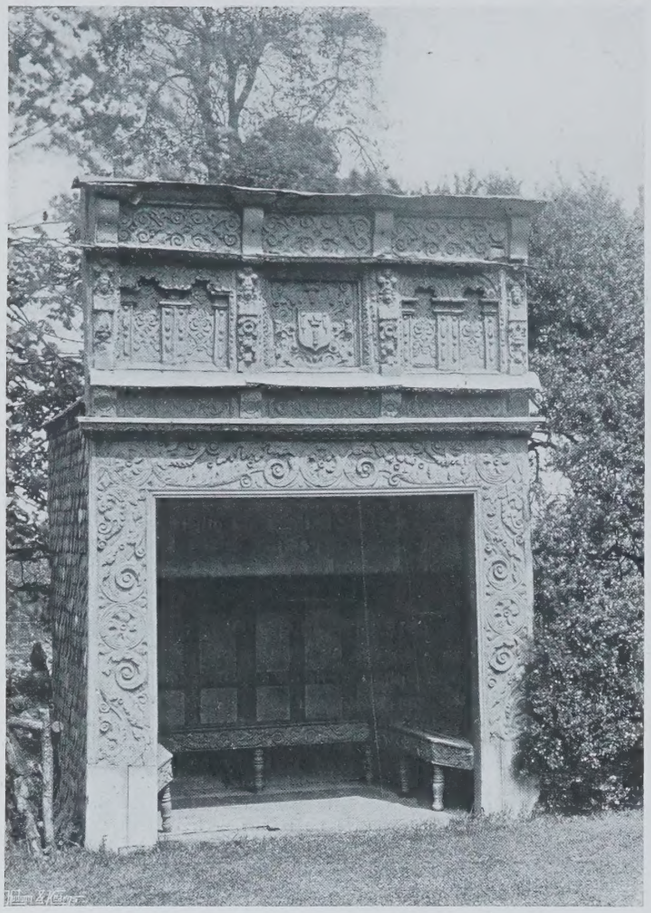
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph of a branch of this tree gives a very good idea of the use which can be made of it to brighten up gardens in spring, when other trees have hardly begun to put forth their foliage. Planted, as it should be, against a dark background, the effect is increased tenfold; and it is by no means out of place in a garden hedge, both because of its early beauty, and by reason of its thorn-clad stems, which will assist in repelling the intrusion of stock, for whom notice-boards have no terrors.—H. P.

A QUAINT SUMMER-HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Very few people are aware of the existence of the beautiful old carved wooden fireplace of which I send a picture. It is now used as a summer-house in the garden of a girls' school at Dresden House, High Street, Evesham. I was informed that it was a relic from the old abbey which was destroyed by order of Henry VIII. at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries. But one has only to note the style of carving to realise that this is impossible. It obviously belongs to the full period of the Renaissance, and seems to be of the Jacobean Age. Maybe the upper parts are of the Elizabethan Age; but the



jambs and frieze appear of later date. I am told on very good authority that it is the kind of chimney-piece which might have come out of Abbot's Salford House (about four miles from Evesham), a seventeenth century building, originally used as a nunnery.—MARION SILVERSTON, Edgbaston.

OLD AGE IN THE VILLAGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The letter of Mr. Cornish in your recent issue on this subject recalls an experience I had in Essex some time ago. During a morning of enforced idleness I sauntered along the irregular street of a pretty village, keeping a look-out in case I should find any object of interest or beauty on which to bring the camera to bear. I had not gone far when my attention was arrested by a picturesque cottage in a homely garden bordering on the village green. The only person about was an old woman, who was engaged at her morning tasks. My proposal to take a picture of the cottage, including herself attending to her household duties about the door, was readily agreed to. During the operations, a hale old man of the labouring class was observed leaning over the garden gate, watching the unusual apparatus and proceedings with evident curiosity. It is usually an easy matter to get on speaking terms with people who have little or nothing to do, such as the man in question. After some talk he also was requisitioned as a "sitter," and was found both willing and interested. When a move was made further afield he offered to help me, and insisted on carrying part of my impedimenta. With the reward he received he seemed pleased and grateful, only his subsequent behaviour suggested that his gratitude was of that sort which smacks of "a sense of favours to come." For a considerable time he stuck to me wherever I went. The only time he wavered in his attachment was when passing the village alehouse, but for once he was piloted past in safety. In common with his kind he freely volunteered information about the village and the people. So-and-so had such a pretty place, and another had the best garden, which I ought to inspect. At one point I thought I had succeeded in shaking him off, but he was not to be readily repulsed. Perhaps I had inadvertently listened too attentively to his talk about himself, a story having to do with his past, present, and future. He was a pensioner, he said, and had come here to spend the remainder of his days. An allusion to the Army elicited the information that he had been a labourer for many years in a large well-known works in London, and that he had a pension of 10s. a week from his old employers. He assured me that in the country this sum was equal to 20s. in the city, but he found it fearfully dull doing nothing and having so little spare cash to spend after procuring the necessaries of life; he evidently looked back with a longing to the greater plenty of former days. When I remarked that it must be very pleasant to live in such a beautiful place, where the air was so pure compared with that of the city, he admitted that the place was very pretty, but so awfully dull that he did not know what to do with himself at times. "It's a healthy place, very healthy," he said, and by way of a final assurance, after perhaps mentally enumerating the patriarchs in the district, he declared that "you can live here almost as long as you like."—CHARLES REID.

BLUE BLACKBIRDS' EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On April 3rd, last year, I found a blackbird's nest containing four pale blue eggs, which were almost round. The eggs were of a paler shade even than a starling's, and were without markings of any description. On passing the same spot this year, on March 27th, I was surprised to find that the old nest had been renovated, and contained four more eggs exactly similar to those of last year. This incident strikes me as being worth recording, as I believe it is very unusual for blackbirds to return to their previous year's nests. Out of many hundreds of blackbirds' nests which I have seen, I have never before found their eggs of a very pale blue without markings. I have, however, found an egg of a similar shade, but covered at the larger end with a uniform reddish brown colour, but devoid of any spots. Perhaps some of your readers have come across similar cases. —W. L.

THE BITTERN.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—This very handsome bird, once said to be common in this country, is now regarded as a very rare visitor. Recently four or five specimens have been shot, and the photograph reproduced may be considered of some interest. The fine male specimen shown was shot in Wheldrake Ings, near York, last January. One cannot help but feel regret when these rare feathered visitors fall victims to the gun, but in this case the bird was shot in ignorance of its species, and afterwards sent to York for identification. The bird, which stood 27in. high, measured from tip to tip 28in., and across the wings 44in. The large beak, light green in colour, measured 8in. long. The general plumage of the bird was brown, beautifully marked with black and reddish brown. It is said that the bittern, when wounded, offers a desperate resistance; and when the photograph is examined, it will be seen that the long beak and powerful claws look capable of being used to some effect. For permission to photograph the bittern I am indebted to Mr. Sidney Smith, one of the secretaries to the York Naturalists' Society, to whom the bird was sent.—HERBERT LAZENBY.

COUNTRY LIFE

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THE COUNTESS OF MAR AND KELLIE.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE *can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.*

OUR DIMINISHING WATER SUPPLY.

THE gravity of the question of our national water supply begins to make itself more and more strongly felt alike in country houses, in little villas, and in towns and cities which are served by distant sources. The former, as a rule, are dependent on such supplies as they may obtain for themselves; the latter are in the hands of municipal authorities, and the chief concern of the householder is to pay his water rate. It is a rate that is constantly on the increase, speaking generally, and a rate that, in the very nature of things, is certain to increase in the future. The country houses and the villas that are self-supporting in this respect are equally subject to an increasing cost and difficulty in obtaining their supplies, as they have to go deeper and deeper in order to reach the water-bearing strata.

The statement of the problem that is thus becoming insistent is simplicity itself. The sources of supply are being tapped at a much faster rate than they are replenished. There is no difficulty in finding instances in support of the statement. The difficulty is that they are so many that one hardly knows where to begin in the selection. For an example we may take the case of the Chiltern Hills, where increased facilities of locomotion are leading so many, whose business occupies them daily in the great city, to have their country villas for the pleasure of their leisure hours. Whence are these villas to draw their water supply? The obvious method is to bore the ground until they reach it. But in what stratum will they first find it? Between the upper and the lower chalk. And at what depth will they reach this stratum? The answer depends on the elevation of the villa and the curve of the strata, which dip down Londonwards at the particular point selected; we may not be far out of the measurement in putting it at some 400ft. This is a considerable depth, and means a considerable expense relatively to the cost of such a villa, as people are disposed to build on the hill countries round and about London. Perhaps, however, the cost would not greatly matter, if the supply, when it was reached, was abundant and secure. Unfortunately, it is neither of these. Its abundance depends on the area of the infiltrating strata through which the water sinks until it reaches the relatively impervious bed on which it will lie, and where it can be tapped. Experience of much deeper boring in this district shows that this costly course is of no avail. By boring through the lower chalk to a depth of 800ft., at which point the lowest level is considerably below that of the Thames, one arrives at no better sources of supply. If the green sand is encountered, it is well; for it appears that this stratum can be fairly relied on to be water-bearing. But it also appears that the green sand has a way of "pinching out," so that, though you go deeper, you go no better. The supply is confined to the trickle of the water through the upper chalk that you can catch as it goes to its basin Londonwards. Nor have you the best security for the stability even of that supply, for it is evident that if a neighbour comes and digs a little deeper and taps the same source a little lower, be he only a humble villa dweller like yourself, or be he a corporation seeking supply for a great city, in either case, according to his degree and the amount that he abstracts, he will make the water that you supposed to be your own pass by you so much the quicker, and will leave you so much the less for your own disposal. Unfortunately you establish no valid claim on the water of a stratum by sinking your well into it. Just beyond your boundary your neighbour may go with a bigger and a deeper well into the same stratum, and make a perfectly legal theft of the water that your well held. This may not be equity, but it is law; and even if it were to be desired in this instance that the law should enforce what equity seems to require, the enforcement would be difficult. The instance of the Chiltern Hills is but a typical one of the state of the case in connection with the water supply in all the residential districts, as they are termed, that become continually more thickly populated in the environs not of London only, but of all big cities. Villa residences spring up on all the surrounding heights; the Hog's Back, the North Downs, the forest ridge of Sussex, as well as the hills to the north of London, all begin to be peopled in a like manner, and everywhere a similar problem presents itself with a less or greater but an ever-growing insistence.

Thus the origin of our "present discontents" is not difficult to perceive. Exactly the method in which the remedy is to be applied in every case is not easy to describe, and must depend on the particular circumstances, but the direction in which we ought to look for the remedy is clearly indicated for us. So long as we continue, according to the methods now in use, to go on tapping the water that is hidden in the earth, or drawing from lakes that are mainly fed by springs, so long are we drawing on a supply that is obviously exhaustible, and in process of time must become, for all practical purposes, exhausted. But there is a supply that is sent down to us from the clouds which is, humanly speaking, inexhaustible. Every winter we see thousands and thousands of tons of rain-water pouring away uselessly, and worse than uselessly, into the rivers and so into the sea, in some years failing to find adequate means of exit and causing disastrous floods. A very large proportion of this flood-water it would be possible, by diverting and damming back the course of streams and rivers in spate, to retain for summer use. Something, of course, is already done in this direction, but the something done is as nothing in comparison with what it should be easy to do at a relatively small expenditure, and it is a work that promises soon to become one of absolute necessity. The villa and the country house dweller in the districts where the problem has become pressing, are already collecting rain-water in big tanks and learning to rely on that source of supply more and more, extending, wherever possible, the area of their roofage for the sake of the larger collection of the rain-water coming off it. The amount that can thus be gathered is far larger than those who live in a country well supplied with spring water, and where, in consequence, such rain-water tanks as exist are commonly neglected and leaky, are at all likely to suppose. It is said that our average of rainfall in the British Isles is decreasing, and certainly even in the proverbial "fill-dyke" month of February this year many districts were crying aloud for rain; but perhaps this is but an illusion, due to calculation based on an inadequate number of years; perhaps a nearly equal evaporation goes on each year in the regions where our rain supply is manufactured, and its conveyance to our shores depends merely on the wind currents, the causes of which are too complex for us yet to ascertain them. But in any case it is certain that the supply is ample for all our needs if we could but solve the difficulty of how best to preserve a very small percentage of it when plentiful for our use in time of drought.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Countess of Mar and Kellie. Lady Mar and Kellie was a daughter of the eighth Earl of Shaftesbury, and her marriage to the Earl of Mar and Kellie took place in 1892.

AS has often happened before, the newspaper writers are much exercised in their minds by a pregnant deliverance on the part of the Kaiser. Evidently his military mind has been much struck by the fine quality shown by the Japanese soldiers, and he attributes their victories to patriotism, family affection, and discipline. But his admiration is qualified by his Christianity, and, in his opinion, that these victories had been won by a heathen over a Christian nation showed that Russian Christianity must be in a very sad condition. Then followed a declaration, clothed in the proud humility which is so characteristic of the Kaiser. He doubted whether in the event of a war "we Germans have any longer the right to ask God for victory, and to wrestle in prayer with Him for this favour, like Jacob with the Angel." He likened the japanese to Attila and Napoleon, and called them "a scourge of God." All this is extremely typical of the mind of a potentate who is at once a mystic and a soldier. But it does not seem to argue well for the continuance of the German-Russian friendship.

Weeks ago we were all, metaphorically speaking, listening for the thunder of the guns of Admirals Togo and Rozhdestvensky, but it is difficult in any circumstances to foretell when a naval battle is likely to come off, and the two fleets are still presumably in search of one another. During the time that has elapsed certain opinions favourable to Admiral Rozhdestvensky have been steadily growing. He may not have given evidence of brilliance, but it required some seamanship to get his fleet out to where it is, and so far he has shown great coolness and capacity. Also he has not hesitated to do much that looked as if it would have the effect of provoking France to enter into the struggle. His prolonged stay in territorial waters probably caused as much uneasiness in Paris as anywhere else. It is not always possible to order the admiral of a fleet to move on at a moment's notice. The Japanese have shown unusual excitement at the French friendliness to Russia, and at one time it looked as though they were inclined to blame us, their ally, for not interfering; but matters never reached a point which necessitated action on our part, and the Japanese themselves, who cannot possibly desire to get embroiled with another nation, are now recognising that we did right in standing by till the critical moment had come for interference. After all, France is one of our allies as well as Japan, and in this case, if the truth were told, France herself probably has been very much embarrassed by the persistency with which Russia has appealed to her friendship.

It is gratifying to see that the facts and figures continue to point to a revival of commercial prosperity. The foreign trade returns issued by the Board of Trade for April are very instructive reading. They show that the exports from this country continue to increase, while there is a considerable falling off in the imports. For the latter circumstance a very natural explanation is forthcoming. The supplies of wheat from the United States and from Russia have fallen very much this year in comparison with previous years, and English buyers have been forced to resort to Canada and our other colonies to meet their requirements. It would seem, then, fairly certain that, although there is nothing like a great boom in trade, either actual or visible in the future, still there is a recovery, slow and gradual, from the depression of the past few years.

If our knowledge of salt-water fish is to be extended and systematised it will be done to a large extent by local effort. We, therefore, welcome the Report of the work done during the past year by the Northumberland Sea Fisheries Committee. Mr. Alexander Meek, who edits the Report and takes a great part in the work, contributes a short introduction that summarises the work done in 1904. One of the most regrettable features of the year was the decrease in the number of fish, as proved by the catches both by trawl and by line. Flat fish, especially, seem to have gone off in numbers. In the twelve months 468 flat fish, mainly dabs, flounders, plaice, and turbot, were marked with labels and returned to the sea, and the particulars given about them will merit the attention of all who are interested in this subject. They to a considerable degree modify the ideas floating loosely about these fish.

Broadly speaking, the results arrived at are "that plaice do not usually migrate from the inshore waters until they arrive at maturity, when they are four to five years old." The rule is general only, and in some cases migrations to the North have taken place. The returns for dabs point to the curious segregation of the sexes; the females appear to haunt the places at which they were liberated, while the males migrate twenty or thirty miles to the south and into deeper water. Many of the fishermen wish that some form of lobster culture should be established, and it would be a good thing if in October, November, and December a close time were to be made for crabs. We cannot conclude without a word of sympathy in regard to the very bad fire that broke out in the Cullercoats Laboratory. It was so serious that it brought the work conducted there to an end, destroying a great portion of the records, besides much valuable literature belonging to the college, the laboratory, and Mr. Meek.

THE DREAM WOOD.

There's a little wood where sweetness dwells—
Away, away—
Is dim and bright, and bright and dim,
Is filled with gladness to the brim,
Gladness both still and gay.

The little wood is in dreaming-land,
Where voices sing and call,
Where gentle love shines night and day—
Have you been there at all?

O come with me to that little wood,
It is not so far away;
Rest your cheek on the tender flowers,
Cool your thirst in the misty showers,
Come with me there, to-day!

HILDA M. TAYLOR.

The chairman's report at the meeting of the Caledonian Steam Trawling Company lately held at Aberdeen was a very satisfactory one. A 5 per cent. dividend was declared, and the chairman was able to congratulate the company on the generally improved outlook for the trawling industry. No doubt all this was especially interesting and pleasing to the shareholders, but it is also news of an agreeable nature to the public at large who are concerned with the question of our national fish supplies.

The weather has continued to be unseasonably cold for the spring fishing in Scotland, but those who have persevered in its despite have had their reward, both with the salmon and the trout. From the Helmsdale in the North right down through Scotland, rivers, as a rule, have fished well, and Loch Leven is clearer of weed and is promising better than has been the case for several years. Trout-fishers in the South are rather apt to fail to realise how entirely different the season of their sport is from the season of the trout angler in Scottish rivers. The former have their carnival in the May-fly time, that is to say, in a normal season, early in June. The second week in June is just about the date when the Scottish river trout begin to feed on "creeper," and while they are giving all their attention to this dainty, and afterwards for a while when they are gorged with it, it is difficult to make them take an interest in the fly. In the weeks previous to this, when the big hatches of March Brown take place on the rivers, the fun is fast and furious, and this is the time of the Scottish river angler's finest sport with the trout.

The British Consul-General at Naples describes in his latest report some interesting experiments which two prominent Italian botanists, Professor Mattei and Dr. Serra, have been making in the cultivation of the truffle. Truffle-gathering is already a far more important industry in the Italian peninsula than in this country, but the originators of these experiments claim to have provided a spawn or mycelium which will produce from 10lb. to 20lb. of tubers from the roots of a single oak tree every year, and they assert, further, that the mycelium will propagate itself with undiminished fertility for a considerable number of years. The establishment of truffle culture on such a scale as this would be of great benefit to the wooded rural districts of Italy. But it would be very unsafe to expect that, even if the new strain proves all that is expected of it in Italy, it would necessarily be equally successful in this country.

Without the general world being aware of it, hostile operations have been conducted against rats in the Port of London for some time now with conspicuous and brilliant

success. Last year no fewer than 65,595 rats had to succumb to the scientific attack made upon them, making a death-roll of 383,377 since the work of extermination commenced in 1901. Nor is it likely, in view of the result of recent investigations, that the enemies of the rats will relax their efforts. In November of last year a genuine case of plague was detected in a vessel from the River Plate, and it was found on enquiry that the patient had been catching rats with his hands. On the arrival of the steamship at Gravesend the man was taken to hospital and the rest of the crew landed and disinfected, the vessel being fumigated from stem to stern. Some days afterwards, during the discharge of the cargo, a live rat was seen, and the disinfecting process was again applied. No fewer than 205 rats were caught and destroyed. Some fluid was taken from the plague-stricken patient and inoculated into a captive rat, with the result that it produced the disease. The connection of rats and plague therefore has been finally established.

It is very evident that those who are interested in the importation of Canadian cattle to this country do not intend to let the grass grow under their feet while the present embargo remains in force. Canada has been able for so long a while now to show a clean bill of health, that the provisions, which were reasonable enough when the embargo was enacted in 1892, are perhaps scarcely justified now. That, at least, is the view taken by various agricultural, commercial, and municipal bodies who, a short while ago, laid their grievances at the feet of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, and have just supplemented an interview with Mr. Ailwyn Fellowes, President of the Board of Trade, by a large meeting of delegates from the various bodies and of private persons all interested in the same object. The rights of the case are too involved, and would be too long in the statement, for present discussion; but it is undeniable that there are some solid grounds for complaint.

One of the many places of beauty and interest in his native land seldom visited by the Briton, who yet will travel far abroad in search of the like places, is the fine and picturesque old town of Sherborne in Dorsetshire. In the present year, being its 12,000th anniversary, it will be brought to public notice in a peculiar manner by the performance of a folk-play, to be styled "The Sherborne Pageant," composed for the occasion by Mr. Louis Parker. The performance will be given in the ruins of the ancient castle of Sherborne, and tickets for it may be obtained from the Hon. Secretaries, The Parade, Sherborne. The incidents of the play will represent some chief events in the history of the town, which was founded, together with the school and bishopric, by St. Ealdheim in 705. Apart from its historical interest, Sherborne has great claim to attention for its picturesque beauty. It was known to, and loved by, Charles Dickens, who has immortalised in his books the surnames of some of its townsfolk.

The museum of South Kensington has received very notable additions lately, but none of much greater value than that which we understand will be coming to it from Mr. Gordon Smith. During the last two years he has been engaged in studying the fish fauna of the inland seas of Japan, and he has just returned with a budget of information on natural history acquired during this period of study. His specimens of fishes are said to be in several cases quite new to science, and he is also reported to have secured one or two new species of mammals. If these are added to the museum at South Kensington, they will greatly enhance its usefulness to students of these subjects.

It is already evident that the cricket season is going to be a very lively one this year, owing chiefly to the presence of an exceptionally powerful Australian team. While we write they have not yet had a full opportunity of showing their mettle, and it could not possibly be expected that the Australians should be at the top of their form just after their arrival in England. Yet they have done so well in the matches already played, that the highest expectations are formed of their performances later in the year. Evidently it will require the most careful selection of English cricketers to make a good fight against them in the test matches. The counties have begun their annual tournament with all the usual vigour. From the play of Yorkshire in the first county match it seems exceedingly likely that Lord Hawke's team will make a hard struggle for the championship.

Next week there is due to start in London one of those great and sensational matches which stand out from the ordinary ruck of contests between one player and another. Needless to say, we refer to the meeting of those great and rival exponents of billiards, Roberts and Stevenson. For as long as most of us remember to have taken an interest in the game, the figure of Roberts has stood out in billiards in much the same way as Dr. W. G. Grace has stood out in cricket, and he has won so many victories that it is difficult to realise that a time may come when he can no longer hold his own. But even a billiard player, soon or late, is caught by the devouring years, and youth will be served. Stevenson is a very much younger man than his opponent, and during the last ten or twelve years has raised himself into a position to challenge the latter, even at his best. What the result of this battle royal is going to be no one will prophesy. All that we do know is that it is bound to be most dramatic and interesting.

WINDRUSH WAY.

Oh, have you come from Windrush way,
Across the bleak and lonely wold?
Oh, I left there at break of day,
When all the clouds were rimmed with gold.

Oh, have you come from Windrush way,
And was the scented gorse aflame?
It filled the vales with gold and grey,
Through fragrant groves of it I came.

Oh, what saw you down Windrush way—
The glancing stream, the wet young grass?
I watched the young brown trout at play,
I saw the swallows swiftly pass.

Saw you my love down Windrush way,
With brow of snow and hair of night?
I heard no girlish laughter gay,
No sound of footstep fleet and light.

Were the floods wide down Windrush way,
O'er fields where yellow cowslips blow?
The silver blossoms of the may
Strewed the white floods with scented snow.

Saw you naught else down Windrush way,
And did my love send word to me?
Alas! as one asleep she lay
Where the wide floods flow silently.

ISABEL CLARKE.

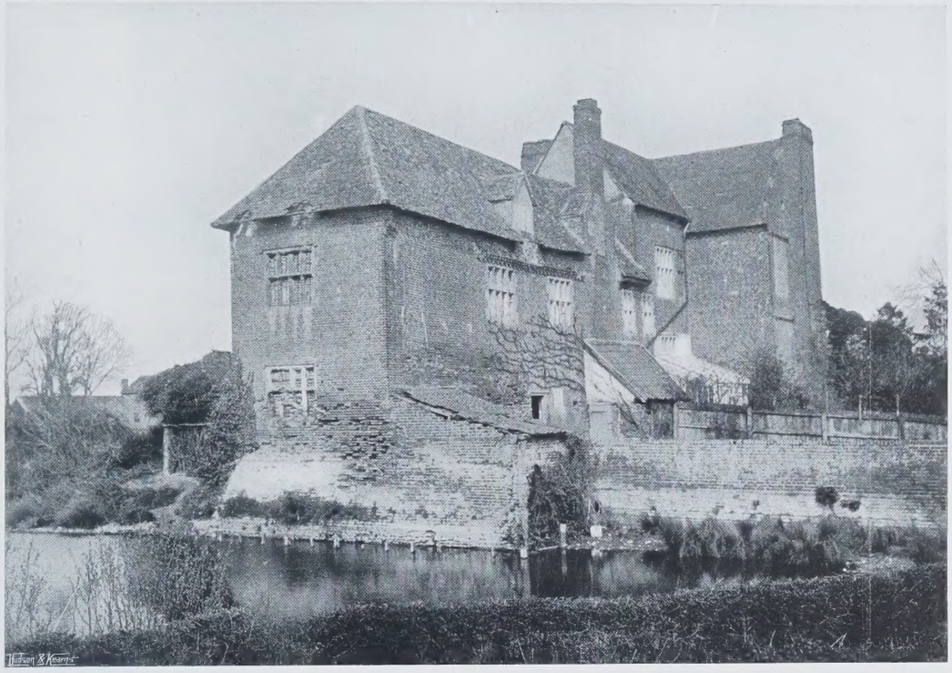
One of the most curious fashions of the time is that of keeping memorial days, such as anniversaries, centenaries, and tercentenaries. Perhaps a positivist might draw the inference that we were coming back to Comte's worship of humanity; but without going into the philosophy of the matter, we can sympathise with the Spaniards for keeping the tercentenary of Cervantes with so much stateliness and *éclat*. Cervantes was one of the few men of letters who added to the classics of the world. "Don Quixote" was, to use in its right way for once a much-hackneyed phrase, an epoch-making work. It has had many imitators, and what is of far more importance, it inspired many masterpieces, including the "Gil Blas" of Le Sage, and the work of our own Harry Fielding. But no writer of romance has been able to surpass, or even equal, it. It remains first of its kind in the whole realm of printed literature, and the countrymen of its great author are doing well in their endeavour to keep his memory green.

The extraordinary baskets of trout taken on Blagdon Reservoir last week—twenty fish, weighing 91½lb.—coming as it does after the fine sport there during last season, cannot fail to arouse fresh interest in the food and general conditions that have produced fish of such heavy weights. This reservoir is a new one, yet, like that at Northampton some years ago, its trout are larger than those in older waters, and in beautiful condition. Various suggestions have been put forward to account for this phenomenal growth. One is that the first crop of weed is more prolific in food than those which subsequently follow; another that millions of drowned worms form an extra article of diet during the first year. And both suggestions are possible enough, as there was a marked decrease in the number of big fish in the Northamptonshire Reservoir as it grew older, and it is not unlikely that such will prove to be the case in Somerset; but it is probable that in both cases investigation will show that the presence of coarse fish in large numbers was the principal cause of the heavy weight these trout attained. Added to which, there must also be taken into consideration the absolutely untainted state of the water. Fly-fishermen will rejoice to learn that all these fish were taken on the fly, but they will also regret that many of the smaller ones were not put back. Gross weights of fish should not appeal to the finer instincts of the angler.

The Roxburgh County Council is entering on a campaign in which it ought to have the sympathy and support of all the many good anglers in the Border district. At a recent meeting under the presidency of Lord Polwarth, it was proposed from the

chair and seconded by Lord Minto that the Local Government Board of England and the Secretary for Scotland should be asked to appoint a committee representing every county through which the Tweed and its main tributaries flow, and to endow this committee with the powers of a sanitary authority, in order to check the very serious and growing evil of the pollution of the Tweed itself and the smaller rivers that feed it. The proposal was carried by a large majority, and although moved primarily in the interests of the health of human beings, the measure proposed is one that, if effectively carried out, may have at least equally beneficial results for the fish in these rivers, and so, too, for the anglers who find their sport in them.

AN EAST SUFFOLK FARM.



Copyright. *THE FARMHOUSE.* "COUNTRY LIFE."

ON a previous occasion we showed some pictures of a farm in Northumberland, with its characteristic crops, its strong labourers, and wild scenery. A more absolute contrast could scarcely be imagined than is presented by the Suffolk holding which we illustrate to-day. The difference is not one of degree, but of kind. The very hall in which Mr. Wilson, the farmer, lives is of a kind scarcely to be seen in the North of England. It has, indeed, been a stately manor house, and is Elizabethan in the style of its architecture. The tenants who are now there come of a family which has been for some fifty years settled in Suffolk, and the name of Wilson is closely associated with the progress of agriculture in East Anglia. The grandfather of the present Mr. Wilson was well known for his knowledge. The holding is one of considerable size, although, as there is no hill-pasture, the actual acreage does not seem enormous in comparison with the 3,700 acres of our Northumbrian farm. But 580 acres, of which 460 are arable and 120 are permanent pasture, form a very considerable holding. Some idea of the cultivation may be gleaned from the quantity of land allotted to the various crops: 100 acres

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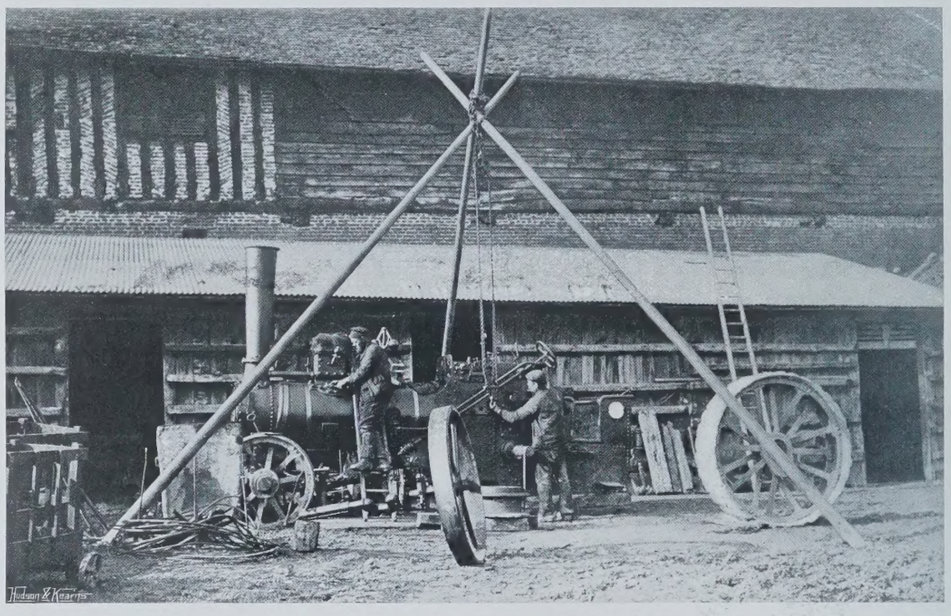
Copyright SCATTERING FERTILISERS BY HAND. "COUNTRY LIFE."

of wheat, 90 acres of barley, 50 acres of oats, 75 acres of beans and peas, 70 acres of roots, 55 acres of clover leys, and 25 acres of temporary grass for cutting for hay, in addition to 10 acres of potatoes. This means a great deal of arable cultivation and the employment of a considerable staff. On the farm there are eight men labourers and a lad, eight men and three lads in charge of horses, two cattlemen and two lads, and two shepherds. One difference that will at once be noticed between the North and South is that, whereas in the former every ploughman is supposed to attend to the welfare of his own pair of horses, in the South there is a special staff of men appointed for this part of the work. Probably, too, it is a disadvantage to the Southern labourer that he has a shorter engagement than his Northern compatriot. With such a family as that at Baylam Hall this may not matter much, because, when the master and mistress are considerate, the question of the length of engagement in the case of any competent servant scarcely arises; but a weekly bargain in the majority of cases is not so good as one that is for twelve months. At least, that is the general impression in the minds of farm servants; but to set against it there is the fact that after a labourer has been twelve months on a farm he too often seems to believe that the natural time for flitting has arrived, and in the North of England there is in many districts a complete change of labourers every twelve months, occurring on Term Day, May 12th, and there can be no doubt that this has a bad effect in many respects. It prevents the cottager from becoming attached to his house or taking an over-weening interest in his garden. He is scarcely likely to plant fruit trees or even berry bushes while he is meditating an exodus at the end of the year, and experience shows that a competent labourer may stay for many years in the same place, even when his engagement is a weekly one. In this part of Suffolk there is very little piecework done, as the men do not like it, so that the complaint heard so frequently in the East of England about men being turned away for want of work on wet days does not apply to this particular farm.



Copyright SOME OF THE MACHINERY. "COUNTRY LIFE."

The hours of work are not the same as those to which labourers in the North are accustomed. The men are called out at half-past six in the morning, and have half-an-hour for breakfast between the hours of eight and nine, and one hour for dinner between twelve and one, while their time for stopping for the night is half-past five. These are summer arrangements. During the winter the same men work from seven to twelve, and one to five. Horsemen, however, are required to keep quite different time, as they rise at half-past five, so as to have the animals ready for the ploughmen. In the afternoon the horses return to the stables at three o'clock, when they are fed. The horsemen then go to their dinner until four in the afternoon, and afterwards bait and clean the horses until half-past five. The wages in this part of the country are from 13s. to 14s. per week, with certain allowances of malt and house rent in the case of some of the farm servants. It has been frequently brought to

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the notice of the public how scarce cottages are in East Anglia at the present moment, and how difficult and expensive is the work of building them. But this farm is exceptionally well provided with accommodation of this kind, and there are no fewer than nine cottages upon it. It will be noticed that no women are employed in the fields, and it would be most interesting to know how this fact affects the economy of the small households. We may take it that in a cottage there is work only for one woman, and no more, and that the girls, if they are not allowed to work in the fields, go to service, probably in Ipswich. We cannot help thinking that they would be healthier, and probably as happy, if they stayed at home and assisted in the husbandry. However, these are the facts of the case, and it is easy to imagine the little army of labourers whose business it is to plough and sow and harrow, and, when the time comes, to carry home to their appointed places the kindly fruits of the earth.

Copyright *AFTER THE TOIL OF THE DAY.* "COUNTRY LIFE."

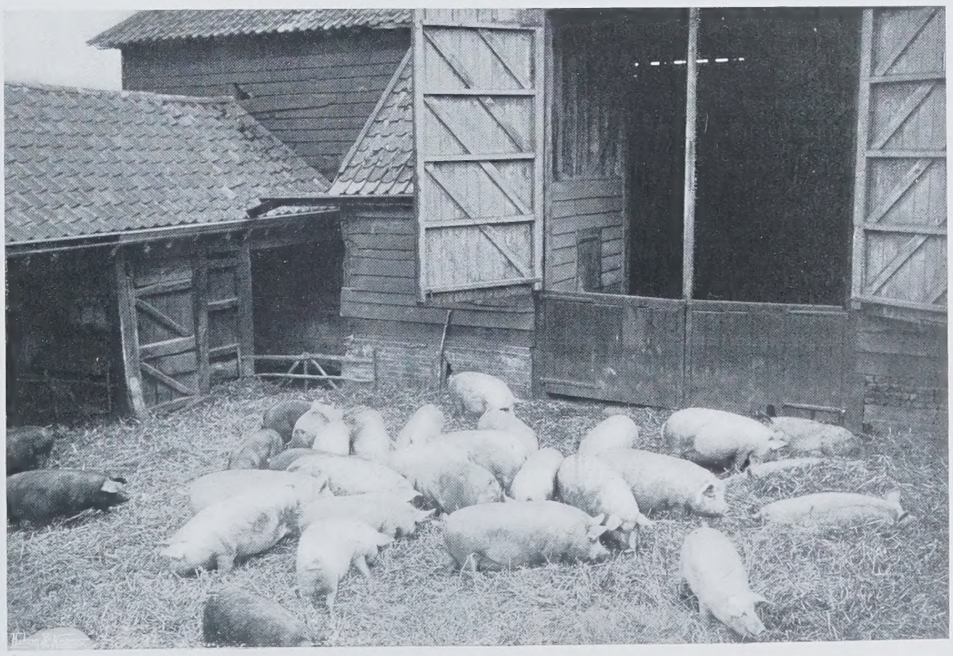
On the farm a considerable amount of livestock is kept, and it is for the most part of a very good class. Sheep have been called the sheet-anchor of farming.

Copyright *FEEDING THE CHICKENS.* "COUNTRY LIFE."

One of the most profitable varieties is kept here, viz., the Suffolk. There is a very good flock of about 200 ewes, which have lambed well during the past season, and, as will be seen from our pictures, they are making capital progress. Our Northern shepherd wears his plaid, or maud, as it is locally called, and the one we photograph to-day has on an article of clothing equally characteristic, viz., an old-fashioned smock, once worn by all who were engaged in agriculture, from the farmer downward, but now disused except on a few very remote farms, such as you can find in Berkshire, or by the shepherds, who wear the smock as the tradesman does an apron, for cleanliness. The farm labourer of to-day in dress and appearance differs very slightly from the ordinary tradesman or mechanic of the village, and, indeed, the clothes have the same place of origin. A couple of generations ago the village tailor was a flourishing person. He carried his goose to the house of his customers, and cut and sewed their garments sitting on the kitchen table; but like many other local institutions he has practically passed away, and his place has been taken by the cheap emporium for the sale of ready-made clothes, so that the same cheap tweed coat and trousers, the same cap or felt hat, serve the turn of all classes in the country, and ploughmen have no article of dress peculiar to themselves.

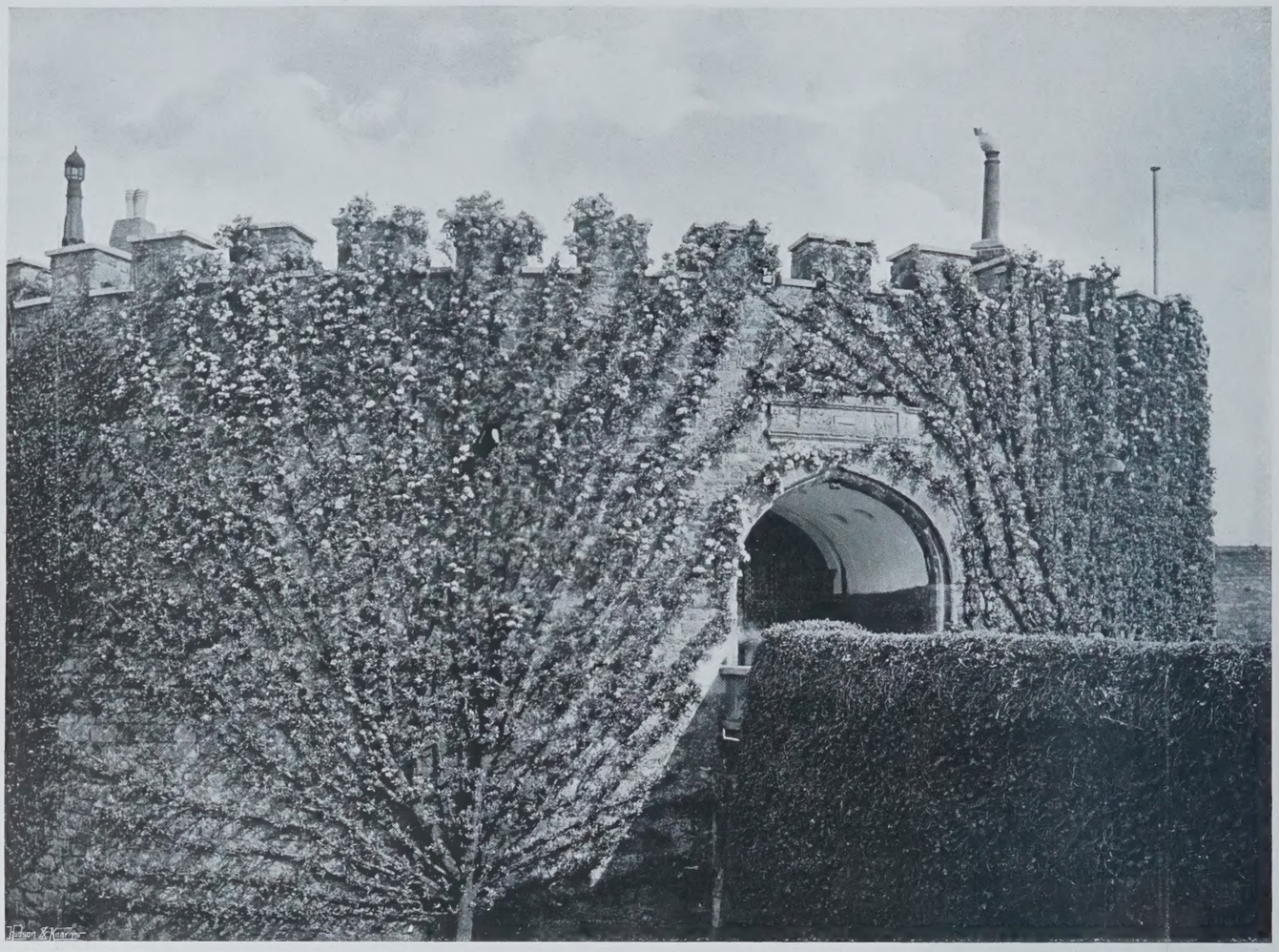
However, the pigs on the farm are even more important than the sheep, as may be gathered from the fact that the herd at present numbers over 400. They are kept for the butcher, or, in other words, the Birmingham market, and it has been ascertained from experience that the best for the locality are cross-breds, Suffolk and white Yorkshire. The fact that there is an extremely good market for buying maize close at hand renders the pig industry a remunerative one.

As may be suggested from one of our photographs, machinery is very largely used at Baylam Hall. It is found necessary for many reasons to save labour wherever possible. One of these reasons is, of course, the rural exodus, which has rendered the supply somewhat short in the neighbourhood. The other is that the margin of profit on modern cultivation is so very small that unless every possible effort were made to save manual labour it would be very difficult indeed to earn anything in the shape of a livelihood.



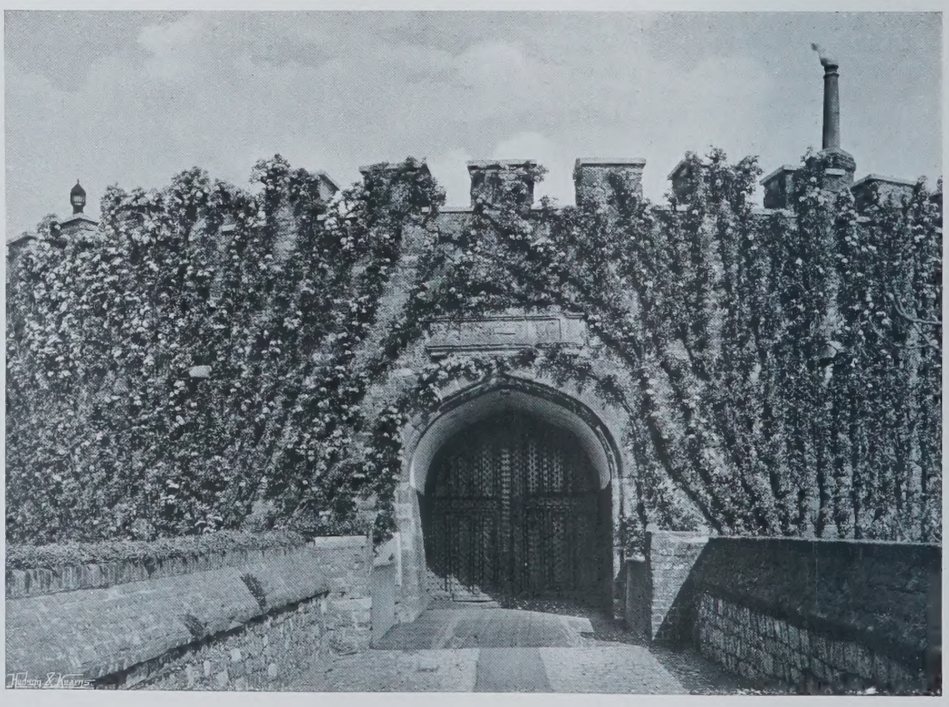
Copyright *IN THE BARTON.* "COUNTRY LIFE."

PEAR TREES AT DEAL CASTLE.



C. Hussey. *IN SPRING-TIME.* Copyright

IN the moat encircling the Round Tower of Windsor there was once a vineyard; and the moat at Blickling in Norfolk now grows flowers in place of fish. But the idea of converting the dry ditch of the stout old fortress, built by Henry VIII. on the very margin of the sea, at Deal into a siege garden, capable of supplying the governors with dessert in summer, and with unlimited supplies of stewed fruit in winter, will strike most people as no less ingenious than original. We must admit that it was not done until the danger of a siege was somewhat remote. But, for all that, the fortress was rearmed with heavy guns in the Napoleonic wars, as the centre of the local system of coast defence, and there was every chance that the long muzzles of the cast-iron cannon might be firing round shot and grape over the fruit-laden and carefully-trained branches of the figs and pears upon the walls. The fortress itself consists of an elaborate series of half-moon harbours, encircling both a second series of such defences, and a large central circular tower. A deep dry ditch, very broad, and with a masonry wall on the outer side, corresponding to the castle walls on the inner side, runs round the whole, and though the structure is in perfect repair, nearly four centuries of time have covered the stones with flowering plants and ivy in places, and converted the whole of the flat bottom of the ditch into a smooth green lawn. The Captain of Deal Castle was always an important military officer in old days, and later, like Walmer, Deal was always granted to some distinguished public servant as a residence. Lord George Hamilton enjoys that privilege to-day. The late Lord Herschell was Captain of Deal Castle, as well as Lord Chancellor; and a century ago Lord Carrington had it as his residence. This Lord Carrington was the instrument of at once adorning and disfiguring the castle. On one of its bastions facing the sea he caused to be constructed a "carpenter's Gothic" erection of brick and stucco, painted a cheerful lead colour, so ugly, and so screamingly at variance with the solid sense and congruity of the rest, that it has evoked the irrepressible and outspoken censure of everyone who has

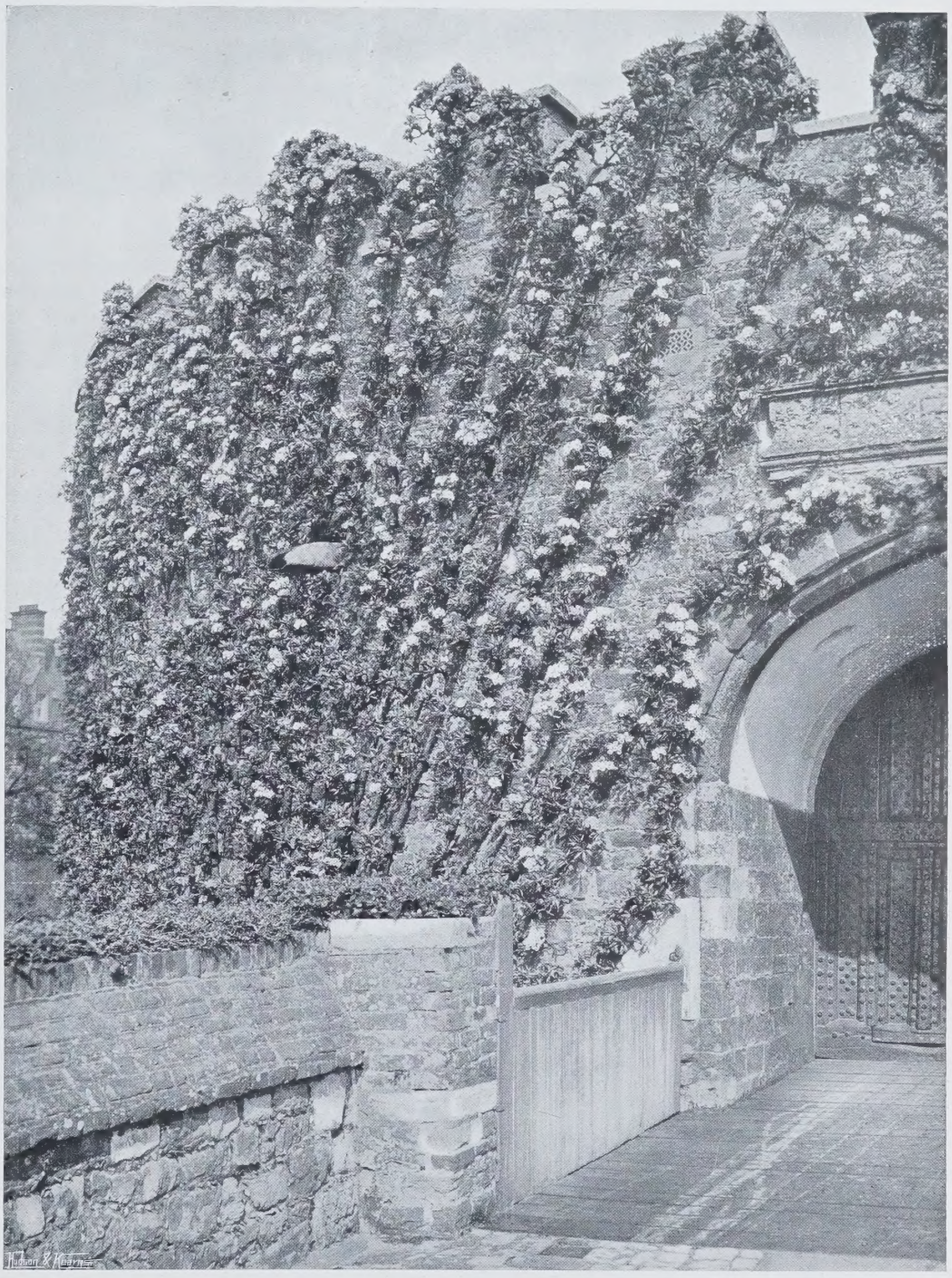


C. Hussey. *A CENTURY OF BLOSSOM.* Copyright

since looked upon it. But his lordship had a gardener, a man of originality and sense, trained on his estate in Buckinghamshire. Mr. Ricketts, for that was his name, is now remembered in the neighbourhood as the first introducer of glass-houses to the locality, and may, perhaps, be regarded as the pioneer of the great fruit-growing industry under glass for which the South-East Coast is famous now, and of which Worthing is the centre. His son established a famous nursery at Deal. He came to Deal in attendance on Lord Carrington, and soon saw that the moat of the castle was the only part of the demesne on which anything but seaweed would grow. On the side of the castle furthest from the sea is a splendid old gatehouse, reached by a bridge, defended by heavy doors, and traps in the arch for pouring boiling water over assailants, and more antique in design than the rest of the castle. The drawbridge, though not working, could easily be replaced. On either side, from the bottom of the ditch to the last course of stone on the battlements, grows an immense and exquisitely trained pear tree, lovely at any time, but at this season, when covered by clumps of blossom set off by the warm, grey stones below, most particularly beautiful. Though they look alike, there is a considerable difference in their ages. That on the south side was planted considerably more than a century ago by Ricketts for Lord Carrington. That on the north side was planted about 1850 by Messrs. John Pittock and John Coventry, gardeners to the Earl of Clanwilliam, who was Captain of Deal Castle and died in the sixties. The trees are both of the variety known as Catillac, a hard stewing pear, of no use for dessert, but one which keeps well through the winter for cooking purposes. Unfortunately, both these trees are showing some signs of failure.

These are by no means the only fruit trees in the ditch, where figs, plums, and other pears have the happiest effect upon the walls. The ditch of the Tower of London, surrounding fortifications made by Henry VIII. on exactly the same plan, seems to invite similar treatment, especially as both pears and figs will grow anywhere in London.

C. J. CORNISH.



C. Hussey. *THE CASTLE GATEWAY.* Copyright

OLD SHROPSHIRE SUPERSTITIONS.

THERE are few classes of writers more worthy of encouragement than those who give time and trouble to the collection of local customs and superstitions. Many of these will soon have passed into oblivion owing to the advent of modern inventions, and if not collected now will never be. Lady C. Milnes Gaskell has shown how the thing can be done in her newly-issued book on "Spring in a Shropshire Abbey" (Smith, Elder). From it we take a few extracts referring to one or two of the observances relative to May, leaving out the May Queen, concerning whom nothing new remains to be said; but it is amusing to come across the following description by an old man of a pastime that has become a proverb:

"'My grandam used to tell how they had in her time Morris dancers and play-acting, and I remember,' he continued, 'a rare bit of fun. 'Twas to grin through a horse-collar at Church Stretton. When I war a lad,' said old Timothy, 'twas accounted a fine thing to be able to make the horriblest face in the town—next best to being the sweetest scraper on a fiddle or a fine singer in a catch.'"

The same man gives quite a graphic account of cock-fighting as it used to go on in the village, and superstition seems to have been introduced even into this pastime:

"'Was there not a belief that a cock hatched in an owl or magpie's nest was sure to have luck in the ring?' I asked.

'Sure there war,' answered Timothy, with conviction. 'I remember hearin' of one, Owen by the Clee, as had a cock that he allus swore had been reared by an owl; and Davies, near Munslow, had a famous green-tailed bird, that he used to say was hatched in a pie's nest. I cannot say for sure how it war,' said the old man, 'but sartain I be that them war the two best birds as ever I seed—let 'em be reared as they might be. They war two upstanding birds, tall in the leg, long, lean heads, and born game. No white feather in they.'"

May, too, was a great month for wakes and fairs, or feasts, as they were called in some parts. They have to a great extent passed out of memory, but here is a vivid account:

"'Oh, they was most part a week,' answered the old man. 'There war too much fun then in folks, to let the fun die out so quick as it does now. Now, if a squire has a cricket-match, 'tis all over in no time. Piff-paff like a train through a tunnel. There's nought now but a smack, and a taste of jollity, and it dies with daylight. When I was a boy, it was altogether different. Us could work, and us could play, and us liked to take our fill, same as young bullocks on spring grass. Us used to dance and sing, run races, and jump for neckties and hat-bands, and play kiss-in-the-ring, and manage,' said old Timothy, with a twinkle in his eye, 'to stand by a pretty lass then, and to wrestle and box besides.'"

Here, again, is an interesting account of the keeping of May 29th, the anniversary of the Restoration of Charles II.:

"I saw little friends go by. They laughed and bowed to me. Nearly all the little lads had got, I noticed, a sprig of oak leaves in their cap, for it was the 29th of May, Royal Oak Apple Day, as the folks call it; and some of them as they passed called out:

'Royal Oak
I Whig provoke,'

and pointed to the badge in their caps.

Shropshire is the land of loyalty, and people still cherish there the memory of the hiding of the King at Boscobel."

It would be unfair to the book were we to create the impression that it is concerned only with folklore. The authoress has a keen interest in gardening, natural history, and many other country pursuits; and not only so, but she can describe them naturally and beautifully.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

IT is extraordinary that some of the most precious things in our literature have been the work of amateurs. Indeed, it is almost impossible to think of Sir Thomas Browne or Walter Pater coming down into the arena and fighting with beasts at Ephesus or any other city to earn their bread by professional literature. Their exquisite work, limited in many ways, would have lost all its restful and exquisite charm if they had been forced to express their thoughts "offhand," as it were—if they had been compelled to practise writing as a business. "Pater not exquisite!" exclaims a writer of our day, whose charm has itself something of a leisured old-world grace; "Pater not exquisite! a poor sort of Pater that would be!" It was the same with Joseph Henry Shorthouse, whose *Life, Letters, and Literary Remains* (Macmillan) we have just been reading.

He was born in Birmingham on September 9th, 1834, and it was in that busy Midland city that he was to pass the whole of his life, engaged for the most part in the business—a "chemical works"—that his great-grandfather had founded. His parents were Quakers, and the young Shorthouse grew up in that mystical, practical society, where a certain simplicity of culture was a tradition, a tradition that preserved it alike from bigotry and enthusiasm. His childhood and youth seem ever to have been surrounded by a certain gaiety which destroyed anything morose or fanatical that might have threatened one so sensitive and delicate in mind and body. And while he was "defrauded of the sweet food of academic institutions," he was yet able to find in the society of his cousins, the fair daughters of Mr. Southall, a certain discipline—an education—that colours his whole life and was of the utmost value in preserving a sort of Puritanic fineness, with a delicacy of thought and feeling very rare, one may believe, in almost any society, and especially valuable in that station of life in which he found himself. One of his cousins has left us a delightful account of those early days, when they would assemble in the house of their grandparents at Molesley, that old house surrounded by

"a large extent of garden ground and ample lawns. . . . Below, but accessible by stone steps, lay the low garden, surrounded by brick, lichen-covered walls, beyond which rose banks of trees. On those old walls nectarines, peaches, and apricots ripened in the August sun. In the upper part of this walled garden stretched a winding lawn made in the shape of the letter S, and surrounded on all sides by laurels."

It was here Shorthouse spent much of his youth.

"He was a dreamer, one whose imagination acted the part to himself of guide, philosopher, and friend. . . . Certain historical events took complete possession of him at this time, and, though he appeared desultory and to dislike patient study, he had a faculty by which he appropriated every fact, however small, which illustrated the event. Thus there was built up in his mind a picture ideal, but true of the past, and he had a wonderful power of putting this ideal picture into language. He was even then a brilliant conversationalist, very vigorous in argument, and anything but dreamy when stirred up by opposition. He disliked physical science . . . our cousin was at this time and at all other times very particular about his dress and appearance; it seemed to us then that he assumed a certain exaggeration with regard to them; we did not understand how consistent it all was with his idea of life . . ."

At sixteen years of age his schooldays, interrupted though they had been by illness and hampered by the stammer that had developed in early childhood, were over. He entered his father's business. His work there, which apparently was not of a very absorbing nature, seems to have lasted till the last year of his life; but for the most part the memoir is silent about his business life, preserving here a reticence that might well have embraced many of the casual opinions on contemporary work which are set down as pearls of price, but are really sillinesses.

At twenty-three he married, and the rest of his life was passed in an almost complete physical seclusion, save for certain visits to London, to Wales, and to the South Coast. But in the midst of this material serenity, a little monotonous and colourless, the greatest event of his life was awaiting him. Not long after his marriage he, with his wife, entered the communion of the Church of England. It is really the one revolution in a soul that was but half awake, as it were, that was infinitely contented with beauty divorced from life. Everything in the Church of England seems to have attracted him; its compromise with the world, so "gentlemanly" in its disapproval of worldliness, no less than its historical respectability. And it especially appealed to him in that it was national, its very defects and imperfections being faults in the national character that it is so easy to see as virtues—those little virtues that sap the life more surely than great crimes. But, as we may think, it was chiefly the beauty of the English Church services, and the "sacramentalism," the mysticism of Baptism, of the Holy Communion, that attracted a mind always eager for romance. And, as it might seem, he owed almost everything to the Church of England. His one book, "John Inglesant," could not have been written by anyone outside that communion. His best piece of prose was an appreciation of one of the most characteristic of her sons, George Herbert. His lesser works, "Blanche Lady Falaise" and "Sir Percival," are impregnated with her spirit, and are tolerable only to those who have felt the charm of her quietness, her unenthusiastic nobility that is independent of ideas. His very defects, his dislike and contempt of Dissenters and of Romanists, his discomfort in the presence of enthusiasm, are her defects; and his success, too, is hers, for it is the charm of "John Inglesant" that we feel rather than its truth, its vitality, its beauty of seclusion, of self-deception in a world that is full of life and fiercely unhappy and greatly desirous. He is subject, too, to those illusions which seem so strange to the foreigner, as when in a long letter "To an Agnostic," very naïvely reprinted here in full, he says: "The teaching of the Platonic Socrates failed, that of Jesus triumphed over the whole intellect of Hellenism, and penetrating through every grade and rank of life and culture, has dominated the highest intellects, and been the crowning glory of the ruling race of the world." "The crowning glory of the ruling race of the world," the civilisation of England, that is, with its millions on the verge of starvation, its immense fortunes in the hands of the Jew, its frightful contrasts of sordid material luxury and sordid and terrible poverty, where there is no room for the spirit. Well, "there is more praise of poverty for its own sake in the Gospel than we are prepared to admit," said Jowett.

Begun about 1866, "John Inglesant" was published in 1881, the MS. having been finished in 1876. Above all things, Mrs. Shorthouse tells us he sought to portray the character of a "Christian gentleman." "When he had collected materials for a work, he said, 'I am quite ready to begin a book, only I want a plot.' By and by he found just what he wanted—the story of a knight, who, on returning from a crusade, met and forgave the murderer of his brother. Round this one incident was woven the story of 'John Inglesant.'" The knight, we may add, was a certain Sor Giovanni Gualberto, and in S. Miniato, in Florence, to-day, you may find the crucifix which bowed its head in approval when he forgave his enemy.

It is easy in any depreciation of Mr. Shorthouse's masterpiece to point out his debt to John Evelyn and to James Dennistoun. It is more difficult to explain certain incorporations of other men's work, forgotten though it be, into the text. For instance, much of what has been called "the most beautiful sermon in all fiction," is taken verbatim from "The Holy Court" of Nicolas Caussin, a Jesuit of the seventeenth century, whose work was translated by Sir Thomas Hawkins in 1634. No discoveries such as these will spoil our love of the book; but it is doubtful if we may say the same after reading this memoir. As we read the volume of the Life, it is with a sort of sadness, a sense of disappointment, as though we had been cheated of a friend. A little more discretion in permitting us to overhear the table talk of so deliberate a writer might, we think, have been wiser. Thus it is not gladly we hear him sneer at Dissenters—he who was a Dissenter—or telling us that he is "firmly convinced Balzac, whom I never could read, hated his own books," or exposing himself to our admiration when he speaks of Pater, or talking of the modern school of literature, a school that includes Turgenieff, Tolstoi, Gorki, Balzac, Zola, Maupassant, D'Annunzio, Hardy, and Meredith, after this fashion, "it is easier to photograph than to create, it is easier to grovel than to climb, it is easier to drivel and to maunder on page after page (especially if one is paid by the page) than to create something of perfect beauty . . . ."

Now, one thing is certain, to wit, that all the writers we have named, who constitute the modern school, have "created" life—men and women move through their books and love and hate and are unhappy. But Mr. Shorthouse, while he wrote a beautiful book, never "created" life at all; he had very little, if any, insight into character. While "John Inglesant," with all the immense romance of the seventeenth century to help it, was a success, all Mr. Shorthouse's modern books were failures. He was not a living force in literature. His great book was full of innumerable faults of form, of construction, of style. He triumphed in spite of, not because of, these faults. Not one of the modern school of writers he so despised would have permitted Inglesant to go to Italy on a mission from the Queen, and once there, to forget all about it!

But enough: Conduct concerned Mr. Shorthouse more than art, gentility more than life. It is painful in this memoir to see how he underlines the word gentleman. As a writer he is usually at his best when he speaks of a man like Herbert—a study which is not reprinted here, though much of less worth is retained. One might almost say in conclusion that the charm of "John Inglesant" for us is proved by this, that it will survive this revelation of these volumes.

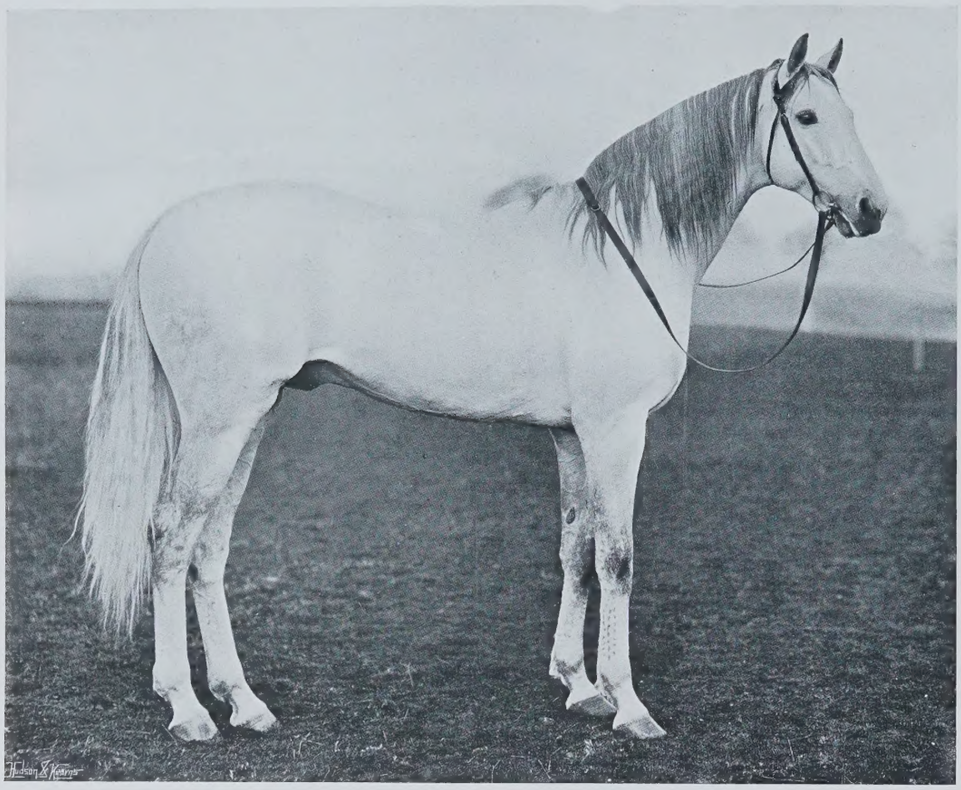
THE LAWRENNY STUD FARM.

W. A. Rouch. LAWRENNY CASTLE FROM THE PARK. Copyright

LAWRENNY CASTLE, as it is called in the neighbourhood, or Lawrenny House, as its owner, Mr. F. Lort Phillips, prefers to call it, was built some forty or fifty years ago, and it is needless, perhaps, to say that it is inhabited by one who is a thorough sportsman in the very best sense of the word, or that the love of hound and horse is now, as it has been in the past, part and parcel of the family traditions. Even the loss of his leg did not prevent Mr. Lort Phillips, the uncle, I think, of Mr. F. Phillips, from being Master of the Pembrokeshire hounds, and continuing to hunt with the same keenness and enjoyment as before his accident; and it may be doubted if there is any more thoroughly practical judge of a horse than Mr. F. Phillips himself. Upon the occasion of one of his frequent visits to Ireland for the purpose of picking up a likely chaser or two, Mr. Phillips finally selected three horses as being full of promise. One was retained by his friend, Mr. F. Bibby, and proved to be Kirkland, the winner of this year's Grand National.

W. A. Rouch. KIRKLAND (F. MASON UP). Copyright

Mr. Barclay-Walker took the other two, who are known as Mr. Quilp and Friar John. Such "picking" as this would, I think, be very difficult to beat. Lawrenny is most picturesquely situated, and looks out on the wide expanse of



W. A. Rouch. *FRIARY.* Copyright

Milford Haven. The stud farm comprises about 400 acres, divided into large enclosures, in each of which some twenty or thirty mares can run together. The soil is chiefly limestone, and the farm is, practically speaking, all under grass. Many of the troubles which prevail among brood mares arise from over-feeding and over-coddling; but there is no fear of any such mischief arising amongst the bloodstock at Lawrenny. Mr. F. Lort Phillips's sound knowledge of all that pertains to the breeding and rearing of horses has convinced him that an existence as nearly natural as possible is by far the best and most healthy for all animals, and the success of the stud is a convincing proof of the soundness of the policy pursued with regard to the management of the stock. For some years Mr. Lort Phillips had adopted the excellent custom of keeping sound good-class hunter sires for the use of his tenants, amongst them being Utility, who was the sire of many of the best hunters in the country, and also such useful animals as Princecraft and Derringer; but the actual foundation of the Lawrenny Stud Farm may be said to date from the year 1900, when Mr. Lort Phillips purchased Missel Thrush at the memorable sale of the late Duke of Westminster's bloodstock, and sent him to the stud at the very moderate fee of nine guineas, at which price his list was quickly filled for his first three seasons. Last year, when his two year olds made their appearance on the Turf, they soon gave evidence that Missel Thrush could get horses of sufficient class to win races in good company, as Thrush, Song Thrush, and Whistlethrush followed each other as winners in quick succession. Although the present season is still young, Pretty Dick and Mistel Bird are both winners who claim Missel Thrush as a sire; and it may be of some interest to breeders to point out that the list of subscribers to this horse's services for 1906 is already more than half full. Missel Thrush and Friary are the sires now standing at the Lawrenny Stud. Friary, foaled in 1894, by Grey Friars out of Secrecy, is an upstanding grey horse just on 16h. 3in. in height, with plenty of bone and great power, in addition to which he shows no lack of class and quality. The extraordinary persistence of the grey colour in a strain of blood has lately been the subject of some discussion. At first sight the pedigree of Friary appears to be rather an interesting one, and, on going more fully into the matter, it can be shown that Grey Friars, the sire of Friary, can be traced right back to the mare Grey Starling, who was foaled in 1745; and each of the nine intervening dams who have carried on the pedigree have been greys. Grey Starling herself was a daughter of the Duke of Bolton's celebrated horse Old Starling, who was a grey horse foaled in 1727, so that here is an instance of the persistence of the grey colour in a family for about 180 years, and there is no doubt that it might be possible to trace it considerably further back; but it is somewhat difficult to ascertain clearly whence Old Starling derived his colour. His dam had five foals, all by Bay Bolton (foaled in 1705). Bay Bolton was a brown horse, but four of the foals were greys. The dam of Bay Bolton was a grey mare, got by a son of the Brownlow Turk, about whom little is known beyond the fact that he was the sire of Grey Grantham. It should be worth notice on the part of breeders that Friary himself stood training for seven seasons, during which he won races, including several Queen's Plates on the flat, and that amongst the hurdle races which he also won was the International Hurdle Race of £1,000 at Gatwick. Missel Thrush (foaled in 1897) is quite a different type of horse, and the beautiful picture, which Mr. W. A. Rouch has been able to give us, well shows what a symmetrical, high-class horse he is. By Orme out of Throstle

W. A. Rouch. *APOLLINO.* Copyright

(a St. Leger winner), he belongs to a capital branch of the No. 4 family, and is of the same breed as Common and Goldfinch. A very wise policy was pursued with this really good young stallion when he was first sent to the stud, with the result that the quality of the stock which he gets has fully justified the raising of the fee demanded for his services to its present amount of 38 guineas.

W. A. Rouch. *MISSEL THRUSH.* Copyright

"When the morning breaks, and the throstle awakes," it is good to stand in the grassy and gently undulating pastures which surround Lawrenny House. Away to the eastward the first flush of the early dawn is reflected in the peaceful waters of the Haven of Milford; nearer at hand the wreaths of smoke from the fresh-lit fires in the cottages of Lawrenny village float peacefully into the sweet clear air; out from the shelter of a clump of trees come the deer, with their dainty tread; from the earth itself comes the fragrant breath of awakening Nature, and as one turns to wander down the track by the side of the Cow Pastures, the cool ozone-laden morning breeze comes in from yonder across the Haven. The short elastic turf seems just an ideal place for a gallop, and from away in the distance behind us comes the sound of the even, cadenced gallop of a thorough-bred horse. Nearer and nearer it comes, till the horses swing into sight, and Kirkland, the hero of this year's Grand National, with Mason riding, followed by Apollino, Glenrex, Wild Boer, and Marchalong, come striding past in a nice half-speed canter, cracking their nostrils, and reaching at their bridles as they settle to their strides and disappear from sight as they make the turn at the bottom of the pastures.

Among the mares who are visiting Missel Thrush are Highland Plaid, with a filly foal by Sidus, and Portobello, with a colt foal by Trenton, both the property of Lord Lonsdale. Then come Trilby, in foal to King's Messenger; Beatitude, with a filly foal by Galloping Lad; and Highland Beauty, in foal to the same sire. Belle of the Green has a filly foal by Volodyovski. Wantage Belle has a nice filly foal by Missel Thrush, and has gone to him again, and Fanny Jones, owned by Mr. Phillips himself, has a filly foal by the same sire, to whom also Iren is in foal. Many of the mares remain all the year round at the Lawrenny Stud, which is exceptionally well adapted, both from its soil and climate, for breeding first-class thorough-bred stock.

The recent victory of Kirkland in the Grand National Steeplechase was a veritable home triumph for Lawrenny. It has already been mentioned that he was purchased in Ireland, entirely on the judgment of Mr. Lort Phillips, and he was also trained in the home stables, and ridden by that accomplished cross-country rider, F. Mason, who also rode the horse in most of his work. There are excellent schooling fences in front of the house, and Mr. Phillips has the further advantage of being able to use the old steeplechase course, which lies somewhat further away, when serious work is necessary. Kirkland himself is a sound, hard horse, of excellent constitution and a kindly disposition. In one of our pictures, his owner's son, just eleven years old, is seen seated on the back of the Grand National horse. Judging by his seat, it seems by no means unlikely that one of these days he will be found returning to scale after a successful ride over a country, an event which would probably be not unpleasing to his father, Mr. F. Bibby, the popular Master of the North Shropshire.

W. A. Rouch. *THE LAWRENNY STRING.* Copyright

W. A. Rouch. GLENREX (MASON UP) AND MARCHALONG SCHOOLING. Copyright

There is no one keener on hounds and hunting than Mr. Lort Phillips himself, and probably no winner of the Grand National has ever previously been bought, trained, and run under such thoroughly sporting conditions as those which prevailed in the case of Kirkland. From 1882 to 1883 Mr. Lort Phillips hunted the Croome hounds, and in 1884 he became Master of the North Warwickshire, where he remained till 1888, when he took over the Pembrokeshire, and held them for five seasons. After which, 1894 to 1895, he had the North Pembrokeshire, and after an interval of five years entered upon a second period of Mastership of the same pack from 1900 to 1903. T. H. B.

IN THE GARDEN.

New Dahlias for the Garden.

We have received from the hon. secretary of the National Dahlia Society the present year's supplement to the official catalogue, in which the names of the most beautiful new varieties are given, with brief descriptions. As this catalogue has not a very wide circulation, it may be helpful to give the names of the varieties which this special society recommends. We are taking no account of the Dahlias for exhibition, but simply enumerating those which have great garden value. It does not follow that a flower on the exhibition table possesses the same qualities in the garden, and visitors to flower shows should take heed of this if disappointment is to be avoided. *Show Dahlias* (revised selection of twelve varieties which make an especially effective display in the garden on account of their good habit and stiff flower stems).—Crimson King, deep crimson-scarlet; David Johnson, salmon, shaded rose; Ethel Britton, white and purple; Golden Gem, yellow, edged with chestnut colour; John Walker, white; Mrs. G. R. Jefferd, yellow; Mrs. W. Slack, blush white and purple; Perfection, orange buff; Queen of the Belgians, cream, tinted with pink; Rosamond, light ground, shaded purple; S. T. Rawlings, clear yellow; and Spitfire, bright scarlet. *Fancy Dahlias.*—Comedian, orange and crimson; Duchess of Albany, of a similar colour; Gaiety, yellow, striped with red and tipped with white; Gold Medal, yellow, striped and splashed with red; Goldsmith, yellow, with crimson stripes; Matthew Campbell, buff and crimson; Mrs. N. Halls, scarlet, tipped with white; Novelty, rose and purple flakes; Peacock, marone and white; Prince Henry, lilac and purple; and Sunset, yellow, flaked and striped with purple. *Cactus.*—This class has the great failing of hiding its flowers amongst the foliage, and it is, therefore, advisable to restrict the selection to plants which have not this blemish. The National Dahlia Society's choice is as follows: Amos Perry, crimson; Aunt Chloe, deep purplish black; Britannia, salmon pink with an apricot shade; Countess of Lonsdale, salmon with carmine tint; Effective, amber, rose-coloured centre; Eva, pure white; Florodora, port wine colour; Mary Service, pinkish heliotrope; Mrs. H. L. Bronsson, yellow, shaded with salmon; Prince of Yellows, deep yellow; Spitfire, bright scarlet; and Spotless Queen, pure white. *Pompon.* — Bacchus, crimson-scarlet; Buttercup, golden yellow; Daisy, amber and salmon; Darkest of All, deep colour, almost black; Douglas, marone, shaded with crimson; Guiding Star, pure white; Jessica, amber, with an edge of red to the florets; Lilian, primrose with peach-coloured edge; Nerissa, silvery rose; Spitfire, bright scarlet; Thalia, rose pink, white centre; and Tommy Keith, cardinal colour, with white tips to the florets. *Single.*—Beauty's Eye, mauve and crimson ring; Columbine, rose, shaded with orange; Darkness, deep crimson; Formosa, rich crimson, golden centre; Leslie Seale, silvery lilac, crimson disc; Miss Roberts, clear yellow; Peacock, crimson-marone, tipped with white; Polly Eccles, satiny fawn, red disc; Robin Adair, Petunia colour, white tips to the florets; Snowdrop, white, with primrose ring; Tommy, violet, scarlet, and yellow; and Victoria, white, with dark crimson margin. Dahlias may be planted with safety early in June, but not before. At the present time it is well to prepare the places where the plants are to go, remembering always that the Dahlia must have a rich soil to flower with freedom. Few garden plants require more attention in this way, and in hot summers plenty of water must be given, with also free thinning of the too-abundant shoots which develop during the months of June and July. A strong stake must also be put to each plant to prevent the stem from breaking in a high wind.

Daffodils in Messrs. Barr's Nurseries at Long Ditton.

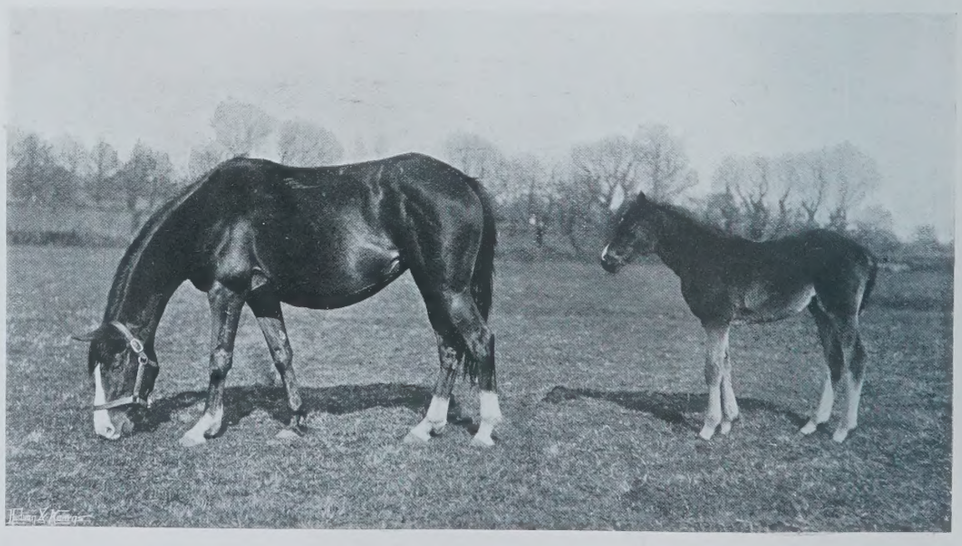
It is always a visit well repaid to see the nurseries of Messrs. Barr in the time of Daffodils, but this year there is keen interest to the gardener, for the good reason that many beautiful seedlings are to be seen there, seedlings which will be in the course of time familiar flowers in our gardens. At present the price is prohibitive and the quantity very restricted, but among the trumpet forms in particular this famous firm has achieved great success. There is little use in giving the names of these remarkable additions to the race, but the almost pure white trumpet Daffodil named after Peter Barr, whose knowledge of the family is unquestionable, was in full beauty. It is a noble flower, quite distinct, and of soft and beautiful colouring; a white Ajax it is described, but there is a suspicion of primrose in the strong and straight trumpet. We look forward to the day when its price will be less prohibitive than it is at present. A bed of it with the blue Scilla as a groundwork would be very charming and unusual. Elsewhere broad, grassy groups wave in the spring wind, Barri conspicuus, B. Sensation, Stella, Duchess of Westminster, and the many other forms which have become familiar in the gardens at home and abroad. The Daffodils will be followed by the Tulips in brilliant variety—the gesneriana, Picotee, Darwin, and other forms. Barr's nurseries are a field of colour in the early months of the year.

Random Notes.

Importance of Stirring the Soil.—A duty neglected by amateurs, and not always insisted upon by professional gardeners, is the stirring of the surface soil, not only where the ground is occupied with vegetable crops, but also with Roses, Pansies, and such-like. The object of this is to let in air and moisture to the roots, and to sweeten the soil by exposing it to the influence of sun and rain. The writer has gone over all the beds in his garden, and stirred gently the surface soil, knowing full well the beneficent results that come from this timely and simple garden operation.

The Blue Ipomœa.—A correspondent sends the following interesting note about this beautiful flower: "Last summer this lovely climber was seen in several spots, sheltered by a high wall, in the gardens of Gunnersbury House, a residence of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild. Although on the day I visited the place the weather was damp and dull, the flowers on each plant were fully open. Nothing in those gardens was more beautiful than the blue Ipomœa."

A Remarkable New Plant.—The last meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society in April was made especially interesting through the many new plants which were exhibited for the first time. Among these was the new Meconopsis integrifolia, which was exhibited by Messrs. James Veitch and Sons, the Royal Exotic Nurseries, King's Road, Chelsea. Seeds of it were collected by their explorer in Western China, Mr. E. H. Wilson, and the flowering of the plant was looked forward to with much interest. It may be compared to a tall and beautiful Tulip, of a clear and soft yellow colouring, the stems strong and stout, and about 2ft. in length. The plants shown were not more than eighteen months old, and were very free, so much so that



W. A. Rouch. PORTOBELLO (LORD LONSDALE'S) AND FOAL. Copyright

in this respect it is more conspicuous than M. Wallichi and M. nepalensis. It is quite hardy, and, like the rest of its race, enjoys a moist spot. We heartily congratulate Messrs. Veitch upon acquiring so beautiful a novelty through their enterprising collector, Mr. Wilson.

Maize or Sugar Corn as a Vegetable.—A correspondent sends the following interesting note: "Early in May is a good time to sow seeds of the Maize to obtain good cobs for the late summer or early autumn. I saw splendid growths in August of the Early Yellow Six Weeks, or, as it is called in the United States, the Quarantain, and there was a good demand for them when in a quite fresh condition. Few plants grow more readily, and in the States and some parts of the Continent Sugar Corn forms a regular dish from July onwards. I have noted before its value where as much vegetable variety as possible is desired in this country. There need be no sameness at the season named, although this is too frequently the case. When failure occurs, it is generally due to ignorance or carelessness. A good friable soil is required, and ample food in the shape of liquid manure when the cobs are in process of formation, but this given, the plant will take care of itself. In cold and late districts, or on heavy clay soils, the cultivator would be well repaid if the seed were sown in small pots in frames, and the plants put out early in July in prepared soil in a sunny and sheltered position. There will then be an abundance of cobs in September. In ordinary soils, when the seeds are sown in richly-manured land and the plants well thinned, the cobs will be ready in early autumn and yield freely. There should be a space of 2ft. to 3ft. between the rows. There are plenty of good varieties, the Early Dwarf Sugar, Crosby's Early Sugar, and Early Concord all possessing much value. Such varieties as the Henderson and Triumph are useful for a later season, namely, October and November. The seed should be sown in the open ground in May or June."

Planting the Summer Garden.—May is a month of preparation in the flower garden, all tender flowers under glass being inured to the air to harden the growth before their final transference to the open air. At the present moment it is wise to put out Calceolarias, but as a general rule the planting of Dahlias, Cannas, Marguerites, Lobelias, and all tender plants, should not be undertaken before the early days of June, when there is no fear of a sudden frost. The weather plays many tricks, even in May, and we have known disastrous results follow a too early planting.

M. C. Eames. *A CYDER ORCHARD IN SPRING.* Copyright

MERCHANT PRINCES OF OLD BRISTOL.

BRISTOL, its inhabitants proudly claim, can never be converted into a modern city, so royally did this city's forefathers spend their stores of wealth, gathered from far overseas, in raising the picturesque piles that on all sides greet the eye of the visitor when first he traverses Broad Street.

The second seaport in England in its Elizabethan days, it, in common with all the West Country seaports, was to the fore whenever adventure called for sailors who would trade and traders who would fight; and so successfully did her sons perform this double task, and especially on the Spanish Main, that to Bristol each ship brought back such wealth of all kinds and value as to call to mind that collected by Phœnician fleets for King Solomon. Inside, as well as out, they lavished money on the decoration of their houses, till, as these illustrations show, no peer or Court favourite was more sumptuously lodged.

Later on, again, when younger sons were granted broad estates in fair Virginia, and trade began to flow backwards and forwards between that colony and the Old Country, it was to Bristol that much of it came, and gave a fresh stimulus to its career as a prosperous city and port. Not merely on themselves did these old-time merchant princes spend their gains, but recognising the responsibility that ever comes with wealth, they saw to it that their children should have advantages, that had perhaps been denied to themselves, and founded schools and charities that endure to this day.

Since the construction of the Avonmouth Docks the city has regained some of its old maritime supremacy, and though it is too much to expect that it will ever be able to rival the ports that have outstripped it since the rise of Liverpool, Glasgow, and others, still, thanks to the determination of one firm to develop a West Indian fruit trade, and of others to attract large quantities of various commodities from the great American continent, there is a considerable and ever-increasing trade being again diverted to its quays.

Among the names of men whom Bristol delights to recall, stands out that of Sebastian Cabot, who, by landing in Newfoundland a full year before Columbus reached the mainland of the continent, practically forestalled, as Bristol men ever had a happy knack of doing, the Spaniard in his discovery of America.

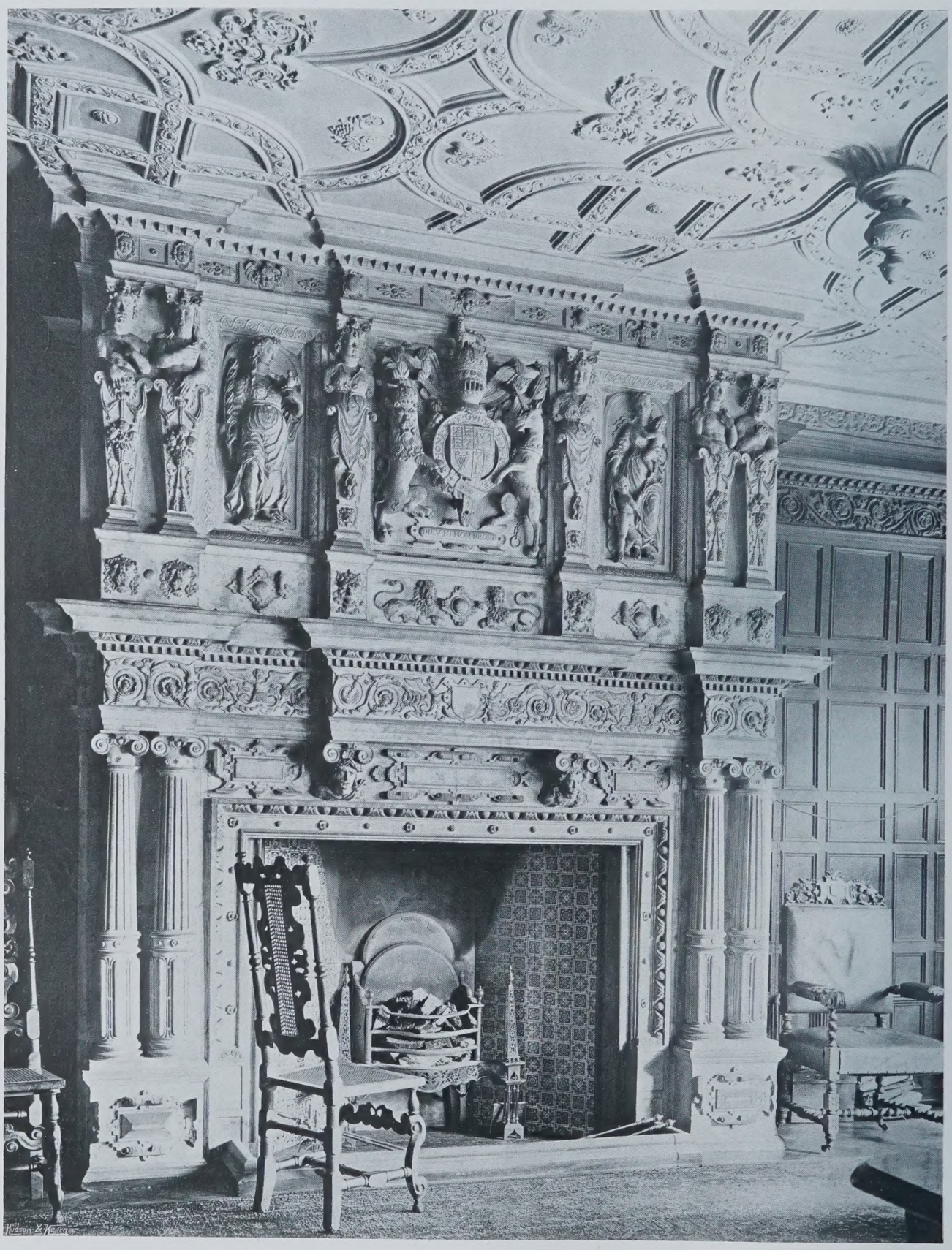
In addition to their wealth, these early city fathers possessed a taste in architecture, in art, and other matters, which was extraordinarily refined in its magnificence. Wherever communities of sixteenth century merchants existed, whether in England or abroad, the monuments they have left show them to have been cultured men in the truest sense of the word. They were generous and appreciative patrons of genius wherever they noted it, and for them were executed works that before their time had been deemed worthy of nothing less than a king's approval.

Mr. Motley, in his history of the Dutch Republic, draws very vividly the lavishness with which they decorated house and city when a foreign envoy was to be welcomed or a prince impressed. Of course, as in all ranks and circles, there came a sad falling off during the eighteenth century, when the whole country seemed to enter on a perfect orgie of ugliness, but

there have been signs during the last twenty years that the dead bones of artistic sense and perception are stirring again with life; and with increasingly numerous schools of art springing up in every large town, and aided by the opportunities for foreign travel and the study of the highest examples of former art to be seen in exhibitions and museums, it will go hard but the present generation shall leave behind it some proof that it, like the old Bristol merchants, knew how to spend with taste the wealth acquired by enterprise and ability.

Its fine, though small, cathedral, with its twin towers, was originally the chapel of an Augustinian monastery. The greater part of it dates from the fourteenth century, though the nave is modern, and perhaps the most notable feature in it is the superb Norman chapter-house, which is rectangular in plan and exhibits admirable mouldings and interlacing arcades.

Should the trade of this port go on increasing at its present rate, Brunel and the pioneers of the Great Western Railway may prove not to have been so far wrong when they calculated on the route from London to Bristol being one of the main thoroughfares of the country, for taking into consideration its proximity to the Welsh coalfields on the one hand, and its easy accessibility from all parts of the kingdom, there seems no reason why its merchants will not again take a prominent position among their compeers elsewhere.



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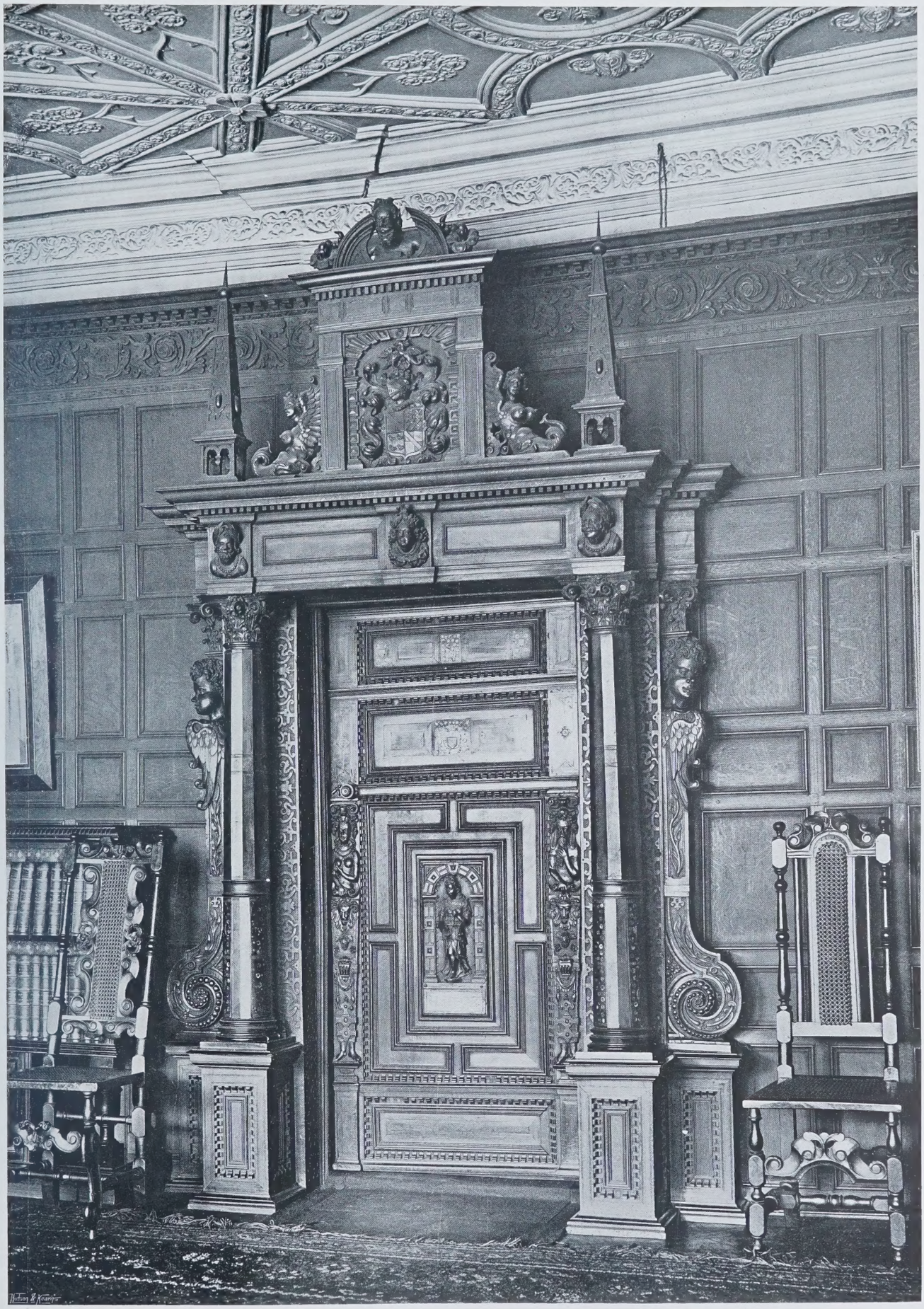

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COVNTRY HOMES

TWO COTSWOLD MANOR HOUSES.

IT was said by Sir Bernard Burke that most of the antiquities of this country might be traced either to war or religion—to the turbulent though chivalrous barons, or to the monks, whom it was the fashion of ignorance to include in one sweeping censure, "as if the embers of learning, art, and science had not been kept alive by them, when but for their industry, the mailed heel of kings and nobles would have trampled it out altogether." The Ulster King of Arms wrote thus in introducing a rapid view which he took of the counties of England in order to gather up some idea of their treasures of fine domestic architecture; but he forgot the simple manor houses, which owed not much to war, and had no direct concern with religion. He had not in mind the old houses of the Cotswold country, or those which distinguish many other favoured parts of England. Such old dwelling-houses are nearly always architecturally good and picturesque, and they stand between the palace of the great noble and the humbler dwelling of the yeoman.

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We have selected Biddestone and Doughton Manor Houses as typical of a large class, and as representing the ancient dwelling-places of a delightful region of England. Biddestone stands in Wiltshire, about four miles west of Chippenham, and Doughton some twelve miles away as the crow flies in Gloucestershire, near Tetbury, the ancient Fosseway crossing the attractive country between them. Both are built of the fine local stone, with a quaint attractiveness that will commend itself to our readers. The charm rests upon them of the life of a bygone age, and it is pleasant to record that they are both in good hands, and preserve the aspect of former times.

Biddestone Manor House, which belongs to Lord Methuen, has a picturesque form, with lofty gables, fine chimney-stacks, and excellent windows, showing that it belongs to a good period of domestic construction. The chimneys, set diagonal-wise, are an excellent feature. The house is of considerable antiquity, and there are interesting doorways which indicate that it was once attached to the church, the foundations of which are in an adjoining field.

The approach from the old gateway, with the ball-capped piers and quaint walls, up the garden path, is exceedingly charming. At Biddestone there is a great old tithe-barn of very fine construction; but even more

"COUNTRY LIFE."

BIDDESTONE MANOR HOUSE.

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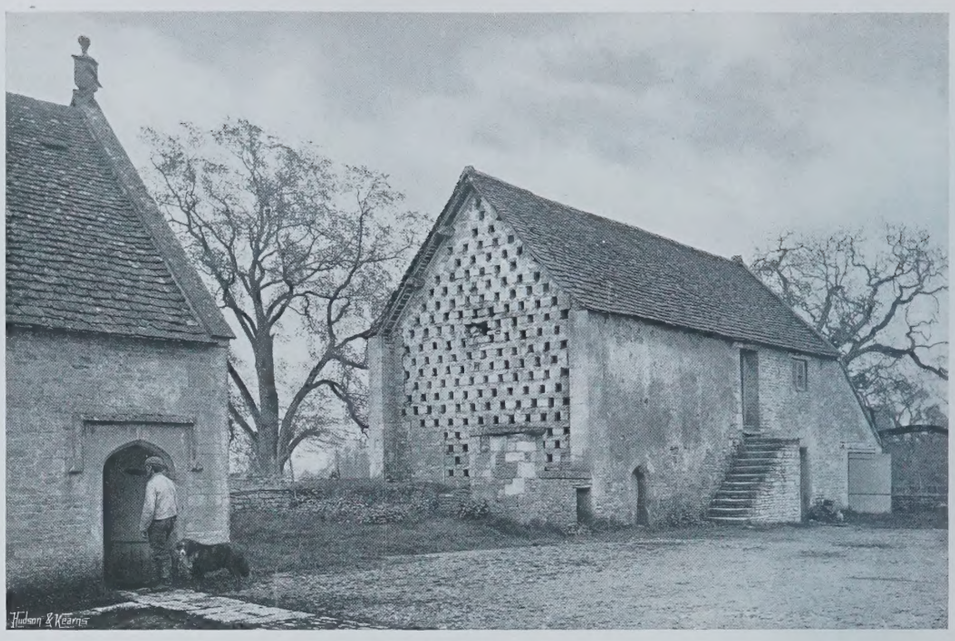
curious is the large dovecote, which has nests on all four sides, and is capable of holding over 1,000 birds. It stands very picturesquely adjacent to an old building, with a doorway of excellent type and a sundial on the gable.

There were formerly two parishes here, those of St. Peter and St. Nicholas, but the former was amalgamated with the latter in 1884, and St. Peter's Church was taken down, though the turret now stands in the garden of Castle Coombe. The church of St. Nicholas has a monument to Edmund Smith, the contemporary and friend of Steele and Addison, commonly known as "Rag" Smith, from his slovenly attire, but who was a fine classical scholar and translator of Longinus. Smith died at Hartham House, in this parish, the seat of his friend George Duckett, Esquire, who figures in Pope's "Dunciad."



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The last note which shall be made upon this interesting place is to quote a quaint remark upon the parish by gossiping old John Aubrey, who wrote that the district "inclines people to zeal, heretofore nothing but religious houses, now nothing but Quakers and fanatics—a sour, woodsere" (*i.e.*, barren, having no sap) "country, and inclines people to contemplation, so that (for it is now all up with dairy grayzing and cloathing) sets their witts a-running and reforming."

Doughton—or, as it has sometimes been called, Dufton—Manor House speaks for itself, and there is rare beauty and character in its many-windowed, many-gabled wall. No more typical house of the Cotswold type remains in that elevated tract of country. We often wonder who was the master builder of a house like this. His name is not preserved, and architectural history knows him not. And yet, if he lived in these times, would he not be a distinguished Fellow of the R.I.B.A.? It is all good solid work, showing a great love for the picturesque skyline made by a long ridge and a multitude of gables, lofty and pinnacled in the true manner of the land. The old house is beautiful and attractive still, the delight of artists who pass that way, and, though its manorial dignity has gone, it has a venerable state as a farm. The manor anciently belonged to the Stonors, of whom Edward possessed it in the time of Richard II., and Gilbert, son of Robert, in the days of Henry V.

Doughton afterwards passed to the family of Talboys, descended from the Talboys of Whiston, Wilts, and the manor house was built by Richard Talboys, who was High Sheriff of the county. His family inhabited the house for many generations, and its representatives were there at the end of the eighteenth century. Since that time changes have passed over it, but it has lost nothing of its architectural charm. Doughton stands high in a country that is not rich in water. Characteristic of the Cotswold country is the house, but not in this respect is the district, for in the many valleys of the Cotswolds there are few that do not possess a stream. Hereabouts is the centre of the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt, and many who follow the hounds know the grey old front of venerable Doughton Manor.

It would be the pleasantest task in the world, if the requisite data were available, to attempt to reconstruct the life in these houses as it must have gone on in the middle of the sixteenth century. It was a period when estates were much more self-contained than they are to-day, and the burly squires and their dames abhorred the idea of buying anything that was necessary to daily existence. They furnished their tables with fat beeves from the stall, sheep from the meadow, and good fat capons from the farmyard. They turned the pelts of the dead beast into articles of clothing, and the women of that day spent a great portion of their time at the spinning-wheel, making that beautiful napery which was handed down by will and bequest, and which was rendered fragrant by the lavender of several generations. For days of feasting they had the warren and the dovecote to fall back on, and when the Church commanded them to fast they had recourse to the fish-stew in the garden. On great occasions the squire would sally forth to town and buy himself a doublet and hose at great outlay, after much drinking of sack and taking of advice, while the good dame purchased a new stomacher, a christening cup to present to her grandchild, or a ring for which the money had been bequeathed by her great-aunt. But these were red-letter days in the calendar, and regarded as acts of dissipation from which they returned well content to their everyday garments of hodden grey, their diet of roast beef, and their drink of frothing beer.

Copyright OLD TITHE-BARN, BIDDESTONE. "COUNTRY LIFE."

MIGRATION OF SALMON.

THE fascination that surrounds the questions connected with the migration of salmon, and the importance of anything that tends to throw any light upon the movements of the fish at the various stages of its growth, make every contribution to the knowledge of such movements of interest. It is often said that as people cannot be made good or bad by Act of Parliament, neither can the laws of Nature be changed by statute. That may be so, but it seems that the conditions of the natural state of things can be so altered as to produce variations in the usual rules that govern migration.

The ordinary rules as to salmon are well known. The young fish, spawned in December or January, hatched out about April, remain in

DOUGHTON MANOR HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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the river usually two years, and descend as smolts in May or June. They remain a certain, or rather an uncertain, time in the sea, returning as grilse from June to September. They again descend, and, after a sojourn in the sea, return either in the spring (March to June) or in the autumn (July to October). On the Severn these fish are called "gillings," and those who are accustomed to handling salmon say that by the look of the fish, the scales and colour, they can certainly tell them from the mature fish. The gillings descend after spawning, and another sojourn of uncertain duration in the sea takes place till their return to the river as mature salmon, usually from May to July. Such is, or was, the normal state of things on the Severn. There might be slight variations owing to wet or dry seasons, but the above was the normal rule as to migrations. In the last fifty years great artificial changes have been made on the river. The lower reaches for the first forty miles have had all the fords dredged out; weirs have been placed across the stream which the fish can only surmount when there is a flush; and, lastly, a large quantity of water has been abstracted to supply Liverpool, with the result that the small freshets have almost disppeared, and the opportunities for the fish to ascend or descend the river are mainly confined to two periods—the first two months and the last two months of the year.

The result has been that the migration of smolts in the spring, April and May, has largely fallen off, as at that time there is no flood to take them to the sea. The smolts have stayed on in the river, and gone down, at least the majority of them, in the autumn. It may, therefore, be taken that the time of the first visit to the sea has been altered. Has this had any effect on the return of the fish as grilse? There is also the point that should be considered, as to whether the extra stay in fresh water has the effect of sending down larger and stronger smolts than before, and whether this affects the duration of their stay in the sea or the date of their return. On this, so far, there is no reliable evidence. But there is this very remarkable fact or coincidence—that the fish that return as grilse have, for the last few years, been annually decreasing in numbers, until they have at last become almost non-existent. Various theories have been put forward to account for this, but no satisfactory explanation has yet been given. The one that seems most plausible is that fish that descend late return late, and that the run of grilse takes place during the close time, and so is not noticed. Against this is to be set the fact that if there was a large run of grilse, even during close time, some signs of it would be found, and so far none has been. Another theory is that the fish do not return in the grilse stage, but stay longer in the sea. This, again, is pure conjecture. The facts are (1) the smolts go down later than they did; (2) since the smolts have gone down later the grilse have been fewer. Are these two facts connected in any way? If it could be proved that they were, a very important step in the knowledge of salmon migration would be gained; but at present there is no trustworthy evidence to prove the connection. The next fact that can be proved is that with the decrease of the grilse there has been an increase in the gillings. This may be a mere coincidence, or it may be more; at present all that can be done is to note the fact and to see if it continues, so that some opinion can be formed as to whether it is more than a coincidence. If it is, it opens out some most interesting questions.

Another fact is that the time of the different annual runs of gillings has altered; instead of being in April and May, September and October, the gillings now run all through the spring and during August, September, and October. If this is anything more than a temporary change, due to the state of the river, it points to a number of questions of the highest importance in the history of salmon migration. A further point that has been noticed is that the fully-developed salmon—the fish on his third return from the sea—has become more numerous and has also altered its time of return. Salmon are now caught earlier in the year and in larger numbers than formerly. Is this more than a coincidence? It is very tempting to say that the change in the time of the smolt migration has caused a corresponding change throughout, but it could not be said with safety in the present state of the evidence. All that can be said is that these changes have taken place; but whether they are connected or not has to be proved, as has also their bearing on each other. At present they are only the coincidences, but coincidences so remarkable that they are worthy the closest examination.

To show the reality of the change, the following figures, taken from the returns of the water-bailiffs of the fish they have seen caught and been able to weigh and describe, may be given:

	1904. February 2nd to March 2nd.		1905. February 2nd to March 4th	
	No.	Average weight.	No.	Average weight.
Salmon ...	129	19¾	539	22½
Gillings ...	73	15	137	15
Grilse ...	—	—	—	—

This by no means represents the number of fish caught, only those that the bailiffs have themselves seen taken and have weighed.

One other point is of interest: a record is kept of all salmon over 35lb. taken each year. For the last five years the number of these fish has been insignificant: 1900, 3; 1901, 5; 1902, 3; 1903, 7; and 1904, 7. These large fish never come in before March, usually not until April or May. This year no less than eight fish over 35lb. have been taken in February:

	lb.		lb.
Males ...	38½	Males ...	43
,, ...	40	,, ...	37
,, ...	43	Females ...	45½
,, ...	49	,, ...	35½

It is impossible to account for this exceptional run of large salmon in February.

To give some idea as to how the salmon run on the Severn, the following figures are appended showing the percentage of the take of fish during 1904:

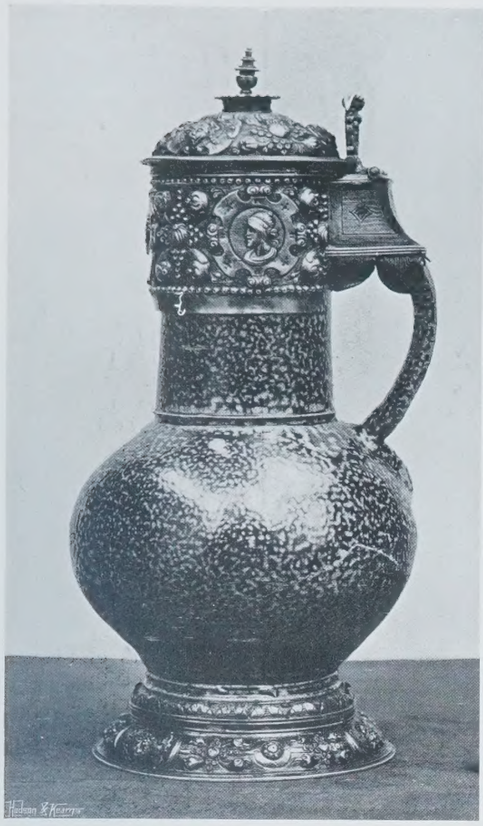
	Salmon.	Gillings.	Grilse.		
February ...	·80	·40	—	=	1·20
March ...	2·25	1·25	—	=	3·50
April ...	3·50	3·40	—	=	6·90
May ...	5·60	6·10	·01	=	11·71
June ...	9·55	20·55	·25	=	30·35
July ...	8·50	20·55	3·60	=	32·65
Aug. 1 to 15	2·84	8·80	2·05	=	13·69
	33·04	61·05	5·91		100·00

J. W. WILLIS BUND.

THE ENGLISH TANKARD.

SILVER tankards first appear in this country towards the middle of the sixteenth century, and were, in all probability, a development from the tin-glazed earthenware jugs, of various reddish yellow and purplish brown colorations, of Rhenish origin, introduced into England by

BROWN WARE JUG.



BROWN WARE: TALLER TYPE.

Flemish or German potters who had sought refuge here. Three of these immigrants are recorded at Maidstone, Norwich, and Sandwich in the latter half of the sixteenth century. In the British and Victoria and Albert Museums, as well as in private collections, examples of these earthenware jugs may be seen, with silver mounts and covers, varying in date from late in the reign of Henry VIII. to almost the end of Elizabeth, and notable for the richness of decoration and highly-finished workmanship for which the silversmiths of the latter reign are justly famous. The West Malling jug, which realised the enormous price of £1,450 by public auction in 1903, is a well-known example of this type of jug. The first illustration is a good specimen of the short, squat, brown ware jug, with elaborately decorated silver cover, engraved silver mounts and handle, and straps in the form of caryatides; while the next illustration represents the taller type. The influence of the form of these jugs is plainly visible in the fine and extremely rare tankard which is entirely of silver, and is of the date 1556. Two tankards of this early type, dated 1571 and 1596, are preserved in the Treasury of the Kremlin at Moscow.

This rounded form was succeeded by a straight-sided tankard, varying in height from 6½in. to 8½in., graceful in shape and slightly tapering, with domed cover, embossed with fruit and foliage, surmounted by a small turned knob, the body divided near the top by a plain or decorated moulding, and lower down by another moulding of an ornamental character, to which the handle is attached, the intervening spaces on the body being filled with engraved or repoussé fine strapwork and foliage of the typical Elizabethan kind, the domed foot decorated in like manner. A single and unique example is known where the cover is engraved and not repoussé. At Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, is an early tankard, dated 1571, with applied heads in medallions on the body, and with a handle decorated with guilloche—an unusual style of decoration in the handles of English tankards. Another fine tankard, with similar medallions, is in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. Thirteen specimens of this Elizabethan type of tankard are known, all of London make, nine of them produced prior to 1580, the remaining four dated 1591, 1602, 1604, and 1618.

SIXTEENTH CENTURY SILVER.

To these succeed the taller, upright, and straight-sided tankards, often richly ornamented, and sometimes in use as flagons in churches, of the reigns of James I. and Charles I. A very handsome one, of the year 1618, with the drum repoussé with strapwork of diamond shape, enclosing fruit and flowers, and cartouches filled with marine monsters, is in the possession of the Corporation of Norwich; a similar flagon-tankard, dated 1619, is at Kensington parish church; and a handsome pair, slightly richer in decoration, of the year 1634, belong to the Corporation of Bristol.

The rigid adherence to simplicity affected by the Puritans brought about a complete cessation of ornament in plate about 1640, as exemplified in the tall, severely plain tankard of that year, with slightly truncated base—a typical example of the period.

These tall tankards were in their turn succeeded towards the close of the reign of Charles I. by short, squat, and capacious tankards, with flattened covers, which became more abundant after the Restoration of Charles II., reaching the culminating point in greatest production between the years 1670 and 1686. The plain tankards of this time, though closely resembling each other in shape and size, show considerable variation in minor details, a few having lion couchan tthumb-pieces, as in the tankard of the year 1677, others, but these are rare, having thumb-pieces formed of portcullis, pomegranates, dolphins, lion sejant, or scrolls; while the two most usual thumb-pieces are the pear-shaped hollow between two discs, and the two diverging volutes. Occasionally, a notched "rat-tail" runs down the shoulder of the flat, thick, hollow handles, which generally terminate in a curved shield, erroneously described as a whistle. Applied lion masks are sometimes found on these terminations of the handles. Except for a surbase of acanthus leaf, in repoussé, a flat applied ornament, generally known as "cut-card," and the Chinese style of engraved subjects, so popular in the decoration of English plate between 1680 and 1685, the tankards remain plain. A very rare and interesting tankard, dated 1668, with a dolphin handle and lion couchant thumb-piece, and standing on three lion feet, is still preserved. Tankards with a row of pegs inside, which gave rise to the familiar saying "taking down a peg," are by no means common.

A PURITAN TANKARD.

For about seventy years, from 1700 onwards, enormous numbers of plain tankards were produced, the earliest straight-sided, with flat covers; some with, and others without, a narrow, plain moulding

surrounding the lower part of the body. In the succeeding type the cover was domed, the body remaining straight-sided. Still later, the body was rounded and the lid domed; and last of all, at the end of the eighteenth, and the beginning of the nineteenth, century, the tankards were hooped and staved in imitation of a barrel—a return to a type prevailing to a very limited extent about 1650.

The various colleges at Oxford and Cambridge afford excellent opportunities for the study of the evolution in the form of the old English tankard, by reason of the great numbers there preserved.

AFTER THE RESTORATION.

Numerous instances can be quoted where early plain tankards have been "decorated" at a later period with repoussé scrolls and foliage, hunting scenes, etc., and in some cases an outer casing of chased vine leaf "ornamentation" has been applied a century later to tankards of the reign of Charles II.

Much could be written of the social associations connected with tankards. Few nations have been more jovial in disposition than the English, and our literature is lavishly sprinkled with allusions to drinking-vessels, from the little brown jug to the black jack. But probably no phrase is commoner in this connection than that of the foaming tankard. It reminds us that our forefathers of the sixteenth century were emphatically a beer-drinking people; strong October furnished them with potations at and after dinner, and with small ale did they clear their heads in the morning.

ANCIENT WINDMILLS.

THE loss to country landscape by the gradual decay and disappearance of these landmarks is greatly to be deplored. It almost looks as if the winds had ceased to blow when places are revisited after twenty years of absence and all the fine twisting windmills have disappeared. There is only one left round London (that on Wimbledon Common), where formerly there were dozens, especially on the Hampstead heights, while Cornhill, in the City, only marks by name where the Bishop's windmill stood. Formerly the fens were full of them for pumping purposes, while Suffolk and Norfolk, great wheat-growing counties, were studded with their familiar outlines on every rounded hill. You see them constantly in the landscapes

M. C. Cottam. *A KENTISH MILL.* Copyright

M. C. Cottam. *IN HARVEST-TIME.* Copyright

by Crowe, Constable, and Gainsborough. They were very stimulating features in the landscape, not only because of their size, and the pretty, jaunty little flier-vanes with their floats painted blue and scarlet, that turned the tops of the big, lower-built brick mills automatically to trim the sails to the wind as it shifted, but because, too, of the force and swift motion and sense of power inspired by the motion of those gigantic arms. When a high steady wind was blowing the rush of the great arms, the rattle of the louvres, the creaking of the great pin that held on the sails, the roar and crush and shake of the millstones inside, were exciting to the ears even of grown-ups and a source of fearful joy to all children. There were awful tales of bad boys and girls who tried to touch the sails as they swept by on their downward track, and were whirled alo t by them; while to climb the ladder stairs and peep into the floury mill itself was more than the hardiest boy dare do, so sacred did the millers (who were usually sulky fellows, owing to their life apart from the world in the mill-chambers) deem their dirty temple of Ceres.

There are three types of English windmill; Holland adds a fourth. The most modern are the brick tower mills. These are so well built that they are likely to survive later than any others. Next in age are the wooden tower mills. In both of these the body of the mill is a fixture, and only the cap, with the sail-pin and the sails, revolves, the turning being worked by the guiding sails, a separate set called fliers. The oldest mills have not altered one bit in shape for hundreds of years, as is shown by an old woodcut dating from the fourteenth century, "The Romance of Alexander," from which Strutt borrowed so much of his information about old sports, pastimes, and country life. They stand, as they have stood for centuries, and as other mills did now decayed into dust ages and ages ago, on a

M. C. Cottam. *AGAINST THE EVENING SKY.* Copyright

mighty pivot of wood, called now, and called in the fourteenth century, the mill-post. The body of the mill is made of light matchboards, each overlapping the other, and the mill is turned on its pivot to suit the wind by a lever worked by hand, and often running at the bottom end on a small wheel, which makes a track all round the mill, the latter being turned much in the same way as a lock-keeper opens or shuts a lock. The top of the mill is in section, like an Early English arch, only rather flatter. The horizontal twirl of the sails is transferred into the vertical spin of the axis, on which the stones are fixed, by a simple mechanical process, and there are a pair of stones in each storey. The higher the mill the more stones there is room for. The largest windmills in the country are in Norfolk, where the height of the sails is in some cases 100ft.

The origin of these most important and ingenious machines is absolutely forgotten, though they must have come as the greatest blessing ever bestowed on womankind. All over the East, from the days of Moses till now, the women of the house have every day to spend hours in grinding corn into flour in wretched little handmills of stone. "Two women shall be grinding at the mill: the one shall be taken and the other left." In prehistoric England the same daily toil was the women's portion, if we judge aright from the stone querns found near their ancient dwellings. The windmill, adapted for use in dry climates where there was no water-power, or very little, lightened the load of ages for womankind ever after. Yet it is not in the least known whence they came. "The Crusades" say some—guessing, not knowing. There are English records about disputed titles for windmills in the eleventh century. As the first Crusaders did not reach Palestine till the beginning of the twelfth century, the surmise is clearly wrong. The Romans never mention them, though they had water-mills on the Tiber. There was a windmill on the hill where Lewes, the old Sussex capital, stands, as early as the reign of Henry III. At the battle of Lewes, where Simon de Montfort beat the King, it is on record that the King's brother, Richard, Earl of Cornwall, the only English Prince ever elected to be the "Emperor" of the West, took refuge in a windmill, with some German mercenaries in the middle, and defended himself there. For this he is scoffed at in some very awkward, but purposeful, satire, written by a contemporary poet, one of the earliest of English political rhymes. The writer, whose rhymes are of the worst, though he is evidently what has been described as a "good hater," says that the earl "made him a castel of a mill-post," and, in a further stanza, remarks that the earl must have "thought that its sails were megonells," a military engine of the time. This reference to the post and the sails shows that it was a windmill. At Crecy the King took his place "on a little windmill hill." We wonder if one stands on the hill now.

It was very important to choose a good site for a windmill, where the winds blow freely. During the year the average of wind is eight hours in the twenty-four. But to use this the miller must take the wind as he gets it. Of all people he most keenly realises that the wind bloweth not only where it listeth, but when. Often when driving home from a country dinner or a dance in the old days, the mill windows were seen lighted up when everyone else had been in bed for hours. The miller was up looking after his stones, removing the sacks, or hanging up fresh ones to fill, for there was a good wind and the stones were moving fast.

Though the old mills with sails, used for grinding corn, are disappearing, there is a great revival of windmills in another form, not so striking or pretty, but still rather ornamental. These are the mills in the shape of annular discs, set upon lathed legs, and used mainly for pumping water into reservoirs on estates and farms. They have been set up in tens of thousands in a part of the United States in which, were it not for their use, not a human being could live. This windmill land is the State of Arizona. It is part of those districts which, by a slight alteration of the name, are called the "arid belts," including parts of other States. The land was one absolutely waterless, sun-dried desert of earth and stones. No rain ever falls there, and over it blows a steady wind, which parches the stones and dust, dry enough already, still more. Even gold-seekers shunned this deadly region of thirst. Then it occurred to someone that all the rivers and torrents that flowed down from the melting snows on the east slope of the southern ranges of the Rocky Mountains could not be entirely swallowed up and transmuted under the desert sands, because their volume was very great. Bore-holes were put down, and it was then discovered that at no very great distance down these streams and rivers were still "in being" under hundreds of feet of sand and stones. Windmill pumps (of the annular kind) were got to work, and the water was found to flow freely. In a very short time dams were made to catch the water, and the latter was distributed by irrigation. A blazing sun and plenty of water did the rest, while the discovery that lucerne, or alfalfa,

M. C. Cotham. *WAITING FOR THE WIND* Copyright

would produce four crops a year enabled the fruit-farming to be supplemented by stock-rearing. Every farm has its reservoir or dam, its orchards, its alfalfa fields, its stock of rainbow trout (in the dam), and its windmill. But the latter is the first and indispensable asset, without which the whole farm would wither away in a month.

It should, perhaps, be said, in order to give credit to whom credit is due, that the automatic adjustment by vanes of the mill-cap to meet the wind was the invention of Andrew Meikle in 1750. It was of immense importance to the whole of the East of England, where, owing to the sluggish nature of the rivers, water-mills were scarce, and nearly all the draining, grinding, stamping, sawing, and pumping was done by wind-power, as it is in the North of Germany to this day. C. J. CORNISH.

K. Gregor. *A GIANT LABOURER.* Copyright

WOOD SECRETS

THE scent of a flower which grows in a wood is much more than its own intrinsic sweetness. It is fulfilled with the savours of innumerable wood scents. At first it shall go hard with you to distinguish, to dissociate these other fragrances; for there is no identity so elusive as that of an odour. You may give it chase through a dozen devious ways and coverts of memory before you track it to its known haunt, and even then it may withhold its name from you with a reticence as stubborn as a savage's. Therefore, it is not by casual inhalation that you will gain wisdom in these mysteries of aroma. These are the very thoughts and visions which have been vouchsafed to the growing plant, through the long silences of gradual greenness. While a flower drinks in the sunlight and dew, and the rainbow-showers and winds, it is also intricately absorbing and assimilating much of the myriad lives around it. From that mosaic of promise and fruition of which the spring world is compact, the flower gathers to itself sweet influences. Circumstances and environment, with the bud, as with the child, are main factors in its development; and their issues are farther reaching than the haphazard wayfarer may reckon. Is it not probable, even, that while each plant, to all appearance, grows individually isolate and self-centred, it is dimly aware of the corporate life of the woodland, so that it partakes, by touch and sight and scent, of that multitudinous citizenship? There is neither speech nor language, but their voices are heard among them, a choir invisible of the green things on the earth, praising the Lord and magnifying Him for ever. This tuft of violets may commune imperceptibly with its neighbour the tall yellow spike of archangel. That family of primroses may be affected in some strange sort by the campaniles of lapis-lazuli that ring the hyacinth carillon. Else how is it that one blossom will proffer you, inextricably blended in a cunning draught, hints and flavours of all the others? Each flower has its own clear-cut personality; yet each is curiously built up of memories, of suggestions, of subordinate delights. Even those blooms which are practically scentless, such as the spotted orchis and the Solomon's seal, are endowed with certain magical attributes which set them on a pinnacle apart. Mere sensuous charm is replaced by occult potency.

Suppose yourself to be holding an orgie of colour and fragrance in a spring coppice on a blue morning. The oaks in their bronze armour of young leaf-buds stand sentinel along the stout outworks of the wood; a moat of marsh meadow lies below it, where its hedge banks wade in gold of kingcups. All the clearings are pools of bluebells, all the shadows constellate with primroses. Rose campions to right and sweet woodruff to left of you; and other herbs less signal, but no less significant, wood sanicle, and moschatel, and white stitchwort, and dark blue bugle. From the many-coloured posy in your hand there exhales the authentic inspiration of Ver, her fugitive irretrievable rapture. Lay the flower against your face, cool with that passionless chastity of petals, and their most intimate secrets shall permeate your blood. Here, spiritually present, is the keen earthiness of rain-wet mosses, here the "thick green" smell of hart's-tongue fern, here the resinous tang of pine and larch, here the dusty pollen from a million purple grass anthers. Here, the pungent acridity of wood spurge, the delicate breath of crab apple and wild cherry bloom, the vine-scent of unfurling leaves, with the dew of their birth still fresh and glistening on them. The mind wanders remotely through labyrinths of recollection; and each beloved scent is a false clue, an allusion to some forgotten fore-existence, a quotation from some half-remembered dream. All the sap of all the bygone springs stirs vaguely in your veins, claiming inexplicable kinship with the life of woods and fallows, stretching out tentative imaginations toward the spring resurrection that never failed us yet. The imperishable Antæus in the human breast is thrilled by spasms of inveterate yearning. Something throbs and pulses, in conscious telepathic communication, between you and your Mother Earth. Deep down in the soil, roots and bulbs and germs are shifting and stirring; who shall say but bleached hopes may also stir together, bone to his bone, and dry seeds of chance may quicken into something at one with the teeming nativities around you? Every sod and clod brings forth abundantly; presently you shall not be able to lay a finger-tip anywhere and say, "Here is room for another leaf." The birds are so full of delicious gossip, that they must needs begin telling it before dawn, and can hardly prevail upon themselves

SEA-PINKS AND BLADDER CAMPIONS.

to stop at twilight. They babble of green fields, of light accumulating by gentle deliberate gradations, but most of all they talk of nests that shall soon be nurseries. And, very seldom, when you have kept still so long that they have forgotten you were there, very seldom and very softly, they will utter a few new phrases, wild and marvellous, and sweet beyond conceiving, something quite apart from their usual songs, which you will instinctively recognise though you never heard before. Here is the link between the building birds and the opening buds; in this mystical and transitory music lies the password of the sylvan freemasonry. It is possible, even yet, that you may learn it.

MAY BYRON.

MAY-TIME ON . . . . THE CLIFFS.

CRADLED in the heart of a paradise of flowers, a wealth of campions and sea-pinks in reckless profusion, extending in all directions and covering nearly every foot of ground on the shelving cliff, forming a closely-woven carpet in pink and white, the glorious, free, untamed sea in front and behind, to the right and to the left, lies this flower-girt home on an island, a sanctuary of wild sea-bird life. A turn in the winding path discovers other slopes; this one all sea-pinks and campions, as shown in the above illustration, but with a groundwork of grass instead of the limestone; that one simply a mass of nothing but pinks, looking in the distance as though it were literally painted pink; and yet another all blue with wild hyacinths. Who but a Tennyson or a Ruskin could word-paint the entrancing beauty of this sweep of bluebells, half concealing and half revealing the flock of white gulls standing about among them, the whole scene bathed in purest sunlight? One pair on the main coast have built their nest on a ledge only a little higher than high spring-tide mark, safe enough under ordinary circumstances; but here the unexpected happened which they had not calculated on. A storm in the first week in June, surpassed in heaviness by few winter gales, raged for three days, and when again I looked for that nest and young ones—they were not; not a vestige! I knew these babies well, having visited them many times to watch the exercise of their self-protecting propensities. On seeing you they at once quit the nest and flatten themselves down in the first convenient angle of rock, never moving so much as a single atom of their small bodies. Because you have seen them move away you know that they are there, but had they left the nest before you came to it, it is ten to one that you would pass on, satisfied, even after searching, that there was nothing but the empty nest. Nor do they trust to their sight only; the first warning cry of the parent bird rouses them instantly, and off they sidle into their protective environment of colour. The attentions of the old birds, one to the other, during sitting-time are interesting and peculiar. A hen bird is sitting on her nest, thinking and brooding over coming events, when up flies her husband from over the sea. I am watching them through an 8-power prism glass—a glass worth its weight in gold. The lady immediately leaves her nest and commences kissing him all over his head and face with her beak; this ends by his suddenly emptying the half-digested contents of his crop—and a large plateful it appears to be—on the rock, which she, having ceased her kissing, at once eats up with hasty gusto, he not touching a morsel till she has finished, and then picking up about four crumbs—all that she has left.

"Disgusting!" I can hear some inconsistent brains and live oyster-devouring reader exclaim.

Fifty or sixty feet above this pair of gulls are two cormorants' nests on rock ledges about 6ft. apart. The old birds are building. At the moment of watching, one pair are away on a fishing expedition; the others are taking full advantage of their absence. One of them occupies the half-made nest, screwing herself round and round, tucking pieces of seaweed or stick into the edge of the nest. Her mate meanwhile hops across with the aid of one flap of his wings on to the other ledge, and deliberately selects the choicest bit of material from their neighbours' nest—not snatching the first bit that comes handy, but coolly picking up and putting down till perfectly satisfied. Now appears the artful dodger in him. Having got a firm grip of what he has stolen, he does not take the 6ft. short cut home, as, carrying a load, you would naturally suppose he would, but starts off towards the sea, making a quarter-mile circuitous flight round the bay, and up by the other side to his own ledge. His wife immediately constitutes herself a receiver of stolen property by grabbing the goods out of his beak before he has time to drop them, pretending to believe that he has found the stuff out at sea in a perfectly honest way. He repeats these thefts ten or a dozen times, always making the same short cut in going, and the same long roundabout in returning. The robbed

THE SEA-BIRDS' BOWER.

nest was in a very dismantled condition by the time they had done with it, and I reasonably concluded it would be a case of desertion; but in a day or two it was all rebuilt, and the last time I saw them both pairs had been sitting for over a month. I will match the cormorant against anything living for holding his own in a raging sea. It is perfectly marvellous how they will negotiate breaking waves, no matter what size they are or how near the rocks. I have seen them in small, confined inlets, close in between jagged rocks, suddenly overwhelmed with great storm-waves breaking right in upon them, fairly burying them in the thick whirl of boiling surf. Killed, drowned, dashed to small pieces a dozen times over, one would think—but never a bit; in half a minute they appear 20yds. out on the surface, waiting and ready for more of the fun! In the storm that washed away my young gulls and nest I saw a cormorant fly down from a high ledge and, by deliberate choice, alight on the water in front of, and close under, a wave not much less than 10ft. in height, at the actual moment of falling over. The whole weight of water fell dead on the bird, so of course I naturally looked for his bruised and broken body on the strand; but he was on the outer side of the spent wave, paddling about looking for fish, as placid and unconcerned as any duck on a millpond. I can swim both on and under the water, but I give in to the cormorant.

In a crevice a little below the two cormorants' nests five young ravens were hatched out between the second and third week in March. The old birds and youngsters have been touring up and down the coast in inseparable company all through April, May, and June, feeding, to a large extent, on gulls' eggs, which, so far as the time of season is concerned, seem to have been laid for their special benefit. The discovery of a sheep fallen over the cliff (which not infrequently happens) is naturally to them what a city feast is to an alderman. Every stick in their deserted nest has been appropriated by the jackdaws living in the same cliff. Although I watched these birds for many hours in many days before the young left the nest, I never once saw them fly to the nest with food; I, therefore, considerately helped them by taking down dainty pieces of strong-smelling mutton and placing them on the greensward above the cliff, and then watching for results. First day, utter scorn of my princely gift. Second day, curiosity begins to work in the brain of one of them at least, but at a distance only. Third day, the one settles on the grass, gradually hopping within a yard or so of the coveted morsel; but his heart suddenly gives way, and, croaking out something about discretion, he makes off with undecided flight. The gravitation to the mutton smell brings him down again in less than five minutes, this time close up to the meat, when all at once he makes a set of high spasmodic springs into the air, exactly as though, the ground being india-rubber, some unseen power had violently hit it just under his feet—a comically undignified movement on the part of so grave a bird. A desperate now-or-never snatch ends the performance, and next minute he is tucking the prize away in the cliff, covering it over, magpie-like, with any rubbish that comes handy. He secures a second helping next day much on the same lines, but needlessly carries it a long distance down the coast to hide.

Three or four years ago, when walking along this coast, I suddenly came upon a night-hawk fast asleep under the blazing sun, closely sitting on a small boulder of rock, partly shadowed by bracken fern down in a grassy hollow. He woke up just before I touched him. His flight was none of the soberest in the glaring light that he is so unaccustomed to. The strange thing about this incident is that twelve months after I was again passing the same spot, and squatting on the identical piece of rock was another, or could it have been the same, night-hawk.

For smoothness and closeness of texture what turf in the world can equal that of the up-and-down irregular reaches that lie along so many parts of our coast? Walking over it you feel you can never tire. So close and smooth is it that to touch it with a mowing-machine would be an insult. The keen salt winds and white mists are the makers and the half-wild sheep are the mowers.

Cliff lawns and flowers, happy birds in their wilderness of rugged beauty, "bellowing caves," beneath the gale-swept "windy walls," bays of smoothest sand, storms and calms, cloud and sunshine. Who will gainsay the fact that under these varied aspects Old England's coast, in those places still left to wild Nature's care and uncontaminated by man's hand, is, in a sense, different from all other coasts, and in every sense lovely?

"Ah sea, dear sea, sob ever through the dream
That is my life; for naught is real to me
Save thy true self; 'tis but thy silvern gleam
That bids me live in hope that I may be
Once more where billows dance and sea-fowls scream
Once more may drink thy breath, O perfect sea!"

F. H. Worsley-Benison.

MRS. GRADWELL'S PIANO.

By M. E. Francis.

MRS. GRADWELL, having returned from a shopping expedition at Little Upton, two miles away, removed her "blacks," still crinkling and glossy enough to denote that her bereavement was of recent date, donned her bedgown, and sat down in the elbow-chair by the hearth, with the long-drawn "Eh, dear," so familiar to the lips of the Lancashire housewife.

For all her seeming air of melancholy (a tribute, no doubt, to the memory of her lately departed James), Mrs. Gradwell, as she sat by her own brilliantly-polished hearthstone, was at heart a happy and contented woman. She had been "well left," there could be no doubt of that; her gaffer, moreover, had been considerate enough to manage his "deein'" after a fashion most profitable to his relict. He had been ill just long enough to justify his membership of the local benefit club, and he had departed before the weekly stipend from that institution had diminished, as would naturally have been the case if his illness had been unduly protracted. Mrs. Gradwell had drawn his insurance money, and, though she had given him "as nice a burying as was ever seen in Thornleigh village," she still found herself with some six or seven pounds in hand. She was now about to effect the sale of a certain portion of her household gear, preparatory to taking up her abode with her married son and his hard-working wife, a person to whom she ever distantly alluded as "the yoong woman." She intended thenceforth to take a rest, while the said submissive daughter-in-law worked a little harder than before: she could make it worth while, as she had more than once hinted to "our Tom," to keep her for nothing; nevertheless, she did intend to pay a trifle towards the expenses of her maintenance, just enough to enable her to boast that she was not "behowden" to "nobory," but not enough to enable her own kin to make any profit by her.

All these considerations were sufficient material for the satisfaction displayed in Mrs. Gradwell's ruddy countenance on this particular evening; she even smiled to herself as she extended first one stockinged foot and then the other to the ruddy glow; but at the sound of approaching steps and a hurried tap at the door she immediately composed herself to a becoming aspect of resigned melancholy.

"Coom your ways in," she cried, half turning in her chair. "Coom in—coom reet in."

The door opened, disclosing the figure of a little squat square-faced woman, attired, like Mrs. Gradwell herself, in the striped petticoat and cotton bedgown, now only worn by the elders of the village.

"'Tis you, Mrs. Winstanley, is it?" said Mrs. Gradwell, with the curious sideways jerk of the head, which is the usual greeting among members of her class.

"It's me," said Mrs. Winstanley. "And how met ye find yo'rsel' to-neet, Mrs. Gradwell?"

"Ah—h—h," groaned Mrs. Gradwell, casting up her eyes, "as well as I can 'ope to be. 'Tis wonderful lonesome wi'out my gaffer; but I'm not one as was ever used to repine, loove, and so I fixes my 'opes where 'opes ought to be fixed, Mrs. Winstanley, and I'm bearin' up as well as I can."

"Ah—h," sighed her neighbour, sympathetically, "you was always a feelin' woman, Mrs. Gradwell, wasn't ye? An' I'm sure yo're in the reet to tak' coomfort. You've a many consolations, Mrs. Gradwell, my dear."

"You'd ha' said so," agreed the widow, "if you could ha' seed how quiet my poor James went off. 'Twas like a hinfant—a body 'ud scarce believe it."

"And what were the last word he said?" enquired the newcomer, still in the subdued and mournful tone proper to the occasion.

Mrs. Gradwell hesitated. "He were wanderin' a bit in's mind," she remarked, presently—"wanderin' a little bit. He took some notion about his watch—he couldn't seem to mind who he'd left it to——"

"And he'd left it to you, o' coorse," put in the visitor eagerly. There had been some discussion on the subject amid the village gossips.

"It were loomped wi' the rest," responded Mrs. Gradwell, hastily. "But he got talkin'—our James did—and so, jest to

quiet him, I says to him, firm-like, but gentle, ye know—'James,' I says, 'howd' thy toongue, James,' I says, 'and get for'ard wi' thy deein',' an' he never spoke another word arter that."

A pause ensued, during which the widow, affected by these touching reminiscences, wiped away a tear, and Mrs. Winstanley cast a furtive glance round the room.

"Ye've fixed the sale for next week, haven't ye?" she enquired, leaning forward after a moment, a hand on either knee, her eyes unusually eager.

Mrs. Gradwell cast a sharp glance at her as she restored her handkerchief to her capacious pocket, and nodded.

"Next week?" repeated Mrs. Winstanley. "I hear yo're goin' to part wi' the pianney?"

"Ah—h, it'll 'ave to go," conceded her friend. "They big things is so awkward to shift, ye see. The pianney'll have to go, and I'm sorry for't, for it have been in our family nigh upon thirty year, Mrs. Winstanley."

"Well," said Mrs. Winstanley, pursing up her lips, "our Lena—I'm on the look-out for a pianney for her. Hoo'll never do no good at the music, they tellen her up at the school, wi'out hoo practises reg'lar, an' it's unpossible for her to do that wi'out we has a pianney i' the 'ouse."

"That's true," agreed Mrs. Gradwell, dispassionately.

"An' so, I wur thinkin'," pursued her friend tentatively, "as I met jest have a look at yo'rn, Mrs. Gradwell, my dear."

"So ye can," responded Mrs. Gradwell, still without any appearance of eagerness.

"Could I see it now, think you?" enquired her friend.

Mrs. Gradwell rose without speaking, and preceded her visitor into the parlour, a musty-smelling but very elegantly furnished room, with knitted antimacassars on every chair and a wealth of such ornaments as are dear to the village soul—spotted china dogs, Berlin wool mats, a stuffed drake with an excrescence on its head, and a fearful presentment of Mrs. Gradwell herself in a highly-gilt frame over the mantel-piece. In one corner of this apartment stood a little spindle-legged cottage piano, draped like the chairs in a variety of antimacassars, and supporting a vase of wax flowers under a glass case. Its proprietor opened it with an air of chastened pride, and stepped back while the would-be purchaser dubiously surveyed the yellow case.

"There don't seem to be so many notes as the one up in the school has got," she remarked.

"I daresay," agreed Mrs. Gradwell; "there's a many childer to play on the one up i' the school; they'd need a good few notes."

"That's true," conceded Mrs. Winstanley.

After a pause she tentatively stretched out her hand and struck the keys with one finger. The sound of each was accompanied by a curious jangling within the body of the instrument; but Mrs. Winstanley took no notice of this, and continued her painstaking investigations from bass to treble, pausing only when repeated efforts failed to produce a response of any kind from the three topmost notes.

"They don't seem to make no sound at all," she said, turning round with a dismayed face.

But Mrs. Gradwell gazed back at her stolidly.

"I wonder how 'tis they don't make no sound," persisted her neighbour.

"I mind," remarked Mrs. Gradwell, pleasantly, "our gaffer set down a moog of ale on the wood here a good few years ago and jogged it wi' his elbow. He jest saved it from upsettin', but soom o' the beer splashed over. I shouldn't wonder if it wur that, Mrs. Winstanley."

"I shouldn't wonder," echoed her neighbour, gazing hard at her the while. "I doubt there ought to be a re-duction for that."

Mrs. Gradwell laughed, as though much amused, but presently composed herself. "I don't interfere noways wi' the auctioneer, Mrs. Winstanley. I agreed wi' him for that. Says I, 'I'll not interfere wi' you, Mr. Johnson. I'll leave the whole business i' yo'r 'ands,' I says. 'Mak' yo'r own terms,' says I, 'I'll not interfere.' So you must say whatever you 'as to say, Mrs. Winstanley, to Mr. Johnson. The pianney's a good pianney—you'll 'ave no need to be afeared o' bein' took in, same as you met do if you was to go and buy one off a stranger. Theer 'tis, wheer it's allus stood for thirty year. If you fancy it you can bid for it, same as another—if you don't you can leave it alone; but don't ax me for to interfere with Mr. Johnson."

With that Mrs. Gradwell returned to the kitchen, Mrs. Winstanley following in her wake with a somewhat abashed air, as though she had been guilty of a solecism.

"Theer's Mrs. Newton," resumed her hostess as she dropped into her chair again; "hoo was very anxious to buy in that theer pianney."

"Mrs. Newton!" exclaimed the other, indignant. "Eh dear, I never did know a body so havin' an' so covetous as Mrs. Newton. Hoo's allus on the look-out for whatever hoo can grab—hoo's that—but I reckon Mr. Johnson'll not get mich brass out o' Mrs. Newton."

"Hoo'll tak' her chance like onybory else. Hoo'll bid, and ye can bid agin her, as long as ye like."

Mrs. Winstanley rose. "I'll see," she remarked; "happen I met jest as well as not buy one in a shop."

"I wouldn't advise ye to," returned Mrs. Gradwell with a detached air; "theer's no knowin' 'ow much expense they'd go for to run ye into, what wi' the carriage, and the toonin' an' that—why, they 'as to toon the school pianney reg'lar once i' two months. Now my pianney 'aven't never been tooned since our Tom's weddin', an' that's fifteen year ago, mind ye. It don't need it. An', what's more," she continued, working up with her theme, "if ye go for to buy a second-'and pianney out o' one o' them theer shops, 'ow are ye to know 'ow many folks has been playin' on it, and weerin' on it out? Now my pianney, I can say wi' truth as nobody's touched it more than nor two or three times in twenty year. So it's got all the goodness in it, Mrs. Winstanley."

Mrs. Winstanley turned her head on one side and reflected, but she was not going to commit herself; she brushed an imaginary crumb from the side folds of her petticoat, and remarked that she'd think about it, and that as like as not she would step in on the sale day, but she couldn't be sure. Mrs. Gradwell also feigned indifference, but watched her with a curious sidelong look as she made her way to the door, and fell into deep thought as it closed behind her.

As a result of her meditations she decided to set forth on the following morning to call on Mrs. Newton. She found that lady heated in countenance and agitated in mind as she endeavoured at one and the same time to prepare the family dinner, to accomplish the ironing of a variety of small garments, which lay, in the crumpled condition peculiar to rough-dried articles, in a large basket beside her, and to quiet a pair of uproarious twin babies which were lying feet to feet in a wooden cradle.

"Always busy," remarked the visitor, as she stepped indoors.

"Eh, dear," responded Mrs. Newton.

"The twins, they cooms on wonderful," pursued Mrs. Gradwell, whose countenance was wreathed in smiles.

"An' so they do, bless their little 'earts," replied the mother, glancing fondly down at them. "Theer's a leg, Mrs. Gradwell, as mottled and as firm—feel it."

As hastily, and with a damp finger, she twitched back the blanket to display the limb in question, the twin to whom it did not belong, and who had been hitherto cooing and ogling her in a tentative manner, burst into an indignant wail, and had immediately to be abstracted from its tumbled couch.

"I'm fair moidered wi' the lot o' them though," said Mrs. Newton, with a change of tone.

"Ah, but yo're such a model mother," returned her neighbour, shaking her head with an admiring air. "Theer, I shouldn't think there ever was such a mother as you are, Mrs. Newton. All as you do for they childer o' yourn—the edication as you give 'em!"

"Well, I do my best," returned the mother, with a bewildered air.

"Dear, yes," resumed Mrs. Gradwell. "When I hear 'em i' church now, singin' so nice; eh, dear, it seems to me by times as if they 'ad the v'ices o' little hangels. Your Agnes Etta, yo' know, an' little Florency—'ow sweet they sing, don't they?"

"They do that," agreed the mother, straightening herself and gazing hard at the newcomer.

"They practise their hymns a lot at home, I s'pose, as well as what they learn i' the school?"

"Nay, I can't say as they do. Theer's allus such a deal o' noise here, an' wi' all they little 'uns tumblin' about, I can't say as there's much time for singin'."

"'Tisn't as if ye had a pianney," remarked Mrs. Gradwell, with her eyes roaming thoughtfully round the room.

Mrs. Newton, dandling the baby and swaying from side to side, gazed earnestly at her visitor.

"I've often longed for a pianney," she remarked. "Ye mightn't think it, Mrs. Gradwell, but I used to play the pianney mysel' once. I had a wonderful good ear, and I used to pick out a' many toones wi' jest hearin' of 'em once or twice."

"I've had a pianney for thirty year," remarked Mrs. Gradwell, suddenly bringing down her gaze from the top of the dresser to Mrs. Newton's face, on which the interest was growing.

"It's to be sold, isn't it?" cried the latter, eagerly.

"Next week," replied Mrs. Gradwell, "at the auction."

Mrs. Newton continued to dandle the baby, and gazed harder than ever at the portly form before her. "I reckon things 'ull go dear," she observed after a pause.

"I've left everything to Mr. Johnson," said Mrs. Gradwell with an innocent air, "everything. Says I to him, 'Mr. Johnson,' I says, 'manage everything your own way—I'll not interfere,' I says. And I won't. But I tell you what I'd do if I was you—I'd coom and 'ave a look at it. It'll cost you nothing to 'ave a look at the pianney, Mrs. Newton, an' if ye like to bid, why, ye can, ye know. Theer's nought to prevent ye biddin' for't, and as soon as the price gets above what you're meaning to give, why, ye can stop, ye know."

"So I can," said poor Mrs. Newton, still gazing at her wistfully. Golden dreams of an occasional half-hour snatched from her busy day which might be employed in picking out the once familiar tunes, of hearing Agnes Etta and Florency raise their childish pipes as they stood one on each side of her of an evening—why, even the twins would surely be soothed and cheered by such music! Perhaps the little lasses might even learn to play—visions of chubby fingers wandering over the keys, of the neighbours' rapture, of the teacher's applause, came to dazzle the poor hard-working mother as she stood irresolute.

"Well, theer'd be no harm in coomin'," she remarked presently. "I'll think about it, Mrs. Gradwell."

Thereupon that thrifty body took her departure, feeling that she had done a good morning's work.

The day of the sale came, and Mrs. Gradwell, very fine in her "blacks," and with a yard more crape in her "fall" than had ever yet been worn by any Thornleigh widow, was in her glory. The pig fetched more than she had dared to hope for in her wildest dreams. The gaffer's old armchair was knocked down to Farmer Leatherbarrow, who never discovered that the spring was broken; the lustre china was bought in by a Liverpool dealer at a price which astonished even Mrs. Gradwell herself; while as for the piano—the bidding for it was so brisk between Mrs. Newton and Mrs. Winstanley, that there was no knowing for how much it would ultimately be knocked down. Poor Mrs. Newton, clutching a baby in one arm, while Agnes Etta staggered beneath the weight of the other, and Florency and one or two of the lads clung to her skirt, held her ground in spite of the pertinacity of Mrs. Winstanley.

Shilling by shilling the price mounted, and still neither would give way. Mr. Johnson positively laughed as he turned from one to the other of the excited rivals. The younger onlookers cheered and backed now this one, and now that.

When the sum of ten pounds was reached, Mrs. Newton began to look anxious, and her voice had a somewhat piteous intonation as she called out "Ten pounds one!" But Mrs. Winstanley was not to be outdone, and in shrill key topped her by half-a-crown. Mrs. Newton desperately increased her bid by another shilling, but Mrs. Winstanley added five shillings to hers. Thus it went on, until at last a total of fifteen pounds was reached; and then Mrs. Newton, bursting into tears, declared herself "fair beat."

"Coom, childer," she cried, brokenly; "coom, Agnes Etta, coom, Florency—we's be goin'. Theer'll not be no pianney for us this time. Eh, I dunno how hoo could ha' had the 'eart—hoo as 'as but the one lass, an' me wi' all that rook o' little childer! How could I stan' up to her?"

Weeping, she made her way out of the place, and weeping the children followed her. So dim, indeed, were Mrs. Newton's eyes, that she scarcely recognised the familiar form of the Canon as he suddenly barred her progress, and it was not until he had laid his hand upon her arm that she came to herself.

"What are all these tears about?" he enquired, kindly; for he took a special interest in the usually cheery little woman. "Couldn't you get the piano after all?" He had heard about the rivalry between his two parishioners.

"It went for fifteen pound," sobbed the poor woman. "I couldn't rise so high, I couldn't."

The Canon burst out laughing. "Fifteen pounds!" he cried. "My dear woman, you should thank your stars for your escape. The thing wasn't worth five—I know it of old. It was poor James Gradwell's boast that he bought it at a sale at Upton for three pounds ten, and that was thirty years ago."

But Mrs. Winstanley was very proud of her bargain, and was never tired of bragging of her victory.

The sale of Mrs. Gradwell's piano was, in fact, a source of general satisfaction, for Mrs. Newton, who was a biddable little body, obeyed her pastor in rejoicing at her escape, and Mrs. Gradwell herself felt the transfer to be an additional item in the sum of mercies for which she daily made thanksgiving to a discriminating Providence.

FROM THE FARMS.

The Fields in May.

THERE is, of course, a very considerable difference between May in the South of England and May in the North. At the present moment the landscape in Dorset, Devon, and Cornwall is already that of early summer. On the Downs the gorse is still gleaming, and the broom is breaking out into its ruddier gold. The wayside trees are covered with foliage, and the bloom of the earlier varieties has already begun to disappear, while on the hawthorn patches are beginning to flower. Nearly all the fields present the appearance of growing crops, grass and corn showing a vivid and tender green; while only here and there the ploughman is seen at work finishing the sowing of mangels or preparing for that of turnips. But in the North spring is much more backward, and on many bare fallows the farm hands, both men and women, may be seen engaged in their endless toil, the particular task before them just now being, for the majority, the sowing of turnips. On the whole the prospects of the season seem to be of a tolerably high character, as neither the April showers nor the cold in the early days of May have done more than retard the crops a little, and this is more of a benefit than a disaster. Sheep and lambs, after a start that was not the best conceivable, are now making rapid progress, while the succulent new grass of the pastures is perceptibly improving the condition of kine and other livestock.

Concerning the Dairy.

An alteration has been made in the points in the Dairy Show Milking Trials which ought to have the effect of encouraging more entries. The old rule was that no prize would be given to pedigree Shorthorns unless they made 90 points. This has been reduced to 85. In the same way, non-pedigree Shorthorns have been reduced to 110, instead of 120; Guernseys 85, instead of 90; and Ayrshires 90, instead of 100. The other breeds remain exactly where they were before, that is to say, Jerseys 95, Red-polls 90, and Dexters and Kerries 75. In giving Jerseys this prominent position, the Dairy Farmers' Association is showing practically that the results shown in the experiments at St. Louis coincide with English experience. At the St. Louis Exhibition 25 Jerseys were entered, 29 Shorthorns, 15 Dutch, and 5 Swiss cows. The experiments lasted ninety days, and the result was to place Jerseys incontestably in the first rank as dairy cows, while the Shorthorns did not come out so well as they would have done in England. Talking of cows reminds us of the constant dread on the part of farmers that one day they may have to face competition as keen in regard to milk as they have had to in regard to cereals; but the facts are really not so very alarming. During the four weeks ended on April 29th, it is true that 30cwt. of fresh milk was imported into the United Kingdom, as compared with none received last year, but the quantity of cream remains trivial and shows a decrease. The importation of preserved milk has fallen to 78cwt. a month; and condensed milk, though it still comes in to the extent of 58,000cwt. a month, fell by 10,000cwt. in four weeks. Milk is the one article in the production of which the home farmer has no serious rival, and it is likely to remain so for some time to come. But even with the small quantity we import it may be necessary to take stringent measures for testing it, since we have no control over the sanitary arrangements of the cowsheds and dairies at the place of origin, while medical opinion is ever growing stronger as to the readiness with which contamination may be conveyed by means of milk.

The Markets.

According to the weekly return of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries the markets for agricultural products are at the present moment somewhat dull. It is a time of year when the supplies are not excessive, and that makes it the more remarkable that in London cattle have had a very slow trade, and that a diminishing demand is reported from many of the other great markets. As to store stock it is noted that the cold weather has affected them, and the demand has not been quite so brisk, but prices have been, on the whole, satisfactory. The trade in dead meat has been firm in London, but somewhat slow elsewhere, owing to the large supplies from abroad. Cheese remains pretty much where it was, but in butter the tendency is to fall in price. At this time of year the home supply begins to enlarge, owing to the coming of the new grass, and at the same time that which comes from Australasia tends to fall off. The imports have fallen considerably below what they were this time last year. The total quantity of Australian butter now on the sea and due to arrive before the end of May, is 42,800 boxes, while 39,250 boxes are due from New Zealand. The price is reported as declining; so it is at Copenhagen. Experts do not consider, however, that the price of butter is as likely to go down as that of wheat. Foreign and Colonial dairies for a very long time to come will probably continue to send huge supplies to the English market.

Automobilism and Agriculture.

Some of the papers are beginning to contain remarks tending to lead to a controversy in regard to the effect that motoring is likely to have upon farming. Nowadays the motor is being used as a direct substitute, a great number of the omnibuses in London being, as a matter of fact, hauled by this motor force. Much of the haulage along the country high roads, too, is now done by motors, instead of horses. The result is not yet visible in the shape of cheaper horseflesh, but what the farmers think is that the sale of some of their produce is being injuriously affected. The motor-car does not consume roots, corn, or hay, and at present the tendency of these articles is to fall considerably in price. No wonder, then, that the question should be asked whether or no the very large introduction of motor-cars is not doing away with the demand for fodder. Those who take the opposite view point out with great truth that the present year does not offer a fair criterion, as farmers have in store the remains of last year's magnificent crop of hay, and forage of all kind is very abundant.

THE ART OF HORSEMANSHIP.—II.

A VETERINARY LECTURE AT THE ECOLE DE CAVALERIE.

"I confine myself in my work to developing, as far as possible, the true, the simple, and the useful in this art."—*R. de la Guerinière.*

AN unintentional link subsists between the present paper and the one on Pluvinel, owing to an oversight in attributing to the latter, in my last paragraph, words which were not his, but those of my present subject—François Robichon de la Guerinière, the Ecuyer, who represents equitation under the Regency and in the reign of Louis XV. The mistake was the less excusable inasmuch as the style of the later writer differs *toto cœlo*—or rather *toto seculo*—from the comparative simplicity of the earlier academist; just as the man Guerinière himself, with his rotund face, shaven and double-chinned, powdered periwig and full-skirted velvet coat, differs in physique and outward semblance from Pluvinel with his natural hair, pointed beard and moustache, worn according to the fashion of Henri IV. and Louis XIII. No less marked than the changes in fashion and style of writing were the advances in the *manège* art. Pluvinel, the introducer of the pillar into France from Italy, had confined himself to the explanation of a few simple airs and cadences taken from Italian sources, and stands to Guerinière, with his clear-cut and precise definitions, his well-developed theories, and his attention to the science of the subject, in somewhat the same relation as the composer Lulli, with his Italianised ideas and early training, does to the later pure French musician Rameau. What Rameau's "Traité de l'Harmonie" was to the modern theory of musical art, Guerinière's "Ecole de Cavalerie" may be said to be to the "Art of Horsemanship." Victor Cherbuliez, indeed, goes so far as to place Guerinière, as the innovator and renovator of his art, upon the same footing in relation to the education of the horse as Rousseau occupies in regard to the teaching of man.

In 1667 Louis XIV. authorised the organisation in Paris of one or more Academies of Equitation. The idea was Mazarin's, but he died before it could be carried into execution, and the edict was countersigned by Colbert. The director of the school

CRITICISING A HORSE'S POINTS.

By C. Parrocel.

was always to be an ecclesiastic of high worth! The course of instruction was to comprise arms (*i.e.*, the sword), vaulting, the pike, musket, equitation, mathematics, the Italian, Spanish, and German languages, drawing, and dancing. The price of boarding was to be from 700 livres a year, and the uniform was of grey cloth with silver lace.

Between 1704 and 1715 there existed in Paris four Academies, one of which was directed by Antoine de Vaudeuil, the master of Guerinière. In 1715 the Academy of the Rue de Tournon was closed, and the subject of our paper opened a new one close by at the corner of the Rue de Vaugirard and the Rue de Tournon, opposite the Palace of the Luxembourg. This he carried on from 1719, with varying chances, till 1725, when he was joined by his younger brother Pierre in the management. Ill success, however, attended the partnership till Prince Charles de Lorraine placed at his disposition, with the consent of the King, the *manège* of the Tuileries, and hither he transferred the pupils of what he had a year before called his *Ecole de Cavalerie*, a sort of early veterinary college, where a physician of the faculty lectured on the anatomy of the horse, and a surgeon carried on a series of veterinary operations, which La Guerinière proudly declared had never been practised before.

THE AMBLE. *THE AUBIN.*

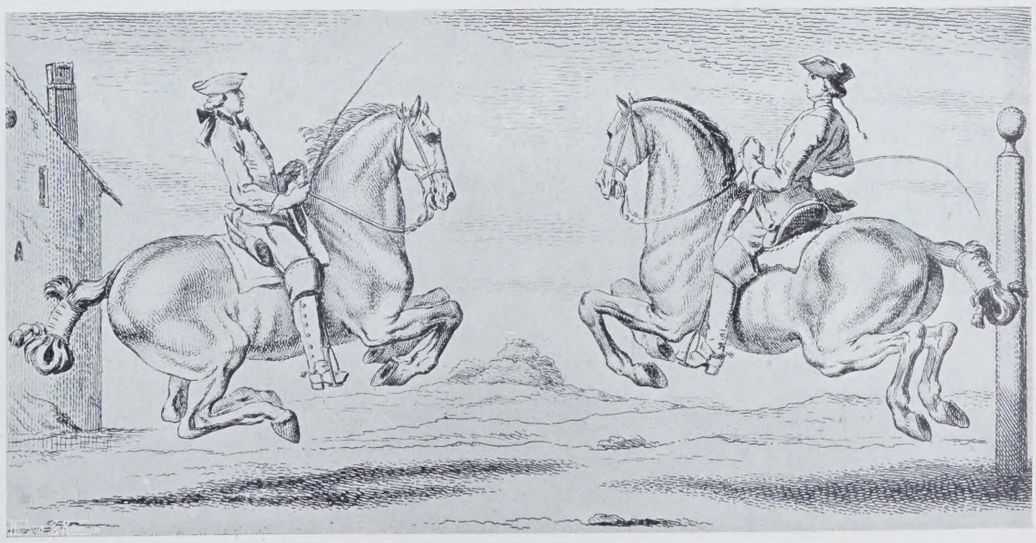
THE CAPRIOLE, OR GOAT'S LEAP. *PILLAR-PRACTICE.*

The Tuileries *manège* was between the Palace and the Rue St. Honoré, on the spot now occupied by the Rue des Pyramides and the statue of Joan of Arc. From here he issued, in 1733, his first book in folio called "Ecole de Cavalerie," and also, in 1740, his duodecimo volume "Eléments de Cavalerie," and here La Guerinière remained as director till his death on July 2nd, 1751. Innovator as he was, Guerinière by no means pretended to have arrived at his knowledge without respect to the past. He expressly declared that he had taken all that he found of excellence from the best authors who had treated the subject, besides consulting those who by long experience had acquired the reputation of real connoisseurs. His theory is founded on the authority and practice of the most able masters of the art.

In regard to our author's remarks on bitting, bridle, and saddle, we observe that all Guerinière's changes are in the direction of simplification. Compare the illustrations of his bits with the elaborate weighty instruments of torture depicted in the Italian Fiaschi's "Ordini di Cavalcare," and one understands how before the Neapolitan Pignatelli, in the sixteenth century, invented a bit with the mouthpiece consisting of three movable pieces, the solid bits, with cruel mouthpieces and heavy branches, obliged the horse to force the hand of the rider, and by rendering the animal hard-mouthed caused the very injury most desirable to prevent.

In Guerinière's day the form of bit preferred was the simple *canon*, consisting of two pieces broken in the middle and interlocking, thus giving more play. The branch *à la Connétable* (invented by the Constable de Montmorency, the best horseman of his day) was one still in use.

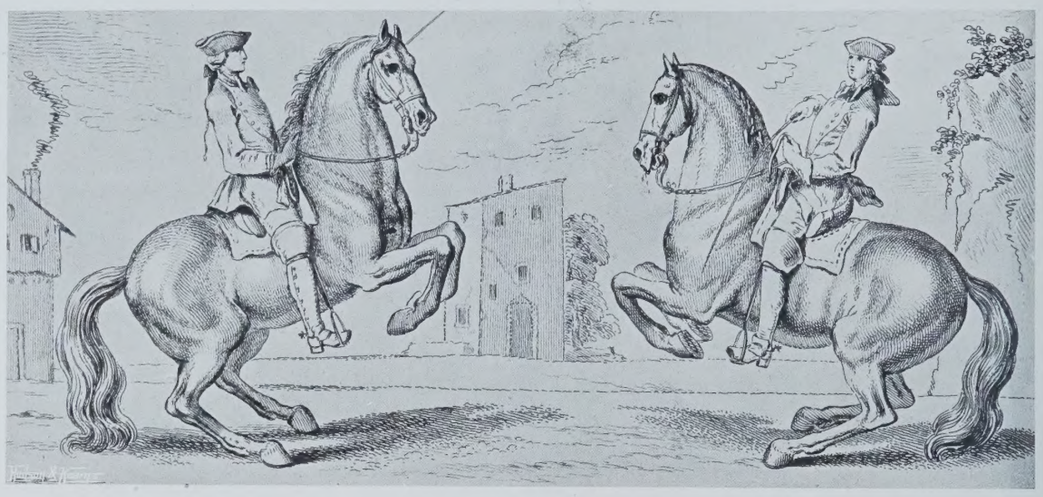
Of saddles he shows us four patterns. The saddles *à la Royale* and *à piquer* are both padded, and provided with raised pieces (*bâts*) before and behind to keep the rider in his place by holding his thighs firm, the former having them rather the lower of the two, or not more than 2½in. high, instead of 4in. The pommel had for some years been discarded as a source of danger to the rider.



THE CROUPADE. *RAISED AIRS.* *THE BALOTADE.*

The English saddle and the *rased* saddle were for hunting, and the former does not differ much from our modern pattern, while the latter was padded, and had the front *bât* only, about 2in. high.

Of the works of his predecessors, Guerinière especially extols those of M. de la Broue and the Duke of Newcastle (to whom we hope to dedicate a later article). De la Broue lived in the reign of Henri IV., and composed a volume called "Le Cavalerice Français" (1593), giving the principles of his Italian masters, Grisone, Corte, and Pignatelli, whose academy was frequented by the nobility of France and Germany. These two authors Guerinière declares to be the only two who can serve as models, and whose teaching he has incorporated in his own work.



THE PESADE. *THE CURVET.*

In addition to the "aids" mentioned by Pluvinel, Guerinière uses a modern form of Caveson—a kind of headpiece made of thick flat leather, with two long cords on either side to attach it to the pillars. After quoting La Broue and Pluvinel as to its advantages, Guerinière says he considers it is very serviceable in the hands of a master, but dangerous in those of a pupil. Next we come to a definition of the technical terms of the art, such as "*Air*—a beautiful attitude which a horse ought to have in its different actions; also the cadence proper to each movement it makes in every action, whether natural or artificial." *Appui* is the *feeling* produced by the action of the bridle in the hand of the cavalier, and reciprocally the effect which the rider's hand produces upon the actions of the horse; it is much the same thing as what is known in fencing as *tact*, or *sentiment du fer*, and Newcastle uses it as synonymous with *mouth*.

The terms *within and without* are used for right and left. Formerly the horseman worked his horse in circles, and when the horse turned to the right everything on the side of the centre of the circle (the rein, the leg and heel of the rider) was said to be "within." The *Epaule en dedans*, or *Shoulder in*, was more or less an invention of Guerinière, the name, at any rate, being first introduced by him.

Guerinière differentiates two sorts of actions of the horse, natural and artificial. In the natural ones we distinguish perfect actions—the step, the trot, and the gallop; and defective actions, viz., the amble, the *entre-pas* or *traquenard*, and the *aubin* (or jog-trot). The gallop may be either *united* or *disunited*. When a horse does not observe in the gallop the same order in his fore and hind legs and in the disposition of his feet, the gallop is false or disunited.

The amble is a lower action than that of the step, but infinitely longer, in which the horse has only two movements, one for each side, in such a way that the two legs on the same side are raised at the same time and placed on the ground together.

The *entre-pas* or *traquenard* somewhat resembles a broken amble, and it is a pace which horses of burden, after having trotted for some years, easily fall into.

The *aubin* is a movement in which a horse gallops with the fore legs and trots or ambles with the hinder ones. It is common to horses with weak haunches and hind quarters ruined. Most post-horses do the *aubin* instead of a free gallop.

The artificial movements of the school are of two kinds, called low and high, according to their distance from the earth. The low "airs" are the Passage, the Piaffe or "Pawing the air," the Galopade, the Change of Hand, the Volte (or turn), the Demi-volte, the Pirouette, and the *Terre à terre*. The high "airs" are seven in number, and consist of the Pesade, the Mezair, the Courbette (Curvet), the Croupade, the Balotade, the Capriole, and the Step and Jump. The difference is easily to be seen in the illustrations, which render a lengthy description unnecessary.

The *Passage* is derived from the Italian *spasseggio*, or

A LESSON IN MANEGE AIRS.
(By C. Parrocel.)

GUERINIERE INTRODUCING THE SHOULDER—IN.

promenade. This is a kind of stately trot, upon which it is founded, the horse holding its legs longer in the air, and putting them down again at not more than a foot's distance between each step. Berenger says of this air: "The passage is the key which opens to us all the justness of the art of riding, and is the only means of adjusting and regulating horses in all sorts of airs." Guerinière quotes the Duke of Newcastle's saying that a cavalier ought to have two parts of the body movable and one immovable, the first being the body, *i.e.*, head, shoulders, and arms to the waist, and the legs from the knees to the feet; the other is from the waist to the knees. The heel should be a little lower than the point of the foot, but not enough to make the leg stiff, and slightly turned in, so that the spur is ready for action, 4in. behind the girths. Not so much the legs as the flat inside of the thigh should be turned to the horse. Guerinière recommends the pupil to trot for five or six months without using the stirrups to perfect the rider's seat and poise. Leaping should never be taught before the rider has thus acquired equilibrium and learned to grip with the thighs instead of with the heels.

A. FORBES SIEVEKING.

MANAGING THE MEZAIR.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BLUE BLACKBIRDS' EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to the letter of "W. L." on this subject in your issue of the 6th inst., I have on more than one occasion met with blackbirds' eggs of the very pale shade that he mentions, but they have not been absolutely spotless, as were those he met with on April 3rd of last year. Some years ago (April, 1890), however, I found what I understand is the rarest freak in the laying of the blackbird. Rarer even than the white egg at times discovered. The four eggs were entirely spotless, and of the colour of the egg of the hedge sparrow. They were short round eggs, one of them being rounder and shorter than the others, and alike in shape to the egg of the kingfisher. Looking at Morris's "British Birds," I found that he, the author, had recorded the finding of similar eggs by two gentlemen only, the Rev. G. Sowden and Mr. U. Rowe. I wrote to the Rev. F. O. Morris upon the subject at the time, and he, in reply, told me that he should make a note of the occurrence in the new edition of his work on British birds, upon which, I believe, he was engaged at the time of his death. I showed this clutch of eggs to Mr. Charbonnier, a naturalist and taxidermist of Clifton, and he stated that he had never before seen a similar one. Within a short time of the occurrence the late Dr. Norton of Bristol, to whom I had also shown the eggs, showed me a similar clutch which had been sent him from the immediate locality, and which I think we may fairly assume was the second nest of the same pair of birds.—CHARLES F. HENDERSON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the issue of COUNTRY LIFE dated May 6th, 1905, you published a letter from a correspondent about the abnormal coloration of some blackbirds' eggs. The pale blue spotless variety your correspondent mentions is not uncommon, and is due probably to some of the pigmentary glands of the female bird not operating normally. Such inaction on their part is found either in young birds or in very old birds, the eggs laid by middle-aged birds showing, as a rule, greater depth of colour in the markings and greater intensity in ground colour.—H. S. G.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been collecting instances of variations in the colour of birds' eggs, and hope your correspondents will add to what has been said on this interesting subject.—W. F.

THE SHOOTING OF RARE BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Does Mr. Lazenby consider "ignorance of its species" any excuse for shooting a bittern or other rare bird? I heard last week in Wales the following stories: A girl walked into the shop of an Aberystwith taxidermist with some bittern's feathers in her hat, and on being asked where she got them replied, "from a bird that father shot," the remains of which had been given to the pigs! Near the same town a man shot some "birds like crows with red legs and beaks," and when asked what he did with them replied, "Oh, I didn't want them, I just left them on the beach." What chance have the bittern and the chough against ignorance of this kind?—T. F. ROYDS.

VARIETIES OF THE PRIMROSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The beautiful photograph of the primrose sent by your correspondent "P." to COUNTRY LIFE of the 29th ult. represents what is known to gardeners as the Hose-in-Hose form of this popular spring flower. It is usually developed under cultivation, but I have seen it wild. The same variation occurs frequently in that production of our gardens, the polyanthus, which has undoubtedly been evolved from the primrose, possibly by crossing that species with the cowslip (Primula veris), though its exact origin and history

are lost in the mists of antiquity. Another variety of Primula vulgaris (of which I had hoped to send you a photograph, but the heavy rains of the last few days have completely spoiled the flowers), which is not of uncommon occurrence in our denes, is known as the umbellate primrose, and is often mistaken for the oxlip (Primula elatior). This variety, as its name implies, has many blossoms, in an umbel, or crown, upon the stalk, and in this bears a strong resemblance to the polyanthus. It is usually set down as only a variation of the common primrose, but some of the plants, both in flower and foliage, approach so nearly to the cowslip, while others are as unmistakably primroses, that it is probable the plant is the result of a cross between the two species. Many of the plants produce blooms both in umbels and upon single stalks, and many of the latter, if the plants are not to be considered as hybrids, might certainly more appropriately be regarded as single-flowered cowslips than as umbellate primroses. The true oxlip differs from the primrose and its varieties, or crosses, with the cowslip, in having inodorous flowers, with the calyx less inflated, and in the absence of folds at the mouth of the corolla. It is of much less frequent occurrence than either of the other species, and in a wild state is confined to one or two of the south-eastern counties of England.—L. G.

EGGS ON HAIR OF HORSE.

THE MIGRATION OF THE RED ANTS.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

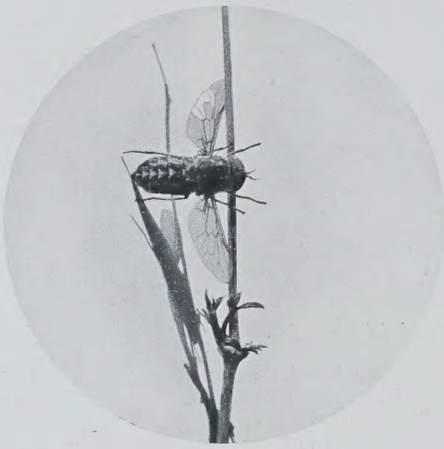
Sir,—We purchased a nest of red ants at Christmas. On Saturday, April 1st, I showed my ants' nest by lamplight to my school managers. The ants were full of vigour, "mesmerising the eggs," removing the cocoons from place to place, and making wonderful alterations in the arrangement of the nest. On April 2nd we found two ants outside, a few days afterwards four or five. They had, apparently, placed earth on the upper glass, and we could not see clearly into the nest. On the 7th there was none to be seen in the nest, but one ant was seen outside. On the 9th we opened the nest and found nothing in it but some shrivelled eggs and a little white thing running about inside, whether one of the aphides or a blind friend we do not know. But all the cocoons and all the ants had disappeared. We found the earth perfectly dry, as we had kept them in a hot room, and as they had completely blocked up the entrance we could not, without upsetting the nest altogether, put in any water or wet cloth for moisture. Two questions had now to be solved. (1) How did they get out? (2) Where have they all gone? The ants have been discovered in a flower-bed under the window of the room in which they were kept. It is a most wonderful and intelligent proceeding. They began by covering the upper glass of their nest with the black earth inside, and then they gradually in detachments departed to their new home. We did not think they could get out of the nest, especially as they had apparently entirely stopped the regular entrance, but it is only by this they could have escaped. They must have got down from the loo table, on which the nest was placed, by a chair that leant against it, but when they reached the floor they had to get up 11in. to the window, and then, squeezing through where the air led them, they must have got down 7ft. 4in. by a magnolia, and so to their new home, where they appear to be altogether in their full numbers. But what has become of the cocoons that they used so laboriously to move about from one side of the nest to the other? It is perfectly impossible they could have carried them away; they must either have waited till they were all hatched out or eaten them, for there were no empty cocoons to be found in the earth. Thinking this bit of natural history may interest your readers, I send it. —Wilson, Trafalgar, Salisbury.

LARVA ON MEMBRANE.

THE LIFE OF A FLY.

[To the Editor.]

Sir,—I do not know if you may think the enclosed photographs, illustrating the life history of a fly, of sufficient interest for your columns. I have not hitherto seen them touched on in print. I have chosen for illustration the horse botfly (Œstrus gastrophilus), tracing its career from egg to fly. The eggs, of which I send a micro-photograph, are deposited on the hair of the horse where the tongue can reach them, and are a pinhead size. The second photograph shows the larva from the stomach of the horse. The head of the larva is provided with hooks, which in life are fixed into the mucous membrane of the stomach, and the mouth organs protrude between them. In the photograph the hooks of the head are turned back in mounting. When discharged from the body of the horse it burrows into the earth. Thus the cycle is complete. I send also a photograph of Tabanus magnus—the gadfly—which is the terror of cattle and horse alike. I hope these few notes may draw notes and illustrations from many another and more eminent writer upon a wonderful life history which is closely associated with country life.—E. K. Pearce.



GADFLY.

A ROOK PROBLEM.

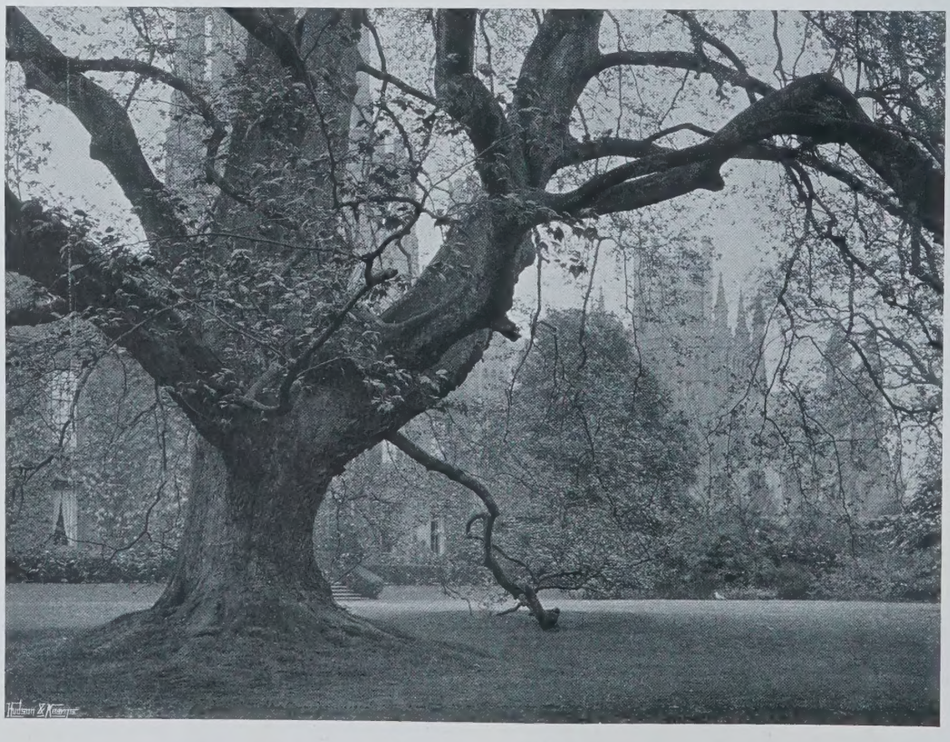
[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—Two pairs of rooks settled on an elm tree close above my house about ten days since. They at once commenced building nests, but one pair gave it up and left. The other pair remained, finished their nest, and placed a fully-fledged young one in it that had been waiting for the accommodation, since which time he has kept his parents fully occupied feeding him. I am aware that hen birds sitting are fed by the cock bird, but in this case it is a certain fact that the bird being fed is a young one. The nearest rookery is about two miles off.—J. R. B.

PLANE TREES.

[To the Editor.]

Sir, — The accompanying photograph, taken by Mr. W. A. Clark, gives a very good idea of the famous plane tree in the garden of the Bishop's Palace at Ely. It is about 230 years old, having been planted by Bishop Gunning in 1674. These trees have an extraordinary power of accommodating themselves to all varieties of climate to be met with in the British Isles, thriving alike in the wind-swept islands of the North as well as in the smoke-laden atmosphere of towns. —A. B.



IN A CATHEDRAL CLOSE.

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HAZEL AND ROSE, DAUGHTERS OF MR. GERALD BUXTON.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE BEST MEMORIAL.

IT is announced by a contemporary that the estate of Somersby is coming into the market, and we hope that the occasion will be seized to carry out a scheme proposed in these columns two or three years ago. We need not recall the fact that the famous rectory there was the birthplace of Alfred Tennyson, and that the scenery all around is closely associated with the great poet's memory. There is the brook of which he sang so sweetly, the high dark wold from which "the summer wind blows cool," the glen where is the rock on which he wrote "Byron is dead," the gray old grange, occupied in his time by the prototype of the Northern farmer, and there are the scenery and surroundings which moulded the Tennysonian poems. It has been said that Tennyson grew as naturally as a flower out of this Lincolnshire rectory. He was and is to this day the representative of that England which it typifies. No other poet in our language was moulded to such a degree by his environment as Tennyson, and no other poet owes so much of his charm to the scenes among which his childhood was spent. Now Somersby has long been a shrine for American and other pilgrims anxious to pay their homage to the late Laureate of England. They come in many cases without much knowledge of their idol, and ask most curious questions of the people at Somersby. Our proposal was one for their benefit. We suggested that the old rectory and the Grange adjoining it should both be purchased and turned into a Tennyson museum, much in the style in which the Johnson museum has been started at Lichfield. The latter has proved quite a successful institution, and Tennyson owns a name which is probably more widely known, and is more admired in the England of to-day, than even that of Samuel Johnson is, so that there is every prospect of carrying out the project with great success. It only wants some one with enthusiasm to take it up and put it into practical shape.

Let us try, as soberly as we can, to estimate the advantage that might follow from the adoption of this scheme. It would be obviously futile unless it be granted that Lord Tennyson holds a position worthy of such a memorial. Few will deny this assumption. Some of us believe that he had great and rigid limitations, due in some measure to the atmosphere in which he was brought up. It has been urged against him by many critics, from Taine downwards, that he was somewhat *bourgeois* in his conceptions, and lacking in sympathy with what we may describe as the ragged Bohemian element of literature. Some people never can forgive him the ending of Lancelot, where he replaced the wild beauty of the original by what might have been the fifth act of an Adelphi melodrama. The Idylls, too, are mostly what Carlyle called them—sugar-plums—and in no wise comparable to the stirring pages of Malory. Yet, when all this is admitted, Tennyson still remains one of the most consummate masters of the English tongue, and one at least of the "Idylls of the King" is likely to hold for ever a high place in our literature and the literature of the world. We refer, of course, to "The Passing of Arthur." But not on this alone does the immortality of the poet depend. In what he called his "Idyls," with one "l," "The Grandmother," "Locksley Hall," "The Northern Farmer," and the class of poems to which they belong, he has pictured the Lincolnshire of his day and generation as vividly as Chaucer, or the author of "Piers Plowman" pictured the rural England of their day and generation; and Tennyson lived in a time that ever becomes more interesting as the years pass by, because of the changes it witnessed. It is the fashion now to talk of the revolution accomplished by the penny post, the application of steam to locomotion, and the invention of electricity as a controllable force, but there was still another factor in the England to which Tennyson was born.

He was old enough at the time of the Battle of Waterloo to retain some dim memory of the arrival of the news, and that event was the end of a war which exercised the most signal influence on rural England. It had sent up wheat and other farm produce to the most abnormal prices, with the result that farmers concentrated their energy on the work of reclamation. One sees how full the poems are of memories, of times when the marsh was being drained, the wastes stubbed and ploughed, and even the high wold brought under the influence of the plough. So, again, it will require a commentary to explain the references to tithes in the Tennysonian poems. Young people have to be told, and the old are apt to forget, that up to the year 1837, when the Commutation Act was passed, tithes were paid in kind. That form of bucolic humour which included a reference to the tithe pig, or the difficulty experienced by the parson in collecting his dues, was far from having grown obsolete when Tennyson was at the meridian of his power. But since then how extraordinary is the change that has passed over the country districts of England! It is as if a new heaven and a new earth had been created. And yet the poems themselves remain the expression of the most modern thought. Tennyson was before his time in many respects. He looked forward eagerly to inventions and changes that only now are taking place, and the accidental conditions in which garth and homestead were at the time of his writing did not blind him to the elementary and immortal truths that as it were lay behind the physical phenomenon. His country poems, it is not too much to say, have the element of immortality in them as much as the Bucolics of Virgil have it. Nor can we believe that they will ever pass out of the living attention of the British public. But if these facts only approximate to the truth, then nothing could be more desirable than that the admirers of Tennyson should found a museum at his birthplace. There can be no desecration, because, at the present moment, the place is inhabited only by respectable Lincolnshire farmers, who have got no particular association with the memory of the poet, and who could not be expected to keep things as they were in his time. Yet very little expense would be involved in making the lawn precisely what it was when, in the all-golden afternoon, a bride or happy sister would come and fling a ballad to the brightening moon. The garden, too, could be trimmed and made as the Tennysons left it. Little else requires to be changed. No doubt many articles of furniture that were purchased in the neighbourhood would be sent back if the museum were made. And, indeed, now is the time to collect relics of all sorts, for if the years are allowed to slip past many of these will disappear entirely. There is, then, every possible inducement to carry out the scheme we have outlined.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Hazel and Rose, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Buxton of Birch Hall, Theydon Bois, Essex.

KING EDWARD VII., who possesses all the tact and sympathy of his illustrious mother, performed a very fitting ceremony on Saturday night, when he decorated four of the Hull fishermen, who distinguished themselves on the night of the Dogger Bank tragedy, with medals. "You well deserve it" were his simple words to the men. To have elaborated them would have been in vain. It was a fitting close to an incident that on the whole reflects honour on Great Britain. The trouble arose at first entirely through the blunders of the Russian Navy, and this country sought redress in a legitimate manner, but with a determination to take no denial. When the award was given our people cut it down below the figure which Russia was willing to pay, and which the commission had appointed. This was entirely in keeping with the character of honour and integrity earned by Englishmen, and we doubt if there are many nations in the world in which a similar occurrence could have taken place. In Hull, no doubt, the incident will pass into the annals of the place, and be long remembered, but as often as the story is told we may hope that the heroism of those who forgot their own troubles to stay and help their comrades will be remembered with it.

The Board of Trade Report on Employment for April points to a steady if slow improvement in the condition of commerce. In regard to employment there was very little difference between April and March, but some improvement is noted in pig iron and boot and shoe trades, which has to be set against a decline in printing and ship-building, while the cotton and tin-plate trades continue very brisk. The comparison with the same month of 1904 shows that there is a fractional decrease in the number of unemployed, and a general improvement in the iron and steel trades, and in the cotton, woollen, boot and shoe, furnishing, and wood-working trades. Perhaps the best that can be said about these facts is that they are not opposed to the theory of a revival of trade being imminent.

It is not generally thought that commercial travellers as a class stand much in need of outside tuition, and yet they might learn something from a report by Mr. Bernal, British Consul at Stettin. He quite recognises the difficulty of extending British trade in his district, but at the same time points out certain methods by which something could be done. The chief factor must be the commercial traveller, but it seems very absurd to send out there, as was done in one case described by him, a gentleman who could not speak the language. One would think that the very first qualification for one who is to seek orders in a foreign country is that he should be a good linguist. In the next place, he should be empowered to make such concessions and obtain such alterations in his goods as are necessary to meet local requirements, since customs and taste vary with the geographical area. Mr. Bernal thinks, too, that the range of articles now on sale should be extended, and points out also that British merchants do not strictly observe the German Customs regulation, which requires that certificates of the origin shall accompany foreign goods redespatched from the United Kingdom. These may appear trifling directions, but the success of trade in a large measure depends upon the observance of them.

Sir John Jackson, the well-known Government contractor, brought out some curious information in the speech he made to the Navvy Mission the other day. It is undoubtedly true that this type of labourer during the last half century has changed very much. At the time when the railways were being built he used to be notable for the quantity of beef he ate, the amount of brown stout or beer he drank with it, and the fights he had after receiving his pay. But he is a much less tumultuous person nowadays, and, indeed, is fast becoming one of the most respectable members of society. However, the point of Sir John Jackson's speech was the risk he runs. Sir John has calculated that on every million pounds' contract thirty lives are lost, or, in other words, the number of deaths in relation to contracts is greater than that in a campaign. Accidents usually occur through a man running among waggons and slipping down holes, and we are afraid it must be added that they often are due to the carelessness of the men, whose very familiarity with danger often is the cause of fatal results. It is well worth considering, however, if steps could not be taken to diminish the proportion of deaths. We have got those from railway accidents down to a satisfactory proportion, and the next point requiring attention would seem to be contracting.

A recent decision of the Local Government Board to the effect that prosecution for pollution of rivers could be undertaken only by the sanitary authorities, was the subject of strong comment at last week's meeting of the Salmon and Trout Association. Mr. Willis Bund pointed out the irony of the situation which would be created if the sanitary authority itself was the agent of the pollution. Doubtless it is a situation extremely likely to arise. On the suggestion of Mr. C. H. Cook a recommendation to the council of the association was carried to insert a clause into the English Salmon Amendment Bill, which it is taking charge of, empowering fishery boards to take proceedings under the Rivers Pollution Act. This is, in effect, the system of procedure which has prevailed prior to the recent decision of the Local Government Board. The most satisfactory statement made at the meeting was that of the president, the Duke of Abercorn, that a general increase of salmon was observable. This is peculiarly encouraging in face of the statements about the virtual disappearance of the salmon, which used to be so rife a year or two ago. The extraordinary caprice, as it must appear to us who are not able to analyse the very complex motives which they obey, of fishes' movements is being strikingly shown at the present moment by the enormous numbers of mackerel off the South-Western coasts of England, which results in tons and tons of good fish food being thrown away for lack of means for its distribution and disposal.

A number of salmon from ova brought from the Danube have been hatched out at Mr. W. Gilbey's hatchery near Uxbridge. It is said that this is the first successful experiment in the hatching in this country of these Danubian fish, which reach a weight of 60lb. in their native river. It is suggested that they are to be turned out into the Thames, under the care of the Thames Salmon Association; and though we all desire greatly to see our Thames once more included in the list of British salmon rivers, we might almost wish that these foreigners might be given a less doubtful chance in the struggle for existence, so severe among all fish-life. One of the young salmon was exhibited, in formation, at the meeting held last week of the Piscatorial Society.

MO BRÒN!

(A Song on the Wind.)

O come across the grey wild seas,
Said my heart in pain;
Give me peace, give me peace,
Said my heart in pain.

This is the song of the Swan
On the tides of the wind,
The song of the wild Swan
Time out of mind.

O come across the grey wild seas,
O give me a token!
My head is on my knees,
My heart is broken.

This is the song of the Heart
On the tides of Sorrow:
This is the song of my heart
To-day and to-morrow.

FIONA MACLEOD.

As a common rule the effect of the hand of man on a populous country is to banish most of its original wild inhabitants, but now and then exceptions occur. A pleasant exception of the kind may be noticed in the result of the formation of the large reservoirs from which so many of the great towns are now deriving their supply of water. These big reservoirs have become places of regular resort and the habitat of great numbers of wildfowl of various species, the ducks predominating. Up on the Yorkshire moors, for instance, are many of these reservoirs, supplying the needs of the many towns of that biggest and prosperous shire, and to these the wildfowl resort in immense numbers. It is hardly necessary to say that they are no less favourable for the occupation of trout, whether of the rainbow or Loch Leven

kinds, than of the fowl, and many an owner of a grouse moor who deemed himself hardly used when a corporation took from him an acre or two for its reservoir—paying a handsome price for the "amenity"—has found the big piece of water thus put into his property much more of a blessing than a curse, because of its fish and fowl.

At this period of the year bird-nesting is a very favourite pursuit, and there is always more or less of a contention between those who would have young people see Nature at first hand, and others whose jealous guardianship of our wild creatures goes to the opposite extreme. Our columns bear witness, however, to the scientific interest of bird-nesting. The subject of coloration, for instance, concerning which we have had some interesting correspondence, is full of perplexities that can only be settled by collecting eggs to a large extent, and, unluckily to the scientist, a single egg is of very little use. In order to pursue his enquiries with any hope of success, he must have complete clutches of eggs, so that he may see to what extent they vary in colour, shape, and so forth. The scientific student, it should be remarked, is not very numerous in the land, and, on the whole, we should be inclined to think that he does no harm; while the bird-nesting schoolboys are not usually finished naturalists, and content themselves with finding the most common nests. The one person who is most likely to injure our avifauna is the collector, because, the more scarce a bird is, the higher does its money value become.

A correspondent writes to us from the North to say that the sea-birds are not nesting well this year on the Farne Islands. He says the birds "are very late this year. Only about two or three pair of terns, and not a quarter of the eider ducks that are generally here at this time of the year. We have had one dottrel hatch out of four young. I think the weather has killed two of them. Several lapwings have hatched off on the other islands." We may say that the correspondent in question is an official who has resided on the island for a long period of years, and therefore speaks with authority on the subject. Probably it is only an incidental fluctuation of bird-life, and does not point to any permanent decrease. More deplorable in some respects is the great scarcity of swallows which is reported from various parts of the country. These migrants have been arriving here in decreasing numbers for several years past, and every lover of the open-air would deplore the loss of the most graceful of our outdoor companions in summer.

The Royal Gardens, Kew, are now in their early summer dress, and within the next few days the bluebells will be in full beauty. These are a sea of colour around the Queen's Cottage, and form drifts of blue in the many little glades which make these public gardens a restful resort at all times. Groups of lilacs are heavy with flower clusters, the thorns are thick with blossom, and the rhododendron glen a blaze of colour almost as vivid as the massing of May tulips in front of the great palm-house. The gardens are full of colour, and this has been brought about by the wise direction of Sir Thiselton-Dyer and his assistants, who have succeeded in making the Royal Gardens not only, in a way, the centre of botanical influence in Europe, but a place in which the general public may thoroughly enjoy the wonderful grouping of plants. The wild flowers which grow in rich abundance in the more secluded parts are carefully preserved from injury; but it is pleasurable to recall the fact that the visitors are rarely troublesome. The beautiful surroundings seem to have a sobering influence.

Different as is the occasion, "It's poor eating when the flavour o' the meat lies i' the cruets"—one of Mrs. Poyser's aphorisms—comes to the mind in reading the report on tobacco cultivation in the County of Meath during the past year. Forced to smoke tobacco the flavour of which lies in the adjuncts, not a few of us would prefer to be Imperial and support home products were we assured our palates would not suffer. But there is this obstacle to the development of the industry in the Emerald Isle—tobacco-growing is prohibited! In the recent experiments one-third of the duty was refunded by the Inland Revenue, and commercially they would appear to have been successful. Whether it will be possible to obtain official sanction and a remission of some part of the duty is a question which time must decide. Even a slight concession might indirectly have a pacific effect on Ireland; it would certainly tend to retain labour which might otherwise be employed in swelling an American banking account.

Mr. Akers-Douglas gave the House of Commons a piece o. information the other night that would probably be new to most people. The occasion of it was a question from Sir Robert Fowler. Some days ago the Rev. Charles Jennings, who is what is popularly known as a passive resister, was sent to Worcester Gaol for refusing to pay the Education Rate. To solace himself during his period of enforced leisure he took three books with him, "The Imitation of Christ," "The Commentaries of Julius Cæsar," and the "Essays of Elia." No one so far as we know has yet made out a list of books suitable for solitude, but if it were attempted it would be difficult to name a better library than the minister wished to carry with him. However, the hard-hearted governor refused to let him take more than two, and while admitting "The Imitation of Christ" and the Cæsar, he rejected poor Elia, probably on the ground that he was too frivolous for prison. Mr. Akers-Douglas, defending the official, said that prisoners were expected to take their reading from the prison library, and that it was really a favour that an exception should be made so far as to allow this particular person to take any books. We have no doubt he was properly explaining the law on the subject; but it would seem to be an exquisite addition to the ordinary punishment if prisoners were, in addition to the sentence imposed upon them, obliged to read books chosen by the prison authorities.

At Manchester the other day a very interesting discovery was made in the course of some excavations in New Brown Street, which brought to light a relic of the primitive water supply. The pipes were hollowed-out tree trunks fitted together so as to make a wooden conduit. The joints were somewhat in the style of those of a fishing-rod, the thin end of one trunk being made to fit into the thick end of another. It is supposed that this means of supplying Manchester with water was about 200 years old, and discoveries of the same kind made in other towns go to confirm that view. The boring through the wood was about 4in. in diameter, and it is thought that the water was conveyed from one of the springs in Spring Gardens. Evidently the supply of water in those days was not only much less in absolute quantity than now, but very much less per head of the population.

ON A MAY MORNING.

I will arise and take my way
Along the painted paths of May,
Where Phœbus like a monarch goes,
And every wind with perfume blows,
Where flowers with varied colours dress
The Morning's maiden loveliness,
Where nightingales do sweetly sing
The lovely requiem of Spring,
And where from echoing hills remote
There comes the cuckoo's double note.

I will with dews of morning fresh
Anoint my body's fainting flesh,
And with Heaven's inner dews unseen
Make all my spirit sweet and clean,
That spreading pinions wide and fair,
It may escape into the air,
And like a lark on freedom's wing
Amongst the white Celestials sing,
Or caught to some diviner height,
Be mingled with the Infinite.

For here on this delightful day
I put my baser self away,
And give those thoughts an ampler space
That dwell on God's abounding grace;
But looking on these fragrant flowers,
All dewy with the morning hours,
I with a humbled heart confess
My own exceeding littleness,
To feel no thought can spring in me
To match their stainless purity.

R. G. T. COVENTRY.

When one hears of the extraordinary prices that a modern man of letters, if he is popular at all, expects for his work, it forces a contrast between the state of things now and what it used to be. A letter of Oliver Goldsmith that was sold at Messrs. Sotheby's the other day illustrated the change that has taken place in the status of a man of letters. In it Goldie apologises for not going on a visit because he had not been able to obtain the £60 promised him for his last literary effort, "She Stoops to Conquer," a work out of which many thousands must have been made since. He says, "My health is shattered by continual illness, and my soul sickened by the everlasting state of this city." Like a late writer, Thomas de Quincey, Oliver Goldsmith had to spend many an hour upon the street because he had nowhere else to go to, and even those of his contemporaries who died in prosperity had, of course, all their lives experienced a degree of want to which a writer of to-day is not often exposed. Yet we do not know that the advantage is altogether on the side of the twentieth century. On the contrary, some of the antics of the modern man of letters remind us of the words "Jeshurun waxed strong and kicked."

FISHERMEN'S GRIEVANCES.

W. L. F. Wastell. *"AND THE STATELY SHIPS PASS BY TO THEIR HAVEN UNDER THE HILL."* Copyright

DURING the past few years more attention has been paid than ever before to the troubles of that estimable class who earn their livelihood from the sea. It cannot be said that all has been plain sailing with them. The industry, as a matter of fact, has undergone a complete revolution, and the changes that have taken place render the work altogether different from what it used to be in the old time. The matters of which complaints are made are quite easily stated. First, we have the laments of the line fisherman, with which the public cannot but feel a great amount of sympathy, even if it does not become apparent that the difficulties are removable. For generations members of the same family have earned their living by going to sea in sailing boats, and catching fish either by means of the line or the net; but this method was practically rendered obsolete when steam came into operation. Little did anyone imagine when the first steam trawler was launched how much it meant for the future. It was to fishing what the invention of other machinery was to the older methods of spinning and weaving. The hand-worker was left out altogether. But the line fisherman is very persistent in his character, and the love of his craft, that has been accumulated during the ages, cannot be lightly overcome. He kept trying to catch fish in the manner of his forefather, and found it an injury that fleets of steamers should come and sweep spawning grounds before him. It was natural enough for him to believe that these vessels not only took the bread out of his mouth, but inflicted permanent injury upon spawning-beds, and thereby decreased the quantity of fish in the ocean. What truth there is in this has not yet been settled. Our ignorance of the inhabitants of the sea until comparatively recent times was complete, and it has only been removed yet to a slight extent. We do know now where some of the species, but not all of them, spawn, and we have been able to make a more or less shrewd guess at the curious migrations which fish undertake, very much in the same way that birds do, only we are still ignorant of the causes that lead them from time to time to change their route, so that a fishing station, which at one period

F. M. Sutcliffe. *FISHING COBBLES.* Copyright.

was extremely flourishing, at another falls into decay, while new centres are simultaneously being discovered. In the course of time it may be hoped that far more information will be gathered on these important points, and that it will be possible to trace the life history of nearly every fish in the sea. When that is done the fisherman will be able to pursue his vocation with far more precision than is possible at present; but even then we can scarcely expect to see a revival of line-fishing on any extensive scale. It could scarcely happen unless trawling were suppressed by legislation, and that is an extremely unlikely occurrence, as there is no real evidence to show that the spawning-beds are interfered with. The line fishermen, therefore, will be well advised to devote their energies to other branches of the craft which trawling does not touch at all. At many places the catching of crabs has become the most important means of their earning a livelihood, and the culture of lobsters is now being studied with far more prospects of success than ever before; so that the maintenance of a supply of shellfish seems to offer plenty of room for employment. At the same time, it is scarcely possible for any reasonable human being to deny that the multiplication of steam trawlers not by individual boats, but by fleets of considerable size, must have the effect of diminishing the supply of fish in the sea. The trawler is not only responsible for the fish that are actually brought to market, but it destroys vast quantities of young and immature fish that otherwise would have kept up the ocean supply. The question, then, is whether some extensive steps could not be adopted for replenishing the waters of the sea by artificial means. This has been done with a considerable amount of success in our rivers, but we have to remember that to some extent it has been accomplished regardless of expense, or, at least, so much capital has been laid out that there would be no chance of obtaining interest on it if fish were killed by poor men for the market only. Where a river is profitable it is in nearly every case let to sportsmen who are content to pay a very handsome price for the privilege they enjoy. We know of a stream not far from London that is very indifferent from a trouting point of view, but for which, nevertheless, the landlord obtains no less than £300 a mile for a part of the course, and we believe that that rental is in many instances exceeded. Thus there may be a very great future in front of the business of hatching salmon and trout, because they are used for rivers that command a great price for sporting purposes; but if the sea were to be treated in the same manner, it would have to be a *sine quâ non* that the process should be a cheap one, since the fishermen have to obtain a profit from their catch at the ordinary market prices. The latter have gone up very much during recent years, so that fish, instead of becoming a poor man's dinner, as it was in the middle of the last century, is now an article of luxury that in club and restaurant bills of fare is always charged for at a

J. Starling ON THE DEEP SEA. Copyright

H. G. Stollard. LOADING. Copyright

H. G. Stollard. MENDING THE NETS. Copyright

high rate. Another factor in bringing about a decrease of fish is undoubtedly the wild sea-birds. These have enjoyed a very great deal of protection recently from the working of the Wild Birds' Protection Acts, and have bred in enormous numbers. Many are most destructive, particularly the cormorant, and must help considerably towards the general decrease of the fish supply. Some people advocate stringent measures with them; but they are so beautiful, either rising and falling on the top of the waves, resting on our rugged cliffs, or flying over the sea and land, that few of us would like to countenance any measures for their destruction. If the fish are growing scarce in the sea, we would much rather see steps taken to replace the loss by artificial hatching, and to help this nothing could be imagined as likely to be more beneficial than the experiments now being made with a view to ascertain how far fish wander from the place where they are laid down, and what is the extent of their migrations.

No doubt, also, there are local influences operating towards the extinction of the race of line fishermen. Anyone who is aware of the number of houses to let on the East Coast of Scotland will be far indeed from suggesting that the phrase used is an exaggeration. And, of course, on the West Coast the case is still more striking. The crofters, who at one time formed so important an element of the population, are disappearing from the face of the earth, and it is difficult to think of any steps that would be effective in restraining their migration. The combination of agriculture and fishing has not proved by experience to be alluring. Long ago people endured it because it was so difficult to find other employment, and the crofter had very often to consider a choice between continuing to follow his craft or expatriating himself. Wages everywhere were small, and living hard. The croft was, therefore, much prized, though even then it was carried on at the cost of very great hardships. The women especially suffered. Fishermen could not believe that after their toil at sea it was any part of their duty to cultivate the land, and so they left that part to their womenkind. This was the real cause why they diminished in number. They discovered

H. G. Stollard. *ON THE QUAY.* Copyright

H. G. Stollard. *"BETWEEN WHILES."* Copyright

that town employment was within the reach of any young man, and that it was more lucrative and not so burdensome as that in which they were engaged. Some of them began to move, and the great landowners at the same time discovered that to turn the holdings into deer forests was not an unprofitable change of treatment, for this occurred at a time when the American millionaire began to appear in force, and sought for opportunity to spend his money in the wilds of Scotland.

In social movements of this kind there is very little going back, and it is to be expected that crofters and their kind will continue to fall off in number—no one can see what else can possibly happen. The fact is to be regretted, mainly because these poor fishermen formed a part of the population which could ill be dispensed with. Brought up from childhood to cultivate the virtues of endurance and hardihood, they formed the very finest material out of which either the Navy or the mercantile marine could be manned. It has been the custom for ages for the young men from the islands of the West and North, and from the fishing villages of those desolate coasts, to go off to sea, and either undergo a regular apprenticeship, so as to become officers, or work before the mast. It will be curious to watch if the place left vacant by them is supplied by the trawlers. After all, navigation is nowadays much concerned with the management of machinery, and the crew of a modern ship must consist largely of mechanics. Sails are scarcely ever used, and even oars are going out of fashion, as the captain of a first-class vessel makes his short journeys in some description of petrol or steam launch. On a man-of-war it is the same, and, as the Irishman has it, even more so. The sailor-man of to-day may live for weeks without handling an oar, even in harbour, and his efficiency on board is due more to his knowledge of machinery than to his ability to manage a sail. These, then, are some of the reasons that render the outlook of the fisherman somewhat doubtful. Some of these adverse conditions may be ameliorated by time, but that applies only to fishermen who have adopted the aid of steam. It would be fallacious to hold out any hope of the rehabilitation of the line fisherman. By the improvement of machinery he has been placed in very much the same position as the handloom weaver.

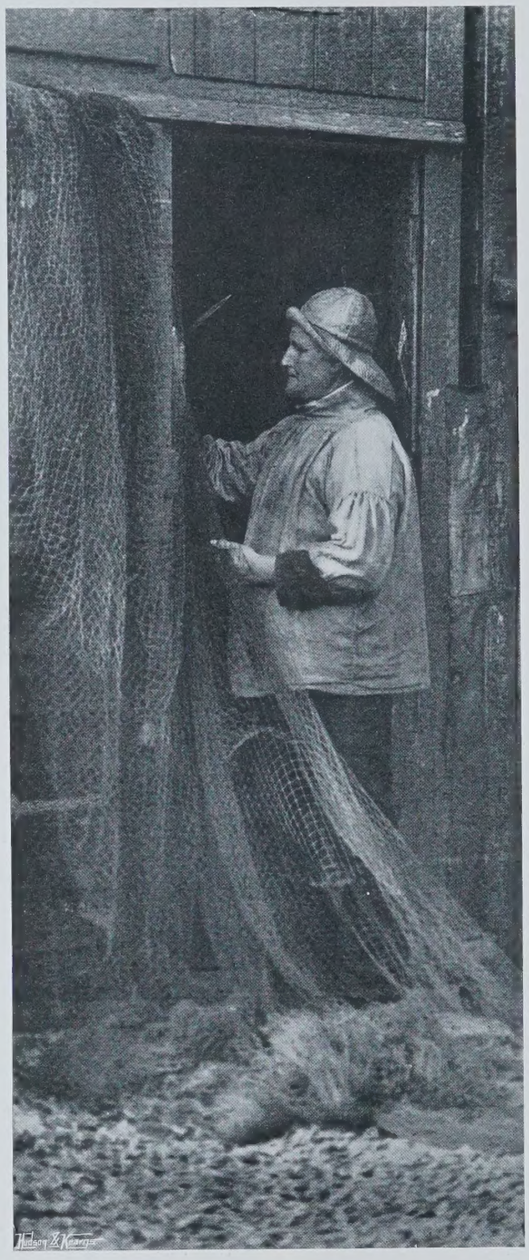
As a class he is bound to disappear, but in his place another has come. The trawler of Hull, Grimsby, Yarmouth, and elsewhere resembles his predecessors in many important respects, especially in a simple manliness that seems to come naturally to those who go down to the sea in ships. But his life in other respects is very different. He is much more away from home, and goes to a greater distance, where he will spend many days at a time at his calling, seeing nobody but

the crews of passing ships, with whom he barters. A vessel is specially told off to carry the catch to market; in fact, there are often several carriers when the fleet is large. A hospital ship is also provided for the sick, and elaborate arrangements for holding religious services and so on are made by the Society for Aiding Deep-sea Fishermen. On shore he does not live in the small communities that old-time fishermen did, but is prone to find a home close to a large town. He is, indeed, very like a labouring mechanic in his habits, and it may possibly be that in the future he is the sort of man who will be most in demand.

FROM THE FARMS.

Does Farming Pay?

RECENTLY a melancholy wail has been raised in some of the papers by persons who assert that it is impossible to make farming pay under present conditions. We have frequently expressed an opposite opinion in these pages, and at the present moment feel inclined to adhere to it. What does the phrase "present conditions" convey? In point of fact, the conditions are varying from day to day. One of the most important of them is the price of wheat. Last week it was returned at 30s. 8d., and it has kept at or close to that figure since the first of January. It means that farmers are obtaining 3s. 4d. more than they did in the corresponding week of last year. The official average price of barley for the same time was given at 25s. 3d., and that is 4s. 7d. above what it was in the corresponding week of last year. The price of oats shows an advance of 1s. 8d. per quarter. It seems to be clearly demonstrated, therefore, that one of the most important conditions that affects the prosperity of the farmer, viz., the price of cereals, is fluctuating in his favour. It is natural to ask, however, if on the average land of Great Britain 30s. a quarter for wheat is a remunerative price? We believe that the majority of practical men would answer in the affirmative. It used to be held as a tenet of belief that the farmer had to get 40s. before he could see a profit; but since then cheapening processes have had to be resorted to. Rents have fallen considerably, and much labour-saving machinery has been introduced; so that it is fairly safe to say that the occupier of an average English farm obtains a profit when he sells his wheat at 30s. a quarter. The only question that remains is whether it be a temporary or permanent change. In our opinion it is the latter, for the causes that led to it seem to be enduring in character. These are, first, that the American farmer is turning his attention more to fruit than corn, so that the United States will not import so largely in future; secondly that for reasons that need not be dwelt upon the Russian supply is likely to be crippled for some years to come; and thirdly that the Indian supply is not to be depended upon. It would appear, then, that the time of excessively cheap food has passed, never to return.



H. G. Stollard. *AN OFF DAY.* Copyright

Charlock.

There are certain duties which it would be almost right for the community to enforce the farmer to perform. One is the eradication of thistles. A careless husbandman who allows these weeds to grow up and seed so that the down is blown over all the neighbouring fields, entails so much labour and expense upon those who have the misfortune to have land near him, that his neglect amounts almost to a crime. So, too, with the charlock. It has been established beyond the possibility of a doubt that this noxious weed can be got rid of by spraying, yet, at the time its yellow flower comes out, it can be seen that there are very many people who will not go to the trouble and expense of destroying it. In such a case it would not be amiss to make representations on the subject at this time of the year, so as to stimulate the activity of the negligent tenant. In these days when science has come so much to the rescue of the farmer, it seems little short of absurd that prompt measures should not be taken for getting rid of charlock. We remember years ago when there was no other way of doing so than by the employment of a band of women, who, when the yellow flowers opened, were sent out to pull it up by the roots. This was expensive and troublesome, and in addition was very destructive, as, of course, the workers had to travel over the young corn to get at the weeds.

A Plague of Rats.

For some considerable time past the farmers of France have been very much troubled by a plague of field-rats very similar to that of voles which occurred about ten years ago in Scotland. Many were the devices used to get rid of them, but in vain, till, at the last meeting of the National Society of Agriculture, it was announced that the secretary had received from various districts, which had suffered much from the invasion of the rats, very good news indeed. In the Deux-Sèvres, la Vienne, les Charentes, where the destruction had been most terrible, the rodents had almost completely disappeared. In the neighbourhood of Reims, and in that of the Haute-Marne, there are not sufficient left to cause any annoyance. M. Sagnier had foretold this some months ago, when he said, "We shall see this terrible invasion of rats disappear naturally one day or another without knowing exactly why. As in the past rats have disappeared after periodical invasions which have alarmed farmers in the highest degree." It would appear that a kind of infectious disease had broken out amongst them, and it is a curious coincidence that two well-known scientists had already prepared a culture of microbes which if applied would have helped Nature to get rid of the rats. M. Hitier, in his account in the *Journal d'Agriculture Pratique*, from which we have taken these particulars, says, "Nevertheless, there still remain some obscure points in this sudden appearance, and equally sudden disappearance, of the rats. Why should they appear at a given moment in so great numbers at certain points? Without doubt in consequence of there having been a series of years favourable to their development, with dryness, absence of rain and of snow, abundant food. Then the inverse of these causes, the prolonged rain and absence of food, places them in a bad hygienic condition, and they then more easily fall a prey to the microbes."

Meteorology.

A notice has been issued from the Meteorological Office that, as before, weather forecasts will be issued during the harvest season to persons desirous of receiving them upon payment of the cost of the telegrams. The forecast will be so worded that the cost of each message will be sixpence for any one district, including an address of three words. If the address exceeds three words, an addition of a halfpenny for each additional word must be made to the cost of the original telegram. This is a welcome announcement, but we trust that something more remains behind. These forecasts might surely be made much better than they are at present if it were arranged for a proper system of Marconigrams to be despatched to the office, and they would be as useful to the farmer during haytime as during the actual harvest. We see that the harvest forecasts are prepared at 3.30 p.m. daily, from June 1st to September 30th, except Sundays, and are applicable to the twenty-four hours from midnight following the time of issue. Undoubtedly these systems of forecasting have been very much improved during recent years, but one complaint is very often heard, viz., that though the weather prophesied scarcely ever fails to come, it is often a little later or a little earlier than was expected. By a more thorough use of wireless telegraphy it surely might be possible to get rid of this fault. Suppose he is about to cut his hay, or to lead it home, how

FOUNDATION STOCK.

useful it would be to know when he got up in the morning exactly what the weather is likely to be, so that he might hasten or delay according to the news.

THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

I HAVE often heard people ask, as they left the Highlands behind after touring through its austere solitudes under summer skies, How do the people live there in winter? If tedium there be, it is in the daytime; but days are short, and many little duties fill them, perhaps a game of camanchd. With the fall of the night, the Gael turns to his simple pleasures. There is no lock in the Highlander's house. You are always welcome. The winter nights are given up to a ceaseless visitation, enjoyed by hosts and guests. To-night, perhaps, you are at Donald Rhua's, to-morrow you will be at Rob Donn's, next night you may make a round of calls. Or perhaps you go to a big waulking to see the girls home safely, or to a dance at a neighbouring farm. In whatever way, the night is occupied pleasantly. Small excitements, it may be said; and yet not so trivial after all, when you consider that they are sincere and leave behind no sensation of satiety.

The great function of the winter nights is the ceilidh. Time was when this was almost purely a literary gathering. There were two factors in the making and preservation of Highland literature. One was the summer sheiling, where the idyllic life and unrestrained intercourse gave birth to the love song. The other was the ceilidh, at which the old heroic tales were repeated and passed from memory to memory, and where, doubtless, new stories were invented. By the Highlanders both institutions were regarded with an almost passionate affection. The sheiling—that ideal of country life—is now, alas, little more than a memory enshrined in many a beautiful song, though something bearing a faint resemblance to the old splendid reality still exists in the isles. The ceilidh has also undergone a change, but it is still the chief and most delightful entertainment of the winter evenings, for it gratifies the Gael's love of story-telling. In earlier days, the ceilidh had almost a ceremonial character. Every township had one or more story-tellers or reciters, each with his own distinctive gift. One was a narrator of the old romances, another a historian, another a reciter of poetry, another an authority on song. Thus every taste was met. These story-tellers, etc., were the public library, and, though everything was good enough for the Gael so long as it had the interest of life and wonder, then, as now, romance was the favourite.

You may imagine what these ceilidhs were. The little room, lit only by the glow of the peat fire in the middle of the floor, the gnarled figures of the aged crofters, the fresh faces of the young—a scene to which only Rembrandt could do justice. There is a charming description of a ceilidh in Mr. Alexander Carmichael's "Carmina Gadelica." "The houseman," writes Mr. Carmichael, "is twisting twigs of heather into ropes to hold down thatch, a neighbour crofter is twining quicken rods into cords to tie cows, while another is plaiting bent grass into baskets to hold meal.

'Eat bread and twist bent,
And thou this year shalt be as thou wert last.'

The housewife is spinning, a daughter is carding, another daughter is teasing, while a third daughter, supposed to be working, is away in the background conversing in low whispers with the son of a neighbouring crofter. Neighbour wives and neighbour daughters are knitting, sewing, or embroidering. The conversation is general: the local news, the weather, the price of cattle; these leading up to higher themes—the clearing of the glens (a sore subject), the war, Parliament, the effects of the sun upon the earth, and the moon upon the tides. The speaker is eagerly listened to, and is urged to tell more. But he pleads that he came to hear and not to speak, saying:

'The first story from the host,
Story till day from the guest.'

The stranger asks the houseman to tell a story, and after a pause the man complies. . . . When the story is ended it is discussed and commented upon, and the different characters praised or blamed according to their merits and the views of the critics. If not late, proverbs, riddles, conundrums, and songs follow. Some of the tales, however, are long, occupying a night or even several nights in recital. 'Sgeul Coise Cein,' for example, was in twenty-four parts, each part occupying a night in telling."

The feats of memory performed by these monarchs of the ceilidh were often prodigious. It was through them that the old literature of the Highlands was handed down from generation to generation. In his "Popular Tales," Campbell mentions a fisherman, seventy-nine years of age, who could relate versions of all the stories in his collection. Another could repeat four-score stories. One recent collector tells of a South Uist crofter, with whom died what would fill several volumes of old lore, mostly heroic tales. Campbell of Islay, Hector Maclean, and Mr. Alexander Carmichael took down many tales from a Barvas story-teller, but they made little impression on his abundant store. The Celt is still long-memoried. The late Mary Macpherson, the Skye poetess, was unable to write, yet she remembered all her compositions till late in life, and then dictated a good-sized volume of them to a friend for publication. But nowadays, unhappily, the memory of the Gael is not exercised upon the old tales; it broods rather upon ancient wrongs and present bitternesses.

Though the ceilidh has lost most of its literary value, it is not the less an important social function. The subjects of talk and discussion have changed; that is all. There is no less zest in ceilidhing, there is no less interest in stories and the exchange of views. There is still one or more houses in every township where the ceilidh has a special character and is specially pleasant to attend. Everywhere, nowadays, the chief topics are those of current interest; but the story-teller who keeps his audience till the morning hours is he who knows all there is to know of the mysteries of second sight, of ghosts, and the things of the Fourth Dimension, which is now, as it always has been, a large part of Highland life.

THE SHEEP OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

B. C. Wickison. NATURE'S GARDEN. Copyright

ON LUNDY ISLE.—I.

RATHER more than twenty miles from the bar over which Torridge and Taw pour their mingled waters into the ocean, lying slantwise athwart the racing tides of the Bristol Channel, the island of Lundy appears to the landsman at times so close, that details of its sparkling granite cliffs, the church, and old disused lighthouse tower may readily be discerned, at others receding from view till it looms dim and mysterious like a cloud-bank on the horizon. Now it smiles in the sunlight, now frowns under the temporary shadow of some dark storm-cloud, ever changing in its effects, yet ever affording indication of the weather to those who understand. Nowadays, however, the wise in Nature's lore, to whom each sight and sound conveys its meaning, are not the many, and to most Lundy remains a name on the map, a dot on the horizon.

A. J. R. Roberts. *A GROUP OF PUFFINS.* Copyright

The sailor, indeed, cannot afford to treat Lundy as lightly as the landsman and tourist are wont to do, critically regarding its effects of distance and colour, or rapidly glancing in its direction so as to include it in a list of "things they have seen." To the sailor it is an ever-present reality—a friend or a foe. Rising sheer from the Atlantic, with but one pretence at a beach at its south-east corner, its cliffs frown inhospitably upon craft of all kinds, while at each end sharp-toothed rocks reach out for those who fail to give the island a sufficiently wide berth. Few captains would fall short in this respect in fair weather, but it is when completely shrouded in mist, and the winds are too light to prevent the ships from being carried out of their course by the strong tides, that Lundy is most to be feared. Then it is that she claims her victims, despite the powerful lights, the warning shrieks of the sirens, and reverberating thunder of the gun-signals.

From Lundy itself these fogs often present a curious spectacle, for they not uncommonly lie so low on the water that the top of the island is entirely free, bathed in sunshine, and one may look across to the mainland over a sea of closely-packed mist, resembling nothing so much as cotton-wool. Twenty miles away the summits of the higher cliffs are plainly to be seen, and, lying on the white surface of the fog, in the strongest contrast, the black smoke of steamers marks as though on a chart the tracks of invisible ships, crossing and recrossing in curious design. Here and there the masts and topsails of some tall ship pierce the mantle of fog, and it frequently happens that those on deck, anxiously awaiting a lifting of the mist to discover their position, may gain the knowledge at once by climbing into the shrouds.

During the frequent gales from the south-west, however, Lundy often proves a friend in need, forming as it does a vast natural breakwater nearly four miles long and 500ft. high. Ship after ship comes plunging in from every quarter, to ride easily at anchor in the shelter of her lee, until, if the rough weather last many days, there is quite a little forest of masts in the usually deserted roadstead, and in the blackness of the night the twinkling lights at masthead or side remind one of a small, sleeping town, in quiet contrast to the fury of the storm. But on the west side the battle of the elements rages with untamable fury. Long, majestic billows roll in from the Atlantic, dash on the granite cliffs, leap, as it were, bodily into the air, and then, shivered into froth and spray, sink back, leaving the rocks, grim and immovable as ever, to withstand the next onslaught of the ocean's cavalry. At the south end, the island is of a far more yielding nature. Slaty shale, treacherous to climb upon, is the legitimate prey of the waves, and seldom a winter passes in which some storm does not cause an avalanche of hundreds of tons of rock and earth, and leave a fresh scar, drawn as by some giant's finger, down the face of the cliff.

The only regular communication with the island is by a fishing skiff, which sails weekly from Instow, carrying the mails and such provisions as the islanders may require. The skipper, who has been making the journey for some thirty years, and asserts that he could "feel his way across by the shape of the waves," has a rare supply of yarns to while away the hours of passage, varying as they do from two and a-half to eight or even ten, according to the wind or lack of it. My first passage will ever remain fresh in my memory. It was in June, and we were feeling our way across through a thick fog, guided mainly by the flight of the sea-birds, whose sense of direction seems never at fault. The nesting season was in full swing, and, learning that I hoped to gain my first experience of cliff-climbing and to photograph the birds on their nests, the captain regaled me with tale after tale of those who had lost their lives there while engaged on somewhat similar pursuits, ceasing only when the journey came to an end.

A J. R. Roberts. *FROTH, ROCKS, AND SPRAY.* Copyright

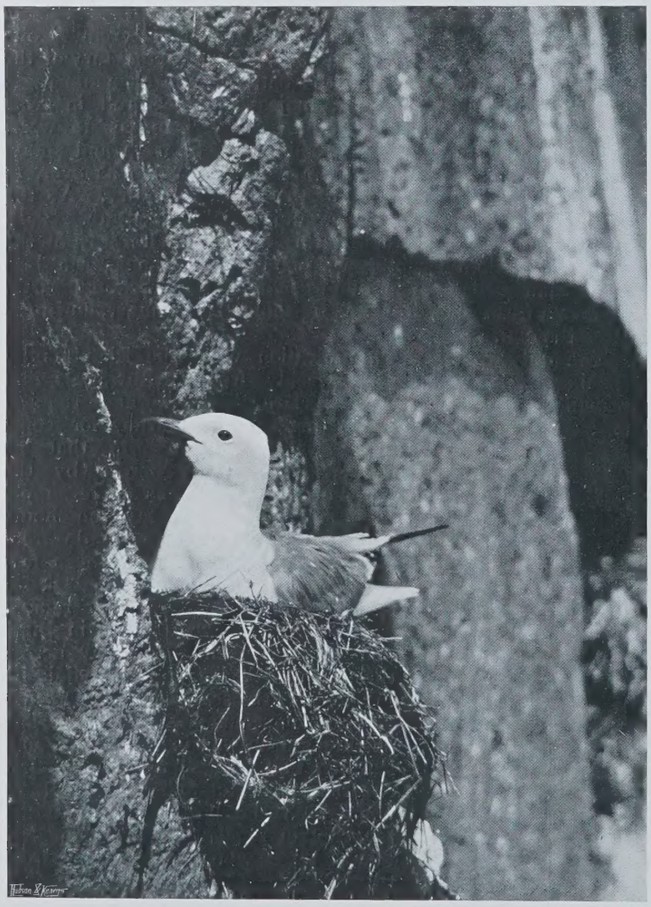
With what romance the little rock-bound island was clothed in my mind, and how impatiently I longed to explore its wonders! But all was wrapped in fog. From the shore one could not see the top of the cliffs, and a drenching rain soon saturated any portion of my clothing that the waves had failed to reach. I had

perforce to cool my heels, and devote myself to the prosaic task of seeking a lodging and a change of clothes. The following day was as fair as its predecessor had been foul, and I rushed off to the sea-bird nursery at the north end, as indifferent to everything but birds as only a young and inexperienced ornithologist can be. Since that day, however, almost every stock and stone on the island have long become familiar, and there is much, indeed, that is worthy of the attention.

Lundy is, roughly speaking, a triangular table-land, with its apex towards the north, and, as will readily be understood, its western coast, exposed to the full force of the Atlantic, is far more precipitous and romantic than the eastern. Here the actual cliffs are only some 150ft. high, the additional 300ft. being gained by steep slopes, locally known as the "Sidings" or "Sidelands," where alone vegetation may be said to flourish. The wind-swept summit boasts a short, close, springy turf, and where Nature has free play, a stubby heather and stunted gorse, uniting, in September, to produce the richest effects of colouring, with the honeysuckle, which, having nothing to climb upon, spreads itself along the ground, and, in its season, forms a carpet of flowers.

Immediately one steps over the edge, as it were, on to the Sidelands, a luxuriant growth of bracken and ferns of all kinds (notably the Osmunda) conspires with long trailing brambles to make a passage almost impossible. Especially is this the case in the valleys, where small streams have cut deep courses and left curious pillars of earth, some 18in. in diameter and 4ft. or 5ft. high, bound fast by roots, and crowned by tufts of long, coarse grass. The intervening spaces are, as often as not, covered by brambles, and a single incautious step on these shaking footholds results in the sudden and total eclipse of the person who makes it. *Crede experto!*

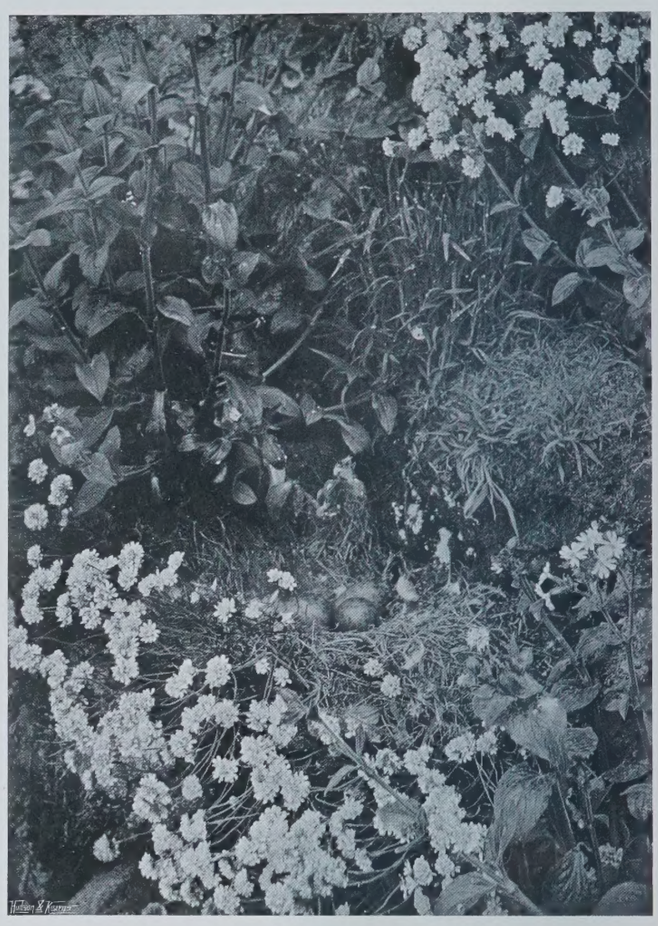
Three rough walls, known respectively as Quarter, Halfway, and Three-quarter Walls, divide the island into more or less equal parts. The southernmost alone is cultivated, and with the exception of an inhabited cottage just beyond the Quarter Wall, and the Light-keepers' at the north end, contains the whole population of the island, some thirty or thirty-five people all told. On the very highest ground stands the old lighthouse tower,



A. J. R. Roberts. *KITTIWAKE BROODING.* Copyright.

which, on account of its great height above the sea, proved useless in foggy weather, and in almost equal relief against the sky-line is the new church, a handsome building of Lundy granite. In a slight hollow the farmhouse, labourers' cottages, and a number of outhouses cluster together to escape the wind, while immediately below, in the most sheltered gorge of all, the squire's comfortable house seeks, as far as possible, to retire from view.

At the south end of the island, too, are the Devil's Limekiln and Shutter Rock. The former is a curious funnel-shaped chasm some 50ft. across at the mouth, but rapidly narrowing to half that distance, which pierces the island like the shaft of a mine for 250ft. or 300ft., when it is connected by a tunnel with the sea. The Shutter Rock, chosen by Kingsley as the scene of the wreck of Don Guzman's galleon, which thus escaped Amyas Leigh's vengeance, is, very roughly, the shape



LESSER BLACK-BACKED GULLS' NEST.

of a cone, and, by an immense stretch of the imagination, might be supposed to fit into the Limekiln—whence its name. The devil must have been astonishingly busy in the West of England in the old days, judging by the number of objects which bear his name, and, though everyone would suppose that the Limekiln was formed by the action of the sea, the true explanation is that it was one of the entrances to the lower regions, and that, being surprised one day while descending, the devil, in his hurry, forgot to replace the Shutter Rock, which was, of course, the trapdoor. So the passage has remained open ever since, and that is why many people will not venture near it at night.

Perhaps the most curious rock of all is the Knight Templar, which bears so startling a resemblance to the head of a man that it is difficult to resist the idea that Nature's freak has been embellished by the chisel. It is situated on the east side, just beyond the Halfway Wall, and on the near side of the wall was a fine example of a logging stone, now spoilt by the too successful efforts of some tourist to overbalance it. This, too, presents a fantastic caricature of a face, so that visitors often mistake it for the Templar, and return wondering why such a fuss has been made over the likeness.

As you proceed northward the coast becomes grander, more rugged, and precipitous. There are, perhaps, few cliffs that attract special notice by reason of their peculiar shape; and, romantic as the scenery is, the attention of most people is absorbed by the vast quantities of sea-birds which claim the north end of the island for their own, and invest it with a peculiar charm. The visitor sees, perhaps for the first time, a sea-bird nursery—birdland's most impressive sight in Nature's most impressive setting—and, if he have a cool head and sure foot, he could scarcely desire a better place to study its inmates. For the cliffs are granite, and one may trust one's life with confidence to almost every ledge where finger or toe can find a hold. One can descend with ease, and sit perched on some ledge halfway down the cliff in the midst of a large colony of kittiwakes, guillemots, and razorbills, and watch the birds coming and going about their daily affairs, absolutely indifferent to the unwonted intrusion. In some places, of course, a descent is only possible with the aid of a rope, and one can enjoy a mild form of

mountaineering, which adds a spice of excitement to the work, and makes it perhaps the most fascinating department of the study of bird-life. But the bird-life of Lundy demands a paper to itself, for it is undoubtedly the best sea-bird breeding station to be found in the South, and probably in the whole of England. A. J. R. ROBERTS.

THE SWALLOW.

ALTHOUGH it is not associated with so many curious legends as the cuckoo, Hirundo rustica, the common or chimney swallow, is a universal favourite, welcomed wherever it appears; and, while both praise and blame are lavished upon the cuckoo, nobody has a bad word to say for this pretty spring guest, the most familiar and graceful of all the swallow tribe. Like the robin and wren, it is looked upon as a sacred bird, either because it is the harbinger of summer, or because, owing to its familiarity with man and its fancy for building near human habitations, it was dedicated long ago to the Penates, or household deities, and, consequently, it was thought most unlucky to kill it, or destroy its nest or eggs, a belief which lingers in Essex:

"The robin with the red breast,
The martin and the swallow,
If ye touch one o' their eggs,
Bad luck will surely follow."

Dryden refers to a similar superstition:

"Perhaps you failed in your foreseeing skill,
For swallows are unlucky birds to kill."

It is thought especially fortunate if the birds select a new house, or one where a young married couple have just set up housekeeping, and "the more birds the better luck," according to an old proverb. In some parts of the country it is said that swallows and martins will not build where there is strife and quarrelling, and if they forsake a house where they have been in the habit of returning, season after season, the inmates may expect some dire misfortune.

In Scandinavia, where it is very popular, it is said to owe its name to the fact that through all the hours of our Lord's Passion it hovered over the Cross, crying mournfully, "Svala! Svala!" (Console! Console!), hence it is known as "the bird of consolation," and is looked upon as a blessed creature whom it is unlucky to injure, while to tear down its nest is supposed to bring some great disaster upon the house. So anxious are the Scandinavians that swallows and martins should build on their dwellings, that they hang pieces of bark under the eaves to induce the birds to nest there. There was an old superstition that the swallow brought a certain stone from the seashore, which gave sight to its young, as Longfellow says in "Evangeline":

"Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledgelings."

Another version was that the bird used the celandine, or "swallow-wort," for the purpose. The name comes from the Greek "chelidon" (a swallow), because it was supposed to bloom and fade with the arrival and departure of our little friend, just as we have "cuckoo-flowers" and "nightingale's bells" (wild hyacinth) for a similar reason. Culpeper says, with regard to this plant: "They say that if you put out the eyes of young swallows when they are in the nest, the old ones will recover them again with this herb." Pliny seems to have held the same idea, and unfortunately this odd notion caused people to drop the acrid poisonous juice into the eyes of persons suffering from ophthalmia, frequently blinding them permanently.

The coming of the swallow takes place about the middle of April, and he is looked upon as the herald of spring and fine weather; there is a widely-spread belief that there is never any severe cold after the swallows have appeared. In many parts of Europe a festival was held when the first of the graceful birds appeared after its winter sojourn in Asia or Northern Africa or the extreme South of Europe, for swallows pass from Iceland and Lapland to Greece, Asia Minor, and Egypt, and from the extreme North of America to the warm regions of that great continent, with the change of the seasons.

Long centuries ago "the swallow-boys" of Rhodes carried one of the birds from door to door, singing carols to usher in the spring, as Longfellow tells us in "Hyperion":

"The swallow is come!
The swallow is come!
Oh! fair are the seasons, and light
Are the days that she brings,
With her dusky wings,
And her bosom snowy white."

In many parts of Germany the stork is greeted in similar fashion, and in some districts children carry round either a live swallow or one carved in wood to celebrate the approach of summer. In the North of Albania, where March 1st is the beginning of the year, the cows are decked with garlands on this day, and grown-up people wear a knot of red silk on the little finger of the right hand, while threads of many gay hues are tied upon the wrists and necks of the children, and not removed till the first swallow appears, when they are taken off and hung on rose bushes, so that the birds may use them for their nests. In Eastern lands, where it is known as "the bird of God," the swallow is regarded with reverence, though in India, Java, and China the young ones are eaten. The edible birds' nests, so prized in China, belong to a small species of swallow, about the size of the common martin. The greater number of the nests are

A. J. R. Roberts. GUILLEMOTS RESTING ON STACK ROCK. Copyright

brought from Java, where they are built in crevices of the rocks and caves. It is a task of great danger and difficulty to collect them, and the men who engage in it offer sacrifice, pray, and burn incense in honour of a female deity, who is supposed to inhabit the caves, and protect those who thus propitiate her. The men are lowered by ropes or bamboo ladders into the dangerous caverns where the curious nests line the rocky walls, while the sea foams and rages below. The most famous of these is in the Island of Java, but the bird frequents marine caves in many parts of the Indian Archipelago. Besides this Colocalia esculenta, three other species of swallows build edible nests, which vary greatly in value, the new white nests being literally worth their weight in gold, while those in which a brood has been reared are comparatively cheap.

Our common swallow is seen during the summer in most parts of the Northern Hemisphere. It is one of the handsomest of the tribe, with its glossy plumage of black, blue, and white, and the chestnut patch on throat and forehead. It is distinguished from other species by the peculiar length of the feathers at either side of the forked tail. Living entirely on insects, and seeking its food on the wing, it is noted for the swiftness of its flight, and is a most valuable bird to the farmer and gardener. The nests are built of mud, lined with grass, straw, or feathers, and contain four to six eggs of a whitish hue, clouded with grey, and spotted with minute reddish brown dots. The old naturalists seem to have believed that swallows did not migrate, but remained with us during the winter in a torpid state, in holes, hollow trees, or buried under the mud of rivers and ponds. Isaac Walton held the theory, and even White seemed to have some faith in the tale. Doubtless some birds, who are not sufficiently strong to start on the long flight across the seas, may hide themselves, and perhaps live through a mild winter, and it seems to be true that many of the birds have been discovered in a semi-comatose state in hollow trees during cold weather, and have revived when brought into a warm room; but how close observers, who watched the birds gathering year by year for their flight, could have doubted that they migrated is a mystery.

If a swallow falls down the chimney of a house, it is said to be a death warning, an idea which has come down from the ancients, for when a flight of these birds lighted on the mast of Anthony's ship, as he sailed into Egypt, the soothsayers prophesied that he should be slain in that land.

The pretty martin, known by its patch of white on the tail-coverts, builds, like the swallow, in the eaves of houses, and its choice of a building-place is supposed to show that the air is fresh and wholesome, a superstition quoted by Shakespeare:

> "This guest of summer,
> The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
> By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
> Smells wooingly here: no jutty frieze, buttress,
> No coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made
> His pendant bed and procreant cradle: where they
> Most breed and haunt, I have observed, the air
> Is delicate."

The lively little sand-martin arrives about the same time as the house-martin and swallow, but can scarcely be said to make a nest, merely boring holes in banks and cliffs, at the bottom of which it places a careless bundle of some soft material, on which it lays four or five fragile greyish white eggs.

Last of all comes the swift, in its sober plumage of black and grey. It is also the first to leave, for it cannot bear cold. Like the swallow, it is insectivorous, and is remarkable for the rapidity of its flight, to which it owes its name. It builds a rough nest, of straw, hay, and wool, fastened together by a glutinous substance, and placed in holes or crevices in rocks, walls, steeples, or roofs, being particularly fond of thatched ones. In Scandinavia it builds in hollow trees. It lays two or three white eggs, and rarely rears more than one brood. The shrill note has gained it the name of "screech-martin." Under the name of "martlet," the martin has figured largely in heraldry, as the swallow has under its French title of "hirondelle." It is usually blazoned without legs, and we find the following explanation in Guillim's "Display of Heraldry":

> "The martlet hath legs so exceeding short, that they can by no means do so. And if perchance they fall upon the ground, they cannot raise themselves upon their feet, as others do, and so prepare themselves for flight. For this cause they are accustomed to make their nests upon rocks, and other high places, from whence they may easily take their flight, from the support of the air. Hereupon it came that this bird is painted in arms without feet: and for this cause it is also given for a difference of younger brethren, to put them in mind to trust to their wings of vertue and merit, and to raise themselves, and not in their legs, having no land to put their foot on."

Many poets have sung of the martin and swallow, from the Elizabethan writers down to Tennyson, with his:

> "O swallow, swallow, flying flying South,"

and Austin Dobson's:

> "HIRUNDO.
> "By shore and sea I come and go,
> To seek I know not what; and lo!
> On no man's eaves I sit.
> But voices bid me rise once more,
> To flit again by sea and shore—
> Flit! flit!"

Indeed, it is no wonder that the swift-winged, restless birds have appealed alike to the poet and the painter and those possessed by "Der Wander-lust"—that longing to fly with the swallows to other lands, the strange craving said in Celtic myth to come upon those who tread upon the mystic "Wandering grass."

MAUD E. SARGENT.

A TWEED SALMON

ON Tweed—"Royal Tweed," as Mr. Stoddart called it—the fisherman feels he is on classic ground; for nearly every pool and brae along its course has a place in ballad or legend, and the very reach on which the accompanying photographs were taken, Craig Pool (or locally Craigo'er), is reputed to have been the spot where Michael Scot, the wizard, chased ashore a devil whom he had conjured up, but which refused to do his bidding. This pool is on the Mertoun stretch, whose owner, Lord Polwarth, firm in his belief in the homing instinct of salmon, has, as far as we know, been the only riparian owner who for years has been turning in annually thousands of young salmon; so it must add considerably to his pleasure, in capturing a fish in his water, to reflect that it may be one of his own breeding.

Craigover Pool, too, is the scene of the iniquitous "sunning" so graphically and unblushingly described by Scrope, and there many a time must have flashed

> ". . . the blood red gleam
> Over the midnight slaughter"

when the poachers were "burning the water." Unfortunately, these traditions of leister, cleek, and net have been handed down so persistently from generation to generation of the dwellers on its banks that the taint of poaching seems to be ineradicable. Nevertheless, the high rents obtained on this noble river would have astonished John Haliburton, farmer, who at the beginning of the last century "rented the Mertoun angling for £15 a year, with a cow's grass."

Tweed has a record of mighty fish that stirs the fisherman's pulse as he puts his rod together, some four, 50lb. and upwards, having been caught on fly within the last thirty years, Mr. Pryor's salmon on the Makerstoun Reach in 1886 topping the list. This fish was weighed in the presence of three witnesses at 60lb., and, though next

Lady Nina Balfour. GIVING HIM THE BUTT. Copyright

Lady Nina Balfour. SAFE ASHORE. Copyright

morning it could not pull more than 57½lb., there is little reason to doubt it was above the latter weight.

The photographs given show the final stages of a good fight with a 14-pounder last autumn. After the nets are off gaffs are prohibited—a very good thing on a river where, as an old Peeblesshire keeper was wont to say, "except himself and his maister he dooted if there was a man in the parish who wadna cleek a fush if he got the chance"—so the huge landing-net has to be used, an awkward implement in unskilled hands when fish run big. In this case the gillie has made no mistake, and the last photograph shows the clean-run salmon hanging a "shaft of living silver," as his weight is noted.

It is impossible in writing of or visiting Tweedside to ignore the flagrant and open defiance of law that goes on there. Poaching appears to be in the very blood of the Border peasantry, and there is absolutely no public feeling against it. A man may be, and has been, imprisoned for "cleeking" salmon, and yet continue to hold with general approval his place as an elder of the kirk.

Lady Nina Balfour. A BONNIE "FUSH." Copyright

THE COUNTRY TOWN.

UNTIL the present time the country town has been as strikingly characteristic of the country as the villages and farms and fields; as stimulating to the fancy, as suggestive of the sturdy rural life of England, as inseparable from England's romantic history. Veritable town, it has had nothing of London about it, but has been town of the country-side of which it was the centre. Accordingly every town had its own character, invariably English, but always distinctive. Stretched out, as a rule, along some main road, but thickening round the market-place, for generations its interests were parochial, local. Its prosperity hung on the seasons; foreign wars concerned it less than the disputes at the vestry, or than the election, or the fair; and the corn crop, or the hops or fruit, mattered to it more than the price of Consols; and somehow, while the restricted but sufficient and simple life of the inhabitants impressed itself unconsciously upon the streets, the townsman as he traversed them breathed its influence unawares, and to this day one feels it. The customary High Street, glistening with reflected sunshine, has a charm beyond that which it derives constantly from the surrounding hills and valleys, and not dependent upon the fresh amplitude of air that enwraps the town so lovingly.

That the nearness of the open country contributes its effect, of course is true. Very pleasant it is, as you walk about the old town, to glance through a gap between the houses—down some alley or backway, or under the entrance to an inn-yard—and catch a glimpse of green hillside a mile away under a great vista of sky telling of far horizons. You look up; as likely as not a rook is sailing overhead. You listen; and if the street chances to be quiet you may hear a lark singing. From a street in my own native town I have watched a hawk poised high in air; one spring day I heard, and looking up caught sight of, a passing cuckoo. Many birds are near at hand. Thrushes and blackbirds are melodious in the back gardens, swallows build under the eaves, now and again a wagtail comes down into the roadway. The summer evenings are vocal with the screaming of swifts; in the summer mornings, if you are up early enough, you may see rooks coolly walking in the streets as though they owned them. Pleasant odours come, too; there are hours in June when the town is fragrant with the scent of new hay, though you do not see the meadows where it is making. The passing manure waggon is at worst only half disagreeable, because, after all, it makes you think of farms, and another day it may bring in for atonement the scent of hops, or of the newly-opened heap of mangold. The occasional odour of weeds burning is far from offensive in the street; nor was it at one time offensive, I remember, but rather suggestive of leagues of hot summer weather, when for several days a whole town was perfumed with the penetrating smell of a vast heath fire six or seven miles away. But besides these chance reminders of rusticity there is always the sky, there are always the clouds, and the sense of plentiful breathing-room above and around the country town. As you perceive, the shops and dwelling-houses are but a thin screen, a flimsy and often beautiful scene-painting, hiding the open country but not really shutting it out. Rather they frame the sky, and set the imagination dreaming of the fields over which it broods; and while they shut out the eyesores—the neglected farm, the squalid village, or the obtrusively new cockney villas that too often disfigure the actual country—on the other hand they invite thoughts of the real beauty that lies beyond them. From out there behind the houses and across the valleys comes fancy of coppices full of primroses, hangers fringed with catkins, woodland hollows still open to the April sky, but soon to be curtained in with young leaves. There were never lovelier hedgerows, deeper meadows, more ample downs, or farms more peaceful than those one is tempted to imagine from the High Street of a country town.

But delicious though all this may be, the street means more than this, and deserves to be looked upon affectionately for its own sake as a feature of the former English country-side. For

the old towns—Salisbury and Basingstoke, Lewes, Dunstable, and the hundreds of others whose very names are inspiring—were not in their origin places where rural life ceased; they were the places where it grew tense and vital, and they stand now as a sort of ancient monuments, more interesting than Stonehenge or Old Sarum, of a past dear to every lover of the country. You feel the strong, compelling influence if you merely pass through them as a stranger. If you are a native of one of them, and know it well, the steadfast houses and the turnings of the streets seem to add to your personal memory recollections from times long before your own, and every memory of them all smacks not of town but of country. The staid Queen Anne houses—upon what a comely, old-fashioned life have they stood looking down! It is to a "Vicar of Wakefield's" England that they refer you, and they seem still dreaming of glowing summer afternoons and of the hearty farmers they have seen coming into the town for the market. The cumbersome road-waggons rumble by, and the stage-coaches bringing news, and without thinking of it one's spirit is stirred by the sentiment of the great roads. The meaner Georgian and Early Victorian houses and house fronts are not less richly communicative. Those who built them knew more of the country than we do; they opened their queer old shops, and bought their goods, and tuned their behaviour, with an eye to rural taste—the taste of farmers and yeomen and villagers—and knew nothing of the demands that reach us now from London suburbs. London was not so much in that strenuous era, and the country was more than in our time, and as the rural world gloried over Waterloo, and was agonised by the bitter price of poverty which it cost, and struggled with its Poor Laws and Corn Laws and tithes, and was at once most mean and most heroical, the country towns received the impress of its honest, artless character, and retain it now for those to venerate who understand.

At last, however, a great change is coming over the country town, and it is losing its character by reason of the changes progressing all round it. As was calmly stated the other day in the notice of a forthcoming book on the architecture of "country cottages" (meaning "week-end" villas and the like), residents hailing from town are beginning to oust the former population of the land, and already in our High Streets one sees the result. The old individual character is going, something aped from the Bon Marché at Brixton is coming instead; the towns begin to resemble one another, and are as countrified as Wimbledon or Blackheath. And so, too, the character of the townsman is changing—he knows little more of the country than his new customers, and, like them, looks to London for his ideal. The very traffic of the streets betrays a subtle alteration, with the old homeliness disappearing and a flashy smartness taking its place.

The change, however, has not yet gone so far, but one may still see samples, and many of them, of the life that made our country towns so picturesque, and has left them so impressive. There are the weekly markets, in themselves a subject for many papers such as this; and, better still, there are the folk who come in to the markets. But leaving all these aside, many things of ordinary occurrence still mark the old towns as deserving the epithet "country." At the present time of year, the spoils of the coppices make their appearance in the streets. I do not mean particularly—though they are significant and touching—the tight and drooping little nosegays of primroses and daisies which the school-children bring as offerings to their teachers, but I am thinking rather of certain saleable commodities that are evidence of woodland industries in the neighbourhood. A cart slowly creeps along the street, stopping here and there to deliver bundles of pea-sticks for town gardens; another is bringing the long limp strips of waste from hoop-making, good for kindling fires. I saw, only to-day, a diminutive and ramshackle old van, in which lay a score or two of ash poles forked at the top, for props to clothes-lines. These were being hawked from door to door by two women, who also had strings of clean new clothes-pegs to offer to their customers. A young loutish man was minding the shaggy horse—a man as shifty-looking as the women who were conducting the business; and, though the name on their vehicle was illegible, anyone who knew the district might guess tolerably well from what remote woodland quarter these folk had ventured in, making just that shy use of the town that their poaching, smuggling, but seldom hard-working forefathers had been wont to make generations ago. At this time of year, too, the pink stalks of rhubarb are pleasantly conspicuous in the donkey-carts by which village gardeners convey their vegetables to the townspeople.

Other seasons, of course, are marked by the passage of other country products. Cart-loads of green rye, great waggons piled up with the new hay, loads of corn, timber on creaking carriages, hops (in my native town), and waggon-loads of village hop-pickers; but it seems untimely to speak of such things in the spring. Always, however, there are the milk-carts from outlying farms, the flour-vans and huge horses belonging to well-known and prosperous mills, the red ware from local potteries, and so on, coming into the town; and, going out of it, the farm implements, the oil-cake, the coal and coke, the deal boards, the grains that farmers have need of, and the hundred odds and ends distributed over the district by the recognised carriers. These things are visible, almost as of old, to show how essential a part of rural life the rural town has been, and must be still, though the changes going on all around it should half obliterate its time-honoured character. Here the harness-maker will continue to thrive, long after motor-traction has ruined him in London; and in quiet side-streets there will still be audible here the chinking hammerings from some smithy or shoeing forge, not quite forgetful of its earlier prosperity when the country was still country. That the ostler in the hotel yard will wear such an unsophisticated rustic smile as the fellow had whom I saw the other day is, perhaps, too much to hope. Perhaps he may—who knows? To consider that and cognate questions, one may profitably pause and examine the bills in the auctioneer's window, observing whether they advertise "desirable freehold building sites" too numerously, or whether the announcements of wool sales, farms to let, and auctions of underwood and poles still hold their own.

GEORGE BOURNE.

AN IMPERIAL BISON PRESERVE.

WE give this week two excellent views of the extensive hunting park of Bielovierje in Lithuania, which is reserved for the sole use of His Imperial Majesty the Czar. Like most of the Imperial undertakings, it has been planned on a grand scale. It has a circumferential extent of about 160 miles, and contains a vast wealth of flora and fauna. Oaks of hoary age, and often reaching a height of 100ft., spread over the rolling country, while pine trees of still greater height crowd in serried ranks on the slopes and uplands of the domain. Big game in profusion awaits the skill of the hunter. Wild boar, roebuck, and elk roam through the glades; bears and wolves alone are no longer to be found, as by the Czar's express command these were exterminated some years ago. Here, in the silence of the forest, the Czar and the numerous members of his family are accustomed to find relaxation and freedom from the somewhat rigid

THE LARGEST WILD ANIMAL IN EUROPE.

etiquette which surrounds the Court of this autocratic ruler. To enjoy the pleasures of the estate to full advantage, there has been erected during the present reign a magnificent *pied-à-terre* of 120 rooms, and scattered about in various parts of the forest many hunting lodges are to be found. To enable the Imperial party to readily reach their quarters, a branch railway has been carried into the heart of the estate from the nearest main line. Every facility for travel has, indeed, been provided, as the Czarina rarely fails to accompany her Imperial husband. A magnificent chaussée extends along the main axis of the forest.

The Czar and Czarina alike, as, indeed, most of the members of the Imperial family, relax freely from their enforced formality, and are accustomed to treat retainers and peasants with *bonhomie* and to converse freely with them. The shooting parties are invariably large, and, although nothing in the nature of a battue is practised, such as we are accustomed to in the limited acreage of our English coverts, the day's shoot generally yields a plentiful and well-earned bag of various classes of game, and the incident and excitement of the hunt are of an ever-changing character.

A special feature of this particular forest, and certainly its most interesting one, is the magnificent herd of bison, numbering not less than 1,200 head, the last remaining of its kind in Europe. The present Emperor Nicholas takes a personal and special interest in the preservation of this unique herd, and since his accession to the throne, some ten years ago, has placed its care in the hands of the Ministry of Domains, and by his order a stringent penalty has been attached to the killing of bison. The Emperor rigidly respects his own rule, and exacts compliance with it from the members of his family. An incident is related in connection with this rule which may interest our readers.

The Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, brother to the Emperor and an enthusiastic sportsman, wandering alone, with only a single loader in attendance, suddenly encountered a fine specimen in a quiet glade of the forest. Unable to resist the temptation, he brought it down by a well-aimed shot, and then, reminded of his illegal action by the consternation of the attendant, promptly produced from his pocket a Rs.500 bill, the amount of the penalty, and sent it post haste to the head-ranger of the forest.

An army of keepers are employed in the supervision of the bison, and a yearly grant of £6,000 is apportioned by the Ministry of Domains for their upkeep. Their wants receive the closest attention, and although generally allowed to wander at will, within the confines of the wide-spreading preserve, at certain seasons of the year it is the practice to restrict their movements to certain defined areas. Thus in the late summer and autumn the herds are driven down to the swamps and marshland of the forest, which are covered with an almost tropical vegetation, and form an ideal retreat for the bison. In the winter they are driven to the higher and drier reaches and uplands of the territory.

The bison is the largest wild animal in Europe, the old bulls attaining a height of nearly 6ft. at the shoulder, a length of over 11ft., and a weight on the average of 13cwt. to 15cwt. They are rarely aggressive, except in the case of the very old bulls, which are rejected from the herd by the younger ones and roam about alone, frequently attacking both man and animals. They have remarkable strength, especially in the fore-quarters, and easily break down the young saplings and undergrowth, They have no difficulty in repelling the attacks of both wolf and bear, rushing upon and crushing their assailants by trampling them under foot. Wolves, however, the most persistent of their enemies, hang around the herds, and continually attack and devour straying calves. Chiefly for this reason the extermination order to which we have already referred was issued, and a careful watch is maintained by the keepers to prevent the reappearance of the wolf within the borders of the domain.

The bison has never been domesticated by man, and even when taken young has been found most difficult to train, as it readily reverts, given the opportunity, to the wild state. Though naturally of shy habit, it is dangerous to approach; it is capable of considerable speed, but for short distances only. In spite of its marked aversion to the cow, it has, contrary to general belief, been found possible to successfully suckle the bison calf by the latter. It attains its full stature in its sixth year, and lives to about thirty or forty years. It has a peculiar cry, consisting of a deep grunt, having no resemblance to the lowing of an ox. Owing to its shyness, and the acuteness of its smell, it is most difficult to approach, and this can only be done with difficulty from the leeward. For this reason the present photographs were most difficult to obtain. The photographer concealed himself for several days in a charcoal-burner's hut before an opportunity offered to approach within a satisfactory distance. The photograph of the old bull was, indeed, taken under circumstances which might well have proved disastrous to the photographic enthusiast, as the attitude illustrated immediately preceded a charge at close quarters, from which he narrowly escaped.

PREPARING TO CHARGE THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

FROCESTER COURT, GLOUCESTERSHIRE,

THE PROPERTY OF . . .

MRS. GRAHAM-CLARKE.

WE have selected this old English house as typical of a large class, and all our readers will see that it represents the ancient dwelling-houses of a delightful region of England. Frocester Court is in Gloucestershire, two miles south-west of Stonehouse, and is one of many such places in that county and in Wiltshire, and in the whole country of the Cotswolds. It is built of the fine local stone, and has a quaint attractiveness that will commend itself to our readers. The charm rests upon it of the life of a bygone age, and it is pleasant to record that, though now a farmhouse, it is in good hands, and preserves the aspect of former times.

The old gateway of Frocester Court presents as picturesque an appearance as we could well desire. Its ornamental timber gable bridging the approach, contrasted with the fine stonework of the neighbouring buildings, is peculiarly satisfying to the artistic eye. Then, when we approach the porch, where the Japonica is in flower, something very quaint is discovered in the doorway, with its fine mouldings, the mullioned window over it, the gable, and the flanking buildings, with old windows and a buttress, all suggesting an early time. The house stands charmingly in that picturesque country which is famous for its woods, orchards, and dairy farms, and fine trees are its neighbours, while green things cling kindly to its old weather-worn stonework.

The parish lies in a valley, but on a slope facing the north, with a large hanging beech wood on the side towards Nympsfield, where the turnpike road leads from Bath to Gloucester. It is said that the houses of the village formerly stood in the lower part of the parish near the church, but were burnt down, and that afterwards, to obtain a drier site, the inhabitants built them where they stand. Of this legend the truth cannot be shown, and it may be taken as one of those traditions which grow up about the origin of many old locations of men. The place was once part of the broad possessions of the Abbey of Gloucester, and the abbots had a sumptuous house in the manor, as well, it is said, as a cell for prebendaries. The site of the manor house and divers lands and possessions were granted in the first year of Queen Mary to Giles Huntley, by a member of whose family Frocester Court was built, the builder being George Huntley, who raised the house in Queen Mary's reign about the year 1554. It still possesses some fine old panelling carved with figures of Philip and Mary in a very curious fashion. When Queen Elizabeth was on her way to Berkeley Castle in 1574, she stayed at the manor house, and the room she occupied is still shown. Her visit was paid upon St. Lawrence's Day, as is recorded in the register of the parish, where it is said that she lodged on that night at the seat of George Huntley, Esquire, by whom she was elegantly and splendidly entertained. Sir Richard Huntley was knighted in 1603, but Sir Robert Ducie purchased the court-house and a large quantity of land in the parish.

The chronicler has little to tell us of the annals of this quaint old place, whose history must be read chiefly in its venerable features. The district is one in which stone is available, but in which wood was plentiful. Our ancestors loved the

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THE GATEHOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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picturesque effects attainable with the latter, and quaintness itself lives in the Frocester gatehouse. Looking at it, the mind is irresistibly drawn to conjure up pictures of the old-time life that went on within these walls, and their inmates, three centuries ago. Did the janitor, we wonder, look out from the windows of that gatehouse, or rather did not the waving kerchief of the lady speed the parting or welcome the approaching guest? Two ages seem to be represented in the manor house. What charm is in the grey stonework, and what character and dignity in the gables and chimneys and the mullioned windows of the old abode. The picturesque form of the manor house, with its lofty gables, fine chimney-stacks, and excellent windows, shows that it belongs to a good period of domestic construction. The stonework is as admirable as the craftsmanship in wood.

The ancient tithe-barn was erected by John de Gamage, Abbot of Gloucester, between 1287 and 1306, and is believed to be the largest in England, its length being over 300ft. The interior is of very beautiful workmanship, and the oak rafters are exceptionally fine. Barns of the class are extremely interesting, and are often constructed after the manner of churches, with naves and aisles. Hither were brought the tithes of the crops, to be stored for the conventual needs. Stout and strong were the beams, and we may plainly see that the men who built churches were also the builders of conventual and ancient tithe-barns. The plan and construction are often the same, and a nave and aisles, with arcades of wood, often surprise those who are not familiar with such venerable buildings as the great tithe-barn of Frocester.

The church of St. Peter at Frocester, built mostly in the fifteenth century, stands a mile from the village. St. Andrew's Chapel of Ease, which anciently formed part of the buildings of Frocester Court, was removed to its present site between 1676 and 1691 by the gift of Ann, Dowager Baroness Brooke. It was restored by Sir Robert Ducie, Lord Mayor of London, and has since undergone alterations. There is one bell under a gable over the chancel arch with the inscription, "Come away, make no delay, 1719."

A fine view is gained from the top of Frocester Hill, for the district is very picturesque, lying as it does amongst the outliers of the Cotswold Hills. Mrs. Graham-Clarke is the lady of the manor, but this charming old house is at present occupied by Mr. Blackwell, who has done much to preserve its beauties.

When the monks were gone the time of the squire came, great in the hunting-field, from which he returned to his early afternoon dinner, bringing back with him other jovial Nimrods to join in the lengthy sitting over the table after it. Great farmers, too, some of these squires, skilled in the fattening of beeves, and in the natural capabilities of the acres they passed their whole lives on. For the average landowner rarely moved far from home in those days, nor did his wife and daughters. These old manor houses were little

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worlds within themselves, self-supplying, self-sufficing; and the outer world was unheeded and almost ignored. Is it not on record that it needed a strong personal appeal on the part of his Sovereign to induce a Cavalier squire to kennel up his hounds and fight for King and Church, so little had he realised the struggle that was convulsing the country at large? Those times are dead also, but such houses as Frocester Court happily remain to speak architecturally of them.

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IN THE GARDEN.

MAY THOUGHTS.

AT the time of writing the garden is bathed in sunshine, tempered unfortunately with a keen easterly wind, which plays sad pranks among the tender shoots of the Rose and even of the more sturdy things, the Nut trees planted last year showing traces of the treacherous breeze. The gale of the previous week, accompanied with a sharp morning frost, brought disaster in its train, and we are much afraid a large planting of the beautiful white Phlox, Mrs. E. H. Jenkins, has suffered too severely to show the wonderful mass of white which it was our pleasure to see last summer. It may be our good fortune even before these notes appear to experience the beneficent influence of warm rains and sunshine and southerly winds. A few days of genial weather will do much. The gardener who knows the tricks of May does everything in his power to avoid unpleasant after consequences. A slight protection at night with matting, straw, or litter is of the utmost importance, and while the drying winds continue without plenty of rain, remember the good effect of thorough waterings, especially upon plants which have been put in early in the spring. We have now arrived at the conclusion that planting at the right moment is essential to success. Take the Roses as an example. When planted in March the plants are generally poor, for the good reason that the rosarian always plants in autumn, and has the pick of the nurserymen's stock. Another reason is the withering east winds, which dry up the very juices of the plants not well established in the soil, and make quick progress an impossibility. The King-cups, in a wet place in a meadow adjoining the garden in which these notes are written, are a reminder of the many strange forms that claim relationship with the golden native flower of May. The double form of Caltha palustris has quite rosettes of golden bloom, and remains longer in flower for this reason, but it has not the quaint beauty of the common wilding, which comes with the Primrose and Cowslip. Both single and double forms of the Marsh Marigold deserve a place in all water gardens, where, in rich soil, they grow apace—a golden stream in May. Now is the time to place the summer bedding plants in the open air, taking the precaution to watch the temperature at night in the event of a likely frost. Of course, the frost season may be regarded as over, but one never knows when a nasty snap may occur, even as late as this. The leaf of the Daffodil is yellowing, and if flowers are to be hoped for next year, this yellowing process must go on undisturbed. Any interference with the natural ripening of the leaf is resented by Daffodils, and we may say all bulbs, even of the indoor garden.

Copyright *THE PORCH.* "C.L."

Scented-leaved Pelargoniums.—We are very glad to see in the May number of *Flora and Sylva* a coloured illustration of the scented-leaved Pelargonium Lady Mary Fox, and an article upon this much-neglected group of greenhouse flowers. We well remember the time, not many years ago, when such varieties as the Oak-leaved Unique and Attar of Rose were a gardening rage, but they have lost their popularity until once again fashion will bring them into favour. The writer of the article deplores the muddled condition of the nomenclature, but we certainly well remember the varieties which are so simply grouped as follows. It may be regarded as an excellent list for those who wish to grow a few of these pretty greenhouse flowers. For scent: Attar of Rose, Abrotanifolium, all the forms of Citriodorum, Lady Scarborough, Dale Park Beauty, and Prince of Orange. The finest flowers are Lady Mary Fox, Pretty Polly, Shrubland Rose, and Scarlet Unique Those most useful for cutting are Capitatum, Radula, Sandback Beauty, Quercifolium, all the forms of Citriodorum, Pheasant's Foot, Filicifolium, and Fair Ellen. The most interesting and distinct kinds are, perhaps, Blandfordianum, Abrotanifolium, Betulifolium, Ternatum, and the smallest form of Citriodorum. "Most of the varieties," says the writer, "are easily grown in light, rich soil, the chief care being as to green-fly. They root easily as cuttings, and many of the varieties can also be increased from pieces of the root, but cuttings are more satisfactory. They are finest when grown as large trained specimens, but space cannot always be spared for this way of growing them, and very good results can be had more simply."

The Scarlet Runner as a Town Plant.—A correspondent writes: "No plant of the vegetable garden is better known than the Scarlet Runner, whether by its bold, twining shoots, its bright scarlet flowers, or by its welcome and prolific crop of beans in late summer or autumn. It is grown in almost every cottage garden in the country, and its value as an article of food is freely acknowledged; but it is not so generally known how well it succeeds in suburban gardens, or even in the little gardens in large cities, its only apparent necessity being a few hours of sunshine daily. It covers the garden wall with refreshing green foliage, and hides for a brief time the wearying sameness of brick and mortar. The Scarlet Runner does not necessarily require a border to grow in, but it succeeds very well when planted in disused margarine tubs or similar receptacles. The plant delights in rich soil, which should consist of well-decayed manure and loam in equal proportions. Now is a good time to sow the seed. Twelve seeds should be planted in a tub 12in. in diameter, and the growths may be trained to strings of any height from 6ft. to 10ft., one end of the string being fastened to the tub and the other to the top of the structure against which they are grown, so as to form a veil of foliage. All the attention the plants will require during the season of growth is a good watering three or four times a week, or as often as the soil becomes dry."

Grass at the Foot of Fruit Trees.—We have lately seen several young orchards, and not without feelings of regret that so much ignorance of common points of culture should prevail. One orchard we have in mind, an orchard of Cherry, Plum, and other fruits, which have proved a success in the immediate neighbourhood, but the grass has been allowed to thicken round the base of the trees to such an extent that a healthy tree-growth would have been impossible. It must be remembered by amateur fruit-growers, and we are much afraid that professional ones are not free

from fault, that plenty of space must be left round the base of a tree to let the sun and air and rain act upon the roots.

Tulips in the Grass.—We planted a lot of refuse bulbs of Tulips in the grass last autumn twelve months with great success. The spring following planting the bulbs flowered abundantly, and, having little experience of the Tulip grown in this way, we anticipated a poor display this spring. The reverse has happened, and the blossoming has been not only more abundant, but the flowers are larger. Unfortunately, the effect is somewhat hotch-potch, owing to the miscellaneous character of the bulbs so kindly given to us, but we hope for a more pleasant grouping next autumn.

The Royal Gardens, Kew, and the Palace.—Kew is in its most beautiful dress in the month of May. The Bluebells are a sea of colour in the woodland surrounding the late Queen's Cottage near to the Old Deer Park, and the Gesner's Tulips have their big scarlet chalices open wide to the sun in the more dressed parts of the Botanic Garden. Botany and practical horticulture go hand in hand at Kew, and no garden in the world is so ably conducted, with Sir William Thiselton-Dyer as the controlling influence. It is not as well known, however, as it should be that the palace in the gardens is open to the public, and for this reason we welcome an excellent little guide by Ernest Law, B.A., F.S.A. A very good plan is given of the gardens and palace and their surroundings, a catalogue of the pictures in the one time Royal palace, and much historical information. It is published by Hugh Rees, 124, Pall Mall, S.W., at the modest sum of sixpence.

Rhododendron Duchess of Portland.—Flowers of this beautiful new pure white hardy Rhododendron have been sent to us by the raisers, Messrs. Fisher, Son, and Sibray, of the Royal Nurseries, Handsworth, Sheffield. It is what is known as a dwarf Rhododendron, and the fact that it is perfectly hardy and flowers profusely, almost before the first Daffodil opens, should not be forgotten by planters of Rhododendron glades or of shrub groups, where such a variety as this is appropriate to the surroundings. We can imagine no sweeter early spring picture than a massing of this and the lovely Winter Heath (Erica carnea), a perfect surface of crimson, even under the most wintry skies. Rhododendron Duchess of Portland is one of the most beautiful of the many beautiful shrubs raised at Handsworth.

Planting Water-lilies.—We referred recently to the planting of Water-lilies, or Nymphæas as they are called in books, but recur again to the subject, as the planting must be done within the next week or so. More than this we need not write.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

THE old toast, "Church and King," which is given every night in Common Room by the vice-president, might well serve as the distinguishing feature of the history of St. John's. The name which at once suggests itself in connection with the place is Archbishop Laud's, and that great man's college was pre-eminent in doing and suffering on the side for which he himself worked and suffered; in the eighteenth century the college was long a home of Jacobites and High Churchmen; and if in our own day the reproach brought against St. John's by Mark Pattison—that, like Christ Church, it was "corroded with ecclesiasticism"—was a pure piece of prejudice, yet the college would pride itself, with reason, on being faithful to the old lines in Church and State.

And this feature may be said to have been inherited from the founder. Sir Thomas White, Merchant Taylor, and Lord Mayor of London, to whose bounty the college owed its foundation in 1555, was undoubtedly a friend of the old order of things, which was passing away. He was connected with the family of the great statesman saint, Sir Thomas More, and the rich vestments, which are still one of the treasures of the college library, were no doubt intended by him for use in the more ornate ceremonial of the Church of England as he had first known it. But whatever his sympathies may have been with the older forms of faith, he died as he lived, a loyal member of the Church of England. It has been well said, "he was a living representative of the continuity of the English Church. To him there seemed no breach with the past." His statutes were modelled on those drawn up by William of Wykeham for New College nearly 200 years before, and they were equally to be observed under Mary and under Elizabeth. His spirit is well shown in the letter, written a few days before his death: "Furthermore, if any variance or strife do arise among you, I shall desire you, for God's love, to pacify it as much as you may.' And this shall be the last letter that ever I shall send unto you, and therefore I shall

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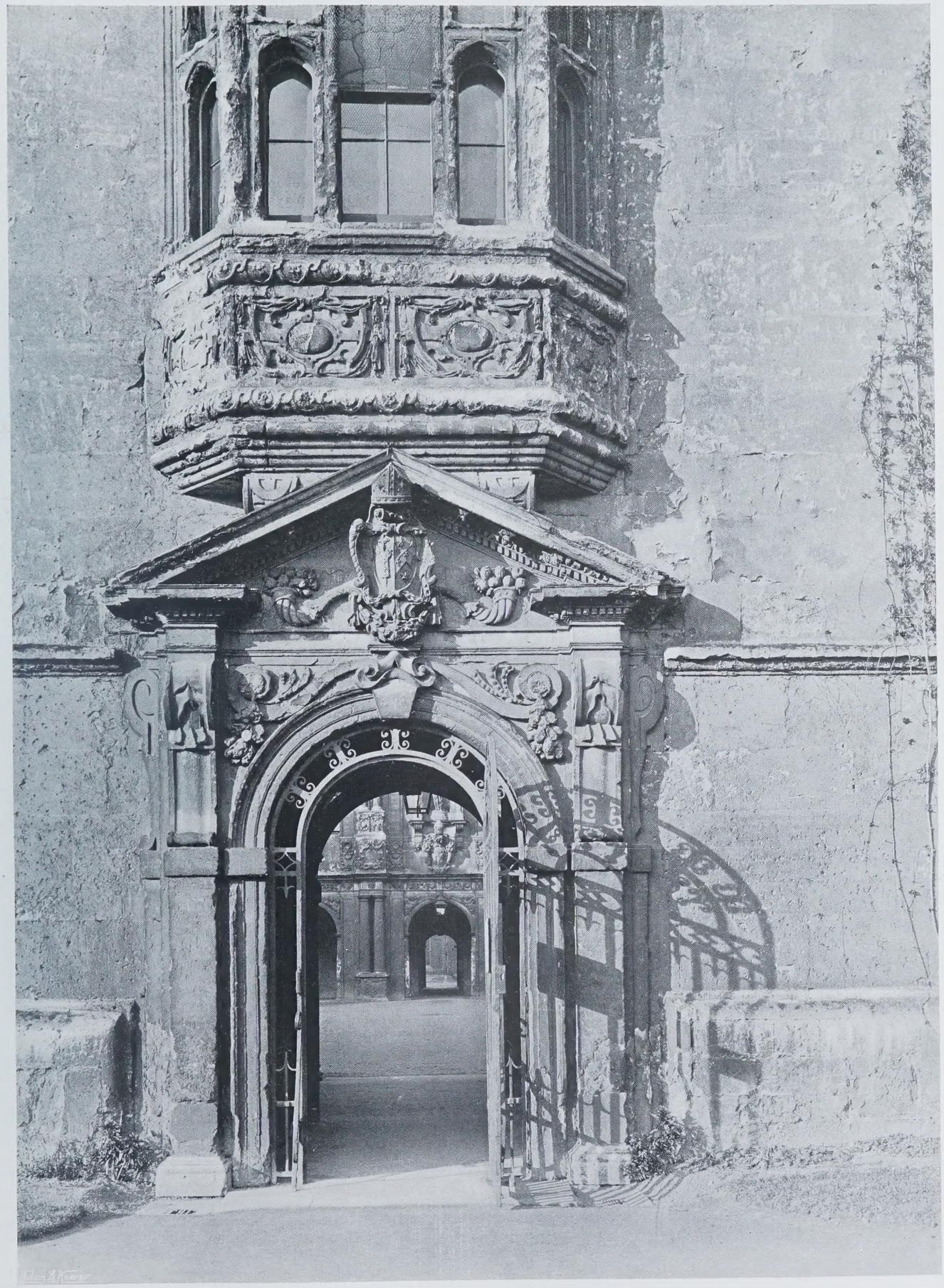

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desire every one of you to take a copy of it for my sake." This last injunction is still observed, for a copy of the letter is given to fellows on their election. But it is, perhaps, fanciful to attribute so much importance to a founder's influence. What is certain is that Sir Thomas White gave a lasting turn to the development of his college by connecting it with the City of London, and especially with his own company; from the first the majority of the scholarships have been for Merchant Taylor boys, and this time-honoured connection has been spared even by two University commissions, to the great advantage both of college and of school. It is to be hoped that so old an arrangement will not now be broken down by the zeal of unsympathetic "reformers." The list of City benefactors, too, during the first century of the college existence shows that Sir Thomas White found many imitators; and it was fitting that one of the greatest Oxford benefactors, the indefatigable book-collector and non-juring bishop, Richard Rawlinson, should have come to St. John's as the scion of an old London family.

In another respect, too, the founder's arrangements have had a material influence on the fortunes of his college; he bought for it land and livings especially in the neighbourhood of Oxford, and it was in pursuance of this policy that just after his death the ready money he bequeathed to St. John's was invested in the purchase of the manor of Walton (1573). This fortunate investment has made St. John's the ground-landlords of practically the whole of North Oxford. The famous Bagley Wood (to the south of Oxford, bought in 1583) was a purchase more romantic, if less profitable. After delighting for three centuries the lovers of sport and of wild flowers, this wood is now to become part of the machinery for training those who are to conserve the forests of our great Indian Empire.

St. John's, however, had a corporate existence before its foundation by Sir Thomas White. The great Archbishop Chichele in the fifteenth century had erected part of its buildings (the front and the south side of the first quad) for his Cistercian college, dedicated to St. Bernard of Clairvaux, whose statue is still over the college gate. This, as a monastic foundation, had fallen a victim to King Henry, and had been given by him as part of its endowment to Christ Church. When Sir Thomas White bought it of that college he found his buildings ready to his hand, for to the original buildings of Chichele mentioned above, the hall and the chapel had been added in the first years of the sixteenth century. St. John's thus resembles the neighbouring foundation of Trinity in being the representative of monastic Oxford; Trinity continues the Benedictine Durham College, as St. John's does the old Cistercian house, and both these colleges were founded in the same year.

One more familiar feature must be just referred to which also belongs to the first generation of the college life; in 1576 it purchased the piece of ground in front of its main gate, which is, with its trees and enclosure, so picturesque a feature in Oxford's great street, St. Giles. Other colleges, *e.g.*, Balliol and Wadham, had once similar "fronts," by which they kept the world at arm's length, but they have unwisely let them go. St. John's still retains its privilege, and the hand of the municipal "improver" cannot touch this delightful anomaly; whether the St. John's undergraduate finds it a safe refuge from proctorial interference is a matter on which traditions differ.

St. John's had even from the first a reputation for being to the front in those plays and pageants that our ancestors in the sixteenth century loved, and a fortunate chance has preserved to us two of these, which were played there in the first decade of the seventeenth century. The more elaborate was the series of festivities in 1607, when the Christmas Prince was chosen on All Saints' Eve, and the Christmas plays were not finished till Lent had begun. Revels of all kinds, Latin and English plays, and wassails had been spread over the interval, and a full record of them is preserved in MS. in the college library. Oxford must have been a merry place in those days, when all the officials, from the president to the porter, were more or less concerned in the revellings. Among the donors of subsidies was "Mr. Laud," who was in residence as a fellow. As we shall see, he, later on, employed the dramatic resources of his college to do honour to Royalty. King James had been entertained in this way in 1605, when Dr. Gwynne's comedy of "Vertumnus" was played before him. "The King was so over-wearied that after a while he distasted it and fell asleep. When he awoke he would have been gone, saying, 'I marvel what they think me to be,' with such other speeches, showing his dislike thereof. Yet did he tarry till they had ended it, which was after one of the clock" (*i.e.*, at night). Poor King!

When Laud invited King Charles and his Queen to open his new library, dinner was served in it, and then the company adjourned to the hall, where the play, "The Hospital of Love,"

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was "merry and without offence, and so gave a great deal of content." "The college was at that time so well furnished that they did not borrow any one actor from any college in town." When the Queen "obtained the loan" of the dresses and "perspectives" for her professionals at Hampton Court, "by all men's confession the players came short of the University actors"—a truly surprising result. It was natural that Shirley, the last of the Elizabethans, should be connected with so dramatic a college; and if, in these more serious days, the revels of our ancestors seem to us as over-elaborate as their ruffs and trunk-hose, yet still the undergraduates of St. John's can show a pretty wit, and the tradition of pleasant fooling has been wisely retained (as witness the famous "Oxford Spectator").

Laud, like all great men, knew how to *desipere in loco*. He was anxious to maintain the old tradition of "Merry England" against the encroachments of the Puritan spirit; but he was himself continually merged in a ceaseless round of work for Church and State. He had been elected as scholar at St. John's in 1590, and he served his college as "grammar reader and divinity lecturer," and also as Junior Proctor (in 1603) before he became President in 1611. He never forgot that to St. John's he owed the start which had given him his success in life; to it, as to every institution with which he was connected, his liberality was splendidly shown. There are few pieces of architecture better known in Oxford, and more characteristic, than the completion of the inner quad, and especially the garden front, which St. John's owes to him. The work was finished in 1636, after it had been in hand five years, at a total cost of £3,208 4s. 3d.; it remains with Wadham as the most perfect specimen of the late Oxford Gothic. But the classical element is stronger at St. John's than it is in the neighbour college to the east; the beautiful cloister on each side of the quad, with its round arches on single columns, is frankly Italian in character. Tradition says, though there is no authority for the statement, that the design is that of the great Inigo Jones, and that the foreign elements were introduced after he had visited Italy while the work was in progress. Certainly, whoever was the architect, there is nothing more beautiful in Oxford than the low eastern front, where the singularly well-preserved grey stone, with its adorning creepers, looks out on the most glorious garden of Oxford.

Laud remembered his college to the last. In his will he says: "And for my burial, though I stand not much upon the place, yet if it conveniently may be, I desire to be buried in the chapel of St. John Baptist College, in Oxford, under the altar or communion table there. But wheresoever my burial may be, I will have it private, that it may not waste any of the poor means which I leave behind me to better uses." Laud's will was carried out after his death, when his remains were translated from All Hallows Barking, and laid in a vault under the chancel by those of Archbishop Juxon, who had succeeded him at Canterbury, and who was also a St. John's man.

It is fitting that the personal memorials of so devoted a son of the college should be preserved there. In the library are the MSS. of his diary and of the "History of the Archbishop's Troubles and Trial." There is an especially pathetic interest in the latter, written as it was day by day by the old man, after his long and exhausting hours in Court at Westminster. The Archbishop's walking staff, with which he supported his steps *cum ad mortem immeritam ductus esset*, and his skull cap, which he wore on the scaffold, complete as perfect a set of relics as the most earnest hero-worshipper could wish. No wonder that the archbishop has found the best of his modern biographers in a present fellow of his college, the Rev. W. H. Hutton, to whose history of St. John's in the College Histories Series (F. E. Robinson and Co.) I am especially indebted for the facts in this article.

To the glorious days of struggle succeeded, at St. John's as elsewhere, the time of inglorious ease, when the ignoble elements of the Royal party had made men almost believe that sobriety and learning were incongruous with the support of Church and State. Even as early as 1675, Prideaux records the visit of the Dutch Admiral Tromp to Oxford, "a drunken greazy Dutchman," and how John Speed, M.D., of St. John's, "stayed in town on purpose to drink with him," and how the seasoned student was more than a match for the sea-dog, who confessed that he "was more drunk here than anywhere else since he came to England, which I think very little to the honour of our University," Prideaux grimly adds.

But it is not necessary to believe all that college gossip tells of the excesses of other colleges, and, in any case, the excesses of Old Oxford have long passed away with other more creditable peculiarities. But even at its darkest times, St. John's was faithful to the tradition of maintaining its beautiful "groves." The formal Dutch walks of the seventeenth and eighteenth century gave place more than 100 years ago to the characteristically English style of garden. "The terrace, the mount, the wilderness, the well-contrived arbours" have disappeared, and in their place there is the largest expanse of greensward in Oxford, and flower-beds which may be said to have an European reputation for the variety and the beauty of their plants. Leaving out of the question the charm of the buildings that look on it, the garden at St. John's may safely challenge any competitor in either University. One of its students has enthusiastically said "it unites as many conceivable delights as any spot since Paradise"; it is not necessary to be very young to agree with him.

POULTRY-FARMING IN FRANCE.

THE poultry and egg produce throughout the whole of the world is so enormous that it is absolutely impossible to arrive at the correct statistics. It is, however, estimated that France rears every year 4,000,000 cockerels and 45,000,000 pullets. These in their turn produce 3,600,000,000 eggs, a large percentage of which are exported, and chiefly to England; therefore it is quite evident that this industry is no small source of revenue to the country. In spite of these quantities, the production is not equal to the consumption; in fact, according to a Chicago farmers' paper, they have resorted to making artificial eggs, and I am told that even in Paris there exists a large factory, and that a big business is done in this article. All the machinery used in this manufacture is solely of wood; the presence of any metal whatsoever would affect the flavour. Before this manufactured egg is complete it undergoes four distinct processes—the formation of the yolk, the albumen, the skin, and, finally, the shell. The ingredients are perfectly harmless, and are of great keeping qualities; this egg never putrefies. The taste differs nothing from that of the ordinary egg. American inventive genius may one day arrive at the problem of hatching these.

Large poultry farms exist throughout France, and the industry is carried out on a much larger scale than over here. Incubators are always employed; one farm alone on the outskirts of Paris has fifty-five incubators regularly working, and from 10,000 to 11,000 eggs a month are regularly hatched out. M. I. Philippe of Houdan, who has taken innumerable medals for his appliances, informs me that the industry has immensely increased of late years, and that the business is a very prosperous one; he supplies his "Houdanaise" incubator very often to English people. I have, indeed, seen a 200-capacity one at work here, and the eggs for incubation were also supplied by the same firm. It would take too long to enter into details of all the farms, but I will just mention a few, of which I have a personal knowledge: M. Goupil, at Liencourt, Seine-et-Oise, who is very well known; another is M. Navet of La Blancherie, Mayenne, who issues a weekly journal of his produce; yet another well-known one is M. Gambais in Rouillier-et-Arnaut; and M. Creil, Seine-Inférieure, who has a regular stock of from 3,000 to 4,000 head. These birds are disposed of in the market at 30 sous the pound. His egg produce is naturally considerable. The breeds mostly cultivated are the Houdans, which rank as first favourites for general utility purposes, as they are very hardy and the pullets very precocious; they start laying in January, and in mild winters even earlier. The flesh is very white and delicate also. The Silver Hamburg and the Langshan follow. For egg production, the Hamburg is almost the most profitable. One farmer states he kept a separate account of one pen of Hamburgs, and found that the seven fowls produced in one year 1,552 eggs. The only disadvantage is that the eggs from these are smaller than those of the Houdan and Langshan. The Crêvecœur is special to certain parts of Normandy, and La Flèche is at its best in Mans and Barbezieux. Other breeds, of course, are known, but do better on their own soil, and do not bear transporting.

The system of housing and feeding is identical with ours, only they are even more particular to give plentiful supplies of green food, especially to birds kept in pens. Horseflesh is largely used, and is a valuable and nourishing article of consumption. Sunflower seed is also a favourite—it contains so much oil and is good for fattening. The French advocate barley and oats, and believe in buying all poultry-food of the very best. From my own experience I have always found it cheapest in the end. Small *propriétaires* and peasants bring their poultry and eggs to market on certain days. The fowls are bought by the pound or whole. *Coquiers* (or *coquetiers*, as they are sometimes called) collect all the eggs from these peasants, who bring their well-filled baskets regularly; they in their turn sell them elsewhere.

The French fatten their poultry and caponise their cockerels. These are sent in immense quantities to different parts. England takes a large share of these. Most of the *poulets de Mans* at our largest restaurants and hotels are exported from France.

Pure-bred birds, that mature quickly, are killed without fattening, from the age of three months, and are sold as *poulets de grains*. The cost of feeding these is small, they realise good prices, and are very delicate eating. They are equivalent to our spring chicken. French farmers do not believe, as so many English do, that fowls are subject to many diseases. They think that with cleanliness, pure water, plenty of chalk and grit,

and ordinary care, most diseases can be avoided. Above all, they make a point of regular feeding.

The race that French farmers recommend for our climate is the Faverolles; if properly fed, it attains the weight of 4 kilos at the age of four months. I have taken great care to secure my information on all these points, and I am assured that poultry-farming in France, especially when carried out on a large scale, is a very profitable concern. As regards artificial incubation, we all know it is a very ancient system practised in China and in Egypt, where incubating ovens were employed. These produced annually more than 100,000,000 chickens. This industry still exists in Egypt, but is restricted to certain villages of the Nile Delta; 30,000,000 chickens are still hatched there yearly.

The French plant, such as incubators, foster-mothers, and feeding-utensils, is all more or less on the same system as ours. Likewise their mode of egg preserving. One of the favourite preservers is linseed oil, which is smeared all over the egg with a piece of linen saturated therein, taking care not to leave any pores of the shell exposed.

One word as to the employment of your own eggs for incubation. As my article on poultry-farming of December last, touching upon the cost of eggs for that purpose, mentioned, I only bought these the first year, as I had no eggs of my own. The second year I bred from specially-mated pens, and thus my egg account was *nil* the following years. There is a tremendous business done in this one branch alone; indeed, if your birds are well mated from good laying strains, it is a most remunerative one. You can always sell your eggs at from 5s. a setting to almost fancy prices, according to the breeds. A glance at the poultry pages in the *Exchange and Mart* will convince anyone on this point. I am always ready to answer any questions on this subject, either through the medium of COUNTRY LIFE or privately.

ANTIQUE PLATE IN THE EASTERN COUNTIES.

THE well-educated man can hardly fail to respect and appreciate antique plate. Certainly the extraordinary rises in the prices realised at auctions since the first comprehensive exhibition of works in silver was held in the Burlington Fine Arts Club, show that the desire to possess it has not abated. A splendidly-illustrated catalogue of this exhibition, by J. Starkie Gardner, was issued by the club, it will be remembered, about two years ago, and is now out of print. Probably many a neglected plate chest or strong room has been examined by the light of this, and many of the ancient pieces brought to light have been sent to Christie's owing to the record prices lately fetched under the hammer. The counties of East Anglia appear to be richer than others in old silver. The wealthiest abbey in plate and jewels was that of Walsingham, only rivalled perhaps by St. Albans, and much of this was credited to the skill of the craftsmen-monks. There is still more ancient college plate in Cambridge than anywhere else. It is also remarkable that the only really fine examples of English ecclesiastical plate yet recovered as treasure trove are the exquisite censer and incense boat of Ramsey Abbey found in Whittlesea Mere. But more important is the fact that the oldest mediæval covered cup in existence, exquisitely enamelled and gilt, is still the pride of the Corporation of Lynn. In the neighbouring church of Middleton, it is worth noting, are a refined Elizabethan flagon, with its original gilding, and a chalice and paten, apparently unknown. Also the civic plate of Norwich is second to none, for it comprises the matchless ewer and rose-water dish presented by Henry Howard, and hardly surpassed by any contemporary work of the Continent, besides the rock-crystal mace, a magnificent standing salt, and one of the rare Elizabethan embossed flagons.

Mrs. Delves Broughton *AT ST. PETER'S, MANCROFT.* Copyright

The church of St. Peter's, Mancroft, in Norwich possesses an extensive and varied series of church plate well deserving illustration. The oldest of the seventeen pieces belonging to the church is the cup, with its cover beside it, on the left of our group, remarkable as the only piece of plate cited by Cripps with the date letter for 1543. The finest specimen is the grandly-embossed standing cup and cover in the centre, presented by Sir Peter Gleane in 1633, undoubtedly once a loving cup and thus more appropriate to the civic board than to the church ritual. It resembles the still finer loving cup, belonging to St. John's College, Cambridge, made in 1616. Both closely follow German lines, and were perhaps equally inspired by the superb cup of solid gold designed and executed for Jane Seymour when Queen, 1536-37. Holbein's original drawing for this is still fortunately preserved in the British Museum. The fine chalice and paten to the right complete the series of Tudor plate.

Mrs D. Broughton. *SEVENTEENTH CENTURY NORWICH WORK.* Copyright

Our second group is chiefly remarkable for the Dutch influence it discloses, naturally most pronounced in the Eastern Counties. Peter Peterson, a Dutchman, was admitted to the Goldsmiths' Guild of Norwich as early as the tenth year of Henry VII. His son of the same name became famous, and many of his works, marked with a sun, are known. In his will we meet with the more famous name of Cobbold. The Cobbolds were leading goldsmiths in the time of Elizabeth, but unfortunately none of their productions have so far been identified. The great banking business of Ipswich, it is well known, is still held by their direct descendants. Another link with Holland is the old Norwich touch mark, a seeded rose crowned, identical with that of Dordrecht. The octagonal plate with indented margin shown in the group is a characteristic Dutch form of the seventeenth century, and the pair of bowls may be similarly derived. The covered cup and flagon are good solid examples of English seventeenth century plate, while the fine pair of flagons, with globose bodies on feet, in our first group are of a form first seen with us towards the close of the sixteenth century.

A TAME TIGRESS AND HER FOSTER-MOTHER.

I SUPPOSE that no one has ever seen a lion lying down with a lamb. But I can record the nearest approach to it that has occurred, in the persons of Juno and her foster-mother, a milch goat. Juno was a tigress, born near Chikalda, in the Mélghât Hills in Berar, and was taken with the rest of her litter before her eyes were open, which was, in my opinion, a cruel thing to do on the part of whoever did it. In Berar, at least, tigers are not very offensive beasts. They live on wild game, very seldom molesting cattle, and, unless wounded, practically never attack men. The panther is the animal that does all the mischief, for which the tiger has to bear the blame. To resume, the result of this act was to leave a distracted tigress wandering about the hills, who, in her misery, rapidly became a very real danger—a fact which the human denizens of the jungle were not long in realising. Everyone who could leave the district did so, and those who were unable to were very chary of leaving their villages, except in large parties, and when they did so never wandered off the most frequented roads. And no amount of money was sufficient to tempt them to go about at night, or penetrate the jungle, until the bereaved mother left the neighbourhood, as she did after a few weeks.

Meanwhile, her family did not thrive, and in spite of all their owner could do for them, all died except Juno. And probably she would not have survived either if a happy inspiration had not led her mistress to give her a foster-mother in the shape of a goat. Fortunately, her new diet agreed with her, and she gave no further anxiety, and grew up into a most engaging little cub. When I first saw her she was about two months old, a little bigger than a large dachshund, and very much the build of one, with an extremely long body and short legs, and huge paws and head, very much more clumsy in appearance and movements than a kitten of the same age. But a more friendly, charming little beast I never saw. She looked upon every human being as her natural friend and playmate, and when a visitor came to the house, especially so if a lady, she invariably introduced herself and insisted on a romp, in which she was always as gentle as could be.

I did not see her again for nearly a year, during which period, though she was always the same gentle, friendly beast, her increasing size had made her rather a source of alarm to nervous people. Also, though she had no intention of being rough, her gambols, and especially the swishing of her long tail, were apt to result in disaster to furniture and ornaments. So she was banished to a shed in the compound and kept fastened up with a long, strong chain that gave her plenty of liberty, allowing her to go in and out of her shed as she pleased. But, strange to say, though long past the age when a tiger begins to live on raw meat exclusively, its own kill or its dam's, in a wild state, she never lost her taste for milk, in spite of two orthodox meals daily. And what is more, she preferred it straight from the goat, and testified her annoyance very clearly when her foster-mother was first taken away. Accordingly the goat was brought back again next day, and from henceforth the great tigress had her milk twice a day as a regular thing, and one might see her, as in the photograph, lying down beside the goat, sucking like a cub, and enjoying herself immensely. Strange to say, the goat did not seem to object to this much more than to ordinary milking, and was perfectly quiet once the tigress had begun her meal. Juno never hurt her, and I suppose after a time the goat realised that no harm was meant, and accepted the infliction with true Oriental resignation.

When I saw her again she was about a year old, and measured over 7ft., being then longer than an average-sized panther, and much more heavily built. Although quite large and strong enough to hunt and kill for herself, she was just as sweet-tempered and playful as she had been when a cub, and thoroughly appreciated being petted. I called upon her in the afternoon, and shortly after I arrived, when I had played with her for a while, her foster-mother was brought up, and after the few preliminary kicks which every self-respecting goat gives before being milked, Juno was able to enjoy her unconventional meal. It looked extremely strange to see the great tigress thus employed, and it seemed to violate all one's sense of the fitness of things.

When her meal was over, she succeeded in catching a fox-terrier who had been her playfellow all her life, and the two had a great romp. At first sight, it looked as if the fun was all on Juno's side, as she held the little dog down in her great paws and bit him all over, sometimes closing all her teeth on him. But the dog was used to this game, and bit and pulled the tigress's nose and lips and whiskers unmercifully, occasionally absolutely fixing his teeth in and holding on. But Juno never resented this violence in the least; nothing could ruffle her temper, and she seemed thoroughly to enjoy dodging the terrier's snaps, trying to get in a bite upon him, and then raise her head out of reach before he could retaliate. The strange thing about her was that, in spite of her enormous strength, nothing could have been more gentle than her ways when playing with her human and canine friends. She never hurt anyone, and there was no more suggestion of roughness or violence about her than there is about a big dog that has been well brought up. The only drawback to playing with her was that, though she never put out her claws, the points of them as they protruded from her pads sometimes caught in one's garments, and, if one did not notice it and move away, the result was rather damaging to the thin stuffs that one wears in India. Also it is worth noting that, in playing with a tiger or such animal, one should avoid moving away suddenly, or, indeed, any sudden movements; for that always excites a cat. In Juno's case the only result was that she seized one promptly with her paws, and, though she did so without any violence, her claws were likely to do mischief to one's things, as I have just described. I never saw anything like the affection she displayed towards her mistress. Once she had got hold of her it was most difficult to persuade her to let her go, and when she did succeed in getting away, the tigress strained at her chain and whined after her for some time after she was out of sight.

I wish I could record a continuation to her history as happy as its commencement. But I am afraid I cannot do so. Her mistress was at length unable to keep her, so she was sold to a big dealer in wild animals, who was told her history, and solemnly undertook that she should be disposed of in such a way as to ensure her being well treated. He also promised to let her old mistress know what became of her. But the latter was never able to extract any information from him. He obstinately refused to answer her enquiries, and so we can only infer that poor Juno is either dead, the happier fate, or else dragging out a miserable existence, cooped up in a tiny cage in some native prince's collection or in a travelling menagerie. For callous disregard of wild animals' well-being in captivity, the methods employed in native princes' collections in India are quite unrivalled.

NURSING HER ENEMY.

GARETH.

BOWLING IN THE SOUTH.

IF reliance can be placed on the Southampton Municipal Records, and there is no reason to doubt them, the piece of land situated just outside the old borough walls has been dedicated to the Royal and Ancient game of bowls since the year 1299, when good King Edward I. was King. The croft, devoted to the recreation of the citizens, was placed under the control of a master, who ranked, it is said, next to the Mayor of the borough. It was called the Master's Close, and this official appears to have been chosen annually, a custom which prevails up to the present day. The date when this piece of ground was first devoted exclusively to the game of bowls is a matter of uncertainty, but, in a plan of the town of Southampton, dated 1611, the ground is not only plainly marked, but on the map are seen quaint figures of men bowling, proving that the game was its distinctive feature at that date. What is known as the present Southampton Bowling Green Club was formed considerably over 100 years ago, and the custom of electing a master of the green is confined to the members of this organisation. The club have enclosed the land (for which, by the by, they pay no rent), they have erected a club-house thereon for the use of members, and they have expended considerable sums of money in keeping the green in perfect order for bowling, so that bowlers would find great difficulty in discovering a more perfect playing pitch or a green with more beautiful floral surroundings than are presented here in this the twentieth century. Another ancient custom, of somewhat obscure origin, is that attending the annual match for the club's silver medal. The winner, besides becoming the owner of a coveted trophy bearing the inscription "Win it and wear it," is also created a knight of the green, has the prefix Sir attached to his name, and is addressed as Sir in all conversation and documents connected with the green. Only knights of the green are eligible for the mastership. One inconvenience attending the knighthood is that the individual must always carry his medal with him,

as the master can always call on the knights present to produce their medals, and they have to pull them out of their pockets, and hang them round their necks by a piece of ribbon. If the knight fails to do this, he is fined 5s. Considering that the medals are much larger and heavier than a five-shilling piece, they are handicapped to a certain extent in their playing. At the 100th anniversary of the present club a gold medal was competed for, and was won by a well-known local J.P.

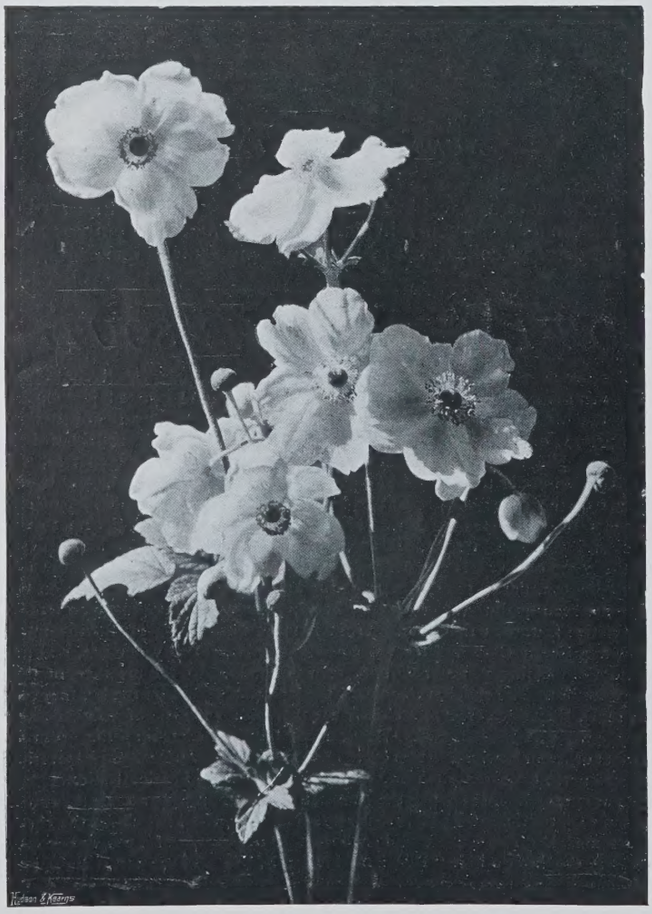
The opening ceremony always takes place the first Wednesday in May, and additional interest was this year given to the proceedings by members providing several prizes for competition. As individual play was necessary, the ring game was adopted. There were four rusks, and eight ends were played. As already stated, the condition of the green was perfect, and the bowling, for opening day, remarkably good. The prizes were distributed after the annual dinner. It was stated that the Mayor, according to custom, would give a gold medal for competition later in the season; and the Sheriff, who was present, said he should be pleased to give a silver medal as a second prize. A member reminded the master that in previous years they had received visits from and played New Zealand and Canadian teams, and he suggested that when the Australian cricket team came to Southampton to play Hampshire C.C. they should invite them to the green. The master stated, on behalf of the committee, that they would be glad to welcome and entertain the Australians, and he hoped they would be able to arrange a bowling match with them.

G. D.

WINDFLOWER AND POPPY.

NOTHING is more interesting to the observant countryman than watching the flowers as they open, fade, and give place to those that are to follow in the beautiful ordering of Nature. At one time the copse is yellowed over with primrose, then hidden with the blue of the bluebell, or starred over with fragile windflowers, which open to the sunlight and close as evening creeps on. Soon the wild rose will colour the hedgerow and mingle its warm fragrance with the twining honeysuckle, while by the edge of distant field we seem to see the green of the corn poppy, a cheerful little plant, but more cheerful still when its frail petals move gently in the summer wind and make crimson clouds where little else will grow. Such thoughts as these occur to mind while looking at the illustrations of the windflower of Japan and the Shirley poppy, that beautiful gift from the raiser, who, with a far-seeing eye, discerned in the poppy of the field a variation from the normal form.

It is a truism that no two flowers of the same family are exactly alike, and sometimes this dissimilarity means so beautiful a breaking away from what is regarded as the type that it becomes in the hands of the hybridiser a flower to welcome in garden or woodland. The Shirley poppy is as world-famous as the cabbage rose, and its history is best told in the words of the raiser, the Rev. W. Wilks, the well-known vicar of Shirley, and secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society: "In 1880 I noticed in a waste corner of my garden abutting on the fields a patch of the common wild field poppies, one solitary flower of which had a very narrow edge of white. This one flower I marked, and saved the seed of it alone. Next year out of perhaps 200 plants I had four or five on which all the flowers were edged. The best of these were marked and the seed saved, and so for several years, the flowers all the while getting a larger infusion of white to tone down the red, until they arrived at quite pale pink, and one plant absolutely pure white. I then set myself to change the black central portions of the flowers from black to yellow or white, and at last fixed a strain with petals varying in colour from the brightest scarlet to pure white."



M. C. Eames. SNOWY WHITE. Copyright

M. C. Eames. JAPAN WINDFLOWER. Copyright

A primrose copse will disclose many interesting flower variations of form and of colour, here a little tuft of pure white, and there a darker yellow than the flowers nestling close to it, and occasionally a variety that it is no sacrilege to dig up and preserve in the garden for closer observation. The Shirley poppy, as we have seen, is simply the result of observation, and its grace and refinement are clearly shown in the illustration. It is a flower for the fairies to touch, and so frail that the tenderly-coloured petals tremble in the gentlest wind.

And what of the windflowers, the anemones of field and mountain pasture? They, too, are welcome in the English garden, even the wilding which seeks the shelter of copse and hedgebank, but even more so the blue windflower of the Apennines, the Anemone apennina, which opens with primrose and daffodil. The windflower of Japan is a different flower. It comes with the starwort and golden rod, and stands straight and strong in the border, its leafy stems crowned with flowers of snowy white. Windflower and poppy, whether of these isles or the lands over the seas, gladden the places where they grow—

M. C. Eames. *CHILDREN OF SUNSHINE.* Copyright

weeds we may call them, but weeds that bring sweetness to the garden, and that wilder garden of Nature wherein a thousand flowers open and fade unseen.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THERE has just come from America a book that will interest our more thoughtful readers. It has been compiled from the works of Walt Whitman by Horace Traubel, and is called *The Book of Heavenly Death* (Mosher). It deals with a question on which we all hunger for evidence in our hours of contemplation. For there is a fact so simple that no one fails to apprehend it, yet so impressive that the most trifling find it arresting, and the boldest is quelled by it—this is, that whatever is born has also to die. The thing that exists as an organism will one day cease to exist. It may be composed of indestructible materials, but, after death, these are held together by no bond. The dead body may be, and generally is, attacked by a million other organisms, or divided and swept hither and thither by wind and water. But what else occurs? Science is inclined to answer that soul and body are one, and that, as life flickers out, that form of energy which theologians call soul lapses into the universal consciousness. It says that Nature has no more care for man than for her other creatures. His existence is exactly analogous to that of the beasts that perish. He eats, drinks, sleeps, propagates his kind for a number of years, and then passes away, even as the withered autumn leaf. And by a great wealth of circumstantial evidence is this view supported. Man's close alliance with other animals is proclaimed by his anatomy, and the Menschensvorganger appears to have been a miserable creature, who learned to walk upright owing to the difficulty of reaching the berries it fed on. And onwards from that condition the history of the race can be traced, if not from point to point, at least along a line of broad development. Trillions of generations have during the ages gone to people "the vast and mighty nations of the dead"; is their existence after death assured, or is it but a fond illusion? Was it only that primitive man beheld the faces of his dead relatives in dreams, and then conceived the idea that they were immortal, and built for them shadowy mansions that grew into Valhallas and meads of Asphodel and Hell and Paradise? Such in bald terms is the plain, unflattering answer of Science.

It may be instructive to place beside it the opinion of Walt Whitman, one of the most intuitive of modern poets. Lest we should fail to apprehend his meaning when expressed in verse, Mr. Traubel has set it down in prose as follows:

"Whitman sometimes complained to me that many of his own friends had mistaken his philosophy about death. He did not speculate with the idea of an indefinite race immortality. He asserted a definite individual immortality. He wished to be understood as standing explicitly for this conclusion. Ingersoll said to him: 'Whitman, I cannot argue out immortality.' To this Whitman replied: 'Neither can I.' Ingersoll added: 'I cannot see it.' Whitman added: 'I can *see* it.' Ingersoll instantly caught the distinction. 'I understand,' he said. And then they were both silent."

But in other respects Walt Whitman's philosophy is peculiar. He was not one of those who fling themselves heart and soul into the activities of life, at first, perhaps, allured by such will-o'-the-wisps as fame and happiness, but finding at last only weariness, disillusion, disappointment. With him "there is no imperfection in the present, and there can be none in the future"—which to us is a mystical and dark statement, for are not defeat, disease, pain, imperfections? It is not only the happy who have to be consulted, but "the old man who has lived without purpose, and feels it with bitterness worse than gall." Whitman has stated the problem with the vivid skill of a true poet:

"women gather'd together on deck, pale, heroic, waiting the moment that draws so close—O the moment!
A huge sob—a few bubbles—the white foam spirting up—and then the women gone,
Sinking there while the passionless wet flows on—and I now pondering,
Are those women indeed gone?
Are souls drown'd and destroy'd so?
Is only matter triumphant?"

But his answer is only an ecstasy. And it is not that of the old and sober poets, such as Homer, "Better be thrall to a landless man, Odysseus, than bear sway over all the kingdoms of the dead." Shakespeare's most thoughtful characters are always what the Scotch call "swithering" as to there being anything beyond "this bank and shoal of time." And there is a ring of pessimism in such a sentence as this, "The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." Whoever wrote the Book of Job, he, like the poet of the Psalms, regarded death as synonymous with oblivion. Under the strain of tense thought and deep emotion men instinctively think of death as yielding rest, "Henceforth repose, thy work is done." Nowhere among the very greatest minds do we find a sentiment like this expressed:

"Come lovely and soothing Death,
Undulate round the world serenely arriving, arriving
In the day, in the night to all, to each
Sooner or later delicate death."

No, we are brought back to the great and primitive truth that death is the enemy of life to be fought with in a losing

M. C. Eames. *SHIRLEY POPPIES.* Copyright

battle. Doctors say that in the natural course of things it comes easy at the end, those who are old and frail and weary being indifferent, and usually passing away in painless unconsciousness. To the strong and healthy the idea of it is the most repugnant. Experience shows, however, that it may become deprived of its terror even to the brave and lusty. It is defied daily by soldiers, and there are nations like the Japanese who will recklessly encounter it without any hope of future bliss to reward them. Life, on the other hand, is the richest gift we possess; indeed, it includes all others. Yet there are some to whom it becomes hateful, either because misfortune has stretched them on a rack, or the punishment for their own thoughtless follies has been too severe. And so a number, perhaps an increasing one, are ready at a moment's notice, not in any fantastic love of "heavenly death," but with grim hate and desperation, to fling away the treasure that was given them without the option of a refusal.

Thus Science and Poetry are equally true and equally instructive, but they approach the question of immortality by different avenues. And they leave the question unanswered. Till the secret of life itself is discovered, till we know when and under what conditions it first appeared on this planet, Science can be in no position to dogmatise. At present it can only be agnostic. Life to it is a phenomenon which cannot be fully and satisfactorily explained. Nor, therefore, can death, nor what comes after death. But the poet is in no better condition. Usually it is the man of inferior equipment who is most dogmatic. We have seen that the greatest at their greatest moments looked on an after life as a dim possibility only. They viewed the future with a melancholy that is not the less impressive because of its restraint and dignity. And they do not fail to admit that of all the shadowy legions who have gone down to the dust not one has given an authentic sign of his continued existence. So they have likened death to sleep—heavy, dreamless, unawakening.

OVER THE WOODS.

IF he were a Prussian, I suppose he would be an official with a uniform and a high-sounding title. Being what he is, he is a plain person in an old frieze coat and well-worn riding-breeches; he writes himself down "forester," and is vulgarly known as "him 'at's over t' woods." He began life on his father's farm, and at six years old was sent to the village school, then under the mild rule of an octogenarian dominie; thence to the grammar school of a neighbouring town, riding his seven miles daily in and out on a rough pony, while as yet bicycles were not. At sixteen—the prospects of agriculture being considered not hopeful—he was entered at the warehouse of a firm of drapers in the county town; and was thus set at the opening of the high road to wealth. But bolder spirits than he ere this have deserted rosier opportunities. Commerce was not his romance; and the delights of "living in" were no delight to him. So he turned his back on that path to fortune which is spread with shirtings and dress-lengths, and went back one ninth of February with a hangdog face to the moorland farm.

His old father's grimly-meant reminder that if he "wadna put on a draper's coat he maun gan in a plewman's sark" was fulfilled to the letter. Within a week the hangdog look became one of settled content as he turned again into the familiar ways, driving his plough-team in the Twelve Acre or doing a long day's solitary fencing at Greenhowe's Rigg. The joy of the pressed man who lays down his arms is only to be equalled by that of the volunteer who takes them up. And if he had loved the land before, he loved it now with a difference born of a widening knowledge. Among his few books, bartered at school, were an old Selborne and Atkinson's "Birds' Eggs," and these he read over and over with insatiable delight. He began to keep a secret journal of observations, spent many hours on summer nights wandering about the fields and woods, and took long Sunday rambles to the haunts of unfamiliar species. The "Life of Robert Dick," the Thurso naturalist, a school prize hitherto unread, proved a fresh source of inspiration; but otherwise he had only the smallest means of gratifying his craving for answers to the thousand questions of his eager mind; and it is with a tinge of sadness now, when it might be satisfied, that he recalls the intensity of that craving, contrasting it with the enforced indifference with which he is bound to regard many of those once burning considerations.

It sometimes amuses him to recall the trivial incident that set him on the way to his present calling. In hard weather, one January, he was busy with an old "daytal" man—a labourer

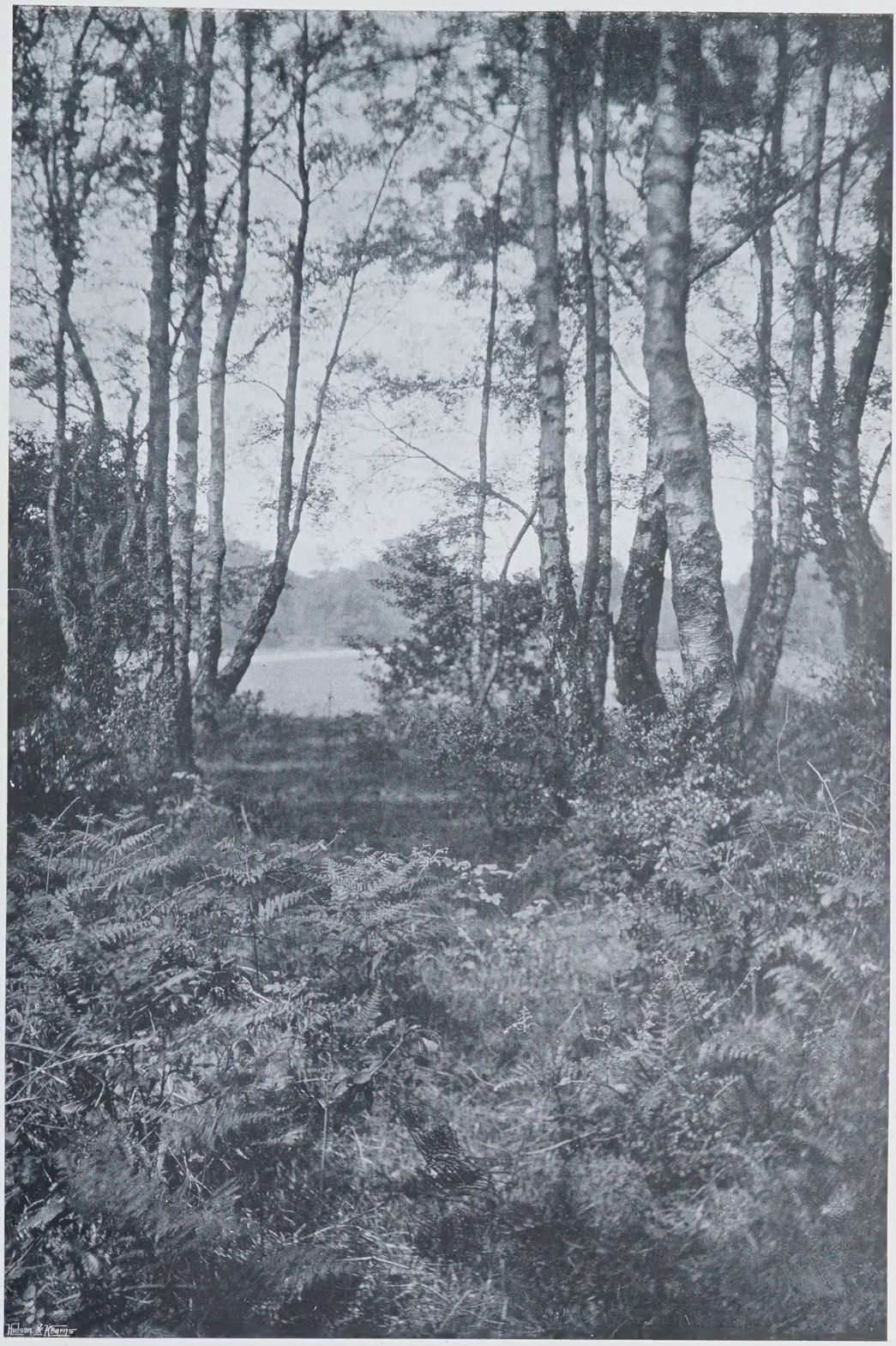
A. H. Blake. WOODLAND WEEDS. Copyright

past heavy work—"snigging" for firewood the fallen branches, wreckage of a recent gale. They had one horse, with trace-chains, which they hitched up to the windfalls, trailing them home over the frozen pasture-fields. The daytal man grinned toothless approval as the lad swung aloft, using the saw with judgment and skill where there were broken boughs to be cut away.

"Pity ye 'adna been yan o' Sir William's woodmen. Ye'd ha' framed better at that, maybe, than wi' 'osses an' kye."

The unintentional hint was a thing to be pondered over by one nursing secret ambitions. But it was the agent—Sir William's agent—who clinched the matter, weeks after, as he rode his cob up and down alongside where the lad was ploughing. The agent had a hearty liking for one who had had the good sense to get back to the land, comparing him in his own mind very favourably with the half-baked sort, in cheap town ready-made clothes, that were to be seen on their holiday visits to the old neighbourhood. Finding that his chaff on the subject of music halls and other town delights, now unattainable, was received with good-humoured indifference, the agent put leading questions, and before he rode away an understanding, tempered with characteristic caution on both sides, had been arrived at between them.

This time the gossips had no call to cry "Jack of all trades," for the woodman-to-be remained the ploughman-that-was, only going two or three nights a week to the schoolmaster for arithmetic and trigonometry. Then for two full seasons successively he went off North to a large forest estate, and was hired as a labourer for felling. The second time he stayed on as foreman, and came among us no more until a year or two after, when there were all the changes on the Kepworth Park Estate; when, as we say, he "put in for" the forester's place and got it.



M. C. Cottam *THE BIRCH WOOD.* Copyright

And now, if perhaps, after all, it may be said of any man that, having got his desire, he is satisfied, truly it may of this man. He has an all-sufficient competency ("a miserable pittance," Sir Pompey Bedell would call it), a good house and garden, and a healthy outdoor life, with enough of indoor work at his office desk to keep his pen hand in trim. The labour trouble vexes him not, for he is allowed good wages for his men, and he sees that he gets good men for the wages, as only the master can see who is known to be able to strip off his coat at a pinch and show a fool or a novice how the thing should be done. Above all, he loves his work. Like Colonel Newcome, he thinks his profession the finest in the world; only he would be more apt to call it his job than his profession. He has studied it as thoroughly as one may, in our insular unacademic fashion, is a member of the Society of Arboriculture, and a regular, if silent, attendant at their meetings. Under his care are some thousands of acres of woods and the proper nurseries, and he commands a little army of four-score or so workmen. The forester is an early riser. He is in the saddle, as a rule, an hour at least before some of us are out of bed, and his first rounds are finished before the post comes in. During the morning he is in his office for two or three hours, but the afternoon finds him again on horeback, riding out to oversee the work going on in some of the distant woods. Or he will tackle a big job of measuring up timber, check over the produce of the sawyard—for all the fencing and other wood required on the estate has to be found by him—or make a leisurely survey of one of his plantations, which are visited in methodical rotation. The writing up of office books is all in the day's work, for he has no clerical staff. I am afraid he is a confirmed—and willing—overtimer.

Such a life as his is full of opportunities for one who, in the phrase of Gilbert White, "attends to" birds and the like things. The forester has never cried off with his old love. The sciences which bear upon his craft are at once his amusement and his despair; but he has to grapple with his difficulties single-handed; for we who live in the country are apt to leave these studies to the townsfolk, who can get them up by going to lectures and museums. A weaker man might find this devotion to his hobby cost him the respect of his workmen, who are not unlikely to

C. D. Kay. *A FOREST GLADE.* Copyright

look upon the naturalists' pursuits much after the manner of Gabriel Betteredge; but with "him 'at's over t' woods" this is not so. He is credited with knowing "a vast deal about t' natur' o' plants an' insec's an' all sowts." He knows that the help that the veriest novice may render is worth some sacrifice of the silence and reserve that else were preferred. But there are secrets yet that are his own. To a chosen friend he will whisper of knowing a station of Cypripedium calceolus, or show in their season the nests of three or four woodcocks. He has been at pains to get reduced the long vermin lists of the keepers, in which a price was set on the head of many an honest woodland creature. He loves to see the owls float light-winged at dusk along the aisles of the larch woods, and to hear the jays scold as he canters down the forest rides. His own pocket-book list of birds is a compilation that would turn an ornithologist of the towns green with envy.

What can life offer to such a man better than that which he has? It is his pride to be bringing order out of confusion, something out of next-to-nothing day by day; to be planting for others to reap, and helping in the revival of an ancient and honourable craft; and he would not leave his woods to take a hand in the most alluring sport in the world; or to clutch at money on the exchanges, were it poured in golden showers at his feet.

H. Raphoe.

CHARCOAL-BURNERS.

On the western side of Windermere is a large stretch of woodland which year by year furnishes raw material for the charcoal-burners of Furness. Though at times they penetrate to the historic village of Hawkshead, at the extreme north of the narrow wedge of land which Lancashire thrusts into the neighbouring county of Westmorland, they are still known as the charcoal-burners of Furness, because in times past the monks of Furness exercised jurisdiction over the whole of this district.

C. E. Walmsley. *STACKING THE WOOD.* Copyright

The master charcoal-burner is often the product of three or more generations of "coalers," a word used to define their own calling. He is an expert forester, and knows to a nicety what price to pay for the "standing" wood. The two things which militate against the absolute surety of the amount of his profits are the fluctuations of the markets and the uncertainty of the weather. During

the greater part of the year he works with his men in the woods, for charcoal-burning has many side interests. From April until July they are busy stripping the trees of their bark, which is stored in the bark-houses to await a market. Last year there was practically no demand for it, and one master has at least 120 tons in hand, which he values at £4 per ton. The time between August and November is spent in preparing the wood for coaling, and for transport, for use in other industries, such as bobbin-turning, crate-making, basket-making, and coopering. One of the home industries is the making of besoms of the tough, pliant twigs of the birch. Quite recently a master sold 4,000 dozens. At this period the sites for the pits are chosen in close proximity to a good water supply, and the pit rings formed—a collection in a circle of sufficient wood to build a pit. In late September or early October the stacker begins to build the pits. One of the photographs portrays him surveying a very good specimen of his handiwork, which at first sight we may be pardonably excused for mistaking for a Kaffir hut. His method is to place three sticks in the form of a gipsy caldron in the centre of the pit ring, round which he builds in concentric circles the wood allotted him. The coalers follow him and cover the wood with a thick carpet of grass, thick enough to support a layer of gravel, which is the next part of the process, and makes the pit air-tight. The plug or stake, which is seen in another photograph projecting from the centre of the grass-covered pit, is withdrawn. The cavity is partly filled with charcoal, upon which the fire is placed. When the fire is sufficiently ignited the hole is covered with sods, that the fire may burn to the bottom of the pit and then out to the sides. Constant care is necessary to secure uniformity of burning. Especially is this the case during windy weather, when screens (which are shown in one of the pictures) formed of wood interwoven with bracken are erected round the pit to exclude the wind, which if allowed to play upon the pit would cause uneven burning. Occasionally the fire shows a tendency to take an erratic course, bursting out in miniature volcanoes on one particular side. These eruptions are quickly covered with sod or gravel to drive the fire inward. When the master decides that the charcoal is nearly ready large tubs are set at intervals round the pit and filled with water. Boots are changed for old ones, as the immediate vicinity of the pit is almost red-hot. The edges are trimmed, as shown in another picture, and the master (for it requires an expert) passes rapidly from tub to tub, throwing showers of water from his ladle upon the pit. The greater part of the steam engendered is driven inward and extinguishes the fire. The sods which formed the cap of the pit are withdrawn, as shown, and it is left to cool. The process of coaling, from the lighting to the extinguishing of the fire, extends over a period of two days and a night. The pits average about thirty-six sacks of charcoal; each sack represents a cubic yard of wood. Most of the charcoal is bought for the ironworks at Backbarrow.

The life of the charcoal-burners is a hard one. There is practically no cessation of work from the start to the finish of the season. Fine weather is as precious to them as to the farmer during haytime and harvest. It lightens and brightens their labour, and enables them to keep in the open during the livelong day; the comfort of this, and the discomfort of rain, may be better understood if we remember that the coalers do not wash for six weeks at a stretch. The little conical sod hut, which looks like an Indian tepee, provides them with shelter and sleeping quarters, beds being improvised out of sacks stuffed with hay. Their food is brought each day in the empty carts returning from the ironworks, and in the last photograph we see them sitting down to a meal in positions which accord with their own ideas of comfort. Their wages represent a sliding-scale operated by the weather and the experience of the men, but a slight computation shows an average of 30s. per week—a sum which

C. E. Walmsley. *THE LAST SOD.* Copyright

C. E. Walmsley. *PUTTING OUT THE FIRE.* Copyright

C. E. Walmsley. *COOLING OFF.* Copyright

the most exacting master will admit is well-earned.

Near saw-mill centres copsing and undergrowth are of little value for hurdles and firewood, and would be a dead loss if not utilised for producing charcoal.

C. E. W.

C. E. Walmsley. *COALERS AND HUT.* Copyright

THE PASSING OF THE DRAGONS.

TIME is jealous of his secrets; yet, in spite of the most strenuous efforts to obliterate the records of the past, fragments of the happenings of other days are constantly coming to light. These happenings, by some strange intuition, man sometimes anticipates; and thus it is that the dragons of fable have proved after all to be dragons in fact! So much, indeed, we have long realised, but now and again the truth of this is brought convincingly home to us.

Some years ago, for example, the world was startled by the discovery of the remains of some four-and-twenty huge reptilian monsters in the Wealden formations of Bernissart in Belgium. Walking on the hind limbs only, and standing some 18ft. high, these must have been formidable creatures indeed; but they pale into the commonplace when compared with the huge beast known as diplodocus. Though by no touch of the magician's wand can the dry bones of this long-extinct Goliath be made to live, we can form a very fair notion of its appearance in life when they are pieced together so that the skeleton can be surveyed as a whole. Thanks to the generosity of Mr. Andrew Carnegie this can now be done by all who care to visit the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, inasmuch as he has just presented a replica of the original specimen in the Carnegie Museum at Pittsburg. This model, which none but the initiated would distinguish from the real skeleton, was formally received by Lord Avebury on behalf of the trustees of the British Museum on Friday last in the presence of a distinguished gathering representing Science, Art, and Literature.

Diplodocus carnegii represents one of the largest animals that has ever walked this earth, being some 84ft. long, and standing nearly 14ft. at the withers! Perhaps the two most striking features of this monster are the enormous length of the tail, which tapered off to the thinness of a whip-lash, and the ridiculously small head. It was apparently herbivorous, and this because of the absence of molar or crushing teeth, and the form of the long, rake-like cutting teeth, which were apparently used for gathering succulent herbage, such as would be found along river-beds and the banks on either side.

According to those most qualified to express an opinion on these matters, diplodocus was really an aquatic animal, haunting rivers, like the modern hippopotamus. This view is supported partly by the enormous bulk of the creature, which would have been too unwieldy for a strictly terrestrial habitat, and partly by the fact that the aperture of the nostrils was situated not at the end of the snout, but in the middle of the head, between the eyes.

The intelligence of this creature could not have been of a very high order, inasmuch as the brain, incredible as it may appear, was scarcely larger than a walnut! It possessed, indeed, as Lord Avebury remarked in the course of his speech, more nervous matter in that portion of the spinal column lodged between the hips than in the brain itself! Huge as it was, it was not secure from the attacks of enemies. Eloquent testimony of this fact is preserved on the shin-bone of the present specimen, which bears deep scars made by the teeth of some carnivorous dinosaur. Indeed, from one leg the point of a tooth was actually taken!

We are accustomed to regard all things on a colossal scale as the natural product of the American Continent, and readers of COUNTRY LIFE may, therefore, feel but a mild interest in this account of the latest acquisition to our natural history treasure-house. As a matter of fact, however, dinosaurs only slightly inferior in size to diplodocus once roamed over these islands. In addition to iguanodons, remains of an enormous reptile, known to-day as cetiosaurus, were found some few years ago at Oxford, and the hind limbs of one of these animals will now be found mounted in the Geological Gallery of the British Museum.

Fortunately monsters of this type no longer inhabit our rivers. The bare notion of a possible encounter therewith, would have lent to boating and fishing parties a spice of excitement, it is true, but to most of us it would have been pleasure taken sadly!

W. P. PYCRAFT.

C. E. Walmsley. *LOADING BAGS OF CHARCOAL.* Copyright

CORRESPONDENCE.

VARIETIES OF BIRDS' EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some of the curiosities I have in my collection, of which I send particulars, may interest your correspondent "W. F." (1) Reed-bunting—a white egg, nearly round; is one of the two white eggs that were in the nest, in addition to which there were also four eggs of the ordinary type. (2) Sedge-warbler—five eggs, the ground of which is almost white, with a few black streaks at the larger end. (3) Robin—a clutch of six eggs, all of which are pure white. I have several times found one or two eggs in a nest pure white, but never the whole clutch as in this case. (4) Willow-wren—a white egg, nearly round in shape; the other eggs in the nest were the ordinary variety. (5) Tree-pipit—four eggs of a light green ground, evenly spotted with light brown. These are quite different to any variety I have seen before. (6) Great tit—four eggs, very deeply blotched with red at the thick end. (7) Thrush—light blue egg without spots and nearly round. An egg of ordinary colouring, but not larger than that of a house-sparrow. (8) Black-

two eggs, pale blue in colour, no spots. These are rather larger than usual, and several eggs are pale blue, very slightly marked with brown spots. (9) Sparrow-hawk—eggs heavily blotched at the thin end; also some eggs with very little markings. (10) Pheasant—three small eggs, not larger than those of a thrush. (11) Grouse—a small egg about the same size as the pheasant's. (12) Lapwing—an egg nearly as large as a whimbrel's; three other eggs in the nest were of the ordinary size. All these eggs were carefully identified before being added to my collection.—W. H. M. PETERKIN.

PLAGUE OF VOLES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In many of our Southern gardens we are suffering severely from a plague of voles, which the gardeners commonly call mice. They are so numerous that they are eating everything in the way of young peas, and so on, that is not jealously protected from them, and the protection is no easy matter. We have trapped a great many with a fall-trap on the figure of four principle, the cat has grown fat, and times must be grand for such creatures as owls and kestrels, if the gamekeepers have left any of these poor things, which do them little harm; but the voles and their mischief increase at a greater rate than the means for their destruction overtakes them. Can any of your readers suggest a means that shall be adequate? If he could do so he would earn much gratitude, both from many others, and in especial from your present correspondent. The real mouse, Mus sylvaticus, with the long tail, is also in quite unusual numbers; but he is hardly as destructive as the vole, although troublesome enough. Probably the mild winter is responsible for the great increase of both kinds, but, whatever the cause, the result is rather disastrous in the gardens.—H.

THE CAUSES OF MANGE IN FOXES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There is one point that is exercising the minds of Masters of Hounds, and that is the degeneracy of foxes and the existence of mange. These two evils are akin to one another, for degenerate foxes are more likely to catch mange than vigorous and bold ones, and, on the other hand, the prevalence of mange is likely to cause a degeneration of the race of foxes in any district. Mange is, indeed, not the only cause of degeneracy, but it is by far the most important, though it has the advantage of being, in a great measure, within our power to cure. Mange can be rooted out by sufficiently stringent measures. The earths must be closed, and the infected foxes killed down as closely as possible. Even then, care must be taken that the disease is not reintroduced. There is no complaint more highly contagious, and a late well-known canine veterinary surgeon told me that he was unwilling to receive cases of dogs suffering from this disease into his infirmary, owing to the difficulty of disinfecting a kennel afterwards. The fact is that, in some countries, mange is continually being reintroduced—first, by the importation of foxes which have been kept in infected kennels, or have travelled in hampers or crates previously used for foxes and not thoroughly disinfected; secondly, by the habit which some keepers have of killing off the vixens and keeping the cubs in confinement until they are wanted. The places where cubs are shut up are seldom too cleanly, but, even where the greatest care is exercised, the young foxes unquestionably suffer in health from not having the change and variety of diet to which they are accustomed in a wild state. Foxes eat many kinds of insects, dig out many a field-mouse's nest, catch not a few young birds, and often have a successful stalk after that worst of plagues to game preservers, the hedgerow rat. The fox has a very wide taste in food. Mostly a great cause of mange is gunshot wounds. These are not always fatal, perhaps are not intended to be so; but a very large number of foxes are shot at in the course of the year by keepers who think that a little peppering will, perhaps, keep the marauders away from their coverts. No doubt, some foxes so wounded die; but they often do so on someone else's beat, which is an advantage to the keeper who fired the gun. In many cases the fox is not meant to die at all, though it would be too much to imagine that a keeper would grieve greatly at the demise of his natural enemy. In every fox-hunting country, and especially at this time of year, it is wise to look pretty closely into what goes on. It would be far better for a hunt in the long run to lose a few foxes altogether than to have mange set up in their coverts, as it infallibly will be if foxes are "peppered."—T. F. DALE.

THE DETERIORATION OF SPRING TROUTING IN THE NORTH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps some of your readers may be able to give a more flourishing account of the history of the delightful sport of early trout-fishing in the North of England than is quite in keeping with my own experience, or that of others whose opinion is based upon many more years than I have enjoyed on the streams of Cumberland, Westmorland, and Yorkshire. As a rule the first of these three counties is a little earlier than the southern parts of Westmorland, and a great deal earlier than Yorkshire, where the fishing in the Wharfe, for instance, is not well under weigh until some weeks after trout are, or used to be, freely caught on the Eden, Eamont, and other more northern streams. The April fishing should be first-class. Shortly speaking it was of the following character. The streams, fished with the wet fly, are in beautiful order throughout the month, unless there is a flood, when a day or two of water unfishable with the fly intervenes. The weather is colder than in the South, and if there is much wind it is nearly always cold; yet by eleven o'clock it ought to be time for fish to be moving, and willing to take the drowned fly, and under the normal state of things which went on until three seasons ago, there was nearly always a rise of natural fly, either March Browns or some form of "dun," about midday, and often another in the afternoon. Then the fish began to take on the surface more or less eagerly, and a "rise" in the angler's sense began, in which the fisherman caught trout fast for a longer or shorter time. Apparently this fairly regular appearance of natural fly put the fish into the mood to take the artificial fly, even when there was no sign of the real insect. At any rate, they did take it, except on exceptionally bad days, and sometimes even when the day was (apparently) very bad indeed. Last year there was a great falling off in this pleasant state of things. It was commonly said that there was no rise throughout the whole season. This is not quite correct, for I can recall two days out of some thirty on which I was out. This year things were much worse. During fourteen apparently decent fishing days which I spent upon most excellent preserved waters, I can affirm that I did not see in the whole time fourteen trout rise to natural fly. During three favourable days three or four very expert anglers made good baskets. But it was only a few. One of the chosen few, a superb fisherman, and secretary of one of the best Yorkshire clubs, told me that the dearth of aquatic flies was such as he had never known in his experience, and was of opinion that evidence pointed to their gradually dying out. On the Kilnsea water the March Brown was almost entirely absent. During the many days I spent on the Eden and Eamont I saw, at most, seven or eight flies float down at a time, and those only on a few days, when there was a feeble attempt at a rise by the fish. At Easter the well-informed angling correspondent of the *Yorkshire Post* wrote a most gloomy article on the prospects of spring trout-fishing, giving evidence to show that trout had for some years been less and less inclined to take the fly at all. It may be asked whether the supposed unwillingness of the trout to rise may not be due to dearth of fish? That supposition may be true on some waters. But speaking generally, and particularly too, it is not the case. The waters to which I have referred are far more carefully preserved than they were a few years back, and so are the Yorkshire waters mentioned. That there are any amount of trout in the carefully-preserved Eden may be judged from the following. Just after Easter a son of the lessee of one of the finest lengths on the lower Eden (on the most beautiful piece of river scenery in this county, I believe) caught with the fly sixty trout in a day. But to the absence of fly I can give personal testimony. What one would like to know is whether in the cycles of years anything like this has occurred before, and if so, how soon matters improved, or whether it would be of any use to try to "plant" the eggs, or larvæ, of the native aquatic flies?—C. J. CORNISH.

DEW-PONDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The name dew-ponds implies that it is a pond supplied by dew, and this, in fact, is the only source of supply to a properly-constructed dew-pond. Why the dew should settle in certain ponds, and keep them full of water, more in the heat of summer than during the cold winter, entirely depends upon the subsoil of the pond, the construction and the position of the pond. The subsoil should be chalk, or any dry subsoil free from worms. The following method should be carefully observed in the construction of a dew-pond: After the earth has been excavated for the proposed pond, a closely-packed layer of dry straw, some 2ft. in thickness, should be strewn over the surface. Upon this straw should be laid a bed of finely-puddled clay. This double layer of straw and clay should be very thoroughly trampled by horses so as to consolidate the whole. The clay must be carefully tucked round the outer edges of the straw, so that when the pond becomes full of water no moisture shall penetrate the straw. Upon the consolidated surface of the clay a layer of stone should be strewn. After this the filling of the pond may be left to the laws of Nature. With regard to the position of the pond, care should be take that it is situated on some high ground, where there is no chance of any water draining into the pond. The very top of a chalk down is an ideal position. The reason why the pond becomes full of water is owing to the fact that the layer of straw acts as a non-conductor of heat from the earth, and thus the clay surface remains cold. The moisture in the atmosphere is deposited upon the cold surface of the clay. The process of evaporation during the day chills the water in the pond, and the colder the water is the less evaporation takes place. Thus the evaporation during the day is curtailed, whilst the tendency to the deposition of dew during the night is increased, and the pond becomes night by night more fully charged with water. Heavy animals should not be allowed to enter the pond; should they do so, it is possible that they might pierce the clay with their feet, and thus allow the water to soak into the straw-bed. Should this happen, the straw would no longer act as a non-conductor, and the pond will probably dry up. There is ample evidence to show that dew-ponds constructed during Neolithic times, some 4,000 years ago, are still full of water. The one below Chanctonbury Ring, near Worthing, is a very fine example. It is very well fortified with its ancient entrenchments, and the cup-shaped depression in the ground by the side of the pond marks the site of the guard-house.—ARTHUR JOHN AND GEORGE HUBBARD.

THE QUESTION OF SPORTSMANSHIP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In an article on duck-shooting in Kashmir (May 13th), your correspondent writes: "Often the No. 5 shot rattling all over their bodies told us they were out of shot, and we kept on firing many impossible shots, for, after all, as the Scotch keeper used to say, 'they are in more danger than yourself.'" Your paper is largely read by young shooters. Would you point out to them that if they act on these Indian "sportmen's" advice, and fire at game out of killing range, they are not likely to be asked to shoot again by their host. How these two men would have enjoyed a day's sport with the Baltic Fleet on the Dogger Bank.—H. W.

ROMAN HORSE-TRAINING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

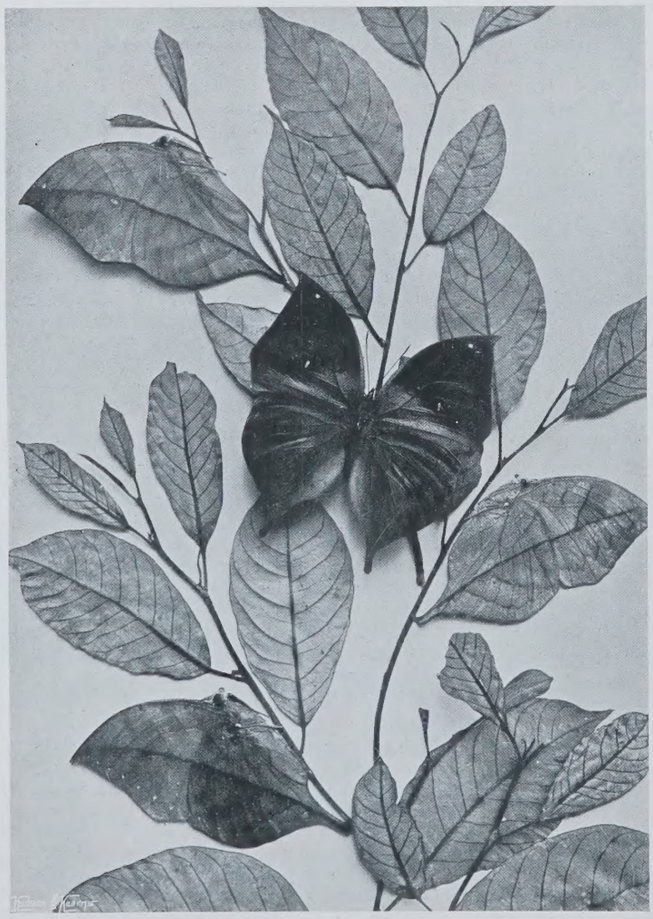
SIR,—In view of the article recently published in COUNTRY LIFE on "Greek Horsemanship," it may interest your readers to see the accompanying reproduction of a Roman lamp, now in the Louvre, on which is depicted a horse being taught to stand on its hind legs. The Roman horse-trainer is here seen schooling his horse to perform by aid of a formidable-looking whip. The dancing horse figures in that medley of antique learning, the "Deipnosophists, or Banquet of the Learned," of Athenæus. Athenæus tells us that the Sybarites "had carried their luxury to such a pitch that they had taught even their horses to dance at their feasts to the music of the flute." But

disaster came of this truly effeminate horse-training. For the Crotonians, being at war with the Sybarites, and knowing the air to which the Sybarite horses were accustomed to dance, played the same melody on the battle-field, "and as soon as the horses heard them playing on the flute, they not only began to dance, but ran over to the army of the Crotonians, carrying their riders with them." The dancing cavalry horse appears again, in greater detail, in the Annals of Charon of Lampsacus, likewise quoted by Athenæus. Charon tells us how the general of the army of a people named Bisaltæ lived, as a boy, in slavery among the Cardians; there he learnt that the Cardian horses were taught to dance at feasts to the music of the flute, standing on their hind feet and dancing with their fore feet in time to the airs which they had been taught. So when war broke out the general of the Bisaltæ secured a Cardian female flute player, who instructed his own musicians. And when his flute players were sufficiently taught he gave battle, ordering them to play the airs which they had learnt, and which the horses of the Cardians knew, "and when the horses heard the flute, they stood up on their hind feet and took to dancing. But the main strength of the Cardians was in their cavalry, and so they were conquered." Whereby it would seem that the feats of the English cavalry horse, as exemplified in the beautiful musical ride of the Islington Military Tournament, and such other proofs of the intelligence of the ordinary horse when carefully trained, were long ago anticipated. We expect the circus horse to astonish us by his trick work. The dancing horses of the ancient cavalry may serve to remind us of the vast amount of fine intelligence of ear and limb left uncultivated by most horse-owners of the present day.—G. M. G.

PROTECTIVE COLOUR AND SHAPE IN BUTTERFLIES.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—The Indian leaf butterfly, which measures about 2½in. to 3in. across the wings, derives its popular name from its resemblance on the under-side of its wings, which are of a light brown colour, to a dead leaf. We must note here that the leaves it resembles remain flat when dead. Our illustration shows a very good group of these most wonderful butterflies, but their resemblance to the leaf cannot be fully seen in a photograph. If we study the illustration closely we shall see that there are three butterflies among the leaves with their wings closed, and one with its wings outspread. If we inspect one of the closed insects we shall notice that the short tails attached to the lower wings do duty for the twig that would attach an ordinary leaf to its branch. The dark line that begins at the tail is carried right to the tip of the wing, and very closely resembles the central vein of a leaf; the wing is also veined all over, which greatly accentuates the likeness to a leaf—so much so that, when the writer has shown those in his collection to friends, they have never noticed the butterflies that were closed, only those that were open; and some will hardly be convinced, till one with open wings has been shown them, that it also has a leaf-like under-side, and then they will wonderingly acknowledge that the closed ones are really butterflies. There is also another point worth noting, namely, that these insects, when at rest, draw their antennæ between their closed wings, thus still further hiding their identity.—Patrick.



COTTAGE BATHROOM.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—Will any of your readers favour me with a suggestion for providing hot water for a bathroom in the country, built outside, and some little distance from the house, and consequently beyond service from the kitchen boiler. I am aware that geysers are used in such cases, but I have no personal knowledge of them, and opinions with regard to their efficiency and durability vary, and, moreover, they are costly. There is a constant supply of cold water to the bathroom.—Subscriber.

INCREASE OF NESTING WOODCOCK.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—For fifteen years or more, on several estates in Dorset, Dumfriesshire, and Surrey, keepers and owners have been aware of the presence of one or two woodcocks' nests in their coverts, and in these districts there does not seem to be any such increase as a correspondent of yours mentions on the Border. I cannot help wondering whether the increasingly keen interest shown in natural history now, and the opportunities afforded by papers such as Country Life in disseminating facts, are not responsible for these discoveries rather than a change in the habits of the wild things themselves.—L. B.

MAY-FLY AND CHAFFINCH.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—I should like to enquire if any of your readers have noticed how terribly destructive the chaffinch is to May-fly. On the Frome they take up their position on some branch by the water-side, and rarely let one get off the stream at all. Swallows give them a far greater chance of reaching the grass. In places where the hatch is sparse, it seems to me that a diminution in the number of these birds would result in a corresponding increase in these ephemeridæ.—H. L. T. P.

[It would be a crime to destroy a bird so pretty and so useful as the chaffinch.—Ed.]

THE ARRIVAL OF THE SWALLOW.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—In reply to the enquiry of "Chelmsford" in Country Life of the 22nd ult., the swallow appeared this year in Northumberland on April 5th, which is some days earlier than I have known it during the last thirty years, with the exception of 1883, when it arrived on April 2nd. As it may be of interest to others of your readers, I append, from my note-books, a list of the earliest appearance of the bird in Northumberland since 1877:

1877, April 11	1885, April 18	1893, April 11	1901, April 19
1878, ,, 23	1886, ,, 16	1894, ,, 19	1902, ,, 14
1879, ,, 25	1887, ,, 26	1895, ,, 14	1903, ,, 29
1880, ,, 23	1888, ,, 16	1896, ,, 17	1904, ,, 19
1881, ,, 29	1889, ,, 22	1897, ,, 20	1905, ,, 5
1882, ,, 19	1890, ,, 18	1898, ,, 24	
*1883, ,, 2	1891, ,, 24	1899, ,, 23	
1884, ,, 23	1892, ,, 24	1900, ,, 22	

*Not seen again until the 17th.

It would be interesting if some of your other correspondents would give their experiences.—Lichen Grey.

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From a Portrait by M PAUL C. HELLEU.

MISS NANCY BORWICK.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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THE TRIUMPHS OF . . . MEDICINE.

ON Monday night the Prince of Wales made an excellent speech at the centenary meeting of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London. Briefly, and yet eloquently, he passed in review the enormous changes that have taken place in medical science during the last hundred years. They are so great that it is difficult now to realise what must have been the condition of our forefathers in this respect. Let anyone fancy himself in the cockpit of Nelson's ship after the Battle of Trafalgar, and he will form some idea of the torture from which people have escaped. First, there was Sir Walter Simpson's discovery of the use of chloroform. Before that time, every surgical operation was performed while the patient was fully awake and alive, and many operations were rendered absolutely impossible owing to the fright and nervousness caused by the sight of the knife and the fear of pain. In the second place, Lord Lister, discoverer of the antiseptic treatment, broke quite new ground in medical science. Before the antiseptic treatment was known, a compound fracture practically meant the loss of a limb. If amputation were not resorted to at once, inflammation was set up, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the sufferer died in agony from what was called mortification. The scientific study of the human frame was barred by the impossibility of carrying out certain operations, which have become quite common and safe now.

To-day there is scarcely a portion of the human anatomy that has not been explored by the surgeon, and not only the internal organs of the body, but the brain itself has been laid bare and treated in a manner that the doctor of a hundred years ago would have thought it madness to attempt. Nor is this all. We must add a third to the list of great discoverers, and the third is Monsieur Pasteur, who laid the foundation of that study of bacteriology which has opened so enormous a field to research. If you would see the monument to Monsieur Pasteur, it is only necessary to look around. Hundreds of diseases have been analysed as to their causes, the true nature of infection has been laid bare, and it has become possible to take measures to prevent it, while the system of inoculation with cultures from the worst diseases has developed a perfectly new kind of medical practice. Even the more efficient sanitation, both in town and village, is in a large measure due to these discoveries, and the medical profession may well look back with pride over the hundred years which the Prince of Wales passed in review on Monday night. We are inevitably led by the survey of His Royal Highness to consider what is to be the future of the science whose progress he recounted. In the opinion of the best physicians of the day it is undergoing a complete revolution. The old idea was simply one of cure, and from time immemorial the idea of quackery entered a great deal into the popular conception of a doctor who was in consequence compelled to resort to a certain mystery in his calling. We can understand that from the endless mockery poured upon the profession in mediæval literature, especially by the wittiest of the French writers, Le Sage and Molière. Who does not remember the inimitable pictures both of them drew of the quack salvers of their time, and we have but to turn to Fielding and Smollett to find the same ideas prevalent in England. For the matter of that, we had them revived by Charles Dickens as late as the nineteenth century. At the present day there are patients who would not think the leech had done them justice unless he prescribed some pill, draught, or potion, whereas, in nine cases out of ten, what is wanted is not so much a medicine as attention to diet and to the other conditions that govern health. The changes noted have dignified not only the calling of medicine, but also the men who follow it. A great specialist of to-day never dreams of affecting the airs of one who holds the secret of a great mystery. He talks to his patient in the most common-sense manner, and is not at all afraid to tell him that medicine can do no good, that the only prescription he has to offer is the suggestion of a more wholesome diet and more life in the open air.

The doctor of the future is much more likely to devote his attention to preventative than to curative measures. He will be paid to see that people live in hygienic surroundings, that no drains are permitted which can at the same time generate poisonous gas and enable it to escape, that every individual enjoys a due amount of fresh air, that people are clothed properly, and that they use an intelligent choice in the matter of diet. The ideal to be aimed at is the elimination of disease, or at least the reduction of it to a minimum, so that at the end people die naturally of old age; and it need not be denied that some of the deepest students of the present day dream of a time when old age itself, though it cannot be averted, will be put off to a more distant date. The researches of Professor Menschikoff have this for their object, and though it is hopeless to expect that he, any more than the old astrologists, will find out the secret of immortality, yet he is in the way of making discoveries which will be still further advanced by the physicians of the future. The best reasons for believing that medicine will be preventative in the future are to be found in what has been already accomplished, and in this matter our country readers must be even more interested than those in the town. For many will remember, and if they do not remember others will have told them, how villages and hamlets used to be scourged by every species of epidemics and diseases. There was scarcely a year in the early part of last century that did not witness an outbreak in the village of small-pox, diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhus, or some other equally foul disease. Cases of this kind have become much rarer than they used to be, not altogether owing to the application of medicine, but to the greater care that is bestowed in keeping the surroundings of people wholesome and healthy. In the old English village, and much more so in the old Scotch village, not the slightest attention was paid to the laws of health. There can be no reason to doubt that the bad scavenging, the lack of drainage, and the pollution of the water were answerable for the spread of many epidemic diseases; we have seen, at any rate, that since these matters were attended to, the health of the villagers has improved in a most wonderful manner. It is the same with the town. Not till about the year 1870 was this question of hygiene attended to as it deserved, and many practices that would appear almost incredible now were looked upon as inevitable then. It is to the medical officer of health that we directly owe the improvement that has taken place, and he has drawn his inspiration from those great masters of his craft who are ever striving and studying to advance and improve medical science.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Miss Nancy Borwick, the daughter of Sir Robert Hudson Borwick of Eden Lacey, Lazonby, Cumberland. We regret that the children in our frontispiece last week were described as the daughters of Mr. Gerald Buxton, whereas they are the daughters of Mrs. Geoffrey Buxton of Dunston Hall, Norwich.

ONE of the most characteristic features of the war in the East is the almost absolute silence in which the preparations for battle are being conducted. Everybody is of opinion that the gravest events are impending both by sea and by land, yet only vague rumour has arrived in this country about them. The one piece of news that seems to be authenticated is that Admiral Rozhdestvensky is so ill that he has had to be superseded, the disease from which he is suffering being described as a breakdown of nerves. That this should be the case is not to be wondered at, for the strain upon him during the last six months must have been terrible. Surely never had man cause to regret illness more. There is every reason to expect that the great naval battle in the Far East will be an event not in Russian history nor in Japanese history only, but in the history of the world, and there are many sailors who would give the rest of their lives to be in it; much more to be one of the leaders.

As far as we can see, the prospects of peace are still as remote as ever. The Japanese Minister at Paris has declared, with the authority belonging to his years and office, that Japan will impose her own conditions, and that these include the entire evacuation of Manchuria by Russia, the reduction of Vladivostock to the condition of a trading unfortified seaport town, and the payment of an indemnity. But evidently Russia is in no temper to comply with these demands. On the contrary, her rulers seem only to be rendered more sanguine by misfortune. They say that the army in the field has been so greatly strengthened as to be now more than a match for the enemy, while the fleet at sea is considered to be at least equal to that commanded by Admiral Togo. If this is the genuine feeling in Russian circles, it is clear that a great event will have to occur before peace negotiations can be begun with any chance of being carried to a successful conclusion. Meantime there is rebellion scarcely veiled in the domestic affairs of Russia, and no one can tell how soon that unhappy country may be plunged into the middle of a revolution.

An important article appeared in *The Times* the other day on the Press as an intelligence agent in time of war, and this subject deserves the earnest attention of the British Government. However thorough our preparations in the way both of fleet and army may be, we run the risk of their being in vain unless some degree of secrecy can be maintained, and how to do this is a question that would have to be very carefully considered. The Japanese solved the problem in their own way by making an appeal to the various editors of newspapers, asking them out of patriotism to refrain from printing anything that would give the enemy information. We are afraid, however, that the Press of this country would not follow the excellent example set by their Oriental brethren. Our newspapers are so much divided in opinion that, although the great majority of those engaged on them are fully as patriotic as any Japanese, yet there are always some who are in opposition. If a war begins, their tendency is to oppose it, and our experience in South Africa showed that a few were openly on the side of the enemy. Then, again, our traditions in favour of the liberty of the Press are of so long standing that coercion is scarcely to be thought of. Our generals and admirals will have to take the whole matter into consideration before the next great war occurs.

Sir Clements Markham made an extremely interesting speech at the annual meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. Perhaps the most striking point in it was his reference to the North Pole. It has been the dream of generations of navigators to reach this point, but now that Nansen has "drawn back the veil which concealed the Arctic mystery" we know that at the North Pole there is a deep sea nearly surrounded by land, with a flow of water inwards on the Siberian side, and outwards down the east coast of Greenland. But, obviously, the North Pole standing in mid-ocean would be quite a useless place to reach, and though, in the words of Sir Clements, it would still be a "sporting thing to do," it would have no geographical interest. The speaker considered that Erichsen's exploration of East Greenland was the most important work that remained to be done in the Arctic regions. He said he had taken a great part in working for the despatch of Antarctic Expeditions, chiefly for the purpose of giving young naval officers and men a chance to distinguish themselves in time of peace. In his own words, "from the days of Nelson there have been no better fighters than Arctic men. Polar service braced them up for the regular work of the Navy."

TO SHAMROCK.

O Shamrock with the fevered feet,
At leisure all too soon,
I watch you crop the clover sweet
Through the spring afternoon,
Or nibble Stringy's orphan lock,
Stringy, who does the mowing,
So-called because a jerking hock
Affects his style of going.

You in the winters that are past,
When you were young and sound,
Could gallop across country fast,
For fencing were renowned;
Steeds have won greater fame, but none
In hunting found more pleasure,
Or, standing only fourteen-one,
Were brave to such a measure.

And still, although your breath comes quick
From feeding as you please,
Although your coat is rough and thick,
You love the grip of knees,
And cock your shapely ears with pride,
Content to feel them bumping,
When Joyce or Betty, set astride,
Indulge in bareback jumping.

But most you love a sombre day
When with a courage rash
A straight-necked fox has slipped away
From Egginton for Ashe;
Who, ere he leaves the brook behind,
That treacherous toll-taker,
Tries, where he hopes relief to find,
The earth near your Seven-acre.

Ah, then how madly you career,
So staid an hour before!
And how it thrills your blood to hear
The running pack once more!
And what delight to feel again,
When horse and hound have vanished,
Old memories stir within your brain,
Long to oblivion banished!

R. S. T. C.

A significant event in the history of agriculture is the fact that on May 30th the Bath and West and Southern Counties' Society will hold a show—the first this society has held there—at Nottingham. This is a remarkable innovation at a time when the Royal Society has been obliged to put an end to its migratory shows, and finds that to have a stationary one in London is not profitable. Why does the one society succeed and the other fail? Those who manage the Royal might very well turn their attention to this question. The Western Counties' Show is doing with success what the one under Royal patronage has failed to do. But, on the other hand, it has to be remembered that the Bath and West of England Society has always been exceedingly practical and exceedingly interesting. There is no show that farmers find it more to their advantage to attend than this one, and at Nottingham they will have in the neighbourhood several men who ought to be of the greatest assistance. There is the Duke of Portland, who, as his own estates show, is always extremely successful, and who himself is one of the most famous and wisest patrons of agriculture; Mr. Philo Mills, famed for his shorthorns and Shire horses; and there is Lord Milton, who, although president of the Royal Society, does not confine his attention to it alone, so that there is every reason to expect that the show will be a success. When the Royal held its show there in 1888 no fewer than 88,000 people paid their admission fees on the popular or shilling day, and there is no reason to think that interest in farming affairs is less now than it was then.

Englishmen always expect too much from railway companies, and then grumble at the expense that in the end comes out of their own pocket. In sparsely-populated country districts what possible good can be served by the erection of substantial stone waiting rooms, ticket offices, and so on, for the hardy country-folk who otherwise would be travelling by carriers' carts? A plank siding with a signal which can be worked by any intending passenger, who when the train comes up can get a ticket

from the guard, is a perfectly feasible arrangement, and one actually in use some twenty years ago at a little fishing station outside Montrose. One large railway in a western county has already adopted the halte system, in response to an appeal from a village parish council, and there seems to be no real reason why such a practice should not become more general on one train each way on market days. Safety could be ensured by careful timing, and the increased convenience would entail no expense.

The beautiful district of Ashdown Forest has again been ravaged by disastrous fires, extending far beyond the boundaries of the forest proper, invading the private woodlands of the ancient estate of Pippingford, and seriously threatening the safety of at least one of the houses on that estate. Last year the same thing, on a less extended scale, occurred, and there can be little doubt that incendiarism has been at work. The Conservators of the forest last year succeeded in obtaining a conviction against one of the incendiaries, but the judge let the man off with a caution. Considering the years of penal servitude awarded for the crime of rick-burning, so much less dangerous and destructive in its possible results, the sentence seems to the lay mind to lack a due sense of proportion. In the meantime the destruction of much of the larch and fir timber on the Pippingford estate may serve to point once again to the wisdom, which we have often preached, of clearing a strip of ground between woods and those open commons which are clad in gorse and heather that flares up alike to the match of the wanton incendiary and of the careless tourist, tramp, or gipsy.

County boundaries are ancient and historic landmarks which should only be tampered with when their occasional anomalies produce very real inconvenience, and it is to be hoped that the proposal of the Local Government Board to take away ten parishes from Essex and transfer them to Hertfordshire will not be accorded the necessary sanction of Parliament. The petition which has been put forward by the British Archæological Association against the proposed transference, cannot fail to have the sympathy of the large number of Englishmen with a feeling for the past and its legacies who are interested in the matter as genuinely, if not as nearly, as the inhabitants of the ten parishes themselves. The limits of our counties are monuments of our country's past as real and vital as the White Horse in Berkshire, or Stonehenge. If, as is alleged, the present distribution of the parishes on the borders of the two counties is inconvenient for the administration of the Poor Law, it can surely be a matter of no great difficulty for the councils of the two counties to arrange for the area to be taken over by the other authority in return for a proportionate contribution.

An outstanding feature of the annual report just issued by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries is the remarkable extension of the area over which the East Coast trawlers ply their trade. Grimsby smacks first began to fish in the waters surrounding Iceland nearly half a century ago, but the remarkable expansion of the industry dates from the introduction of the steam trawler in the middle eighties. There are now five or six times as many fishing vessels sailing from Grimsby to the waters of Iceland and the Faroe Islands as there were a dozen years ago, and there has been a like development of the fishery from Hull and from Boston. The Icelandic fishing is mainly carried on in the summer, and the Faroese in the winter months, when the badly buoyed and lighted shores of Iceland are found too dangerous a neighbourhood. A fresh field for the fishery is now being opened up in the widely separated waters of the Bay of Biscay and the Portuguese coasts, and it is likely that here, too, the next few years will witness a striking development.

One of the most striking features of bird-life at the present moment of the spring, is the large number of newly-built thrushes' and blackbirds' nests to be found in the copses and thickets of hazel, ash, and alder which are only now coming into full leaf. Though many birds of these two species, which nested in March or early April, are now engaged upon their second broods, these blackbirds and thrushes of the copses seem to belong to a different contingent, which is independent of the sheltered thickets and belts of evergreens where the earlier nesters are now in many cases sitting on a clutch of eggs for the second time this spring. Though the thrush and blackbird rank as resident species, they are to a great extent migratory, and it seems probable that many at least of this second relay of nests are those of birds which remained in more southerly quarters till a date when our own winter residents had already nests and eggs. It is remarkable to see how copses, which three weeks ago were almost bare of leaf and empty of life, have filled up automatically with nesting birds as soon as there was sufficient cover to hide them.

One of the best-remembered days in the sporting calendar is that on which the Derby was run in a snowstorm, and it is among the proverbially impossible things to see snow in June. But no one would consider it a prodigy this year after the weather we have been having. The cold has been what the careless reporter called "phenomenal," and from the Northern part of the kingdom snow has been reported several times. Cricketers in their flannels have shivered as much as if they were to strip for the game in November and February. We do not think that it can possibly have done a great deal of harm yet, except to the fruit crops, but it is retarding the growth of the cereals, and it is to be earnestly hoped, for the sake of the cultivators of the soil, that the cold snap will soon pass and hotter weather set in. The drought is as remarkable as the cold, and even in Scotland, where there is seldom reason to complain of a dry spring, the farmers are beginning to cry out for rain.

The conclusion of a good deal of very interesting tennis has shown that, despite his defeat last year, Mr. Eustace Miles is distinctly the best of our tennis players, distinctly better, too, than M. De Luze, the French amateur champion. Mr. Pennell, who snatched victory from Mr. Miles last year, was not dangerous this year, and Major Cooper-Key, well though he played, has waited perhaps a little too long before devoting himself seriously to tennis. Mr. Miles has more dash, more accuracy and steadiness in return, and greater ability to get up the difficult ball than any of the others. For a player of his high class, his service is not as severe as it might be, but he has made a considerable advance in this useful part of the game.

SPRING IN PURBECK.

Gold on thy hills: and in thine hollows gold
Blue is thy distance where the bluebells die
Beneath the silence of a bluer sky.
And where thy lovely presence is unrolled
The sweet strong sea lies blue, and brave and bold;
While midst thine hills the gallant sea-birds cry,
While in thy woods the nightingale doth sigh,
While tender lambs sob softly in their fold.
Ah, sacred spot: home of a thousand dreams:
Spring decks thee out in brilliant gold and blue:
Spring bids awake thy many voice-full streams:
Spring bids thee rise and robe thyself anew:
For summer calls: while all around thee gleams
The sea's bright swords, which keep thee safe and true!

J. E. PANTON.

It is seldom that the game of billiards is referred to in these columns, but the match now proceeding between the two greatest experts at it stands out as something almost historic in the records of sport. As far back as most of us can remember, the name of John Roberts has been as familiar in regard to billiards as that of W. G. Grace has been in the world of cricket, all the more so, perhaps, because to some extent the faculty was acquired, and if ever there was a greater player than he it was his father, who used to hold the possession which eventually fell to his son. It used to be commonly believed that it was absolutely impossible to set John Roberts a task in billiards which he could not perform. The belief, perhaps, is not held to-day with as much conviction as it was ten years ago. He has grown older with the years, and in the person of Stevenson a player has come forward who appears to equal even Roberts himself in genius. No one can forecast the issue from the beginning of the play, but the fact that Stevenson made a break of over 400 at the first sitting would appear to show that Roberts, during the next fortnight, has his work cut out. However, let the result be what it may, the game will be watched with the deepest interest.

Public opinion will, we think, support the managers of Hurlingham Club in their repression of the pastime of pigeon-shooting. After the discovery of clay-birds and the perfection to which these have been brought there was no longer any excuse for the shooting of living pigeons. The object of the pastime was not that of killing birds or circumventing them, as is the case with wild pheasants, partridges, and other game; it was simply and purely a trial of marksmanship, and though the cruelty of the practice was very much exaggerated, since the guns at a place like Hurlingham, where nearly everyone who took part in the competitions was an accomplished sportsman, made deadly and short work of the birds, still some got away or were wounded, and the spectacle was not a very pleasant one to the crowds near a great town. On the whole, however, there is reason to congratulate the club on having arrived at a sound decision, and no doubt the rivalry between marksmen will be as keen over the inanimate pigeons as it was over those that were living.

Modern stained glass, as it is made in England, is a terrible thing, and great as is the progress of science in other directions, up to now it has failed to discover how the makers of mediæval times produced those wonderful deep tints which never tire the eye or offend the taste. At the soirée of the Royal Society last week an interesting fact about the influence of sunlight on glass was mentioned. It appears that windows with a southern aspect are liable to become gradually violet, owing to the presence of manganese in them, and that possibly the beautiful tints in old windows may be due to this cause, instead of, as has generally been supposed, the immediate outcome of processes the secret of which has been lost. Radium, it has been found, in a few days will produce the same effect that otherwise it takes fifty years of sunlight to do, and the use of this may enable us to replace in windows, which can too often be only described as eyesores, really decorative and restful stained glass.

THE ADVANTAGE OF WATERWAYS.

THE keen discussion now proceeding in regard to many suggestions that have been made for reviving the disused waterways of England will give additional interest to the pictures we show to-day of canal life in the Low Countries. More and more it has been felt in this country that it was a great mistake to neglect the canals simply because we had the railways at command. There are many classes of traffic that can be carried quite as easily and much more cheaply by water as by land. Railways have plenty to do to convey passengers and those classes of goods for which rapidity of transit is essential; but at least one of the proposals now on foot is not connected with commerce and markets. The new departure in aquatic traffic is the proposal of the Great Western Railway Company in regard to the Kennet and Avon Canal, a fine waterway which is in their possession. The idea is to arrange it with the special purpose of making it suitable for motor-boat traffic. As it is fifty-seven miles in length, and communicates at one end with the Bristol Avon, the possibilities of touring opened up by this scheme are very extensive indeed. The scheme, if carried out, would be the means of securing a splendid experimental and exercising ground for these interesting new vehicles, and, if arrangements were made for easy transit from London to the canal, there can be little doubt of the run becoming a highly-popular one. Were the Great Western Railway Company successful in their proceedings, the example, no doubt, would be followed elsewhere. For instance, the

DRIFTING WITH THE BREEZE.

HEAVY LADEN.

Woking and Basingstoke Canal, which came up for sale the other day and secured no bidder, could very possibly be adapted to meet the same purpose as that for which the Kennet and Avon Canal is intended. The Worcester Chamber of Commerce has drawn up a scheme which is more directly connected with business than that to which we have alluded. This is to create a South-West Midlands Waterways Trust. The idea is that the combination should acquire all the inland waterways of the Severn district, including the very canal that the Great Western Company propose to experiment upon, along with the Worcester and Staffordshire Canal, the Birmingham Canal Navigation of the North Western Railway Company, and others, amounting altogether to 567½ miles. The scheme, it ought to be said, was not adopted by the Worcester Chamber of Commerce, but at a conference on the subject it was agreed to appoint a committee to report upon the details,- and no doubt in some modified form the plan will ultimately be adopted, and, if carried out, it would give an indication to others of what it is possible to do with canals, of which we have now existing in England close on 4,000 miles. The difficulty at the present moment is to find a pioneer. In other countries the use of canals is fully recognised, and in these where they had been in existence for some time previously, they were not allowed to grow stagnant, as were ours, on the establishment of railways, and in some cases have been even busier since that period than they were before. We think the revival most advisable, chiefly because it would, to such a great degree, serve the purpose of agriculture. The greater part of the produce of the farm is in no need of being very expeditiously hurried from the land to the market. If we take cereals, potatoes, forage, and similar goods it will easily be seen that the delay of a day or two in the delivery practically means nothing, and similarly with much that is sent from the town to the farm the necessity for hurry is not apparent at all. We take as instances such articles as artificial manures, seed corn, grass seeds, implements, and there is no need for express delivery in regard to any of them. Farmers know very well at what season of the year they will require artificials or seeds, and it would be just as easy to order them a week or so earlier as not. Implements, again, are never required in such a very great hurry that the loss of a day or two in transit would make any difference. At the end of the harvest the farmer knows whether or no he will require a new reaper and binder for next year, and so it is with the rest of his machinery. The money saved would be of more consequence to him than the delay in regard to delivery. But of course a very difficult question arises in the matter of the formation of trusts. In the early days the tendency of railway companies was to buy up the canals, and so to keep possession of what were regarded as rivals to themselves. The theory has been proved by experience to be an entirely wrong one, as the railway companies, instead of neglecting the canals, would serve their own interests much better by acquiring and using them as subsidiary means of transit. Many of the lines are now overcrowded with traffic to such an extent that serious inconvenience is caused, and, where enormous passenger trains have to be run, the goods trains are greatly handicapped. But if bulky consignments, such, for example, as hay and straw, could be forwarded by canals, it would leave the railways more at liberty to attend to lighter goods and to passengers. Of course a discussion is sure to arise as to the value to be placed on the canals at the present moment, and the worst of it is that the owners are likely to have their hopes raised by the suggestions thrown out. At the Worcester Conference it was proposed that the Severn District Canal Trust should value the proprietary interest at twenty-five years' purchase of the average profit of the last twenty-five years. Whether that be a fair valuation or no it is rather for experts in such matters to decide, as the proprietors might possibly argue that during the last twenty-five years they have been doing very little, and therefore that the possibilities attached to their property would make the canals worth much more.

GETTING SAIL UP.

However this may be, it is obvious waste to allow the canals to lie idle. They are in many instances almost a danger to the community, since they are choked with weeds and the waters have been allowed to become stagnant and foul, while the machinery and weirs are rusting from disuse. The suggestion that the Government should take the matter up involves many important considerations. If the nationalisation of railways were about to be accomplished, we should certainly support a proposal that the Government should acquire the canals also, for the only profitable way of working the two is to keep them in harmony one with the other. Anything in the shape of competition is greatly to be deprecated. In point of speed there can be no comparison, and in point of cheapness rivalry would be suicidal. The railway companies would be driven to lower their rates unreasonably in regard to all those classes of goods which the canals can carry as efficiently as they do, but they would be tempted to compensate themselves by charging an increased rate for such articles as could only be carried by them. On the other hand, if the same

owner possessed the railway and the canal it would be easy for customers to decide beforehand whether they would have their goods forwarded by railway train or by canal boat, and naturally the companies would offer a differential rate, in order to relieve the pressure on their lines; and this, indeed, is the main objection to the formation of independent trusts. These, if they had no connection with the railways, would be, economically speaking, bound to set up the sharpest rivalry they could. In the circumstances, then, all good wishes should go with the Great Western Railway, which has been the first to show a commendable eagerness to bring back the canals into a position of utility. We have said nothing on the æsthetic side of the movement, but words are scarcely needed to show the improvement to the landscape that would be made by having a number of clear and shining canals running through the country and carrying in their barges great loads of straw, hay, or corn, causing no smoke and sending forth no sparks to burn up the hay or ignite the ripe cornfields. Perhaps some of those who are enthusiastic about the new garden cities may be brought to see that what they manufacture could be carried to town more conveniently by canal than by railway, and that the same thing might be said of the materials which they require in their business. It seems to be only reasonable to infer that, if factories can be carried on at a considerable distance from a great town, goods and materials need not be carried at express speed, and probably the gain in cheapness would more than compensate for any loss in rapidity. Besides, a canal through a garden city would do much to enhance its beauty, especially if the workers were encouraged to have green cultivated plots running down to the edge of the water. There, too, they could amuse themselves by fishing.

NO NEED FOR SPEED.

AN ANCIENT FISH-POND.

As the traveller climbs westward up the long slope of the Cotswolds out of Oxfordshire and the wide Thames plain, there comes a moment at last when the range at its highest point drops suddenly away; and far below him, as he fronts the Welsh hills, lies a vale of meadows and orchards, dark with elms, and looped with the broad and shining Severn. A long curved ridge of mountain limestone rises in the midst of the valley to southward; and where these hills are cut by a narrow dale that hides a mill, a mill-pond, and a strip of yellow meadow, a little brook comes rippling down a side valley from the ancient fish-pond. It lies in ruins now, beneath the thyme and rock-roses on the hill, but it still preserves its strict rectangular outline, and the pile of earth and masonry that banked it up at the lower end is as yet only half demolished. Across the middle of it a narrow wall runs level with the banks, with a gap through which the water now passes freely over a sloping bed of stones, though once, no doubt, a hatch that could be closed at will divided it off into two separate reservoirs. It was the fish-pond attached to the large manor house, of which the ground plan, with all its outhouses and gardens, still ridges the turf over twelve acres of ground on the hillside beyond the mill. The great house has vanished, and of all its appurtenances nothing now remains except these lonely pools, where year by year the alder and willow tear further asunder the strong, ancient stonework, and the moorhen builds her nest in the beds of tangled reeds. There is something that cannot fail to impress the mind about these last surviving ruins of a bygone English home, of which the very name and memory have all but passed away; and it seems a strangely inconsequent turn of fate by which, when so much of greater importance has vanished, these adjuncts of the household food supply still linger on in comparative immunity from decay.

The pools in their valley have been so many years abandoned by man that they have long become the home of shy creatures of the water and wood, and seem to have been wholly reabsorbed by the quiet forces of Nature. The carp and tench that supplied the manor tables have vanished many a year ago, and to-day even the kingfisher from the stream below can find no prey in the dark waters beneath the bordering thickets of the lower pool, or among the sand-banks and silted islands that fill the upper one. To the head of the pool a spring a little higher in the valley sends down a clear spout of water through a broken conduit in the wall, and high above it rises an ancient ivied oak, with its roots clamped all about the masonry in a fluidity of line strangely at variance with the tree's rugged strength. Not in four centuries, or even five, can this great stag-headed oak have lived out its youth and strong maturity, and reached this present period of decline; and from the way in which it is rooted into the stones of the wall, it appears impossible that the masonry should not be still older than the tree.

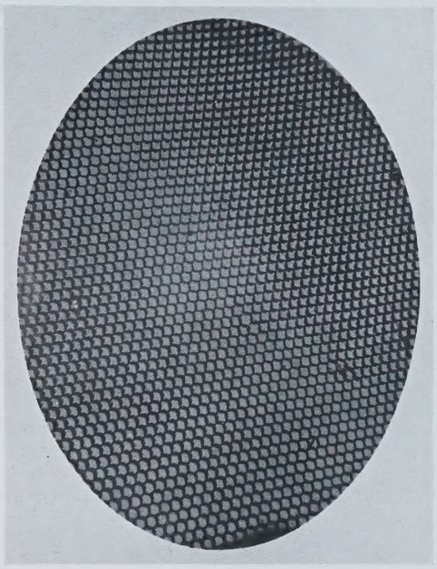
At every time of year, but most of all in the flush of rising spring, the two ancient pools are a favourite haunt of the natural life of this rich Western vale, where a century ago, on a hillside not a mile away from this very spot, the last wild stocks of an ancient vineyard were to be seen putting forth their tendrils in a stony wood. In the antiquity of this peaceful place each year's fresh life of bud and insect and flower seems to gain an added beauty, as the red oak-buds unfurl to tenderest green on the shattered limbs above the conduit, and the smooth fronds of the western hart's-tongue fern unroll beneath the alders in the crannies of the ancient wall. At midsummer the ooze of the

WATERWAYS: NEARING THE WHARF.

upper pool is carpeted with blue stretches of forget-me-not, a flower which grows here with a lusty vigour it never displays in the thirstier soil of a dry garden-bed; and between its breadths of turquoise blossom rise the heraldic heads of the golden iris, giving place a little later to the massed spikes of July loosestrife, and, later again, to the dense August plumes of the hemp agrimony, on which the peacock butterflies gather, a score together, to fan their eyed wings as they probe for nectar in the mauve, cottony heads. This valley is spring's highway into the hills, and every year, when the blossoms of the palm-willows are bright for an early Easter, the tinkling notes of the chiffchaff come dropping from the oak; and when the chiffchaff leads the van, one after another the summer birds come pressing up this road. In the bright mornings of later April the place is filled with the spring shouting of the wryneck, which nests year by year in a hole in the many-blossomed crab tree, rooted on the wall between the ponds; and all day long, soon after the willow-wrens have come into the alders, with their sweet, descending trills, the reedy tangle of the upper pool is filled with the sweet babble of the tireless sedge-warbler. On into the night he sings, while the clean fragrance of the thyme comes breathing from the hillside in the dew. And so he has sung season by season in the nights of spring since the year in the unknown past when the first sedge-warblers, returning homeward up this valley from the South, found in their path the two new ponds brimming clear and full where only the thin stream had run before, rested here in gladness and surprise, and built their nest in the tangled brushwood under the hill. A. C.

THE EYES OF INSECTS.

THE organs of vision of insects differ considerably in number, structure, position, and comparative size. In the higher orders of animals each individual is provided with a single pair of eyes of practically uniform structure. With insects, on the contrary, the eyes of nearly every species have distinctive features, and instead of the number being limited to a single pair, they may be numbered by thousands in one individual.



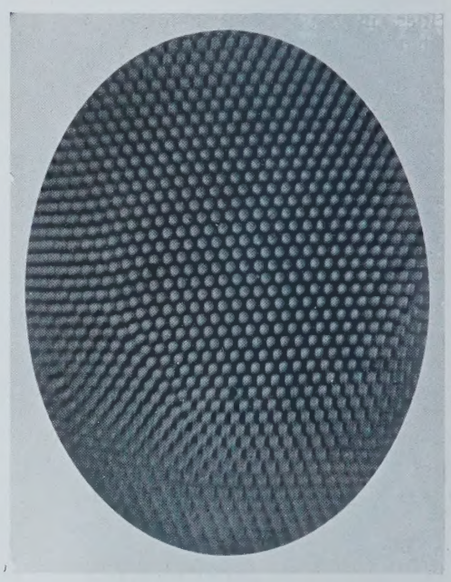
COMPOUND EYE OF DRONE FLY

An equal disparity in size, when compared with the higher forms of animal life, is also observable. Instead of occupying a fraction of the cephalic surface, as in the vertebrata, the eyes of some insects form more than half the bulk of the entire head.

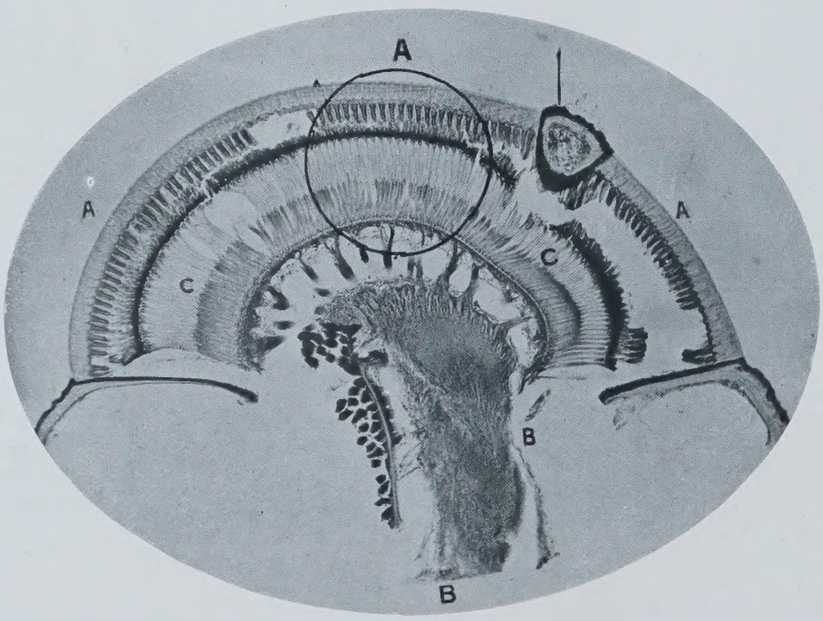
The visual organs of insects may be divided into two distinct classes, viz., compound and single. The compound eye consists of a large number of single eyes, or, as they are usually termed, ocelli, arranged in regular lines. Every insect possesses, in addition to a pair of compound eyes, two or more single eyes, or stemmata, as they are designated by entomologists. The single eyes, except in the larger insects, are, generally speaking, invisible to the unaided vision, but are easily seen with a magnifying glass. The position in the head of the insect of the stemmata varies in different species. In some cases they are between, in others they are placed above, or at the side of, the compound organs. The usual number of these small, simple eyes is from two to five, but in larvæ they are often more numerous.

A small portion of the exterior facets of a compound eye as seen under the microscope is shown in our first illustration. The surface of the eye is divided into a vast number of hexagonal cells. Each of these cells contains a single eye or ocelli. The number of ocelli contained in a compound eye varies enormously.

A compound eye of the common fly contains about 2,500, while the eye of a dragon-fly may have as many as 12,000, facets. For many years it was a matter of dispute among entomologists as to whether each of the ocelli in a compound eye formed an independent image, or whether all the eyes combined to give a single retinal impression; but it is now proved that each ocelli is a complete organ of vision. The compound eye, however, is hemispherical in shape, consequently the lenses of the ocelli are not all directed at the same object or portion of object. This will be seen by reference to the illustration of a section through the eye of a cockchafer, from which it is evident that the compound eye as a whole must receive impressions from a large area of view, while the view of each ocelli is limited to the portion opposite the facet. Under these circumstances, although each eye is complete, its range is extremely limited, and the whole of the compound eye is required to give comprehensive vision. Consequently the image seen by the compound eye of an insect may be said to be composed of a mosaic of small images. The surface of a part of the compound eye of an insect is shown in the first illustration, which is a photo-micrograph of the facets of the drone fly. The hexagonal eye cases or facets are clearly seen in this photograph. As the eye of this insect is very large, only a small portion of the organ was in the field of view of the microscope, consequently the eye appears flat or nearly so.



COMPOUND EYE OF BEETLE.



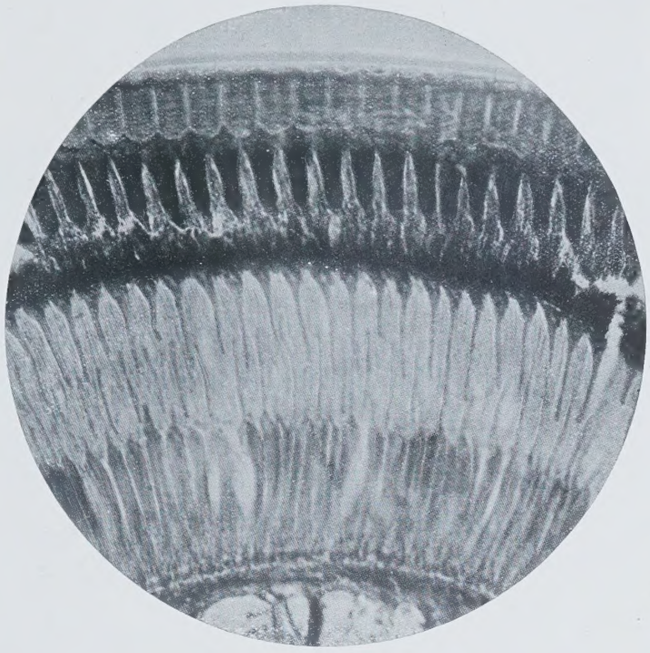
SECTION THROUGH COMPOUND EYE OF COCKCHAFER.
Portion in circle A reproduced in following illustration: (a) External facets of eye. (b) Trunk of optic nerve. (c) Fibres of optic nerve.

In our next illustration, the eye of a beetle, the rounded form

of the compound organ is more clearly demonstrated. When a carefully-cut section of a compound eye is examined under the microscope a very interesting and intricate structure is observable. The general appearance of a section through a compound eye is shown in our third illustration, which is a photo-micrograph of a section, slightly damaged in cutting, through the eye of a cockchafer. The external facets, of which a front view was given in the first photograph, are here shown in profile.

The fibres of the optic nerve, which are seen to lie in rows below the dark band, convey the light impressions to the trunk of the optic nerve, which is shown at B. The dark band of pigment below the facets receives the image given by the eye lenses. The facets and nerve fibres are best seen in the more highly magnified portion in the succeeding illustration.

Coming now to the single eyes, or stemmata, the photograph of a side view of the head of a locust shows the compound eye occupying a prominent position at the side of the head; beside this a single eye, or stemmata, is visible, the locust having two compound and two single organs of vision. The compound eye of this species of locust is of a dark brown colour, with black bands running down the eye.

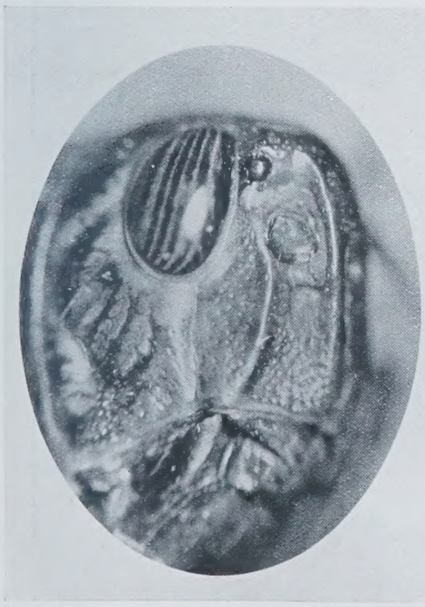


SECTION OF EYE OF COCKCHAFER. HIGHLY MAGNIFIED.

The illustration of a front view of the head of a demoiselle shows a prominently-placed compound eye at each side of the head, and a cluster of three single eyes in pyramidal form between them; this arrangement of the single eyes is common among certain species of insects. Although spiders are not classed with insects, they resemble them in possessing more than one pair of eyes. Unlike fully-developed insects, spiders have no compound visual organs. The two principal eyes, however, are somewhat larger than the stemmata; the number of the latter varies from two to eight.

HEAD OF DEMOISELLE, SHOWING COMPOUND EYES AND THREE SINGLE EYES.

The eyes and stemmata of the jumping spider (Marpessa musicora) are placed in a row on the front of the head, the stemmata, two in number, being situated on either side of the principal eyes. This spider is usually found on fences and trunks of trees, and is easily recognised by moving in a series of rapid little runs, hence its name. The four eyes of this insect, on account of their prominent situation, are readily seen by the naked eye. In the case of a South African spider, seven eyes are situated on the top of the head, and form a complete circle; the principal eyes are scarcely distinguishable from the stemmata in this specimen.



LOCUST'S HEAD, SIDE VIEW, SHOWING COMPOUND AND SINGLE EYE.

J. I. Pigg.

A GLADE IN SPRING.

THOUGH the merry month this year has been noteworthy for its many chilling breezes, the very coolness of the atmosphere appears to have retarded the development of the earlier flowers, and produced a wealth of beauty that would have delighted Dan Chaucer or any of the other mediæval bards who sang the beauties of spring with so much fervour. At least, this was what we thought the other day when looking down a favourite glade. It has a pathetic human interest as well as a pictorial one. At the top is a row of houses, now in ruins and used as cattle-sheds, once the homes of hard-working labourers. A little stream babbles down the middle and passes the ruins of an ancient mill, of which little but the foundations are left. Adjoining it we can trace the ground plan of what must have been a substantial house, and the boundaries of the garden are still visible, while cherry and apple and pear trees throw out their blossoms to the sun, to which also the stalks of roses spring upwards. Here is a plot where gooseberries grow, and there stray garden flowers still thrust up through the turf. But in spite of these memorials of human tenancy the place now is wild and solitary, for it is in the middle of moorland, which, again, adjoins pastoral and arable fields. The lost touch of human cultivation seems to lend a charm they would not otherwise have had to the beauties scattered by Nature upon this prodigal spot. Where children's voices, no doubt, rang joyously out on the air, the singing of blackbirds and thrushes is alone audible—alone, that is to say, except for the voice of the stream, which prattles unceasingly over its stony bed, and that of the "sorry" wind, blowing where it listeth, as it has blown during all the æons of time, over multitudes of generations, who have played their part "on this dim spot which men call earth" and are now gathered to their forefathers. Indeed, not far off there is a churchyard even more suggestive of change than the ruins in this glen, for it shows only the headstones of a few ancient graves, and you have to search well before discovering the foundations of four walls that must once have enclosed a church. One cannot but think of the two together: this glade bereft of all that is human; that God's Acre with its tender and holy memorials of the dead. But to all this human change Nature is wholly indifferent, and she has prepared a scene to-day that is probably more exquisitely beautiful than any set before the eyes of those who inhabited the house and the mill. There are broad expanses of turf where the primroses linger in such profusion as the writer never witnessed anywhere else; here they attain a size which is most uncommon, nor is there any sign that one floret has been plucked by human hand. Unwitnessed they have come out, and unregarded they are withering on their stalks. Those pale flowers give the general aspect to the open spaces, but on closer observation we discover that the ground is starred with other wildings, ranging from the tiny forget-me-not to the joyous kingcup or marsh-marigold that glows on the marish banks of the stream. Circling round each open space are areas which the gorse has

EYES OF "JUMPING" SPIDER.

made its own. It is now in full flower, and glowing with its characteristic ruddy bronze, so different from the more golden broom, of which a bush here and there is bursting into flower. And if we were so foolish as to think that only man is subject to the vicissitudes of change, it would be sufficient to sit here for a little while and watch. For amid all this glowing and quivering beauty Nature still shows herself red in tooth and claw. The young rabbits are playing outside the gorse, when suddenly a stoat makes its appearance among them, chasing one that it has singled out from the colony, and eventually the cruel jaw is fastened on the back of its head. The little birds are singing their joyfullest, when all at once a sparrow-hawk dashes on the merriest of their number, and his song is forever ended. In this way the mighty mother shows her indifference to the individual member.

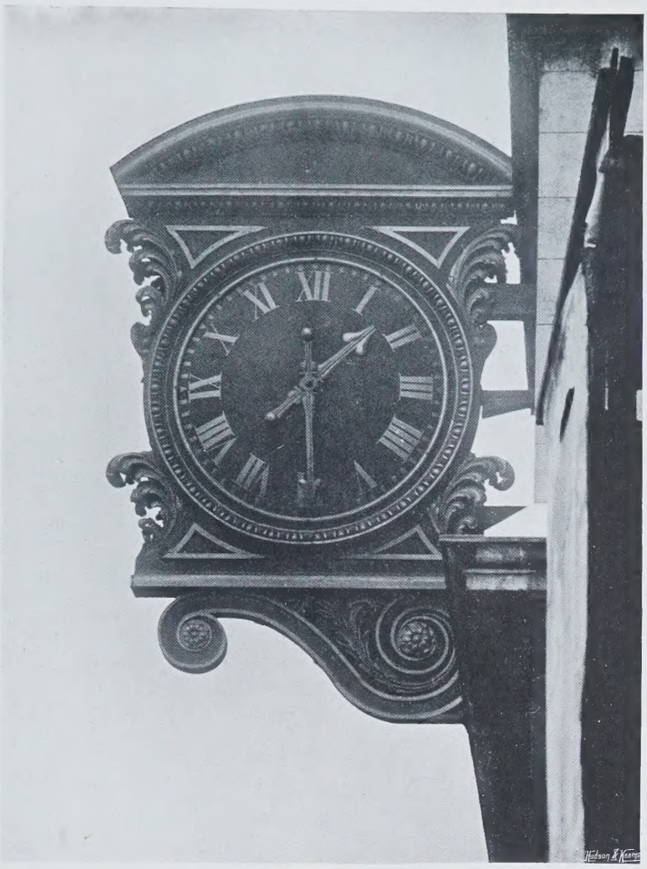
And whether she be careful of the type or not is more than doubtful when we think of the extinct races that have had their little day on the earth and are now no more. Perhaps, after all, what we call Nature is only an abstraction. The blue sky and the white clouds scudding over it; the wind moving restlessly hither and thither and singing its monotonous chant in the tree tops; flowers that appear in spring, and pass away before the autumn showers and the winter frosts; the birds that sing, and the furred things that run about, may be, as some have thought, merely separate phenomena, and under no general governance beyond the physical conditions that gave them being and can end it.

E. R. Bull. *FOURTEENTH CENTURY BARONIAL HALL.* Copyright

TOWN CLOCKS.

IN the design of public buildings, no one thing has, I suppose, distressed the souls of architects so much as the provision of clock dials. The rush of modern life allows no time for examination. The dial must be, both by day and night, legible at a glance, with hands rendered visible by pronounced contrast; and to comply with this condition the clockmaker usually puts forward a glazed white disc, which, as a rule, harmonises with none of the surrounding structure, and proves to be an anachronism, however placed.

Until the middle of the seventeenth century anything like precision in denoting fractions of an hour on a dial was not so much thought of as recording complex movements of the heavenly bodies. Indeed, the earliest clocks had no dials; they merely announced the completion of each hour by strokes on a bell. The exhibition of mechanical figures, armed with weapons with which they appeared to strike the bells, were much in favour before the introduction of dials, and proved to be a lasting attraction. There was, prior to 1298, a clock at St. Paul's Cathedral with such figures, and Decker, in his "Gull's Hornbook," calls them "Paul's Jacks." In the accounts of the cathedral for the year 1286, allowances to Bartholomo Orologiario, the clock-keeper, are entered—namely, of bread, at the rate of a loaf daily. In 1344, the Dean and Chapter entered into a contract with Walter the Orgoner of Southwark to supply and fix a dial, from which it may be inferred that the clock previously had no dial. In Dugdale's history of the old cathedral the dial is referred to as follows: "Somewhat above the stonework of the steeple was a fine dial, for which there was order taken in the 18th of Edward III. that it should be made with all splendour imaginable, which was accordingly done; having the image of an angel pointing to the hours both of the day and night." The dial was placed below the "Jacks," which were not ousted from office, but continued to strike the hour with their accustomed regularity.



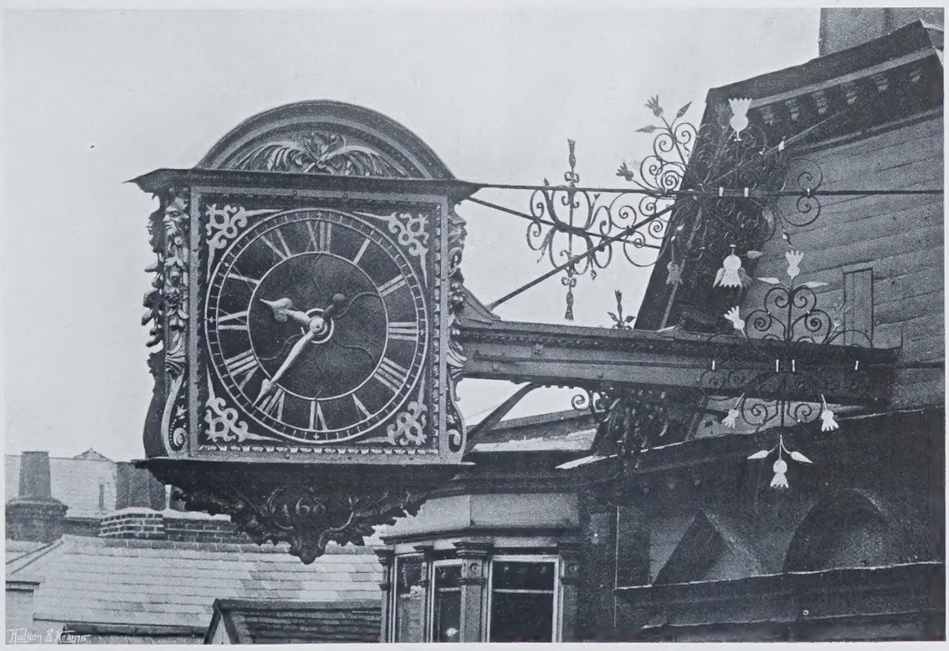
R. W. Thomas. BOW CHURCH. Copyright

With few exceptions, the earliest clocks and watches had the hours marked with Roman numerals, placed radially with the bottom of each numeral towards the centre of the dial, so that the V., VI., and VII. appear to be upside down. Another peculiarity is that the fourth hour was denoted in a very primitive way, thus: IIII., instead of by IV., which was then the more orthodox manner. And it is somewhat remarkable that these features have been continued to the present day almost unnoticed, as may be proved by asking anyone to sketch the figuring of his watch without looking at the timekeeper, for in most instances such a sketch would be incorrect.

On modern dials the hour numerals are, as a rule, too long, the position of the hands being more easily discerned with the stumpy figures used on earlier dials. The most effective hands were those seen in clocks and watches of the eighteenth century. The chief fault of most varieties now used is that the spade or heart or other enlargement of the hour hand is too close to and overlaps the numerals. It should be of good size and nearer the root of the hand, the tip of which, though closely approaching, should, in its sweep, just clear the numerals.

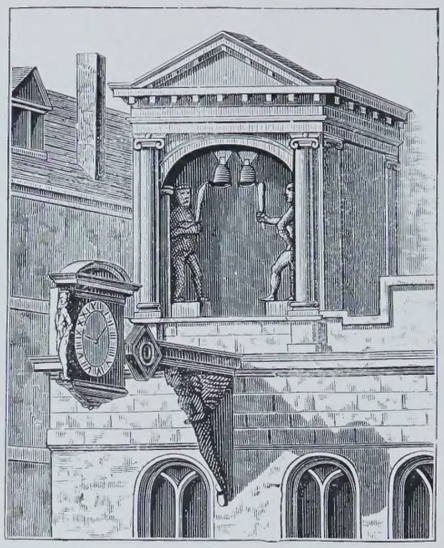
In designing the new cathedral of St. Paul's, Wren was conspicuously successful in satisfying the demand for legible dials which should not be in distressing contrast to the rest of the building. Two sides of the clock tower, one facing down Ludgate Hill, and the other looking towards the south side of the churchyard, were utilised for dials, black rings being painted on the stonework, on which the hour circles and the numerals were deeply incised and gilded. Each dial is a trifle over 17ft. in diameter, and the central opening measures about 10ft. 6in., the hour numerals being about 2ft. long. The clock was the production of Langley Bradley, who at that time carried on business in Fanchurch or Fenchurch Street, and it proved to be an exceedingly good one, serving well as a public guide for nearly two centuries, when the movement was replaced by one of the Grimthorpe pattern. In 1892, when the new mechanism was fixed, the dial on the eastern side of the tower was provided with hands, and illumination was decided on; but with the central openings filled in with whitened glass the effect was too dreadful, and the attempt to bring St. Paul's clock into line with other more modern timekeepers, from a merely utilitarian point of view, was abandoned.

The hour bell of the St. Paul's clock had a somewhat remarkable history. In the year 1700, when the cathedral was approaching completion, the Commissioners purchased, for 10d. a pound, from the churchwardens of St. Margaret's, Westminster, the celebrated Great Tom, which formerly hung in a clock tower facing Westminster Hall, and which appears to have been given to the churchwardens by William III. They then entered into a contract with William Whiteman to recast the bell, and when the work was done the bell was temporarily hoisted into the north-west tower of St. Paul's and exhibited to the public, Whiteman being paid £509 19s. for his labour. But lo! after sustaining many blows for the delectation of the ears of the citizens, Great Tom the second exhibited a crack which rapidly



R. W. Robinson. THE GUILDFORD CLOCK Copyright

developed, so that the bell was pronounced to be useless. The Commissioners suggested that of course Whiteman would make good his work by recasting the bell. "Not so," rejoined Whiteman. "I delivered to you a sound bell, for which I was paid, and since it has been in your possession it has been cracked." So to make the best of a bad job, a very stringent agreement was entered into with another founder —Richard Phelps, to wit. The accident with the first hour bell accounts for the difference between the date of the finishing of the clock and the time when the Phelps hour bell was cast, around the waist of which is the inscription, "Richard Phelps made me 1716." It is 6ft. 9½in. in diameter at the mouth, and according to Phelps's account, dated December 31st, 1716, weighs 99cwt. 3qr. 7lb., of which 7cwt. 2qr. 21lb. were new metal Just below the hour bell were hung two bells on which the "ting-tang" quarters were struck; the larger of these weighed 1 ton 4cwt., and the smaller 12cwt. 2qr. 9lb.



ST. DUNSTAN'S IN THE WEST.

Above the main entrance at the western end of the old church of St. Dunstan's in the West, in Fleet Street, were erected in 1671 two gilded clock dials, placed back to back, and mounted in a handsome square case, with circular pediment, which projected well out over the footway, the tube containing

R. W. Robinson. *GUILDFORD HIGH STREET.* Copyright

the rod for actuating the hands being supported by a well-carved figure of Time. An alcove was built on the roof of the gateway, and within were large, gaudily painted and gilt, figures of Gog and Magog, which struck "ting-tang" quarters with clubs on two bells suspended above them. The clock and figures were designed and erected by Thomas Harrys, a clockmaker, then living at Water Lane, Blackfriars. Harrys submitted a statement of what he proposed to do, and after describing the "two figures of men with poleaxes to strike the quarters," continues, "I will do one thing more, which London shall not show the like; I will make two hands show the hours and minutes without the church, upon a double dial, which will be worth your observation and to my credit." The figures of Gog and Magog proved to be a great attraction; they speedily became one of the sights of London, and their removal in 1830, when the church was rebuilt, elicited many expressions of regret.

The idea of projecting from a corbel or bracket dials of public clocks, whereby the necessity of planting what in most instances appeared to be wanton excrescences on the face of the building, became exceedingly popular at the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century. After the fire of London appeared the really charming example which still adorns Bow Church in Cheapside. Wren doubtless had some influence in the form of this, if the whole of the design was not his. The ground of the dials is blackened, and the numerals and hands are gilded, forming altogether a distinct and not too obtrusive an object, viewed in conjunction with the fabric. The hands, too, are exceedingly well shaped, while, as a timekeeper, the Bow Church clock bears an excellent reputation.

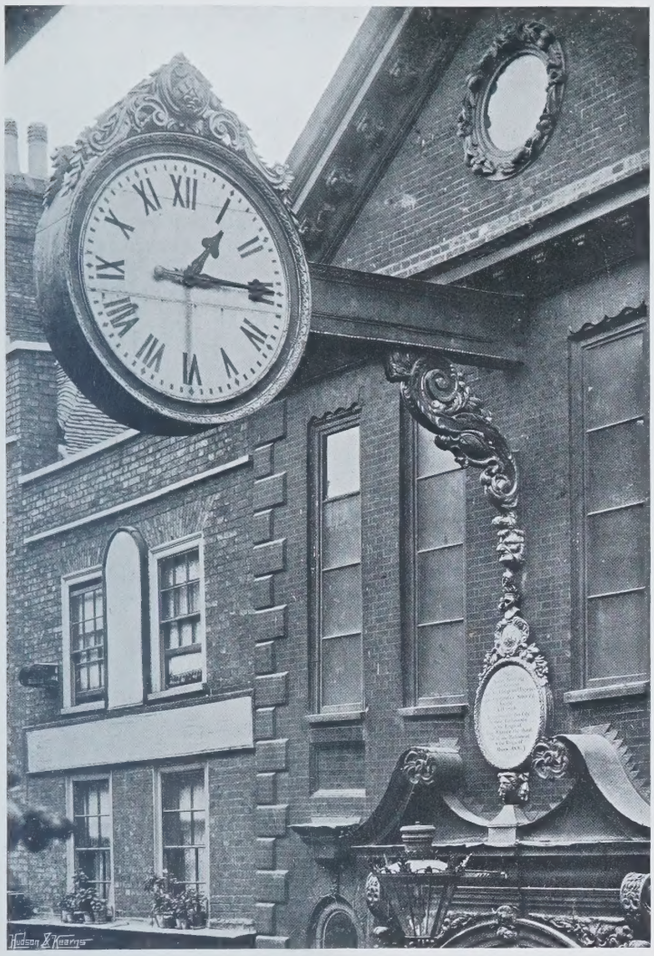
Guildford in Surrey appears to have been particularly anxious to keep its inhabitants advised of the time. In January, 1654, was passed "an order for a bellman and his mayntenance," Thomas Ellis being appointed as bellman "to walk the streets from eleven of the clock at night till fower of the clock in the morning with a bell in his hand, which he shall ring when and so often as he thinketh fitt, and declare with a loud voyce the tyme of the night or morning and what weather it is." Then, in 1664, it was ordered "that a bell be rung every evening at eight of the clock and every morning at fower to call up journeymen and apprentices to their work and labour at that tyme in the morning, John Wadmore and George Cooke being appointed to ring out the tenor bell at St. Mary's for the space of a quarter of an hour." The handsome double dial clock of the Town Hall here shown was given by a Mr. John Aylward for his freedom, presumably in 1683, the date recorded below the dial. It is stated that the bell on which the hours are struck formerly belonged to St. Martin's Church at Chilworth, two miles distant.

Another bold and picturesque double dial is that projecting from the old Guildhall in the High Street, Winchester. It was the gift of the Paulet family when the building was erected in the reign of Queen Anne, and bears the arms of the family. It is claimed that the custom of ringing the curfew has been regularly observed at Winchester since the time of the Conqueror. It is still sounded every evening at 8 p.m., the bell of this clock being utilised for the purpose. The bell is, moreover, rung for fifteen minutes whenever the Council meet. It was made by Clement Foster in 1702. The clock mechanism was renewed in 1817 by Gravell and Tolkien, well-known London makers of that period, and probably fresh dials were supplied at the same time. The cost of the renewal was borne by Mr. William Poulett, a copy of whose letter to the Mayor, acknowledging a vote of thanks, has been obligingly furnished to me by Mr. Alderman W. H.

W. T. Green. *GUILDHALL, WINCHESTER.* Copyright

Jacob of Winchester, who has also looked up from the archives the other particulars here given.

An interesting structure in the High Street, Rochester, is the Clock House, from which projects a drumlike case containing double dials. This form, it must be confessed, marks a distinct decadence from the elegant outline of the earlier designs. It is surrounded by the arms of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and below, on an oval plaque, is the following inscription: "This present building was erected at the sole charge and expence of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Knight, A.D. 1706. He represented this city in three Parliaments in the reign of King William III. and one



A. Honey. *CLOCK HOUSE, ROCHESTER.* Copyright

Parliament in the reign of Queen Anne." In 1771 the Mayor and citizens removed the original dials and provided the present ones with the addition of minute hands.

In 1859, the gigantic clock of the new Houses of Parliament started on its career, and has been pretty generally accepted since as the chief of the London "Town Clocks." Sir Charles Barry had been happily not hampered in designing the case for his white glazed dials. He wisely determined to devote the whole of the north-eastern, or "Albert," tower to their service, and the result is the grandest clock-tower in this or any other country. Viewed from the pavement at a little distance away its size is hardly appreciated. There are four dials 180ft. above the ground level, each of them being nearly 23ft. in diameter; the hour numerals are 2ft. long, and the minute spaces each 1ft. square. Each minute hand measures 11ft. from its centre of motion to the point, besides a visible counterpoise 3ft. long. To ensure correct timekeeping in so large a clock with such a number of long hands exposed to the wind or other disturbing influences, special mechanism was designed by the late Lord Grimthorpe (then Mr. E. B. Denison), and he was as successful in his department as was Barry with the dials. A few months ago, when I had the privilege of climbing the 374 steps leading to the clock-room, I was sorry to notice that cards giving some particulars of the clock, which were distributed to visitors, entirely ignored the creative part played by Lord Grimthorpe. If this was done with the sanction of the Office of Works, it savours of ingratitude to the man who provided for the nation a timekeeper which is in many respects the admiration of the world.

The bells are arranged in a chamber above the dials. The hour bell is 9ft. in diameter, is 8¾in. thick at the sound-bow, and weighs 13 tons 11cwt. There are four quarter bells, weighing respectively 78cwt., 33½cwt., 26cwt., and 21cwt. The chimes are admirable. The first hour bell that was cast weighed 16 tons, being 2 tons over the prescribed weight. It was called "Big Ben" after Sir Benjamin Hall, who was First Commissioner of Works when the order for the bell was given. Shortly after the clock was started the bell cracked. As in the case of the St. Paul's bell a century and a-half earlier, the question arose, who was to pay for recasting it. The founder would not, as he declared too heavy a hammer had been used; but the authorities averred that the hammer was only of a weight sufficient to bring out the tone of the bell. Eventually the present bell was obtained from another founder, duly hung and approved. But after being in use a few months its tone altered, and it was found to have developed a crack on its inside 3in. deep. For three years afterwards the hours were struck on the largest of the quarter bells, and then someone suggested turning "Big Ben the Second" round, so as to present a fresh place for the hammer to strike on. This was done, and a lighter hammer provided, with a result so far satisfactory that during the years that have elapsed the fissure does not seem to have increased.

Many people take the time from the first note of "Big Ben" at the hour; but to be exact, allowance should be made for the interval which has elapsed between the striking of the bell and the reception of the note. Sound travels at the rate of 1,110ft. a second, and Big Ben can sometimes be heard at Greenwich Park, the sound taking 26sec. to get there.

The dials on the tower of St. Clement Danes in the Strand are excellent, and furnished with well-proportioned hands. Unless altered very recently, the clock strikes each hour twice. The strokes are given first on a large bell, weighing 24cwt., and then repeated on the Sanctus—a bell in the spire, which is said to date back to the fifteenth century, and to have been one of the bells used before the Reformation. On account of the roar of traffic along the road, the striking cannot be heard except at night, and when it is heard the effect is curious, for the repetition appears to the uninitiated to be the tardy striking of another clock in some adjacent tower.

In the early part of the eighteenth century the Horse Guards' clock, made by Vulliamy, was considered by many people to be the most reliable guide to the flight of time. It, as well as the clocks at St. James's Palace and the Houses of

IN SOUTHAMPTON STREET.

Parliament, was regulated from observations made at the Kew Observatory, being checked daily by chronometers brought from Kew.

With the advent of railways the variation of local time east and west along the lines of route was the source of much confusion, and in 1850 Greenwich time was adopted as the standard throughout the kingdom, London Bridge Station being connected telegraphically with the Observatory at Greenwich. In many towns public clocks carried two minute hands, one indicating local, the other Greenwich or "railway" time. To this day, I believe, the large clock at Oxford University, which

has no dials, but sounds the hours and quarters, is kept to local instead of Greenwich time.

The church of St. Vedast, Foster Lane, may be mentioned as an instance of a public building with a tower clock which struck, but had no dial. The clock is not now kept going, I am told, because there is no fund to pay for periodical and necessary winding. It is a pity. Clocks striking the quarters as well as the hours are common enough, but Westminster Abbey furnishes a solitary instance of one telling the quarters only. This is done by the timekeeper in the Poets' Corner, which is also peculiar in being probably the largest spring clock ever made.

The exterior dial on the Westminster Abbey tower clock, which carries an hour hand only, is often referred to as being exceedingly ancient. This is a pardonable mistake, for it is well in character with the building, but people forget that the Abbey towers were razed by Henry VIII.; the present dial and clock really date from 1730.

When the new Royal Exchange was being built, a public clock was declared to be a *sine quâ non*. Mr. (afterwards Sir) William Tite knew better than to spoil his noble façade by any such interpolation. He provided a tower for the clock, which is, however, in such a position that it is rarely consulted by wayfarers, though its welcome chimes make its presence known.

Mr. Street's original double dial for the Law Courts will, I daresay, be remembered by many people who take an interest in clocks. They were admirably in keeping with the building, but owing to their height from the pavement it was realised that for showing time to the public they would be quite unsuitable, and so they were quietly taken down and the present very legible clockmaker's dials substituted. They are each 8ft. 6in. in diameter. The hours are struck on a bell weighing 3 tons 12cwt., and the four quarter bells weigh altogether about 5½ tons.

A projecting double dial clock, by Mr. E. L. Lutyens, recently erected in Southampton Street, Strand, is an attractive object designed on the old lines with considerable artistic feeling.

The absence of numerals does not detract from the purpose of a dial. The fact is, we do not read the figures when looking at a watch or clock, but judge the time from the position of the hands. Lord Grimthorpe was instrumental in having the hours of the large clock at the Dining Hall, Lincoln's Inn Fields, marked on the outside dial by radial strokes, and many passers-by fail to notice anything peculiar in the treatment.

One of the most important of provincial clocks is that at the Manchester Town Hall. There are four dials, each 16ft. in diameter, but instead of numerals at the hours, each hour division is marked by a fleur-de-lis; the central portion of the dial is recessed for the reception of the minute hand, and except for the inevitable glare of the white glass, the treatment of the dial and surroundings is excellent, reflecting much credit on the architect, Mr. Waterhouse. The hour bell weighs 6 tons 4cwt., and for chiming the quarters there are no less than twelve bells, ranging in weight from 52cwt. to 7cwt. 2qr.

THE FAILURE OF LOBSTER HATCHING.

A FIRST view of the attempts which have been made at lobster hatching gives the impression that it is an eminently successful and easy undertaking. There is, to begin with, the fact of the establishment of hatcheries in the United States, in Newfoundland, in Canada, in Norway, and more recently in England. There are the records, which convey each year the information that a large number of eggs have been dealt with, that a large percentage have been hatched, and that many millions of fry have been poured into the sea in the districts which were to be benefited. It cannot be said, therefore, that there is any failure so far as the process is concerned. Lobster hatching may be done on as large a scale as may be demanded. The resulting fry, moreover, may be deposited with little or no loss even at great distances from the hatchery. Nevertheless, it is the fact that the districts which should have benefited by such operations have not improved, and indeed in one case at least there is evidence that the fishery has become gradually worse instead of better. The hatcheries of this country are of too recent origin to illustrate this, but we have the histories of the efforts which have been made in the States, in Newfoundland, and in Canada. In none of these cases can it be shown that the slightest improvement has been brought about; the diminution which they were meant to arrest has continued, and, worst of all, several of the hatcheries have been given up altogether. There is, moreover, in the countries named a general tendency to seek improvement in further restrictive legislation.

It is a great pity that the results have been so disappointing in this most important and essential respect. For it is not too much to say that, if the choice lay between artificial hatching and further legal interference as a means of improving the productiveness of the lobster fishery, and it could be proven that even an equal good would result by the adoption of either method, there would not be the least hesitation in establishing hatcheries in many districts, and as fully as the circumstances of each fishery demanded.

The reason of the failure is, however, not far to seek. It is simply that the fry are deposited at a stage when they are most liable to destruction. During the period of about eleven months that the ova are borne under the abdomen of the female there is a practical immunity from danger; and even the prospect of loss of the mother lobster need not be considered, apart from the action of the fishermen. The number of ova which a female lobster may carry when in the "berried" condition is from about 3,000 to 100,000. All the females are not berried, however, the proportion being about four berried to nine not berried. But, apart from this consideration, it is plain that the large number of larvæ liberated every summer is a provision against an enormous natural destruction. It may be said, moreover, without much fear of contradiction, that the intensity of the loss is greatest immediately after hatching, and gradually decreases, especially after the first three weeks of the free existence. During this short period after the birth of the larvæ the latter are pelagic, and have to undergo four moults before they become distinctly lobster-like, and begin to take a decided interest in the bottom. Then, as "lobsterlings," they can burrow in the sand and take advantage of the cover afforded by the rocks and the weeds.

Even then the many enemies which abound in the neighbourhood of the rocks, and on the shore generally, will continue to thin them out; but as the young lobsters grow they become less and less liable to destruction, and when they reach a size of a few inches they may be considered to be comparatively safe. They retain throughout life the retiring habits which offer so great a protection in their early days. It is only, therefore, when they venture from their hiding-places in quest of food that they run the risk of extinction from fishes big enough to tackle them, and evidence of this is almost lacking. Nature provides on a large scale, but it is a fact also that the immense supplies are necessary to counterbalance the equally immense destructive agencies which are at work. It is not right to talk about the great resources of the sea, and omit to take note of the vast expenditure. It may be taken as true that where a large number of eggs are provided, only one or two of these arrive under ordinary circumstances at the age of maturity.

If it be granted, then, that during the pre-hatching stage the lobsters are free from danger, and that the death-rate is greatest immediately after hatching, and gradually becomes less intense thereafter, it follows that no method of hatching will ever be anything but a failure.

Indeed, artificial hatching is liable to the criticism that it is likely to be less effectual than leaving the matter to Nature. For, if the plan be only simply to impound the berried lobsters in ponds, and to allow the larvæ to disperse in the neighbouring waters, it is natural to suppose that the crowd of larvæ would attract the fishes to the feast provided for them. Again, in the case where the lobsters are artificially stripped of their eggs, the loss caused by the process of brushing must first be reckoned with, and in the second place, the artificial hatching in boxes and in jars is also less satisfactory than the natural process. It has also to be said that the pouring of a large number of newly-hatched fry into the sea will result, to a large extent, in feeding fishes and pelagic forms, which do not at all deserve this consideration, however important they may be. With these considerations before us, it is scarcely worth suggesting that it would be easier and better to retain the berried lobster, and to gather the pelagic larvæ as they are hatched. But such a means of saving some of the loss, and of obtaining as naturally-developed larvæ as possible, is of some degree of importance, if we view the work of the past as experimental, and feel that such methods are not to be condemned, although they have nothing yet to show for their existence. It must be remembered that success in things mundane is often reached after many attempts which have resulted in failure. The failures show what has to be avoided, and what has to be aimed at.

The main fault of the schemes at present in existence is the implanting of the fry at a time when they are the helpless prey of numerous enemies, and liberating them, moreover, in vast numbers at a time in a limited area. It is clear, therefore, that if cultural methods are to be applied for the improvement of a district, the time of liberation of the young lobsters must be postponed to the period which experience may prove to be the most economical, and some further consideration should be given likewise to the best manner of depositing them.

This has for some years been recognised in the States, and experiments have been made, in recent years on a large scale, to find out the best methods of rearing the larvæ up to the time when they take to the bottom. So far the results have shown that from 30 to 50 per cent., and even more with greater segregation, may be reared to this stage, and that thereafter the problem of rearing is much simpler. The apparatus yet appears,

however, to be too complicated, and if it be necessary, as the experimentalists say, to keep up a constant movement, something simpler and easier could surely be adopted than revolving fans placed inside canvas receptacles.

The opportunities for prosecuting this kind of work have been hitherto lacking in this country, but a beginning has been made in the well-appointed establishment recently opened at Port Erin. Experiments have also been conducted in connection with the laboratory of the Scottish Fishery Board at Aberdeen.

It is a matter of very great moment, however, for there are districts where this branch of the fishing industry is becoming more and more the mainstay of the inshore fishermen, and where further restricrive legislation is likely to prove a great hardship. Authorities recognising this are disposed to enquire as to the probable success of lobster culture, and the results are neither reassuring nor encouraging. But there is good reason for stating that a method of culture which, taking advantage of the profusion of eggs provided, and which has for its object the protection of these, or their products rather, at a time when they are liable to destruction, would be as successful as hatching alone has proved the opposite. Even if a survival to the lobsterling stage of only 50 per cent. be all that can be hoped for, and if another 50 per cent. be lost in the attempt to keep them, say, over the succeeding winter, ay, if even only 5 per cent. survived to this stage, the work would be more than justified. It has been estimated that a berried lobster carries about 40,000 eggs on the average. The survival from the pelagic stage already obtained by artificial rearing is, say, 20,000 If even 1,000 of that number were successfully reared to about a year old, and deposited with some degree of care in suitable localities, very few berried lobsters would be required to supply a district with as many lobsters as could be supported.

"Hatching," as a method of improving a lobster fishery, is and must always be an entirely futile effort, but "culture," it must be granted, possesses, at all events, the elements of success.

ALEXANDER MEEK.

LITTLE TERN.

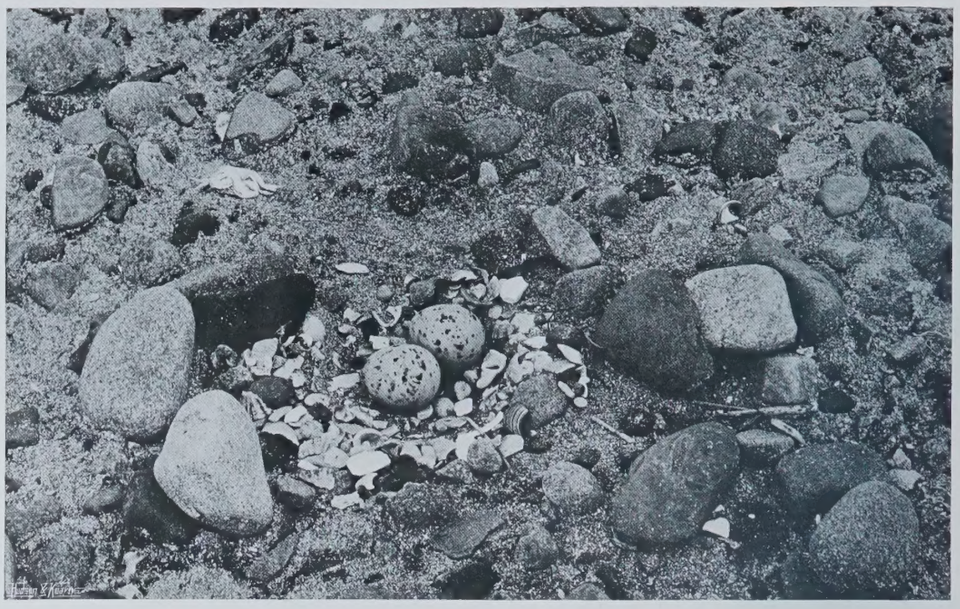
THE little tern is the smallest of our British breeding terns In Europe it has not such a northerly range as the Arctic and common terns, though it extends across the Continent to the Mediterranean, and eastward to the Black and Caspian Seas. It is also found nesting in Asia, in Northern India, as far East as Java, on the Atlantic coast, and on the north of Africa, while in winter it descends as far South as Cape Colony. Throughout the British Isles it nests in scattered colonies along most of our coasts, but the persistent deprivations of the egg-hunter have in many places caused former colonies to be deserted. To those of our coasts whose shores are flat and covered with sand and shingle the little terns resort from the South in May to lay their eggs. Colonies are to be found along the English Channel, from Kent northward to the Humber, and on the west in Cornwall, Wales, Lancashire, and Cumberland. In Scotland colonies are not so frequent, though they exist at the mouth of the Tay, in Aberdeenshire, in the Orkneys, on Tiree, and southwards in small and scattered colonies along the West Coast to the Solway. In Ireland the little tern nests in many places, and, though seldom in large numbers, it is satisfactory to know that they are increasing. The male and female are alike in plumage, except that the outer tail feathers of the female are scarcely so developed as those of the male.

LESSER TERN ON NEST.

Their small size distinguishes them from their frequent companions, the Arctic and common terns, as does also their conspicuous white forehead and yellow bill tipped with black; but in their habits they are much the same, though they are more often to be seen in pairs, and are seldom seen in such large flocks. The small size of the birds renders them less conspicuous, and they do not betray their nesting haunt by hovering over their nests in the same way as their larger cousins. The nest is often but a depression scraped in the sand, in which the two or three eggs are laid. These differ considerably in size and coloration, but are usually more oval than pyriform. In ground colour they are bluish, cream colour, or buff, with under-markings of lilac-grey, streaked and spotted with dark reddish brown, the whole often giving a wonderfully marble-like effect. Eggs without any markings whatever have been found, but these are rare. The nest is often found surrounded by a ring of broken shells of various hues, and some naturalists, who state that the little tern makes no nest, consider that these are old nests of the ringed plover (Aegialtis Hiaticola) which have been made use of; but in this opinion we do not agree. When at Killala, County Mayo, last year (1904) we found several nests on the sandy beach, which had no decorations of shells at all, while on a spur of rocks known as the Inch, and separated from the beach by a channel of the sea only some 300yds. across, we found all the nests situated

LAID ON THE SAND.

among the rocks and seaweed practically composed of pieces of broken shells. About fourteen days is the period required for incubation, and the nestlings are of a pale sandy buff colour, spotted and streaked with black, with white under-parts. As they scurry over the sand they are quite difficult to make out, their downy plumage harmonising exactly with its surroundings. Having reached some convenient tuft of rushes, they squat down and almost bury their heads in the sand in their anxiety for concealment. The old birds feed them with young fish, shrimps, crabs, and marine insects. By the end of July the nestlings are gaining their full powers of flight, and by the end of September most of the little terns have left our shores on their southward migration. During our visit to Ireland we noticed that the Arctic and common terns hatched their young earlier than their smaller cousins, for we found hundreds of nestlings of the two former, and very few of the latter. It was a particularly beautiful sight to visit this terns' nesting-ground as the sun was setting. As we stood on the sandy beach, the sun sinking below the horizon to the west, touched with its expiring rays the white wings and bodies of the innumerable terns, painting them the palest shade of rosy pink as they hovered querulously over their nests. As they got accustomed to one's presence the terns would gradually drop down on to their nests, and for a moment all would be noiseless, and the whole colony, or rather the various colonies, would be still, when on a sudden some secret signal would seem to have been given, and with a roar of wings the terns would once more be in the air complaining as incessantly as ever. These silent moments were wonderfully impressive, and, as far as one could see, were unaccountable. Though the colonies of the Arctic and common terns were quite intermingled as regards nests, the little terns kept rather more to themselves, though in one nest of an Arctic tern we found an egg of a little tern, and every day we found that these eggs were warm, so that the Arctic tern had not deserted; and had we been staying long enough it would have been interesting to see how the foster-mother would have treated the little stranger. We took a photograph of this nest, as well as others showing a nest where the eggs were laid on the bare sand, and another where the nest is highly decorated with small shells. The photograph of the old bird on its nest was got by means of making a screen for the camera, as well as one for the photographer. Two hours' waiting cramped up in a very shallow trench dug out of the sand, with a sack thrown over one's body, gave the result shown. It was noticed that the birds dropped down on to their eggs, and did not run or walk on to them, as might have been expected; and it was certainly a most fascinating experience to lie hidden in the centre of so animated a colony as that of the little terns.



EGGS IN A SETTING OF SHELLS.

LESSER TERN'S EGG IN CLUTCH OF ARCTIC TERN.

IN THE GARDEN.

Amongst the Roses.

At this season of the year our thoughts turn to the Roses, and the prospects for the summer. Whether there is to be a rich abundance of flowers or not will depend not so much upon the weather that will be experienced within the next few weeks, but upon the previous treatment of the plants. What has been done in the past cannot be recalled, but a few hints now may be helpful to Rose-growers. The greatest insect pest is the familiar green-fly, and only the most careful watchfulness will keep this enemy in check, especially when a cold wind prevails. Each plant must be carefully examined almost daily, especially the weakly growths, which are the first to be attacked. The grower who knows his business will not need this advice, but will have prepared for the green-fly plague by keeping the shoots constantly syringed with clear water before it has had a chance of establishing itself on the tender shoots. Where it is thick upon the leaves prepare the following mixture: Dissolve one quart of soft soap in two quarts of boiling water. Remove it from the fire, and then add at once a pint of paraffin oil. This must be all thoroughly mixed together to form an emulsion. An addition of ten times the quantity of plain water will make a very good insecticide. A little stimulant to the root will be well repaid now, if it is carefully applied. Peruvian guano and fish manure may be recommended; but not oftener than once a fortnight, and then only a teaspoonful to each plant. A good liquid manure is made of cow manure, with sufficient water added to make the stimulant the colour of pale ale when poured round the stem. Frequent stirring of the soil in the Rose-beds is beneficial to the plants. Where Roses are planted against walls there is a danger of the flowers near them covering up the base of the stem and preventing the rains penetrating to the roots. Make a little cavity round the stem base, and give liquid manure at the interval mentioned. The Roses are coming on apace. Already Mme. Laurette Messimy and other hybrid China varieties are opening their first flowers, and in warm and favourable corners there is quite a display. The intending exhibitor will, of course, thin out the buds; but to achieve success at a modern Rose show demands a deep knowledge of Roses.

Random Notes.

A Hint to Rhododendron-growers.—The Rhododendron and Azalea are approaching their full flowering, and the recent hybrids have given a new interest to the family. We are so accustomed to the usual purple Rhododendron of the park that we are apt to forget the species and hybrids. The purport of this note is not to describe the Rhododendrons, but to advise those who have a choice collection to remove all the seed-pods after the fading of the flowers, and mulch the soil over the roots with farmyard manure. There is more in mulching than the beginner supposes, and in dry years, without this comforting surface of manure, many a tree and shrub would collapse.

A Beautiful New Clematis.—It will be pleasant news to the lovers of Clematis montana, the mountain Clematis, that is now hidden with its white flowers, to know that a variety of it is in existence. This was shown at a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society,

and is named Rubens. There is quite the character of C. montana in its variety—the same wonderful profusion of flowers, and the same vigorous and twining habit; but the flowers, though not differing in size, have a pale lilac-like shade towards the margins of the petals, which gives to them a refinement that few of the family possess. When the price is less prohibitive than it is at present, we hope to plant this beautiful addition to our climbing plants.

Preserving the Colours of Flowers.—We have been asked more than once lately the most successful way of preserving the colours of flowers, and the letters have been sent to a well-known authority for his advice. This is as follows: "I do not know of any very simple way in which the colours of all flowers can be retained in pressing; but most flowers can be satisfactorily pressed, and the colours sufficiently preserved for botanical and art study, if the process of pressing is conducted with patient care and judgment; in fact, a novice is certain to have failures, and success is only gained by experience. Select the flowers according to their succulency, and do not press the different kinds in the same sheets together. Rough blotting-paper is generally trustworthy, but it is better to have a fine smooth surface, such as is used for letter writing, for delicate plants of the nature, for example, of the Oxalis. Some flowers, the Bluebells for instance, are better when withered before pressing. Another point to observe with this kind of flower is to change the paper frequently, and gradually increase the pressure as the plant dries, and do not press a bunch of blossom, such as 'May,' together. Snip out the individual flowers and press separately, and then, when dry, arrange them together again. Thick stems should have a strip cut out of them before pressing; the cut side can be placed downwards when the final mounting on cartridge-paper is done. Many little devices like these are gained by experience, and in this, as in other things, practice makes perfect."

The Sweet William.—Among the many hardy plants approaching their flowering stage may be mentioned the Sweet William, or Dianthus barbatus, as it is called in technical books on gardening. This Pink, for such it is, came from the mountain meadows of South and Eastern Europe over 300 years ago, and there are many quaint illustrations of it in Parkinson's "Paradisus." It is what is known as a "biennial"; that is, the plant flowers the year after the seed is sown, and then is generally exhausted. Few biennials are more popular than this. The growth is strong, and many charming varieties have been raised during late years, such as the "Auricula-eyed," but the most effective in the garden are the pure self colours—crimson, white, rose, or salmon, and of this selection the salmon shades are the most pleasant to see, having a fresh and unusual effect when the plants are in groups. The seed of the Sweet William may be sown when ripe, which will be in late summer, in a selected spot out of doors, or in pots in a cold frame. Prick out the seedlings, when of sufficient size, outdoors, and transfer them to the border in autumn. Another way is to sow in March or in early April in a cold frame, prick out the seedlings in the usual way, and then transplant. Another way is to divide the tufts in September and by striking cuttings at this time from the half-ripened shoots. These should be dibbled in firmly under hand-glasses, watered carefully, and, when rooted, transplanted.

Planting Bamboos.—This is an excellent time for planting Bamboos, which have won the hearts of many gardeners through the extreme hardiness of many of the most beautiful species. It is almost useless to plant Bamboos in exposed positions. Shelter is essential, and a well-drained soil; but winds, no matter from what quarter they blow, have a most disastrous effect upon the graceful, grassy stems. One of the most interesting Bamboo gardens in the kingdom is at Kew, and the sorts that have proved the most hardy and beautiful are the following: Phyllostachys Henonis, P. viridi-glaucescens, P. flexuosa, P. nigra, P. boryana, P. sulphurea, P. Marliacea, P. ruscifolia, P. Castillonis, Arundinaria nitida, A. japonica, A. auricoma, A. fastuosa, A. Simoni, A. Fortunei, A. anceps, A. Hindsii variety graminea, Bambusa palmata, B. tessellata, and B. marmorea. In a well-known book on trees and shrubs it is mentioned that, in selecting a place for the Bamboo colony, the position should be well thought out. Luxuriant leafy stems are only possible when the plants are screened from wind, and, unless this protection is given, the foliage becomes brown and withered in March. Cold north and east winds are more harmful than severe frost, and this applies to all tender evergreens. A moist and rich soil is also important. Without it luxuriant growth is impossible, and a Bamboo that is not leafy, that does not bend its tall and graceful stems to the breeze and make willowy shoots yards high, when it is natural for it so to do, is not beautiful—the garden is more interesting without it. Many of the species spread rapidly by underground stems, and for this reason must never be planted without careful thought. Each plant should tell its own tale, and not suffer partial extinction through a choke-muddle arrangement that makes a bank of leafage, perhaps, but in which all individual beauty is hopelessly lost. Some Bamboos, like Phyllostachys viridi-glaucescens and P. Henonis, need ample space for full development. Always transplant in late spring, never in winter.

A Beautiful Primrose.—A colony of Primula cortusoides Sieboldi, which is the name of a charming variety of Japanese Primrose, is very bright in late May and early June, and it is well for those readers who have hitherto grown the plants in pots to know that it is quite hardy; but when plantings in the open air are contemplated ask for varieties with strong and decided colours, as these are less likely to suffer from rains and cold winds than the more delicate shades, in which the Cortusoides group abounds. There are many varieties, and we believe very few are unnamed. In a narrow border in our garden at least five different forms are in flower, one a dark crimson, three shades of purple, which we care least for, and one almost white. It is in narrow borders or in the rock garden that Primula Sieboldi makes the bravest show, the varieties there creating quite a pleasant break of colouring. Although this note concerns the flower out of doors, it forms a very cheery pot-plant in the greenhouse, and may be grown by the most ignorant in gardening matters.

Blue Pansies and Grey-leaved Shrubs.—It is not unusual to find in gardens a border of grey-leaved shrubs or hardy plants, the most beautiful of which are Rosemary, Lavender, and Santolina, with occasional free plantings of blue Pansies. We are writing from experience, having planted about 40ft. in length with the three shrubs named and the woolly, grey-foliaged Stachys lanata, the Siberian Scilla and blue Pansies intervening in quite a natural way, and with no attempt to create a formal design. The border is quite a success. In the background are groups of Mrs. Bosanquet, Mme. Eugene Resal, Mme. Laurette Messimy, and Fellenberg Roses. It is beautiful in winter also, as then the Rosemary and Lavender are as fresh and pleasant to see as in full summer. While writing of blue Pansies, we may mention another unusual association of colouring—blue Pansy and cardinal Lobelia, which is in perfection late in summer, at the time of the Lobelia's flowering.

PYRUS FLORIBUNDA.

THE . . . GARDENS OF ITALY.

THE . . VILLA ALBANI.—I. ROME.

"AND when the Princess arrived at the palace she found all the doors wide open, and she passed through suites of magnificent rooms, looking out on gardens gay with flowers, but there was not a sign of any living being." So ran the fairy tale of one's childhood, and the words come back as in the hot midday siesta one passes under the tall portico that divides the busy street just outside the Porta Salaria from the grounds of Villa Albani. The garden is aglow with flowers; "the halls are void, the doors are wide." We seem to have stepped into one of the enchanted palaces of fairy-land, a place where the Princess might meet the Prince, where all is so unlike the commonplace scenes of the workaday world.

Villa Albani differs from other Italian residences in this—that it was built entirely with a view to the treasures it was to contain, and that even to-day, curtailed as those treasures are, it is impossible to think of it apart from them. The shining marble rooms, the long terraces, are peopled by a world of marble men and women, and they have, and need, no other inhabitants.

To no one in the eighteenth century does art owe more than to Cardinal Alexander Albani, whom his contemporaries called the Great Cardinal. His wondrous collection has rendered inestimable service to art and archæology. Since the time of Winckelmann, the distinguished German professor, under whose care the villa grew, there has been no student of the antique in Italy who has not found here a mine of riches on which to draw for explanation and illustration. No great writer has been able to tell the history of sculpture without at every moment quoting from Villa Albani. The successors of the Cardinal enriched the collection with a long list of precious paintings and drawings, and before the French bore away many of its possessions there were few places in which were gathered together so many examples of incontestable value and known history.

The Cardinal from his youth showed a wish to revive the love of art in Rome, and to turn back the thoughts of men to the beauties of a classic past. He treated professional buyers and excavators with the greatest esteem, and paid for everything really beautiful that was brought to his notice with regal munificence. In 1757 he met with Winckelmann, and was soon attracted by his critical faculty and artistic knowledge; the following year he offered him a salary and lodgings in his palace in Rome. He gave him fine rooms with beautiful views. His only duties were to be a companion to the Cardinal, and to look after his library. He passed his time going with the Cardinal to examine ruins and to consider the positions of statues, and became so intimate with him that he often went to chat at his bedside. He threw himself enthusiastically into his patron's favourite pursuit, and it seemed as if he built and bought for himself.

The villa is believed to have been built from the Cardinal's own designs carried out by Carlo Marchionni. It consists of a lofty two-storied palace, with an open loggia on the ground floor, arcades sweeping away on either hand, at the back of which are small apartments and alcoves, and on the other side of the garden a sort of casino with another curving loggia. "Here is a villa of exquisite design, planned by a profound antiquary. Here Cardinal Albani, having spent his life in collecting ancient sculpture, formed such porticoes and such saloons to receive it as an ancient Roman might have done, porticoes where the statues stood free upon the pavements, saloons which were not stocked but embellished, and seemed full without a crowd."

Winckelmann, in his letters, gives us continual accounts of the rise and progress of this splendid collection, and speaks affectionately of the goodness and loyalty of heart of its owner. "What manner of man is he? do you ask," he writes to a friend. "He is a man who to great talents joins the most amiable of characters. He is sixty-three, but does not look forty, and he builds as if he were sure of living for another twenty-five years. His villa surpasses everything of modern times, except St. Peter's itself. He has erected the background he needed, and has been himself the sole architect." "This Cardinal is the greatest antiquary in the world. He brings to light what has been buried in darkness, and pays for it with a generosity worthy of a king." In February, 1758, he writes: "The palace is adorned with such a quantity of columns of porphyry, granite, and oriental alabaster that before they were put in their appointed places they seemed like a forest of marble." There are, in fact, one hundred and forty-four. The noble portico is supported on thirty-six of oriental granite and forty small ones, beautifully polished. Another writer says that the Cardinal's nobility of soul made him so beloved that he was often given, or helped to find, things that might otherwise have escaped him. Immediately within the entrance we come upon a series of box avenues, all converging towards a circle formed by eleven splendid pines, which stand round a space in the middle of which an antique obelisk is the central feature. About it there is a curious story. It belonged to the Prince of Palestrina, who refused to sell it to the Cardinal at any price. Shortly after, the Prince went on a journey, whereupon the Cardinal sent a large body of men, who entered the garden by force, bore off the obelisk, and placed it in the gardens of the Villa Albani. As the Cardinal was excessively powerful in Rome, the Prince did not dare to bring an action against him, but made a joke of the whole affair, complimenting him on his exploit, and remaining upon friendly terms. It is now surmounted by the mount and star of the Albani family, and stands out beautifully against a group of cypresses and a background of far blue mountains. Close-cut hedges of cypress, set with busts and terminal figures, screen the approach to the great formal garden which lies in front of the villa. The casino opposite is ablaze with masses of azaleas. "It is roses, roses all the way" in the long flower-beds, flanked by pots of lemon and orange trees, noble fountains make a centre here and there, a river god reclines under a portico, for which we can find the original drawing of Marchionni in an old book on the table within. In one of his letters Winckelmann says: "The Cardinal has brought from Tivoli on a *carro* drawn by sixteen bullocks a female river deity of colossal size, well preserved," and here, sure enough, she is, reclining on the edge of a marble reservoir. "I write from our villa, which grows more beautiful every day," he says; "one of the last acquisitions is a colossal head of Trajan, in perfect preservation except the nose." The nose has been restored, and the colossal bust looms from a bower of honeysuckle. "The Cardinal has just brought to his villa the few last of the best statues left in the Villa d'Este, at Tivoli."

The lower storey of the villa is faced by a spacious open colonnade, which runs its whole length, and along which stand statues and vases. We can see, midway, a beautiful reclining statue of Agrippina.

Within doors the rooms are gleaming with marble, rich with gilding, and are still rich in masterpieces of painting and sculpture. One of Perugino's most exquisite panel paintings glows upon the wall; above one mantel-piece is framed the splendid sulky Antinous, crowned with lotus blossom; over another is that most lovely and delicate bas-relief of the parting of Orpheus and Eurydice; archaic Greek reliefs, fine Roman work, alabaster vases, sarcophagi, statuettes, frescoes, are placed with thought and care whichever way you turn; bits of exquisite classic carving are let in as overdoors; everywhere inscriptions tell us how Alexander Albani built and adorned the edifice, and how Alexander Torlonia restored it in 1871.

Winckelmann speaks of many beautiful things which have since disappeared, 294 of the finest specimens having been carried off in the French invasion. He tells us, too, of the English visitors whom the Cardinal entertained—Milady Montagu, Milady Bute, Lord Baltimore, and "the celebrated and famous Wilkes of England." He speaks of the head of a Pallas, which he holds to be the most perfect beauty under the sun, but which was snapped up while he was thinking about the price, and tells us he has become so wrapped up in the villa that he cannot bear anyone to visit it without him, and when a German count wanted to go and visit it with one of his acquaintances, he said, "No! plump."

THE ENTRANCE.

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IN MOSAIC SETTING.

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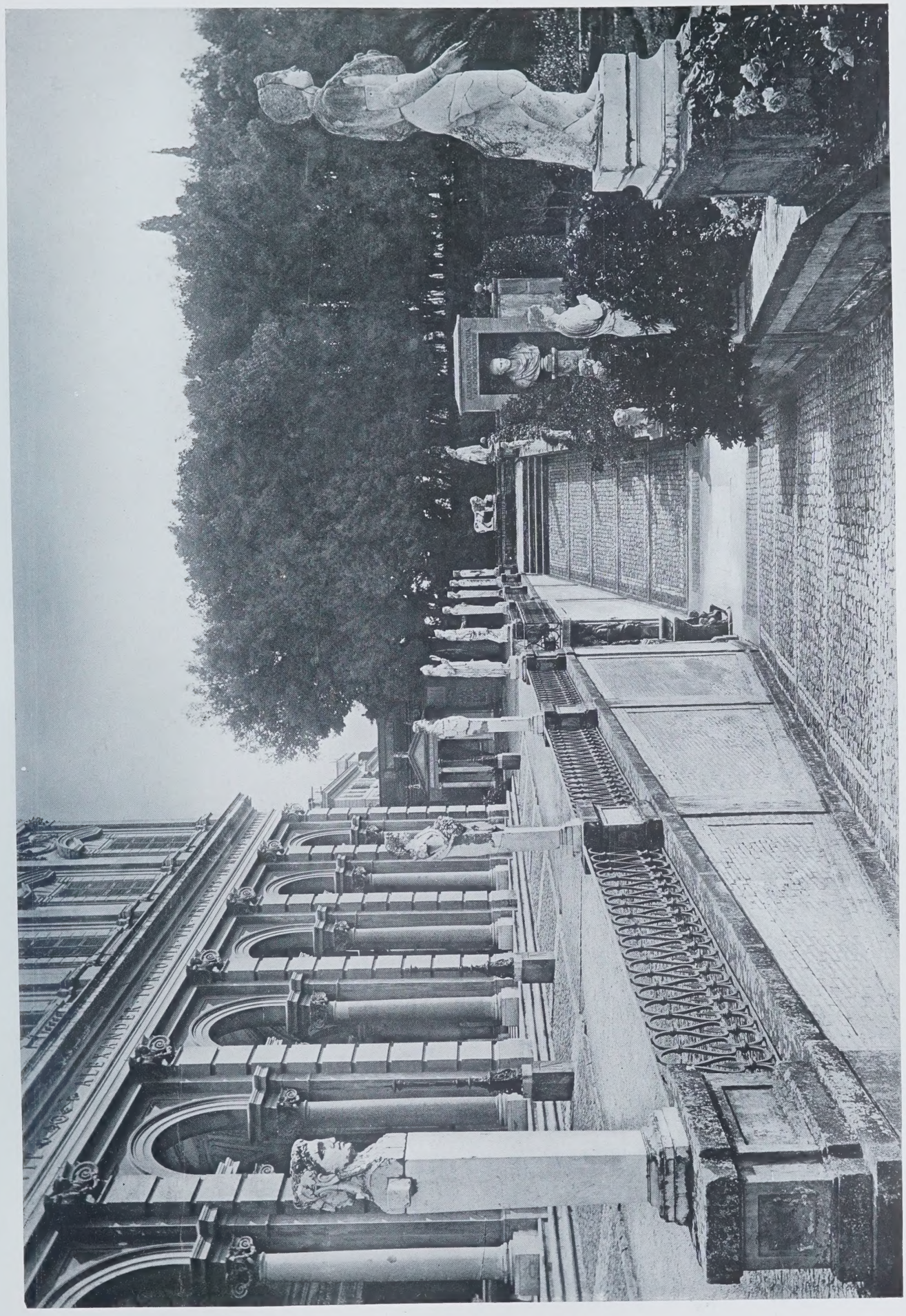

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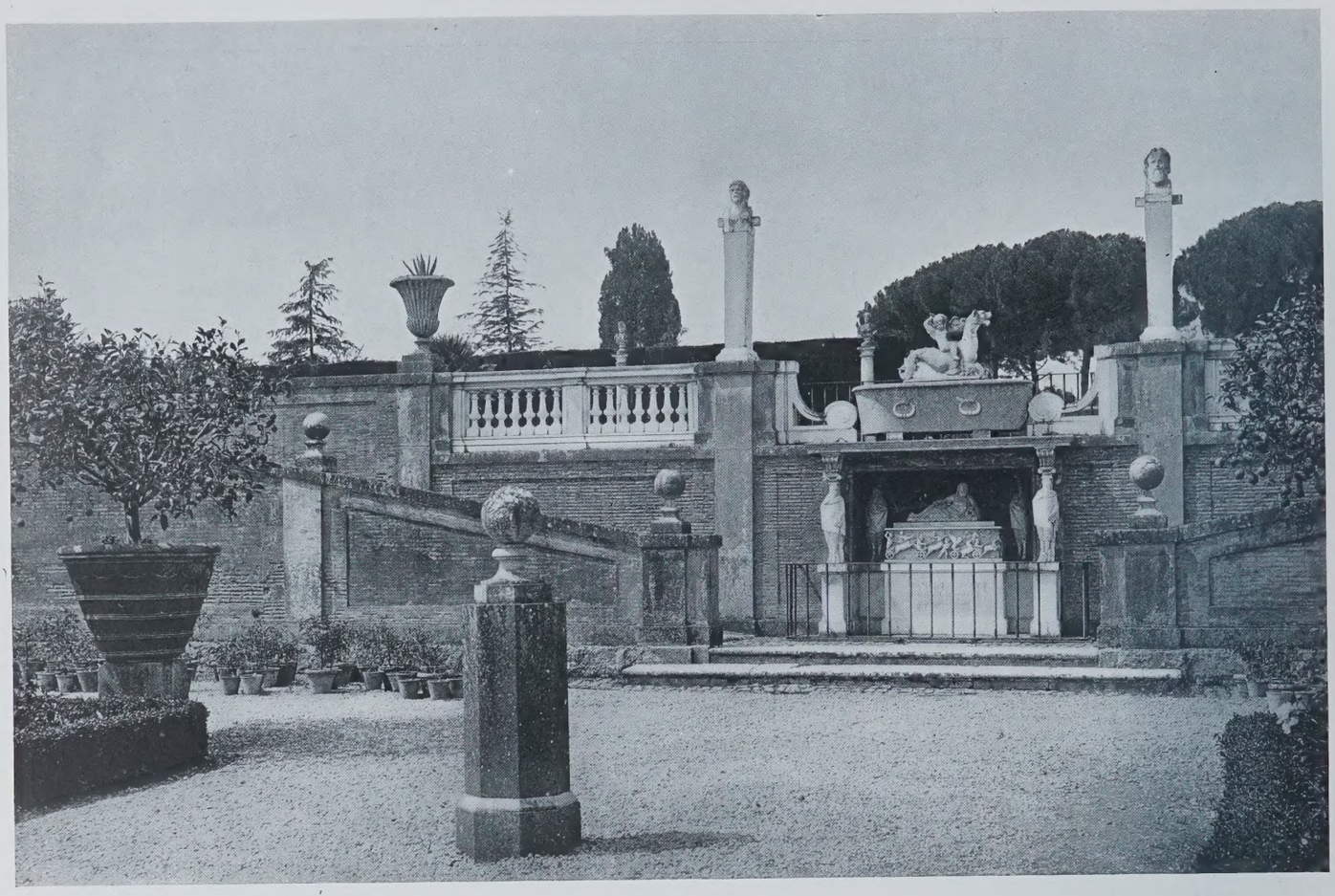

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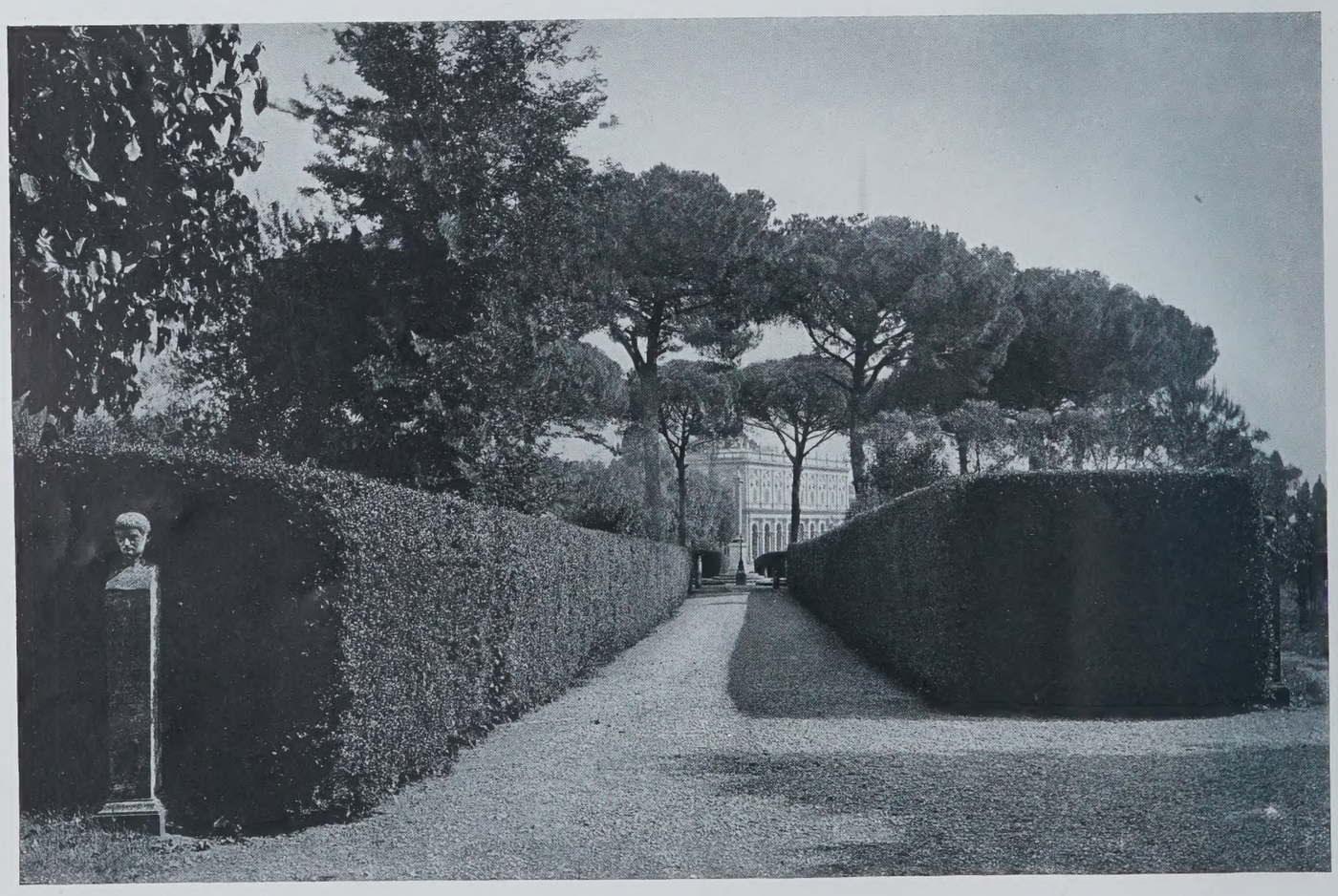

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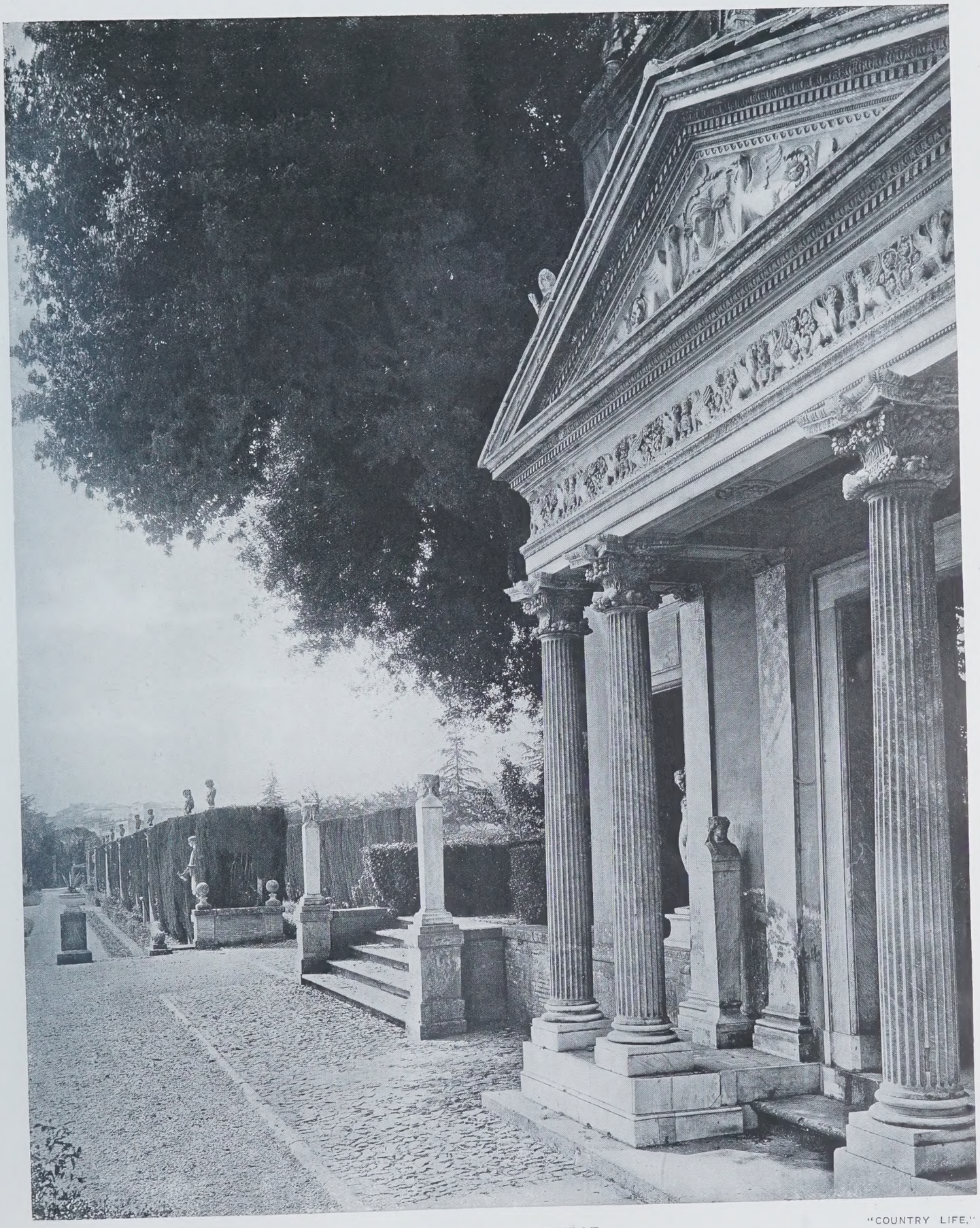

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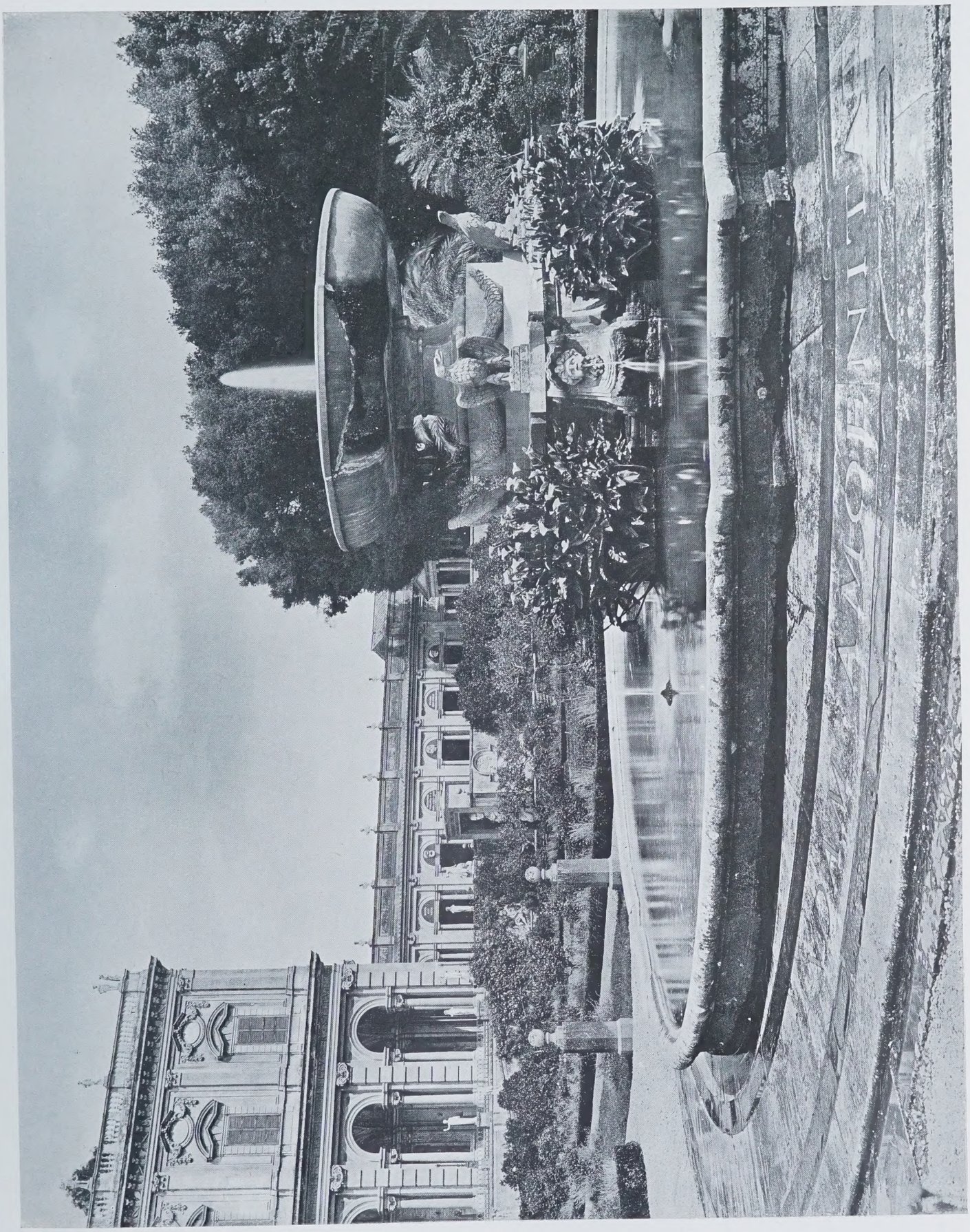

THE CENTRAL FOUNTAIN.

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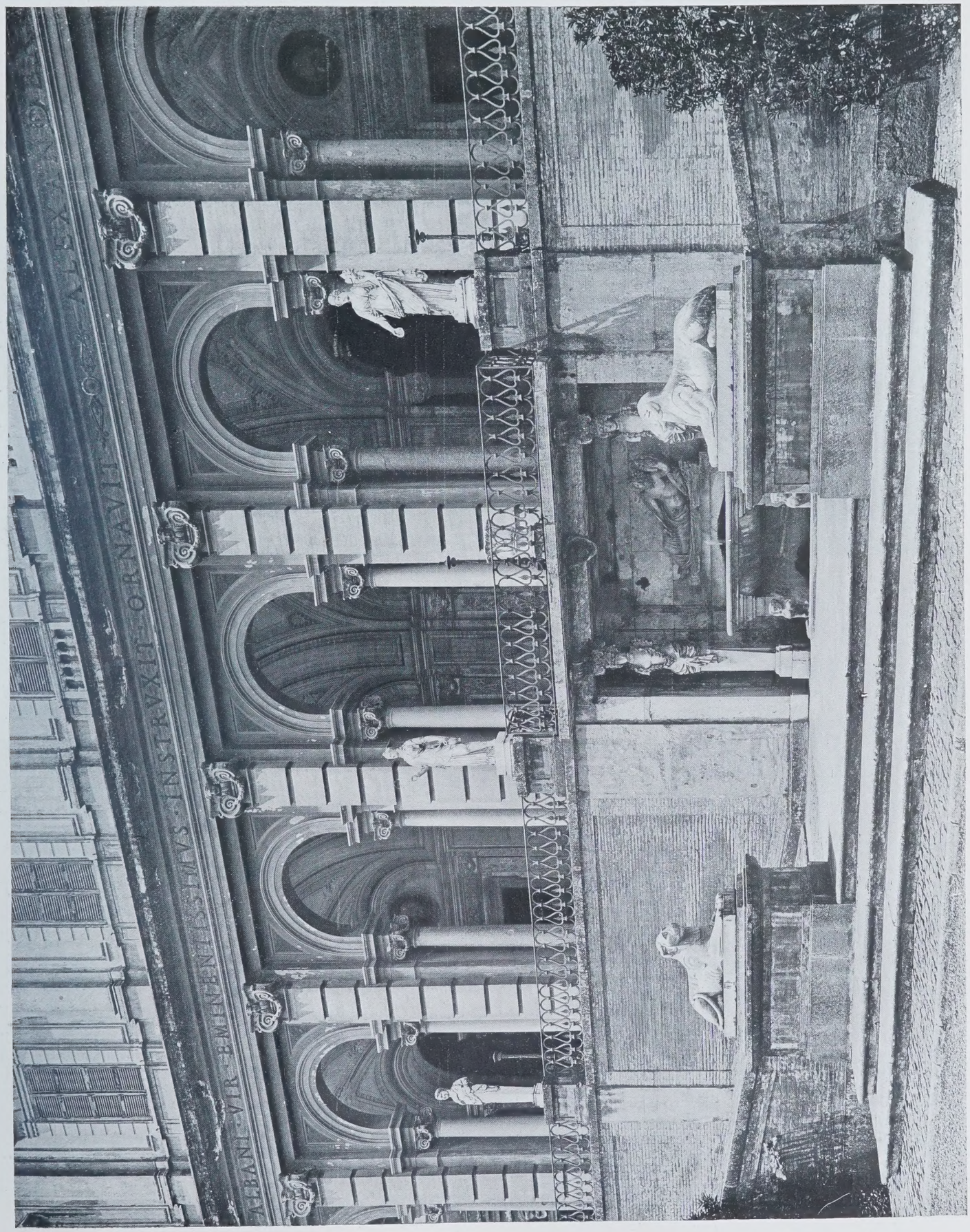

THE SOUTH TERRACE ASCENT.

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A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

ROMANCE conveyed realistically might serve as an accurate description of the most recent volume issued by the Hakluyt Society. It is called *Early Dutch and English Voyages to Spitsbergen in the Seventeenth Century*, edited, with introduction and notes, by Sir Martin Conway. The discovery of Spitsbergen dates from 1596, when it was found by two Dutch vessels, and was subsequently visited in 1607 by Henry Hudson, of whose voyage an obscure account was printed by Purchas. It speedily became a centre for whaling expeditions. Gerritsz's description naturally occupies a foremost place in the volume. He had much to say that was interesting concerning the natural history of Spitsbergen; it containing "white bears larger than oxen, which also take very well to the water"; deer having "hairy horns, and are a little smaller than our deer." The small animals were white and grey foxes, and also some black ones. The discoverers of the place also found what they called "unicorns' horns." At the mouths of the ports and harbours there was an abundance of whales, "the majority of which are more than 80ft. in length, and all are very fat." The fowls were mostly gulls, "which descend in large numbers on the carcases of the whales." There were also "sea-parrots, goslings, and ducks, which lay very large eggs." A little further inland was an abundance of walruses, which the English called sea-horses, but the French sea-cows. Seals, too, were found in great numbers. The second paper in the book is from "The State Papers, Domestic, James I., September, 1618," and is called "Troubles at Spitsbergen, 1618." There was great rivalry between the English and the Flemings, who seemed always ready to take umbrage one at the other. The sort of incident that happened may be judged from the following account of one of the quarrels:

"The generall comaunded us to take in our flagge. Answer was made him by William Heley it should firste blowe from the staffe, and that before we would yield we would die in defence of His Ma'ties righte and savegarde of that we had, and that they should either sinke or burne us before they had it, telling them in regarde they would shew noe Comission nor authoritie for what they wente about we could accompte them no other then pirates. And desired them to let us call in our men that were abroade in shallops three or four leagues from the shipp plieinge our voiadge, and but twelve houres time to ffit our shipp, and then two or three of the best of them come and win it from us if needs they would have it, or give us time to send to our Admirall; they answered noe, what need that they woulde allowe us halfe an houre, and before we went of from their shipp side, they had laid out two warps, one from the generall and the other from Cock, and so heaved aboorde of us and there offred with weapons drawne to enter our shipp, shee beeinge all open and unpriddye, and very few men aboorde of her, rideinge with yardes and topmasts downe, yet not likeinge so well to enter they fell from the side again and continued their warps fast till the 18th day at nighte, and their beeinge much winde we sent for some of our sea-men that were neere hande to come aboorde, who presently hauled up their boates and came by lande, a very bad journey."

Many of the adventures in this distant land are pathetic to read of now. The sailors suffered severely from the scourge of scurvy. This is exemplified very painfully in a chapter called "A Short Journal of Seven Other Seamen, who being left in 1634 at Spitsbergen to pass the winter, died there in 1635." We hear about the preparation of "all manner of necessaries," which seem to have consisted of meat, drink, physical preparations, herbs, etc. From September 11th their troubles appear to have begun. They saw many whales, at which they discharged their guns, but did not take any. They went also in search of green herbs, foxes, and bears, but met with none. On November 24th the scurvy began to appear among them; and we are told they searched very earnestly "after green herbs, bears, and foxes, but to their great grief could find neither of them." For the next fortnight they had a very bad time, and on November 11th "they resolved for the future everyone to eat separately from the other, some being not so much afflicted with the scurvy as the rest." The tale is subsequently one of repeated disappointments:

"the cook was throwing out some water, he saw a bear just by the hut, but he ran away at the noise, before they could come at their guns. The 24th, they discovered another bear; three of them advancing towards him, he rose upon his hindmost legs, and being shot through the body by one of our guns, he began to bleed and to roar, and to bite one of our halberts with a great deal of fierceness; but finding us too hard for him, he betook to his legs. Being excessive eager after some fresh meat (of which we stood in great need for the recovery of our health), we pursued him with lanthorns and candles a great way, but to our sorrow could not overtake him."

They lingered on till January, and on the 28th of that month saw the first fox, but could not take him. By that time three of the seven had died, among them being Cornelius Thysse, "being the man of all the rest in whom they had put their most hopes next to God." They still lingered on till the end of February,

when, with the remainder of their strength, they indited the memorial that was left behind them:

"Four of us that are still alive, lie flat upon the ground in our huts; we believe we could still feed, were there but one among us that could stir out of his hut to get us some fewel, but nobody is able to stir for pain. We spend our time in constant prayer, to implore God's mercy to deliver us out of this misery, being ready whenever He pleases to call us. We are certainly not in a condition to live thus long without food or fire, and cannot assist one another in our mutual afflictions, but must every one bear our own burthen."

The bodies were found in 1635, the men having shut themselves up in their tent before dying, lest the bears should eat their carcases. Three of the bodies were found in coffins, each in a cabin, the other two upon some sails upon the floor with their knees drawn up to their chins. The incident vividly illustrates the sternness of the task the men had set themselves to do. In those days the fight with animals was not looked upon as sport, but a hard struggle for food. In the Journal of Van der Brugge we find many vivid sketches of fights with wild animals. Here is one, dated March, 1634:

"In the afternoon, intending to go to the strand, I perceived a great bear near the W. side of our tent, wherefore I again went inside. As I took the gun in my hand, in order to shoot, the bear retreated behind the tent, but I sent two balls into him near his jawbone. He immediately fell down, stretching out his fore-paws to his head; we ran out to him with lances, and gave him some thrusts in the body; but since we did not hit him well, and as he was also enraged by the barking of the dogs, he got up again. Aleff Wilhelmsz, desiring to thrust at him again, had his lance rendered useless, the bear springing towards him. The man began to shout, and fell down, whereupon Jan Kunst ran up to rescue his comrade. The said bear made such a to-do with howling and springing, that he still escaped us, and remained standing some time longer on the ice-floes out bay-wards. We had never had such a hard set-to with bears. We found the slime of his snout on our comrade's clothes behind, so that we could not longer have put off rescuing him: wherefore God be thanked!"

This Journal is remarkably interesting in every part of it, and not least so in its chronicle of what might appear to us somewhat trivial accidents, which, however, had great import for the poor people there. Thus we are told that in 1633 "by an accident to our cook our drinking can got broken, which will cause us serious embarrassment." A few days after "our three chickens died, one of which we had hoped to enjoy on Sunday." Sometimes we get a hint of the hardships that had to be endured, as when "early in the evening we nailed up the bottom door of our tent by reason of the great cold that came through it into the tent on to our feet." Here is an incident that must have been typical of many others:

"In the evening of this day we started upon another cask of beer; this we found to be entirely frozen, and broke it open, cutting up the ice with saws and other things. On its being melted, we put it into another cask we had got ready, in order that we might draw off the best and the worst together; this we placed in our living tent, about three paces from the fire, intending to keep it melted."

With another extract, dealing with a night adventure, we must close our account of this fascinating book:

"On the 11th, the wind was S.W., with dark weather. In the afternoon the barking of the dogs made us aware of a bear being near our tent. This, after much shooting and many thrusts with our lances, we killed at some distance behind our tent. The darkness, and the unevenness of the snow, made it very dangerous and difficult for us, and nearly all our lances were bent, broken into pieces, and rendered unserviceable. Immediately after his death, the said bear was skinned, and the skin and fat taken care of by us. By reason of the darkness, we managed to do this with the aid of lanterns and burning candles, whilst we had our lances and guns lying around us, in order to defend ourselves with them if necessary."

OUR WILD SINGING BIRDS.

To one who has been long in city pent, it is always a matter for deep regret that the spring slips past so rapidly and so quietly. There was a time when the present writer scarcely missed an hour of it. He was in the open air from morning till night, and without keeping any written calendar noted each step of the advancing season, from the appearance of the first tender spray of the honeysuckle, until woodland and field and hedgerow were all gay and shining with flowers. And the birds, too, were watched as closely. They were regarded almost as flying blossoms.

First of all, even when the snow was still on the ground, and the last blasts of winter were sweeping hill and field, that bird of joyful note, the missel-thrush, perched on the very top of some tall tree, would pour forth his melody as if knowing by some instinct of his own that the stern season of the year was giving way to the happy and joyous spring. His, too, was frequently the first nest to be found, and how pleasant it was to find it in some heap of cut thorns or in the middle of a bush. The bird is a very brave one, and this year we found a nest on the ground, close by a main road, early in March. The occurrence in the writer's experience is unprecedented, though probably other observers may have made similar discoveries; but the bird was hatching out her young by the roadside, although birds'-nesting children passed and repassed daily. There were also houses close by, with cats and dogs that went out on the prowl seeking what they might devour, and stoats and weasels have even been seen near the place; yet apparently the very boldness of this bird seemed to prove its salvation, and it would appear to be equally true of the thrush as it is of game birds, that during the period of incubation they have no perceptible scent. Otherwise it would be almost miraculous that this bird should have escaped destruction. The hen would sit on the eggs and brood her young until one came within two or three feet of her, and she had almost to be touched before getting off. When she did so, however, she flew away with no loud shriek of alarm, as birds often do, but as silently and stealthily as a rat. The storm-cock, as he is called in the North, is the earliest of our minstrels, but he is not such a popular favourite as the beautiful little speckled song-thrush. This is a very delicate bird, and some years ago, when we had a succession of hard winters, was in danger of becoming altogether exterminated. But the mild seasons we have gone through recently have enabled it once more to recuperate, and the throstle is to-day more numerous in the land than ever. It is no great favourite with gardeners, as, though it destroys a certain number of slugs and snails—and very pretty it is indeed to see it breaking the shells on a stone—yet it takes tithe of the fruit too. Still, it is one of the creatures that deserve their pilferings. Whoever cares for Nature at all would gladly give it a share of the garden produce for the sake of its appearance as it hops about on the lawn or gravel path, and also for the music it discourses so sweetly. And the same plea might be put in for the blackbird, surely as sweet a singer as we have in England. The cock is a much more beautiful bird than the ordinary observer gives him credit for being. Shakespeare's description, "the ousel with orange tawny bill," is still unrivalled. It pictures this bird in a single phrase. The hen is of a more sober colour, and is one of the most confiding birds. In the days of

NIGHTINGALE.

BLACKCAP.

SONG-THRUSH.

our boyhood, when birds were recklessly snared for the mere purpose of catching them, the hen blackbird was always one of the easiest to take, while it was very rare indeed that one caught a male of this species.

A very interesting subject to investigate would be the development of the nest. Why should that of the thrush be so much more carefully built than that of the blackbird; and who teaches the young bird to line its nest with dung or clay? The answer given to such a query as proposed is usually "instinct," but this word does not take us far, because it is just the analysis of what instinct really is that is interesting. A song-bird that does not appear to be quite so plentiful as it used to be is the chaffinch, another species which builds a most beautiful little nest. We suppose that it really takes the material that comes handiest, but the result is often very baffling. The nest frequently is on the side of a tree, and constructed of the very moss or lichen which grows on the trunk. Very seldom would it be discovered were it not for the characteristic habits of the bird. No sooner does anyone approach its tiny mansion than it utters its "twink-twink" of alarm, and the search after that becomes like a game of hide-and-seek, in which the bird shrieks loudly when one comes near, growing more faint when one is at a distance, just as children in a game of hide-and-seek cry "hot" or "cold." Its song is one of the briefest, but one of the sweetest conceivable, and that perhaps is why it is such a favourite with the city poor, though another reason might be given.

The chaffinch is one of the longest lived of our little birds, records being extant of one living in confinement for twenty years, and, of course, in that time it grows to be almost a part of the family. In the matter of longevity there are the greatest differences in pets. The bullfinch, for example, does not seem to live long, and it is very rare for one to survive more than two or three years in captivity. Probably some of the great scientific men who have been working on the subject, and have discovered that length of life depends a great deal on the alimentary canal, might be able to give some explanation of these differences. It is to be hoped that they do not assume all birds to be long lived, as the small songsters, in this respect, vary quite as much as flowers and plants do. Yet even upon a simple point like this we are compelled to resort to speculation, since anything kept in confinement may perish because of the conditions, and not because it has lived its natural period. All that we can say with certainty is that some birds have been known to keep alive for a very long time. Instances could easily be got together by searching our pages. At the present moment we know of several seagulls that have been kept for periods ranging from ten to thirty years in a garden or a poultry-yard. At Warwick Castle there is a peacock which, we believe, was given to Lady Warwick by the late Lord Beaconsfield, and it can be traced back for 100 years. Ravens

STARLING.

BLACKBIRD.

and jackdaws have also been known to live a long while in confinement. Many song-birds, besides the chaffinch to which we have alluded, such as the linnet, will live a long time, but the opposite is the case with blackbirds and thrushes and nearly all kinds of finches.

A word must be said about our migrants. This year they are far less numerous than usual, and nobody appears to be able to give a satisfactory reason. The swallow, the most graceful though not the most musical, is positively scarce in comparison with what it used to be. A theory has been put forth that it has been ousted by the sparrows, who have driven it from its nesting-places, and it is, undoubtedly, true that some birds find it difficult to secure building sites. Amusing proof of this may be seen on the golf course at the Ranelagh Club. For some reason or other they have dug a deep pit in front of the bunker at the thirteenth hole, and in the sides of this the little sand-martins have already excavated holes, and may be seen popping out and in—a pathetic testimony to the difficulty experienced by these birds in finding breeding-places. But it cannot be any obstacle of this kind that has prevented the cuckoo from coming to England this year in its usual numbers, since the cuckoo makes no nest whatever. Yet every resident in the country will bear witness that its cry has this year become rarer than we have

known it to be for many years past. And from what we hear, the nightingale, too, has come only in small numbers. Thus some general cause would appear to have affected the movements of our small migrants.

ARRANGEMENT OF CUT FLOWERS.

WITH the pronounced revival of most forms of applied art that the last ten years have witnessed, it is a little surprising that taste in the exercise of one of the most practised of the arts—that of flower arrangement—has been educated to so small an extent. This is the more to be wondered at, in that the last ten years have seen also an extension of garden-worship almost unprecedented. Moreover, seeing that Japanese influence on many of our arts—perhaps less on the applied than on the pure—has been so great, one would have anticipated that the same influence would tell more powerfully than has been the case in this matter of the decorative uses of cut flowers. For the Japanese, alone among the peoples of the earth, have given to this art serious attention and study, treating it with the same spirit of earnestness and reality as that with which our finer artists and craftsmen now treat such once-despised things as furniture-designing and minor architecture generally. But in England, even now, the only idea of floral arrangement that most people possess is that of cutting the stems of a miscellaneous assortment of flowers to a uniform length and plunging them into the first highly-coloured and over-decorated vase which catches the eye. No one would imagine that each of the flowers thus treated had once an individual soul and a beauty and grace peculiarly its own. To the ordinary housewife, and equally to her goodman, flowers are flowers, and there's an end to it.

BULLFINCH.

The very essence of success in flower arrangement is that the composition shall suggest the individual habit and grace and beauty of the plant whose parts are represented. It is, therefore, obvious that no one can attain to anything but absurdity in this art who is unfamiliar with living and naturally-growing plants. For it is not flowers only that constitute the beauty of plant life, but stem and leaf, bud and fruit—each and all are full of beauty, association, and significance.

As a general rule—and as a universal rule in dealing with small compositions—it may be laid down that only flowers of one species should be employed, and that only the leaves and other parts of plants belonging to that species should accompany the flowers. In rare cases, in large and complicated arrangements, two or more species associated together in Nature and in sentiment—as are primroses and violets, or buttercups and daisies, for example—may be employed. Such, however, should only be attempted by the more experienced.

I am writing in the house of a charming lady whose friendship I value, and she, knowing my love of flowers, has placed on the table before me a vase containing blooms of exquisite beauty. Have you, dear reader, ever experienced the awful feeling that rises in one when present at some well-acted tragic play, which the audience mistakes for farce, exploding in hearty laughter just as one's whole being is rent by restrained sobs? Probably you have. Well, that feeling is similar to mine as my eyes meet the vase of flowers before me. Lilac and pansies and German iris in about equal parts crowd together after the manner of a showman's happy family. Think of it! and excuse me from making comment. Not only should each composition usually consist entirely of flowers of a single species, but, as a rule, only flowers of one colour should be used. This rule is not absolute, and occasionally quite beautiful effects may be obtained by blending variously-coloured sweet peas, or roses, or certain other flowers; but such cases are exceptional.

As a general rule, flowers should be arranged much more loosely than is customary in Western countries. By undue crowding of the flowers all individuality and beauty of form and habit are lost, and a mere blob of colour results. The closeness of the arrangement, the proportion and relation of flowers to leaves, and the general grouping should vary with the flower employed, and should be based entirely on a study of the natural habit of the plant.

The vases, bowls, jars, or other vessels used for cut flowers should, in like manner, vary with the structure and habit of the particular flower; for a jar that might be admirably adapted, let us say, to serve as the base of a primrose composition, would for that very reason be utterly unfit for use with daffodils or irises; and a bowl that lends itself exactly to association with roses would certainly be quite the wrong vessel to contain lilies of the valley or Shirley poppies. Consideration of a few special flowers of the season will help us to understand the principles laid down above. Irises, for example, are arranged in two very distinct ways, either of which is usually possible with flowers, such as irises and daffodils, which grow in vertical lines. One way is to use a tall slim vessel which, like the flowers it contains, suggests vertical lines, and to allow the flower-stems to rise from its centre as a sort of secret within a secret. The other way is to use a flat shallow bowl, and, with the aid of a folded strip of lead, arrange the irises so that their stems rise vertically from the surface of the water as they do in Nature from the surface of the soil. This sort of arrangement yields a sensation of considerable coolness, on account of the water which forms so prominent a feature of the composition—no mean consideration in the hot days of summer.

MISSEL-THRUSH.

Roses, again, may be arranged in various ways. In arranging a bowl of roses, a form full of pleasant and romantic association, it is well to make a much freer use of foliage than

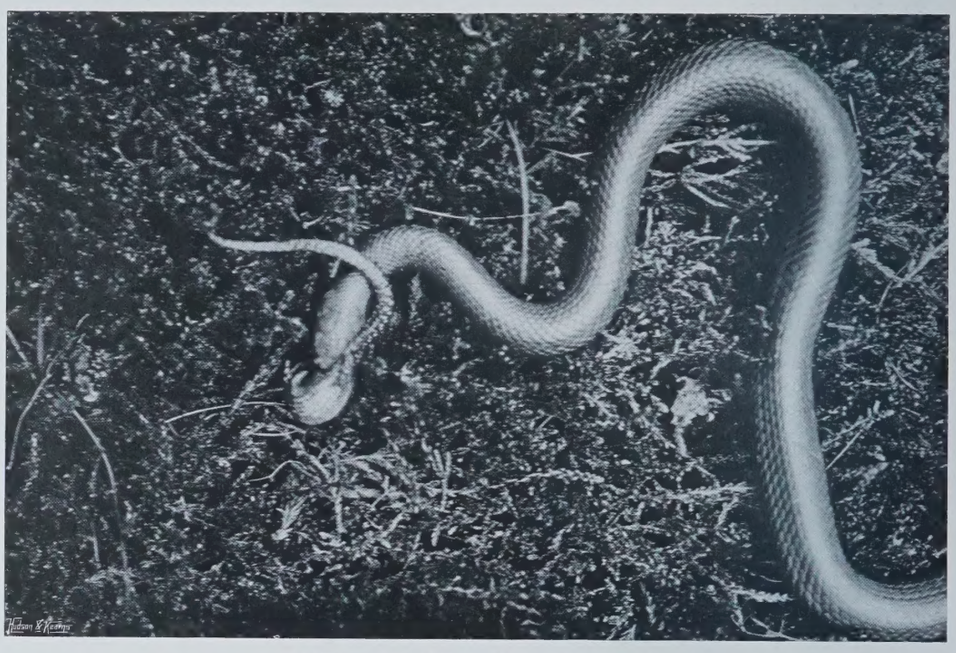
is customary, and the whole should be kept as loose and free from crowding as possible. Ten to twelve roses, with plenty of foliage, are as many as should be used for a bowl of 9in. diameter, and fewer flowers will suffice.

Another arrangement, only applicable when the roses have been cut with very long stems, is to place them loosely in a tall narrow vessel slightly expanding at the summit. The total effect is somewhat similar to that produced by a standard rose tree in bloom, though it has justification, quite apart from its resemblance to that conventionalised form of plant, for it has its analogue in the picture, often shown in our hedgerows, of a briar struggling up through a thicket of undergrowth, reaching the light only at the summit, there to break forth into a crown of glorious bloom.

There is a large group of early summer flowers, whose form and habit suggest breadth, rotundity, and dumpiness, rather than slimness, height, or length. A vase suggesting dumpiness and rotundity is therefore appropriate, and geometrical symmetry rather than a symmetrical balance is to be aimed at in the composition.

THE RAREST REPTILE IN ENGLAND.

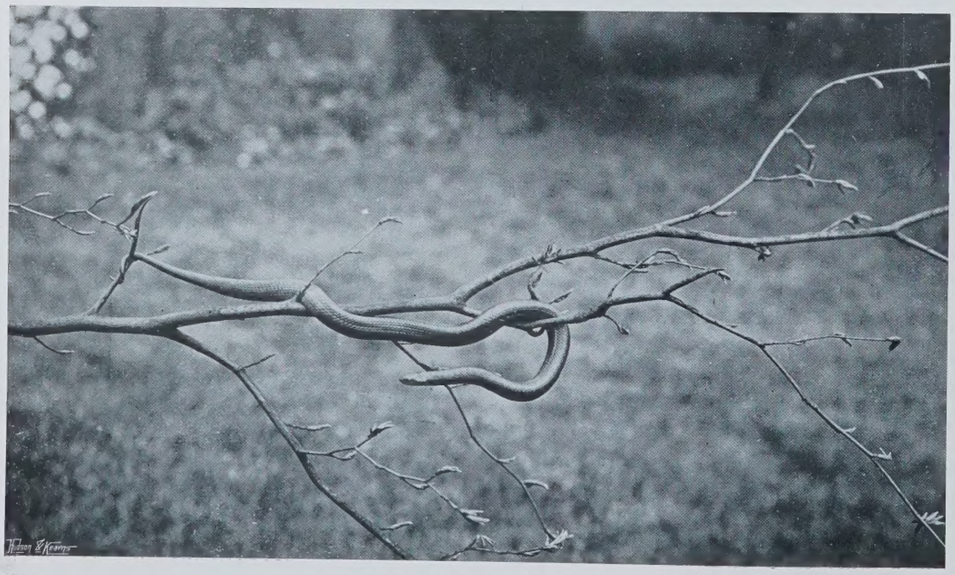
OUT of the total of six reptiles which occur in England, three lizards and three snakes, two of them are conspicuous by their absence from most districts. These two are far less common than the other four, and, curiously enough, they are found generally in the same localities. I refer, of course, to the rarest of the English lizards, the sand-lizard (Lacerta agilis), and to the very rare smooth snake (Coronella austriaca). The distribution of these two reptiles in this country is an extremely curious one. In the South of England they both occur together in the same few restricted habitats, the snake feeding upon the lizard. But the distribution of the sand-lizard differs from that of the smooth snake, inasmuch as the lizard is found in considerable abundance in one part of the North of England, namely, on the sand-hills in the neighbourhood of Southport, and for a certain distance along the coast from that town. In this area the smooth snake is not found at all, and for this reason it justifies the description of it as the rarest reptile in England.



TWO STAGES OF FEEDING.

On the European continent this species is fairly common in the central and southern countries. In England it occurs in only four counties at the most, these being Dorset, Hampshire, Surrey, and Berks. An interesting fact in connection with the smooth snake is its comparatively recent addition to the British fauna. The first undoubted capture of a British specimen was in June, 1853, by Mr. Frederick Bond, who in company with the Rev. O. Pickard Cambridge was entomologising on the borders of Parley Heath, between Wimborne and Ringwood. Mr. Bond took the specimen to London with the intention of having it identified at South Kensington, but, curiously enough, having preserved it, he forgot all about it. Six years later, in 1859, the capture of a specimen by the Hon. Arthur Russell, near Bournemouth, was recorded in the *Zoologist*. Mr. Bond read this announcement, and immediately recognised the description as being that of the species he had taken six years previously. He searched out his specimen, and sent it to the museum, where its identity was established. Mr. Cambridge subsequently recorded it several times from Dorset, especially noticing that in the year 1879 it was unusually frequent on Bloxworth Heath. Mr. Frank Buckland recorded it in the *Field* from the New Forest, and, in the *Surrey Magazine* of 1899, Mr. Bryan Hook noted the first record of the smooth snake from that county, which he took in 1891. This specimen was killed in mistake for an adder, a fate that in all probability overtakes most smooth snakes in this country. Years ago—about the year 1868—Mr. Baldry recorded that the smooth snake was very abundant in the neighbourhood of Bournemouth, but, as the moorland there has been covered by buildings, the snake has disappeared from its haunts in this locality.

The history of its occurrence in Berkshire is also curious. Mr. J. L. Bevir of Wellington College says that some twenty-five years ago no less than five specimens were brought to him by the boys in one season. It must have been fairly abundant for this to happen. But then for years it was never seen in Berks at all, and its subsequent appearance was only in the year before last. A short time before this recent record I had been lecturing at Wellington College, and I ventured the opinion that a careful search might be rewarded by rediscovering the smooth snake in the locality. It was not very long before Mr. Blundell was able to report to me that a specimen had been taken, and he enclosed some photographs of the specimen, which are here reproduced. One cannot help surmising from this that it is quite possible that the smooth snake may be more common than we know, but as field naturalists do not often undertake a detailed search for snakes, it might easily escape observation. Labourers and those whose work takes them to snaky districts doubtless destroy any specimens encountered, under the impression that this snake is an adder.



THE PREHENSILE TAIL.

SMOOTH SNAKE IN MOTION.

A very slight investigation, however, would prevent an observer making such a mistake. In the place of the dark zigzag line along the middle of the back, which is the prominent marking of the adder, there are two rows of irregular spots placed laterally, but these are not nearly so conspicuous as the markings of the adder, except immediately after the process of sloughing. The spots are more prominent near the head. In size the smooth snake reaches 2ft. in adult females, but most specimens are somewhat smaller than this.

The smooth snake feeds mainly upon lizards, especially, apparently, the sand-lizard. Its bite is perfectly harmless, but a good many specimens are bad-tempered in captivity. Its mode of reproduction is viviparous, the family of young numbering as many as twelve. It has a curious habit of clinging on to anything with its mouth, and will allow itself to be carried about on a stick in that way. The tail also is used as an organ of prehension, which is very well seen in one of Mr. Blundell's photographs appended. Another shows the eye-scale just before sloughing takes place. An attack on a lizard is shown in a third, and the very graceful curves when the snake is in motion on the grass are well brought out in the other illustrations.

"The favourite haunt of coronella is a dry, sandy hillside, overgrown with short heath and gorse and coarse grass, and sloping down to a marshy valley where water is at all times obtainable. There, on some bare patch of sand, the snake lies, loosely coiled, and basks in the sun, and where it can, when thirsty, get water without any great expenditure of energy. Among the undergrowth it can at any time find its prey. As soon as it sees its victim within easy reach, it slowly approaches, keeping its body concealed, but slightly raising its head above the heather and coarse grass. When it gets within striking distance, after remaining motionless for a few seconds it darts suddenly, and with the quickness of thought, at the throat of the hapless lizard. If its aim is successful the snake instantly grasps with its tail a stem of heather or a tuft of grass, and proceeds at once to the enjoyment of its meal. Its first step is to gradually shift its hold from the throat to the snout of the lizard, by slow and almost imperceptible degrees. When once it has the lizard's head fairly in its jaws the process of swallowing is fairly rapid, and the strong protests of the victim are wholly unavailing, as the snake, with its tail knotted round the grass, is able to overcome all resistance. In this way it will in five or ten minutes entirely dispose of a lizard as large round as itself and two-thirds of its own length. After its meal the snake is somewhat sluggish, and disinclined to exert itself; but in about a fortnight it begins to recover its appetite, and by the end of another week is again actively engaged in its search for food." The foregoing graphic description is from the pen of Mr. Baldry, whom I mentioned as having recorded the occurrence of the smooth snake in great abundance in the neighbourhood of Bournemouth. I am afraid that as time goes on it is only too probable that this rarest of English snakes will become even more of a curiosity than it is at the present day.

GERALD LEIGHTON.

SHOWING EYE-SCALE BEFORE SLOUGHING.

FROM THE FARMS.

OUTGOING VALUATION.

IN some sheep-farming parts of the country, and especially on the West Coast of Scotland, a situation of no little difficulty arises from the custom of the incoming tenant, or, failing him, the landlord, taking over the sheep of the outgoing tenant at a valuation that seems always to be made in the tenant's interest. The idea is that the valuation shall be based on the market value, increased by a shilling or two for "acclimatisation," as it is called—that is to say, for the additional value put on the sheep on a certain hill by the fact that they have become habituated to it. The principle of this increment is that fresh sheep put on the same ground would not thrive so well, and there is justice in this. There is hardly justice, however, in the valuation of nearly 50s. a head that is sometimes put on the sheep by the valuers. The disproportionate value has this effect: the landlord is the man who has to take over the sheep at this figure, for no tenant would take the farm stocked at such a price. At the end of his lease the outgoing tenant puts on the ground as many sheep as it will possibly carry—a number that is distinctly injurious to it—in order to get this over-valuation for them; or, if he wishes to renew, he tells his landlord that a reduction must be made in his rent, or else he will throw up the farm and demand this over-large value for his stock. Thus a pistol is pointed at the landlord's head. Why more appeals against the valuations have not been made is not clear; but probably the expense of the requisite legal operations is a sufficient deterrent.

FENCES AND HEDGES.

This is the title of an instructive article in the Journal of the Board of Agriculture by Mr. Thomas Berwick. He expresses a well-grounded regret that parts of the country are now practically denuded of thorn hedges, whereas a little timely assistance on the part of the landlord and the tenant might have preserved many good thorn fences. It is easy to let them go wrong, but it is difficult to replace them; and we have to remember that it takes from ten to fifteen years to rear a thorn hedge strong enough to turn heavy stock. Fences that have to act as

boundaries between two estates, or two farms, ought to be thoroughly well kept up, as their being so will often obviate causes of annoyance. The reasons for the decay of thorn hedges are many. One is the difficulty of growing cereals to advantage, which has had the effect of causing much land to be laid down in grass, and in many cases of several fields being thrown together. Where this has happened the thorn hedges have been left to grow as they liked, with the consequence that the bushes have sprouted up into tall trees of some use as shelter, but of none at all as boundaries, as a thorn bush if allowed to grow upwards soon loses its bottom foliage. Then, again, fences have suffered from the general carelessness which resulted from low profits and shortness of labour. As a rule farm labourers are bad hedgers. Hares and rabbits are also enemies of the hedge, as they bark their stems. Sometimes the injury is so great that the bushes have to be cut over close to the ground and treated as a newly-planted hedge for several years before they are fit for their purpose again. Trees are, undoubtedly, very picturesque in hedgerows, but they cause gaps by their shade and exhaustion of the soil. Cattle also gather under them, and do considerable harm by baring the roots.

Co-operation in Insurance.

If small holdings are to be increased, those who take them should be earnestly advised to get into touch with one another for the purpose of forming clubs. In Lincolnshire several of these exist already. At Moulton Chapel, between Boston and Spalding, there is a Cow Club, established in 1884, and which has flourished ever since, possessing at the present time greater membership than ever. It was formed "for the purpose of assisting each other in acts of benevolence when overtaken by misfortune." The entrance fee is 2s. 6d. for the first cow, and 1s. for each subsequent one, and the funds at the disposal of the club amount to about £300. Of pig clubs there are many in existence, and they are conducted on lines very similar to those we have sketched. One of the most successful is that of St. Nicholas and Holy Trinity, near Boston. It has been established ten years, and has a total membership of 135, with 217 pigs insured. In the course of the last twelve months fifteen claims were paid, amounting in the aggregate to £39 2s. 1d. The increase in the number of allotments for cottagers and labourers has caused a corresponding increase in the membership of the Pig Club—a sure proof of its being wanted. Those who are starting as small holders should make themselves acquainted with the working of such a scheme, which will help them in tiding over the loss of horse or cow which otherwise may overwhelm them.

How to Start Bee-keeping.

In the official journal Mr. T. I. Weston gives some very interesting instructions to those who are about to begin bee-keeping. He first of all advises the would-be apiarian to purchase a trustworthy book on the subject, such as that written by Mr. Cowan, the president of the Bee-keepers' Society. In the next place it would be advantageous for him to make the acquaintance of someone who keeps bees, who would put him up to the use of the technical terms. And in this connection it is well to remember that nearly every county has its own association, the secretaries of which are only too glad to furnish the name of expert bee-keepers who are willing to render assistance. The list of apparatus required is as follows: Black net veil; smoker, for subduing bees; wax comb foundation (brood and super); bottle-feeder; section boxes; frame-hive, fitted with brood-foundation in ten or twelve standard frames, two division boards, section-rack or lift of shallow frames, a queen excluder and quilts. If the hive is to be worked for extracted honey, a centrifugal honey-extractor will also be needed. Additional useful articles are: Scraper-knife, for cleaning floor-boards, frames, etc.; comb-uncapping knife, for use when extracting; a straw skep, for taking swarms; spare coverings of felt or carpet; a super-clearer, for clearing bees from section racks or supers. The swarm to commence with ought to be a first one of the present year, as by this means the purchaser will avoid all the pitfalls of disease or lack of condition, of which he has to beware when he buys second-hand stocks. The principles to be followed, after the tyro has once got his bees going, are thus plainly set forth: A colony of bees consists of a queen, a large number of worker-bees, and (during summer) a certain proportion of drones. The strength of a healthy stock depends on the vigour and laying power of the queen, who is at her best in her second season, *i.e.*, a queen hatched in June, 1904, is at her best in May, 1905, and should be replaced by a young one in 1906, either by natural swarming or by re-queening. Queens may be purchased, or raised by the methods taught in text-books. The economy of a hive consists, first, in the keeping up of the warmth of the brood nest (by means of the heat evolved from the bodies of the clustering bees) to such a point as will stimulate the queen to lay eggs, and will enable young bees to be reared; secondly, in the feeding of the queen, and nursing of the brood, and cleansing the cells for the queen's use; thirdly, in the obtaining of pollen, water, and nectar for the brood; lastly, in the building of storage combs and collecting nectar for the future supplies of honey.

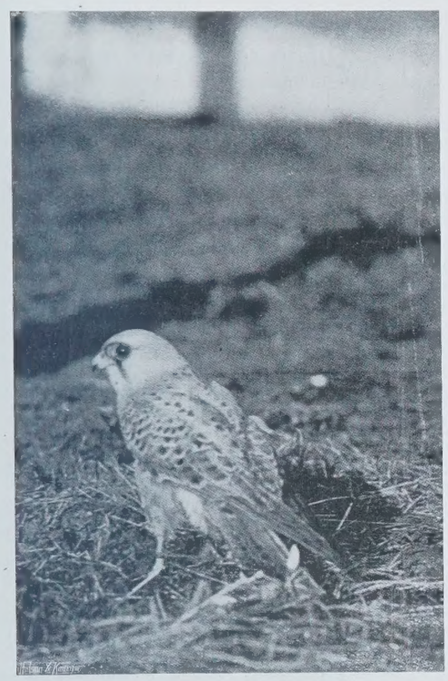
R. Demachy. *A FRENCH PASTURE.* Copyright

CORRESPONDENCE.

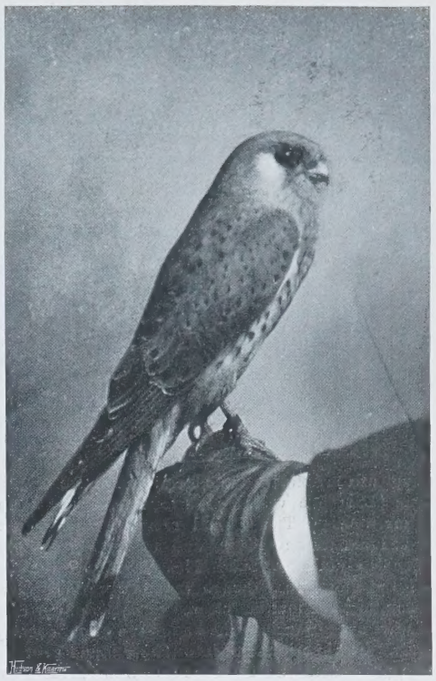
KESTRELS.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—In your Christmas Number for 1903 you were good enough to insert an account of the recapture of the kestrel Rugby, that I had as a nestling in 1901, and which, after letting him go in the end of that year, I had recaptured twice, at intervals of about twelve months between. He, in the meantime, had paired and brought up two nests of young ones. Last July he again had a nest, about a mile from here, up the Rholben. A country lout shot the female as she was bringing food to the nest, and then robbed the nest of four young. Three of these he brought to me for sale. As they were only a week old they were of no use to anyone, even if they had been other than kestrels. It was only on the youth assuring me that he had not shot the male bird—Rugby—with his bell on, that I spared him a painful interview and gave him a shilling for the three birds, all of which appeared to be dying. Two promptly died that evening, but one kept alive, and, by dint of supplying it with hot birds two or three times a day (oftener at first), he managed to pull through until he was able to be put out at hack. He has remained at hack since last August, and comes daily to be fed—a long time for any hawk to continue so; but Fiddles, as he is named, is naturally a poorly-furnished specimen, and evidently has not much enterprise to "fend for himself." I enclose photographs of Rugby and Fiddles, from which you will see the contrast in size and plumage. Rugby, of course, is in his mature plumage; Fiddles has moulted his head and neck feathers, showing the slaty blue on the head. His tail is much dilapidated, but his wings are passable. Rugby is still about, but too wild to be recaptured again. Fiddles is easily taken up by myself, but wild enough when anyone else attempts it.—Robert Gardner.



FIDDLES.



RUGBY.

DOUBLE CUCKOO-FLOWER.

[To the Editor.]

Sir,—I enclose a photograph of the Cardamine pratensis—cuckoo-flower, or ladies' smock—in the forms in which it is growing here on the Mendip Hills, in Somerset. The flower to the right is the ordinary single kind; that to the left a fair average example of the double blossom, and the centre spike is the flower arriving at the "hose-in-hose" stage. This latter is a development of some of the double flowers, the middle pushing forward after a day or two, and making a second flower at the end of a short stalk. The double variety is almost more common than the single in many places in this neighbourhood, and makes a fine effect when growing in large clumps.—E. H.

DOUBLE CUCKOO-FLOWER.

PIGEON-SHOOTING.

[To the Editor.]

Sir,—The decision to discontinue pigeon-shooting at Hurlingham is one more very big nail in the coffin of field sports, since its abolition is, undoubtedly, one important preliminary to that total extinction of shooting, hunting, and fishing which is so keenly desired by the apostles of "advanced thought." It is useless to deny that some measure of pain is occasionally involved in both sports and athletic games; but this is, for obvious reasons, greatly exaggerated by ultra-sentimental humanitarians, who refuse to realise that a pheasant, winged, and falling from a height of 50ft. or 60ft. odd, is often able to run swiftly for a considerable distance, whereas, a human being falling the same distance, and with a broken arm, would scarcely be able to move, even if conscious, which would, I imagine, hardly be probable. From this and many other such experiences of the behaviour of wounded game, it seems only reasonable to infer that man is far more sensitive than the lower animals. The frequent apologies and expressions of concern, offered by some sportsmen, for causing transitory pain, argue a somewhat feminine sentimentalism not unmixed with cant. Such people should exchange game-shooting for clay-bird practice, and, furthermore, to be consistent, should also abjure animal food and ripe cheese. In course of time they would avoid boiling water because of the undoubted pain and discomfort caused to animalculæ. The irritating inconsistency so persistently shown by certain humanitarians only proves the utter impossibility of ever really preventing, by law, one hundredth part of the unavoidable pain which must be the inheritance of all living creatures, and until we abolish the wholesale slaughter of innocent human beings for political purposes, it is childishly sentimental and unreasonable to make trouble and cause vexation because of the shooting of pigeons or the chasing of rabbits. Those who steadfastly stand by the Bible and its teaching have no honest case against the shooting and chasing of animals or the catching of fish, since these pursuits are favourably mentioned in both the Old and New Testaments. No, vote catching, jealousy, and covetousness have far more to do with the desire to hamper and do away with sport, in Great Britain and Ireland, than *bonâ-fide* religion. The extinction of field sports will be greatly helped by the foolish apathy of the trades connected with their numerous requirements. The persistent energy of the enemy is far greater in its attack than is that of the devotee in his defence of sport.—Louis Hervey d'Egville.

[Our correspondent's alarm is exaggerated. Shooting birds let loose from a trap is scarcely sport in the true sense, though we agree that when well managed it is not cruel.—Ed.]

THE HOUSE-MARTIN.

[To the Editor.]

Sir,—It is delightfully refreshing to find at this busy season someone writing to call the attention of a somewhat too apathetic public to the sad lessening, or absolute decline, of the numbers of this beautiful family of our English migratory birds, the swallow-tribe; and this neglect, too, in the absolute face of their wonderful usefulness to man. As far as my own observation takes me, I find no diminution in the quantity of the swallow itself. For years I have had but three pairs breeding here, and these arrived on April 2nd, and are now nesting. But, alas! a number of places where the house-martin congregated and hung their nests about houses, stabling, outbuildings, and walls, now know their presence no longer. In many localities the nests are there, but are full of that detestable pest, the sparrow. The martins have been driven off and their homes appropriated, and this, far too often, is the result of supine idleness; no effort being made to dispossess this avian robber of his ill-gotten gain. It is this, I believe, that largely contributes to the loss and death of so many of this bird. Let me entreat those who have the opportunity to aid, in preventing the rightful owners, the martins, from

being driven off by the baleful combative sparrow. Here, when I first came about five years ago, I found wire had been placed about the eaves of my house. This I had removed just before the time the martins arrived about the village, and to my infinite pleasure three or four pairs immediately began to build. Next year it was the same, with further additions, and the mosquitos, though fewer, were still very troublesome. Another season, and the martins cleared off much of our ephemeral insect-life, and in all ways added much to the happiness of our country life. But then came the battle. The sparrows got into the nests and kept possession, and the martins were powerless. So I got men to bring ladders and go up, out-turning the sparrows; but it was almost futile, for they came again and again. Still, perseverance gained the day, and the martin colony was left in peace. This year the battle is renewed. The robbers, though expelled at night, are there again in the morning. Yet I hope and trust they will be cleared off at last, and my much-valued martins left in peace. If all naturalists would help in this, I believe, laudable object, when able, I think it would greatly increase the well-being of these most useful and delightful birds.—HARRISON WEIR, F.R.H.S.

AN ALIEN FROG.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR, — Perhaps the following incident may interest some of your readers. In the spring of 1899, a green frog was brought over to Warwickshire from Bordighera, and placed in a heated conservatory opening out of the drawing - room, where it lived during the winter. In the summer it was missed, and supposed to be dead, but later on was heard croaking loudly every evening by a pool which was separated from the house by a large meadow. To get to the pool the frog had to go round the house before reaching the meadow. It stayed in the pool all the summer, but when the weather began to get colder it returned to its original abode—the conservatory. One of the gardeners found a little wet track one morning leading from the door to an orange tree, on one of the branches of which was the frog! The two following summers it spent at the pool, returning to the house for the winter, but in 1901 it was found dead in the conservatory, soon after its return in the autumn. While down at the pool it croaked so loudly that the village people heard it, and wondered what strange new pet "the gentry up at the 'All" had got.—T. BARRETT.

THE MIGRATING ANTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Gamage's entomologist writes that the ants he sent us were yellow, not red ants, and that what I called eggs were the babies or larvæ of various sizes. These larvæ were growing daily, apparently under the mesmerising of the other ants. A large portion were always seen making passes over, or licking or breathing upon, these small larvæ all day long. Others were carrying about the larvæ, apparently classifying them, and placing them according to their size in different parts of the nest. The young ants could be seen through a magnifier inside the cocoon or case in which they were enclosed. About a week before all this had been going on in full vigour; but when we opened the nest we found nothing alive in the nest but one small domestic. There were some shrivelled-up dried things that rattled. I imagine now that these were the larvæ that had not hatched out, and that the others must have gone with the rest of them as soon as they were freed from their case or cocoon. It is quite certain the ants could not have carried them away up 4ft. of wall and through a window that when shut would only admit an envelope to pass under it.—N.

OLD SILVER RACING BELLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reference to the article in your issue of April 29th on the old silver bells at Paisley, and the arms on the larger bell, which are said to be unidentified, the following extract from Lord Bute's work on the arms of the Royal Burghs of Scotland may be of interest: "In Brown's History of Paisley Grammar School, founded by James VI., in 1576, is figured a carved stone, dated 1586, bearing what he styles the Paisley coat of arms, and which is so referred to in a letter of 1813, quoted by him. This coat appears to be an attempt to combine the arms of the House of Stewart, the founders of the Abbey, with those of the family of Hamilton, in whom the Abbey had become almost hereditary before the Reformation, and we should read the coat, gules a fess checking, argent and azure, between three cinquefoils, ermine." From the above it seems clear that the arms on the bell are intended for those of the town of Paisley (though a different coat is now used on the burgh seal), and I would suggest that the initials O.P. on the bell stand for Oppidum (de) Paisley.—R. G. W.

OLD BRIDGE AT CASTLE COOMBE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The old bridge at Castle Coombe, which crosses the trout stream, is one which will catch the eye of the most casual passer-by. It is of very low build, with three spans, constructed of rough stone, more the kind of bridge, in fact, that one usually associates with Dartmoor and its environment. From a picturesque point of view one could not possibly find an example that would be more in keeping with the old-world atmosphere of this charming village.—S. E. C. MORRIS.

THE BITER BIT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Through a small hole in the wire-netting that divides the field from the lawn, came every morning a weasel in search of food for its young. Its long lithe body could be seen moving this way and that, its eager face uplifted, scenting danger from afar or peering after its prey. Disappearing beneath some large leaf or overhanging bough it waited, then, suddenly darting from its hiding-place, it jumped high into the air in, oftentimes, a vain endeavour to catch the small unwary bird that rose in frightened alarm from its interrupted diet of worms. After a successful marauding expedition its return journey was fraught with difficulties, for the hole in the wire being too small to admit both it and its burden, the latter had to be laid down close to the fence while the weasel squeezed itself through. Then the little pointed face might be discerned inserted back again, the game quickly picked up and dragged after it. Watching from the bedroom window this scene being re-enacted morning after morning, made dressing a somewhat prolonged pleasure, and "late again for breakfast" the usual matutinal greeting. Now there is no need for the reproof; the picture tells its own tale; the weasel is dead. A puff of smoke rose suddenly from the shrubbery, the quick report of a gun rang out in the still air, and stretched upon the lawn lay the weasel, holding firmly between its teeth the still warm but lifeless body of a mouse.—EDITH BROUGHTON.

CURIOUS NEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph shows a nest on the moor here (Cardross), the eggs being four pheasant and seven grouse. The birds laid an egg each alternately, till each had four in the nest. Then the pheasant ceased and the grouse laid three more, and is now sitting on the lot. Within 200yds. there is a second nest containing seven pheasant eggs and seven grouse, one of the latter birds sitting on them. These nests are within 100yds. of a large wood adjoining the moor. The publication of the photograph would, I think, be interesting to many of your readers. It was taken by Mr. S. Turnbull of Rahane.—M. B.

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LADY EVELYN BARING.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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RAILWAYS AND . . . . . THEIR RATES.

LAST Saturday the Norfolk Chamber of Agriculture received somewhat of a surprise. It met for the purpose of discussing railways and their rates, and, very properly, had invited some of the officials of the Great Eastern Railway to attend. It may be said, in passing, that this company has been one of the best friends that agriculture possesses. It is one of the most agricultural companies in Great Britain, and to a large extent commands the traffic of East Anglia. For many years past the policy has been to take every possible means to develop the farms. To mention only one or two things that have been done, the railway company started a system of farmers' boxes, by which farm produce could be carried to private customers in town. It went even farther than this, by trying to procure customers for these goods, going on the assumption that those who held periodical tickets on its line were for the most part householders, and therefore consumers of farm produce, and the company issued a list of all the farmers who were willing to send produce to them. Mr. Gardner, the chief London goods agent, is an official of long standing in the Great Eastern Railway Company, and has taken special care to cater for the interests of those engaged in agriculture. It was, therefore, a piece of good luck that he was present at the meeting of the Norfolk Chamber of Agriculture, and he offered the farmers some very wholesome and useful advice. One thing he told them was to "bulk" their consignments. The most unprofitable thing on the railway is the half-loaded truck. It requires just as much expenditure of energy and money to haul along the line as if it were full; therefore, if the farmers wished the most reasonable rates possible, it was incumbent upon them to combine, in order to give the railway company a full load. He advised them then to consign their produce to their own salesmen in the big markets and thus cheapen their trading operations. On another point he also turned the tables on them. He asked why in Norfolk or Suffolk there was not a great bacon factory, when Denmark was sending over once and sometimes twice a week tons of bacon from her factories. The foreigners, in his opinion, appreciated the conditions obtaining here better than his own countrymen. They sent heavy loads, and thus were able to obtain a low rate, and there was no reason whatever why East Anglian farmers should not do the same.

As it happens, immediately following this meeting of the Norfolk Chamber of Agriculture, there has been issued a book by Mr. E. A. Pratt, who some time ago wrote a treatise on the organisation of agriculture. The new volume is devoted to railways and their rates, with an appendix on the British canal problem, and is published by Mr. John Murray. We do not know with what intention Mr. Pratt went out to make his investigations. Probably enough, after the composition of his former volume, he was inclined to think that railway companies were the enemies of the farmers, and went forth with Balaam's original intention towards them. If he did go out to curse he remained to praise, because he seems to have been so overwhelmed with the difficulties that the English railways have to encounter, that he could say little against them. He points out, very truly, that the geography of the British Isles renders any comparison with America absolutely useless and futile. Trains with a run lasting for days are not on the same footing as those which cannot go beyond the confines of one, not very considerable, island. The English railways were built in circumstances which have no counterpart in the rest of the world. At the time of their construction land was extremely valuable, and the price of corn had been at a high level for a long time previously, so that the English outlay of capital was much larger than it could possibly be in a country like America. In the next place, our Government has always been in the van of those who are solicitous for the prevention of accidents, and the maintenance of life and comfort. In consequence the companies were permitted to run trains only under such conditions as very largely increased the expenditure. Mr. Pratt's conclusion, therefore, is "that British railways had been subjected in the past to a great amount of criticism that is harsh, unjust, and ungenerous," and "considering all the circumstances under which they came into being, and the particular conditions under which they are conducted as compared with the corresponding circumstances and conditions in the case of foreign railways, the wonder is that they can show such results and stand the test of comparison as favourably as they do."

The moral of all this seems to be that the farmers and the railway companies, instead of coming to loggerheads, ought to try and work together. On the one hand, we have every reason to believe that the companies are animated by a reasonable and compromising spirit. They would willingly do what they can to help agriculture. Moreover, we all know that sentiment is not a very good basis for business; but it would be to the interests of the railway companies, especially those who, like the Great Eastern, run through a purely agricultural country, to develop the traffic as much as they can. The best way to convince them of the reasonableness of the case, is to show them that by their paying attention to the demands of the farmers they stand a very fair chance of increasing their dividends. On the other hand, it is of little use for the farmer to take his rate per ton per mile and compare this with the rate per ton per mile in a country where the conditions are altogether different, and where, moreover, those engaged in husbandry have learnt the lesson that, if they wish to have things done cheaply, they must begin to have things done on a large scale. It makes all the difference in the world to a railway whether the traffic be regular or not. If a certain number of trucks can be filled every day for transit to market, regular arrangements can be made, and the cost is very much less than if there happens to be a great rush of goods on one day and little or none at all the next. This, however, is quite within the range of practical achievement, if the farmers will unite among themselves; besides which, the combination is in itself a good thing. If they send their goods together to the market, they are in a much better position to bargain for a satisfactory price for them, and if their purchases of cake, seeds, manure, and other necessities of the land are made in bulk, as they might be if a score of men were joining together, instead of having each his own small consignment, then they would be in a position to demand favourable terms from the railway companies, and the companies on their part would have every inducement to concede them.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Evelyn Baring, whose marriage to the Hon. Hugo Baring took place quite recently. Lady Evelyn was the daughter of the late Lord Shaftesbury, and lost her first husband, Lord Magheramorne, in 1903.

IT would almost seem as though the Fate which orders human affairs had commanded our allies in the East to go forth conquering and to conquer. Not, for the moment, is it possible for us to assign its due proportion to the great naval battle in which the Russian Armada has been destroyed. The event is one in the history of the world, and probably will rank with Trafalgar as marking a stage in history; but we shall have to go forward some distance to see it in its true perspective. In the meanwhile, the imagination is fascinated by the dramatic nature of the action. It would almost seem as if Rozhdestvensky had had some premonition of what was going to take place; halting here and delaying there, he moved reluctantly to his doom. On the other hand, Admiral Togo, unhesitating, unresting, kept his own counsel, chose his own ground for the fight, and, while authorities were inclined to blame him for not attacking sooner, waited patiently and calmly, and then poured his whole strength upon the Russian ships, effecting as complete a destruction of them as was made of the Spanish Armada.

It is a bitter pill for a proud nation like Russia to swallow, but for the sake of humanity it is to be hoped that the bureaucrats who are responsible for this war will not, like Pharaoh in similar circumstances, once more harden their hearts. The Russians have been vanquished both by land and by sea, and there remains scarcely the vestige of a chance by which their fortunes can be retrieved. According to an old military law it was considered a crime worthy of death for an officer to defend a thoroughly untenable fortress, and should the Russian Ministers hesitate to make peace now, blood-guiltiness will rest on their shoulders. In fact, the civilised world would be justified in intervening to say that these operations must at once come to a close. To continue them would simply be to sanction the shedding of blood, without any hope of obtaining a result worthy of the outlay. We cannot forget in this moment of Russia's misfortune that it was the Czar who, a few years ago, broached the doctrine of peace and universal disarmament. There is something cynical in the way in which the whirligig of time has brought its revenges, and the very potentate who then advocated this course has nothing before him now but to sue for peace; yet for him to do so is, in the circumstances, the manliest and most humane course to take.

It will be generally regretted that the Prime Minister was not able to appear in his place in the House of Commons on Monday, and the proposed Vote of Censure had therefore to be postponed. Opinions are bound to differ in regard to a statesman of Mr. Balfour's eminence. He could not be where he is without having first made both enemies and friends, but supporters and opponents will alike agree that he has done yeoman service to his country. His urbanity, tact, and dexterity have made him almost an ideal Leader of the House of Commons, and it is to be hoped that he will very soon be fit to resume his place in that assembly.

The great ocean race from Sandy Hook to the Lizard for the Kaiser's Cup has been won by Atlantic, owned by Mr. Wilson Marshall. She is a three-masted fore-and-aft schooner, 135ft. on the water-line, with 29ft. beam, and a draught of 16ft. 5in., 185ft. over all, and spreads about 22,000ft. of canvas. Last year she won the Brenton's Reef and Cape May ocean races. Mr. Marshall's yacht was in charge of Captain Barr, the hero of the contests for the America Cup, and no doubt her brilliant victory is not a little due to his skilful handling, and to the fact that he set his course *via* Scilly, where she was signalled at 10.25 on Monday morning, passing eastward, abeam of the signal station, and holding a light but fair wind from the south-west; and a beautiful picture she made, with every stitch of canvas set, and the Stars and Stripes fluttering bravely from her peak. Only three Transatlantic races have previously been sailed, and until Monday last Sappho held the record, having crossed from Sandy Hook to Queenstown in 12 days, 9 hours. Atlantic has now completely eclipsed the performance of Sappho by running her journey of 3,000 miles in twelve days; but it may not be generally known that the fastest time in which a boat has ever sailed the course was when the famous Yankee flier Dreadnought, somewhere in the forties, brought her freight across the Atlantic in 9 days 17 hours.

A novel exhibition is to be held at the Whitechapel Art Gallery in a few weeks' time for the purpose of encouraging the cultivation of gardens, on however small a scale, by the people of the East End. The taste for growing a few flowers or vegetables is one which often persists in very inhospitable surroundings, and for some years past the cultivation of window-boxes and scraps of garden has been assisted by an excellent society. The Whitechapel exhibition is intended to include designs, photographs, and models of all kinds representing what it is possible for the gardener in "mean streets" to achieve, and the collection will be drawn from a great number of sources both at home and abroad. The promoters of the exhibition hope also to be able to extend their work on a larger scale than is possible in the East End streets themselves, and to secure the use of land destined for building sites on the fringe of the city as allotments for street-dwellers until the plots are actually required for building upon. Something of the same kind has already been successfully instituted in America.

CONTRASTS.

In the Row each morning prancing,
Every evening Bridge—or dancing,
Rushing, pushing, craving, slaving,
London life pursues its goal.
Paint and powder hide all traces
Of tired smiles and jaded faces,
Woman by her airs and graces
Gaily tramples down her soul.

. . . . . .

Flowerets sweet o'er hedges creeping,
Opening buds twixt leafage peeping,
Scented breeze round lilacs sweeping,
Nature's wand doth beauty raise.
In green pastures lambkins bleating,
Singing birds hold loving meeting,
All proclaim with joyous greeting
"Country life"—in hymn of praise.

GERTRUDE M. SWEETMAN.

Mr. Francis A. Stringer, in *The Times* of Monday, raises his voice against one of the pests of society—the petty usurer. The Money-lenders' Act of 1900 has probably done some good in operating against those who may be called the wholesale money-lenders, but it has proved futile as against the smaller gentry. Most of us know what takes place when a "friend" comes to the relief of somebody in distress. First of all, a considerable sum is deducted from the nominal amount borrowed—that is to say, if a man goes to borrow £30, he receives £25, and the rate of interest is almost incredible. Mr. Stringer quotes one case in which it amounted to 512 per cent. The usual consequence is that the unfortunate borrower goes from depth to depth, and, strive as he may to pay interest, the capital amount grows instead of being decreased. Mr. Stringer's suggestion is that powers should be given to magistrates, when a case like this comes before them, to fix the amount of interest at a reasonable rate or decline to enforce the contract altogether. They will not allow a claimant to recover a gambling debt, and the debt of the petty usurer is even more immoral in its character.

"Snarglu" is a substance to which Mr. Bosworth Smith has given an advertisement that the proprietors perhaps will not value very highly. The inventors are gamekeepers, and it is described as a substitute for the pole-trap, abolished by law. From the description it seems to be a kind of birdlime, and is specially intended for use against the magpie, small birds in rearing-fields, and hawks. It is advised that those who use "Snarglu" should first trace the nest of the bird to be destroyed. They would then capture the bird, next should "daub her feathers with it by hand, and she is then let loose to crawl about as best she can in her maimed condition." If the gamekeeper leaves the nest for a time a similar predicament occurs, for the other magpies mob one that is in distress, and are in their turn caught and paralysed by the compound. Similarly, if jays be caught in the same diabolical manner, we are told that it would soon be possible by this means to rid the ground of these pests altogether. We are glad that publicity has been drawn to such an atrocious design, for a more thoroughly cruel and unsportsmanlike manner of attacking these birds could not very well be imagined. Magpies have already been very much reduced in numbers, so have jays, except in a few localities, and as to the hawks, they are becoming scarcer

every year. After declaring the pole-trap illegal it would be most unfortunate if the Legislature permitted the use of this new invention.

Pleasant as were the summer-like days at the end of May, there is, unfortunately, not the slightest doubt that they did much to aggravate the disastrous effect of the dry weather which has prevailed almost uninterruptedly since the beginning of the month. It is not, however, the whole of the kingdom that has suffered from drought; in Scotland, Ireland, and certain parts of Wales frequent, though not copious, rains have effectually prevented the soil from attaining the parched condition which characterises it in nearly the whole of England. For a just appreciation of the exceedingly small amount of rain that has actually fallen in England, it is only necessary to think of the slight rainfall, and to remember that before May began most of the preceding months had been more or less dry, so that the soil already contained less moisture stored away for future use than is usually the case. It must, too, be borne in mind that the month has been one of a very dry atmosphere, and a great proportion of the winds have come from some easterly or northerly point, in consequence of which evaporation both from the earth and from plant-life has been more than usually great.

The aspect of a large extent of country on the West Coast of Scotland is being modified in a manner that is apparent, but by a cause that is not so obvious to the ordinary observer. On very many of the Argyllshire hills, for instance, the bracken is gaining on the heather and grass to a degree that quite changes the look of the landscape. That the landscape suffers distinct loss by the substitution cannot perhaps be said confidently. It is much a question of taste. The bracken, however, is less useful to the grouse-shooter and to the sheep-farmer, and in considering the interests of the latter we come at once in touch with what is popularly, and probably correctly, ascribed as the cause that has led to the change. In the olden days the hills were ranged over by cattle, which, by trampling down the bracken at the time when it was full of sap, eventually caused it to bleed to death and so kept it within bounds. Sheep have now replaced the cattle, and they do the bracken little or no harm. As a consequence it is spreading ubiquitously and much more freely than is needed.

A very beautiful stretch of country that hitherto has been little visited owing to difficulty of access is about to be thrown open to the tourist in search of the picturesque. This is all that lovely and mountainous district in North Wales through which the London and North Western Railway system has long had a branch line to bring down minerals from Prestatyn and Dyserth. It is now proposed to open this line for passenger traffic also, and in conjunction with it to run motors from Rhyl.

A detailed prospectus has just been issued by the committee of the Fourth International Ornithological Congress, which commences on June 12th. Judging from this an unusually good meeting should result from this gathering of *savants*. The work is to be divided into five sections: I. Systematic Ornithology, Geographical Distribution, Anatomy, and Palæontology. II. Migration. III. Biology, Nidification, and Oology. IV. Economic Ornithology and Bird Protection. V. Aviculture. A long list of papers to be read is given, among which we notice contributions from Mr. J. L. Bonhote, Dr. E. Hartert, Mr. W. P. Pycraft, the Hon. Walter Rothschild, Messrs. H. Scherren and Seth-Smith, and Dr. E. A. Wilson. The lecture by the Hon. Walter Rothschild, to be given at his museum at Tring, promises to be one of quite exceptional interest, inasmuch as he is to give an account of extinct and vanishing birds, illustrated by specimens and drawings. This list, which we have seen, is a remarkable one. On Thursday, June 15th, the members of the Congress will be the guests of Mr. Rothschild at Tring, and on Monday, the 19th, they will be entertained by His Grace the Duke of Bedford at Woburn Abbey. On the following day they will be entertained by Professor Newton at Magdalene College, Cambridge.

The directors of Messrs. Harrod's Stores, a few days since, generously presented to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington a fine specimen of a sea-perch 4ft. 6in. long. On examination this proved to be Epinephelus cernoides, a species which has not hitherto been recorded from British waters; furthermore, it was also unrepresented in the museum collections. The fishes of this genus run to an even greater size than the present specimen, attaining a length of as much as 10ft. The closely-allied genus Serranus, in which till recently fishes of the genus Epinephelus were commonly included, contains species which attain gigantic proportions, and instances are on record where bathers at the Seychelles and Aden have sustained fatal injuries from the attacks of these monsters. The genus Serranus, according to Mr. Boulenger, our greatest authority on fishes, is further remarkable in that it contains several species which are normally hermaphrodite.

Unless the experience of the present writer is quite exceptional the field naturalist will not fail to have been struck by the large number of nests this year in which the eggs have been deserted. In most of the cases it is likely that this is because the eggs have been infertile, and the cause of this is not improbably the coldness of the weather during the pairing season. Pheasant rearers know only too well that it has not been a favourable hatching season, although there have been few years within most men's experience in which wild pheasants have laid as well as they have this year. Curiously, the bad hatching conditions and the conditions that lead to infertility in eggs affect even those birds whose lives are passed in such purely artificial circumstances as canaries in cages.

Though the eggs of the cuckoo are deposited in the nests of birds of many different species, the hedge-sparrow's nest is probably chosen more often than any other in ordinary lowland districts, as the meadow-pipit's is on the moors. But if anyone wishes to make as sure as possible of finding the cuckoo's egg or the aggressive young bird, the place to look for it is in the nest of the reed-warbler. This bird only nests in reeds of one particular kind, and since the cane-like, grey-plumed species of its choice is by no means universally distributed, wherever this is to be found in any abundance near rivers or river-side pools the reed-warbler is likely to be concentrated in numbers, and its nest can easily be found. This the cuckoos seem to have grasped very thoroughly for their own purposes, and three or four of their eggs and young can often be found within a short distance of one another in a suitable reed-bed of this kind. A rare and closely-related bird also much favoured by the cuckoo is the marsh-warbler, which has only of recent years been conclusively proved to breed annually in England, but probably awaits discovery in many other districts where it has not yet been identified.

RONDEAU.

A maiden sang to me a little lay
Just of some old-time lover and his maid;
And of the night I sudden grew afraid,
The hounds of memory broke from leash: at bay
I strove to calm them with the sweet to-day.

"O foolish one," my chiding heart did say,
"Art then so weak that thou must be dismayed
Because a lilt in this or that sweet way
A maiden sang?"

Softly across the night the moon did stray,
Softer across her face a cloud love laid,
And in the dim, hushed heaven there palely swayed
A star. The maiden ceased. "O sing and stay,"
I cried, "for so in youth to me one day
A maiden sang."

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

A newspaper correspondent draws attention to the need for keeping copies of old county records, especially the parish registers and the minute-books of the Quarter Sessions. The registers are valuable in a sense, though the overseers' and old churchwardens' accounts are far more interesting and informing. But his suggestion about the Quarter Sessions' minute-books deserves every consideration. Very few people know that such records have been kept. "I am led to write this letter," he says, "through having recently made a copy of the Breconshire Quarter Sessions, minute-books for the thirty years or so of the reigns of James II., William and Mary, and Queen Anne (1685-1714), and have found these minutes full of curious information and interesting and instructive matter." No doubt that is the case, especially when the magistrates were dealing with cases of political offenders who came before them in the first instance.

Last year having been an excellent apple season, the cyders made are now coming forward for drinking, and excellent they are. It is, indeed, regrettable that, in spite of the increase of the demand for pure cyder, more orchards are not planted and finer apples grown. It is now found possible to combine the orchard and the poultry-farm. Most of the grubs which destroy apples burrow in the ground later. The females of the moth are also in most cases wingless, and have to climb the trees. Scores of active poultry in the orchard not only improve the soil, but pick up and eat the enemies of the apple trees and thrive upon them.

THE GOOSE AND THE COMMON.

Copyright THE MORNING TOILET. "COUNTRY LIFE."

AT the time when the Enclosure Acts were being passed in such numbers—during the latter part of the eighteenth and early half of the nineteenth centuries—the cottager was commiserated with for nothing more than the loss of his facilities for keeping geese. It had long been one of his most important supplemental sources of income, and perhaps more so in the case of the aged than in that of the young. Wintry eld was never pictured more forcibly than when it was done so frequently in the representation of an aged woman driving her geese home from the common at night. The photographs we show to-day prove that the custom has not yet died out. They were mostly taken on the Chiltern Hills, where small commons abound to this day, and they all belong to the cottagers. One of the reasons that make geese so admirable a friend to the working man is that they are able to a large extent to pick up their own living. It is customary to let them stray as much as they like by day; and, indeed, they will wander very far, picking up food as they go through the grass and other herbage, and returning home at night. Very often they do so on the wing. There was an old custom to prevent their going beyond bounds which we fancy has now fallen into disuse. It was to hang an evenly-balanced piece of wood round the gander's neck, in much the same way as old-fashioned sportsmen used to hang a tiny lock round the neck of their retrievers. When the gander tried to get through a narrow opening, he was effectually stopped by this impediment. Naturally, the owners are very anxious about their geese not staying out at night, because these birds are a favourite prey of the foxes, which seem to have a curious partiality for water-birds. If left to themselves geese come to roost close to the edge of some pond or lake, and when alarmed try to save themselves by swimming. Where facilities for keeping them still exist, the cottager may be thoroughly recommended to try this form of poultry-keeping. In a general way the cottager can put up one gander with five or even six geese. We know that this would be considered against the rules by those who produce birds for show, but the common goose, which after all is the best for the poor man's purposes, is much hardier and stronger than the finer-bred animals, and if the gander be of a tolerable age the proportion will be found to work all right. The usual custom is to choose a white gander and grey geese, for the simple reason that it is much more easy to distinguish one from the others when this is done. The next point is to try to obtain goslings as early in the year as possible. Success in this direction must depend to a large extent upon the weather, but it can be to a very great degree promoted by attention being paid to the comfort of the birds. During the mating season special care should be given to seeing that their houses are clean and dry, and there should be no stinting of the food; indeed, this requires attention before the mating season comes on, because, if they have been well fed and well tended for some months previously, they are the more likely to nest quickly, and, of course, early nesting has this advantage, that it leaves time for a second, and in some cases even a third, brood. The goose likes to be retired in quiet at nesting-time. The female does most of the brooding, while the male—somewhat in the manner of his kinsman, the swan—keeps in the neighbourhood, ready to raise an alarm in the event of vermin or

C. E. Walmsley. DRIVING THEM HOME. Copyright

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other enemies approaching. A goose lays from ten to sixteen eggs. Sometimes they come almost on successive days, but occasionally there is quite a long interval between the laying, and this has led to a custom common enough among the villagers of taking the eggs, putting them aside, and keeping them in fresh hay until the clutch is complete. An old goose can undoubtedly be induced by this method of treatment to lay far more eggs than she otherwise would; but a young one is as likely as not to forsake her nest if her eggs are taken away. It should not be forgotten by those who live near a town that a ready sale may be obtained for the eggs themselves without the trouble of hatching them. During the present year the retail price in London was 3d. apiece. Many of the eggs are bought by labourers whose work is hard and whose taste is not squeamish. A delicate stomach would find the flavour somewhat too strong for it, although the eggs may be advantageously employed in the production of various kinds of sweets. However that may be, there is evidently a good market for the eggs, as we noticed the shops kept a constant supply of them early in the year. Mr. Cobbett, who understood the economy of cottagers and commons as well as any man of his time, held that a goose will lay 100 eggs in a year. The goose sits on her eggs for from twenty-eight to twenty-nine days; and, occasionally, a little longer. The chicks when they come out ought to be left in the nest for twenty-four hours, but carefully protected from rats and other animals that look upon them as a dainty. After they have been fed, preferably on a paste made of oatmeal, or barley-meal, and milk, they may be let out with their parents to a green where the grass is young and tender. Of course it will be necessary to keep feeding them for some time. In Lincolnshire, where goose-farming is carried on to a greater extent than in any other part of the kingdom, those who rear the birds are a different class altogether from those who bring them up. As soon as the goslings are fit to take care of themselves they are let out to the farmers at a price which varies slightly, and which leads to a great deal of haggling and discussion. In some districts the breeder expects half the number of geese that come to maturity, which the farmers consider too much. The cottager, however, does not, as a rule, send the goslings to other people to rear, but takes care of them himself. While they are young they are let out for a few hours when the sun is shining, and brought in if it rains or too cold a wind is blowing. Early geese—that is so say, those which were hatched soonest and which develop a constitution suitable for the purpose—are sent to the green to fatten, as a very good price can be obtained for goslings in the months of April and May. Those intended for this special market, of course, cost a good deal—cost so much, in fact, that a goose is quite capable of "eating its own head off," provided it be not sold at a high price. It is usual to mark common geese by cutting off a particular toe close to the web, as on a common there are several flocks, and unless means of this kind were taken it would be impossible to distinguish those of one owner from those of another. Sometimes, too, they are webbed, that is, a hole is pierced through the first or second web between the toes of either foot. There are also marks for the bill and the neck, and as good a way as any—and certainly the least painful—is that of tying a coloured piece o cloth around

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the neck, or placing rings on the legs, as in the case of carrier pigeons. In most districts where geese are raised on commons, the flock must be protected from foxes, which will come close up to the cottage and carry off the young birds. In a county where there is not much hunting, the geese may be left out all night in summer, and will be all the better for the unlimited supply of fresh air. Care must be taken to feed them daily, or they will lose the habit of returning to their home. All this goes on till the harvest begins, when the farmers are anxious to buy up all the goslings they can get from the cottagers to turn them on to the stubbles, eventually to be taken to market and sold as Michaelmas geese. This closes the history of the geese as far as the common and the cottage are concerned. It only begins it for the farmer, who, of recent years, when corn has been of so little monetary value, has found it increasingly remunerative to take a little trouble in the raising of Michaelmas geese, otherwise called stubble or wayzegeese, a name, by the way, which has been taken by printers for their annual outing. For practical purposes the stubble will often serve to fatten the birds, and the flavour of those so fed is generally excellent, as good almost as that of the first wild duck of the year.

Copyright *WATCHFUL PARENTS.* "COUNTRY LIFE."

Copyright *ON THE COMMON.* "COUNTRY LIFE."

The custom of eating roast goose on Michaelmas Day is a very old one, by some is said to date from the time of Queen Elizabeth, it being stated that that Sovereign was eating roast goose when the news came of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and in commemoration of the event she ever afterwards had roast goose at Michaelmas; but this is probably only one of the many mythical stories of the Armada. Tusser, writing in 1573, does not seem to have considered the goose a fit dish for the upper part of the table, but recommends that the ploughman should be given it for his harvest home; yet even then it must have been considered profitable to keep geese, for we read in the Earl of Northumberland's household book, begun in 1512, that "It is thought good to buy geysse so that they be good, and for 3d. or 4d., at the morte seyne, thus three or four mees (messes) may be served thereof." Later the goose increased much in value, and during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was worth almost as much as a ewe lamb. That was the period when goose fairs were at their height.

SHEEP CLIPPING.

IN our country, that is the word—clipping. Our forbears meant something else when they spoke of shearing; and, whatever we may call ourselves, we are a conservative folk; so were we, so may we be for long, and our children after us! Now, in the clipping of sheep, there would not seem to be place for much in the way of mechanical dodgery. And yet visitors to agricultural shows have probably seen (perhaps with practical interest and satisfaction, perhaps with regret) a machine, hideously efficient, which does, let us say, ten men's work in one man's time. What I would fain describe is a clipping day at Norra, a day which begins early, even as they order things there. For Peter the shepherd is in command to-day, and it is one of our common-places that Peter always rouses at cock-crow. Very early in the morning, then, the wakeful Peter has brought up his flocks, easily and leisurely from Coneygarth and High Carre and the Arrow Yetts, and folded them on the shady side of the great

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barn, where yesterday he had men setting up the enclosures of posts and bars. On the north side of the barn is a door opening into a vast twilight dimness; for they keep the barn as cool as may be by shutting close the doors on the south side. The clippers group themselves around the open north doorway in the light. They are four—all picked men. Peter does not clip; it is for him to keep an eye on everyone: on the lads bringing the sheep out of the bars as they are wanted, and on his own deputy, who, with another to hold, is stamping, in molten pitch, the flank of each white-stripped victim with a black B within a circle, the mark of the master of Norra. The lambs escape the shears, of course, but not the ordeal of the B.

Each clipper as he makes an end, deftly rolls up the fleece, and tosses it to the floor-place above, where it is received by old Ben, appraised, sorted, and piled. This is Ben's holiday. Fifty-nine years a shepherd, he is a repository of the country-side sheep-lore of ages; he is well-nigh the last of his race, and when he departs much will die with him. A trap is always sent for Ben on sheep-clipping days; he is attended to by everybody, cockered up and made much of, and it is more than a little pathetic to see the old man's almost tearful regret when his day is over and the pony carriage comes round to take him back to the village. Under the ruling of Ben and Peter, the customs of Norra are those of the old time. These have altered as little almost as the shape of our shears, and that is what it was in Saxon times. The standing dish for 'lowance, indeed, a *pièce de résistance*, is a mighty cheese-cake, and a jolly supper ends the toilsome day.

Henry Best of Elswell, who, in the true sense, flourished in the early part of the seventeenth century, wrote for his son's instruction an account of his own farming methods, and his chapter "Of the Clipping of Sheepe" describes fully the customs in vogue among the sheep-farmers of the Yorkshire Wolds at that time. He says: "The usuall time of yeare for clippinge of sheepe is, hereaboutes, about the 10th or middle of June, according as men finde theire woll to bee risen, and the weather to be sette att a certaine; for a man should allwayes forebeare clipping of his sheepe till such time as hee finde theire woll indifferently well risen from the skinne. . . . The countrey proverbe is

> 'The man that is aboute to clippe his sheepe
> Must pray for two faire dayes and one faire weeke.'

For a faire day the day before hee clippe, that the woll may be dry; a faire day when he clippes; and a weeke of faire weather after hee hath clipped, that the sheepe may be hardened, and theire woll somethinge grown before a storm come; yett they stand need of a fortnight's faire weather. . . . An ordinary clipper will make a shifte to clippe threescore or threescore and tenne sheepe in a day; but a good clipper, if he beginne betimes, will clippe fowerscore or fowerscore and tenne, and that without any greate difficulty. . . . Our manner is allwayes to looke howe many sheepe we have to clippe, and for every threescore and tenne or fowerscore to provide a severall clipper. . . ." It is noteworthy that the clippers seem to have been itinerant folk, like the Whittaws who make a memorable appearance in "Adam Bede." "Our manner is to sette our barres on some cleanly grass-grounde, neare unto some barne or house that is ready swept and drest purposely against that time; and then, if wee dislike or doubte the weather, wee may (on a suddaine) putte them into the house and keepe them dry. . . . It is usuall alsoe, and a custom in some places, to clippe theire lambes aboute the latter ende of June; yett heareaboutes wee can never finde any profitte that way, wherefore wee neaver use it."

He details further the several duties of the men and lads, from the shepherd downwards; the serving of the 'lowance and the supper (described in this paper quite recently); the preparation and cost of the marking stuff; the "lappinge up" of the fleeces, and the sorting of all the "lockes" and refuse pieces, since "aboute the time that the clippers leave worke, poore folkes will come a begginge for woll, and then are you to give them of these lockes, viz., to each a handfull; and that more to those of our owne towne than to others."

He describes, with perhaps a tinge of envy, "My Lord Finches Custome att Watton for Clippinge," on a scale much grander than the plain doings at Elswell: "Hee hath 49 clippers all at once (!), and their wage is to each man 12d a day, and, when they have done, beere, and bread and cheese. . . . His tenants the Graingers are tyed to come themselves and winde the woll, they have a fatte weather and a fatte lamb killed, and a dinner provided for their paines; there will bee usually three or fower score poore folkes gatheringe up the lockes, to oversee whome standeth the steward and two or three of his friends or servants with each of them a rodde in his hande. . . . The shepheards have each of them his bell-weather's fleece"; but, lordliest fancy of all, "there is 6d allowed to a piper for playing to the clippers all the day."

Motives of humanity not less than of economy prompted the old yeoman to admonish the rising generation thus: "Yow are allwayes to have a dish standinge by, either with tarre or sheepe-salve, that if they chance to give a clippe, yow may lye a little tarre on it, and there is noe further dainger; but if they chance to give a pricke with the pointe of theire sheares, then your best way is to clippe the peece quite out; otherwise it will swell and putrefie and the flies blowe it and maggotts; and as soone as yow have clipped the peece out, yow are but to lay on a little tarre and yow have finished the cure."

One remembers Thomas Hardy's description of Gabriel Oak, in "Far from the Madding Crowd," calling for the tar bottle, because his eyes wander from his work to the seductive Bathsheba. Well do I remember, too, old Samuel Fewster, a notable sheep-master, and famous over well-nigh half a county for his breed of pure Leicesters, knitting his shaggy brows and pinching his ample chin in silent vexation whilst a daytal man, hired on an emergency, and nervous and jumpy, perhaps in consequence of a carouse overnight, snipped nick after nick, bloody stained, in the tender skin of the shearlings. At last the old man lost all patience, and, diving into his capacious fob, picked out the sum of the fellow's wage from the sample-bag that served him for a purse, and beckoning the bungler out of the shed, dismissed him incontinently, answering an implied protest with the words: "Nay, nay, man! we've mista'en one 'nother; it's a clipper I maun hev, not a butcher!" Then, calling to little Sam, his sixteen year old grandson, who was showing his inborn quality in his masterly handling of a refractory gimmer, the old man bade him: "Take thou t'shears, laddie, an' let's see how thou'lt frame. Better'n yon chap, I'll upho'd thee!"

H. RAPHOE.

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

WILLY FERNIE, who is always something of a wag, came in once after an Open Championship round at Prestwick saying that he had lost his ball twice *on the putting green*. The Prestwick course, on the West Coast of Scotland, which usually enjoys abundance

S. H. EVERARD ON THE WAY TO THE ELEVENTH GREEN.

A. G. BARRY PUTTING AT THE THIRTEENTH GREEN.

of rain, is generally suffering from an excess, rather than a lack, of grass. This year it was not so. For some weeks before the Amateur Championship the weather was exceptionally dry on the West Coast, with a continuance of winds from the north-east. As an inevitable result, the greens were very keen. They were also very true, and there was a good nap of grass on them that was really surprising, considering what the previous conditions had been; but the ball needed very careful treatment if it was not to be sent out of holing distance. Also, some of the Prestwick holes are in such catchy places that unless the greens are in their normal condition, that is to say, rather heavy, so that one can pitch well and boldly up to the hole, the approaching becomes just a little too difficult to provide quite a fair test of golf. Still, even under the least favourable circumstances the Prestwick course is full of incident and interest; there are few courses that would have borne so well the effects of the weeks of drought preceding the date of the Amateur Championship, and the rain of Wednesday night gave immediate relief. With regard to that championship, the most obvious remark is that the play of the first day of real business—the Tuesday—was full of surprises. On the Monday, in consequence of the record entry, a few byes had to be played off, and of them the most interesting match was between Mr. Blackwell and Mr. Pease. The result hung in the balance till just the end, when Mr. Blackwell won. But on the Tuesday all kinds of terrible things occurred. For one thing, Mr. Ball was beaten by Mr. Laidlay in his very first heat. It is certain that Mr. Ball never has been quite right in his golf since his recent attack of sciatica. And then Mr. Laidlay, after doing such big business as this, went down in the afternoon before Mr. Angus Macdonald, and that after being 2 up and 4 to play. This did not seem quite right. Then Mr. Hilton, who had seemed to be picking up his game again after an interval of some comparative decline, lost to Mr. Cant, a Carnoustie player of certainly not equal fame with himself. So of the real favourites only two were left—Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Graham—after the first full day's play.

If the events of Tuesday were full of surprise, the course of Wednesday's golf, on the contrary, went very much along the humdrum lines of expectation. Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Graham continued to worry through—the latter without any severe hustling, and the former with some little trouble at the hands of Mr. Gairdner, the match being all even with two holes to go. On the Thursday morning Mr. Graham had to meet Mr. Dick (who had put him out in the championship two years before, at Muirfield), Mr. Maxwell met Mr. Barry, Mr. W. Whigham and Mr. Aitken, both Prestwick men, came together, and Mr. Osmund Scott and Mr. Blackwell. If the Wednesday, however, was a day when the course of golf ran smooth on the well-worn lines of anticipation, the Thursday, *per contra*, made amends, as a day full of upsets. The author of the surprises was Mr. Barry in both instances—Mr. Barry, whom by a blind ill-judgment, as it appears, we did not play for England in the international match against Scotland; for if he is a Scotch golfer, at least he is of English birth, and so, on the analogy of Mr. Graham's case, ought to play for England. Mr. Barry, meeting Mr. Maxwell in the morning, beat him, after some good things, and also after some bad things, done on both sides, at the nineteenth hole. This is a win that showed him to have good nerve, although he is so young a golfer. And the fact that he could follow this up by a really very fine win from Mr. Graham in the afternoon, in course of which match the good things done were much more in number than the bad, showed that he had fine staying power, and was not fatigued by the hard game of the morning. Mr. Graham had won fairly easily in his match with Mr. Dick without much strain.

Of the others, Mr. Aitken beat Mr. Whigham in the morning, and Mr. Scott found Mr. Blackwell unsteady in his driving, and had little trouble in defeating him. In the afternoon, playing the steadier golf, Mr. Scott finished off Mr. Aitken at the seventeenth hole, and went into the final tie. It is singular that he has never before done himself anything like justice in this competition, has never before won even a single tie.

So here was an interesting situation for the final—all the favourites beaten, two absolutely new men, young men, both Englishmen, one representative of St. Andrews, one of Westward Ho! golf, the latter, although not, I think, thirty years old, being still some ten years older than the former. The apple-cart of the ancients had suffered a severe overthrow. Everybody knew both finalists to be brilliant young golfers, but nobody, I imagine, expected to see either in the final, because

A. G. BARRY IN THE BUNKER APPROACHING THE SEVENTEENTH GREEN.

golf always seems a game in which the coming men have much difficulty in displacing those that have arrived already. We all have been wondering querulously, for years, why it was that none of the young men could win, and now the winner is young enough to satisfy anybody—nineteen years of age only, I believe. It is almost too young. One begins to ask one's self how often he is likely to win before he has finished. No one can call it a lucky win. He was in a "tight place" in the draw; he met and beat such men as Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Graham. Fate has played us a fine trick in turning out as winner of the championship a man who was not picked for his country in the international match. The story of the final heat is short to tell. After eighteen holes were played the match was level. The rain was almost continuous, water stood on many of the greens, and the conditions were entirely different from those of the beginning of the week. The rain no doubt gave an advantage to Mr. Barry, who used the old leathern grips, over Mr. Scott, who used india-rubber; but why will people use a grip that becomes hopelessly slippery in rain? Still, it was Mr. Barry's putting, rather than his long game, that won him the match! He never failed to be in it, too, when on the green, and Mr. Scott often did so. That is the whole story. But the golf, considering the weather and the great occasion, was very good. It is the critic's business to point out the weak parts which gave the winner his advantage. Mr. Scott was always struggling to reduce the lead which Mr. Barry early took, and though now and again he did reduce it to equality, as at the end of the first round, he never once had his head in front. In the conclusion Mr. Barry won a well-deserved win by 3 up and 2 to play.

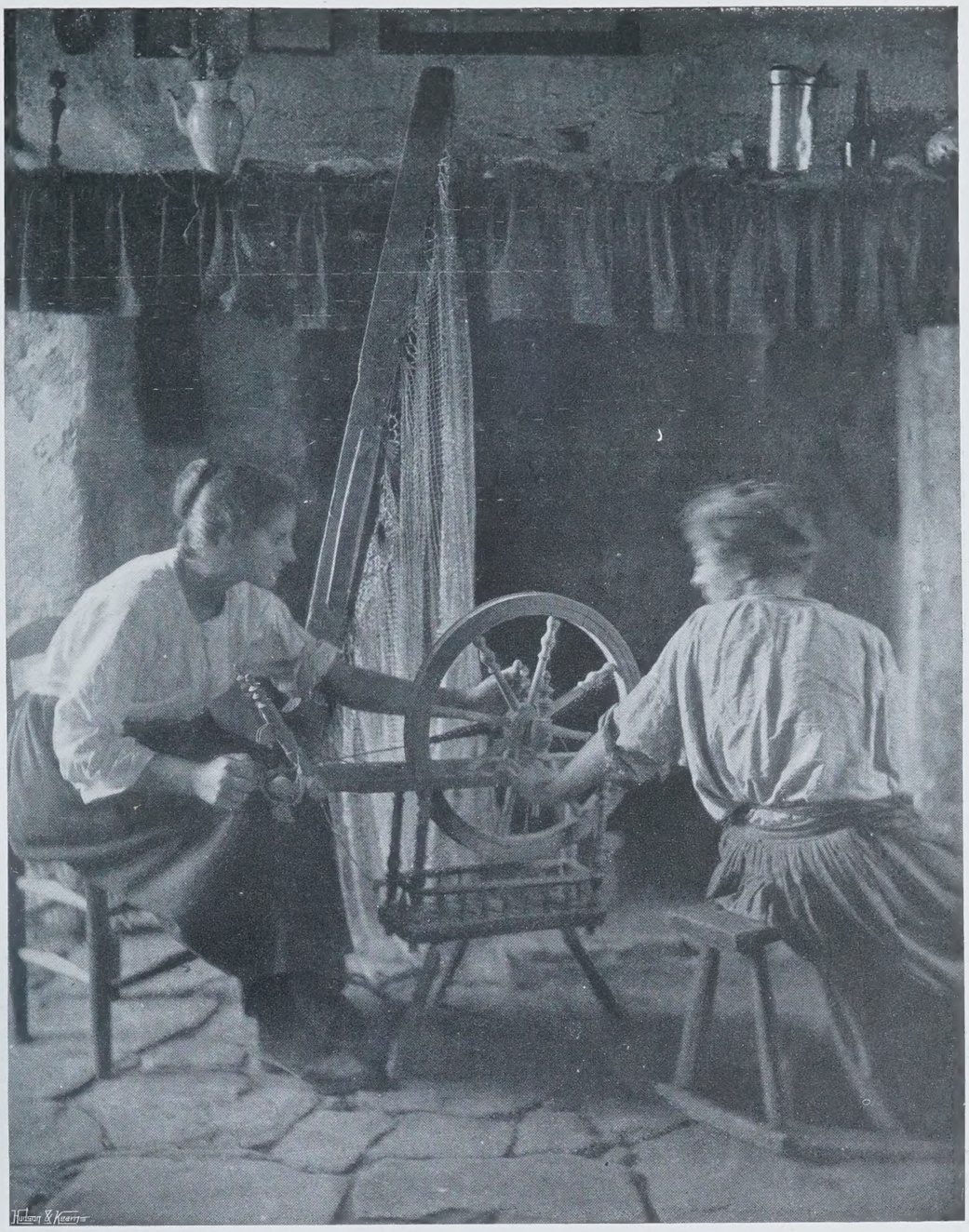
HORACE HUTCHINSON.

A LEGEND OF BRITTANY.

FRANCOIS HUBLOT was a Breton, and he was a sailor. It does not need to say more than that to explain that he was full of superstitions. The easiest way of explaining the man to a native of Great Britain is to say that he was in his soul first cousin to a Celt. He had been born and bred on a rocky shore, where the sea thundered on the iron cliffs. The sound of it had hardly been out of his ears since he began to hear, and his farthest journeys ashore had hardly taken him out of sight of it. In the sea he gained his livelihood by fishing, and in the sea it was not unlikely that he would meet his death. There were times when he felt assured of it, but he did not on that account think of giving up his calling, for he knew no other. He talked to his wife about it at nights when they sat in the little cottage in the nook of the cliffs, where a few potatoes struggled into existence sheltered from the great gales of the north. The cottage stood back to back with another in which his cousin lived, Pierre Gracieux by name, his partner in ownership of their boat and nets. These two dwellings stood rather apart from the rest of the cottages of the village, and perhaps their solitary place helped to strengthen the superstition that was strong in François by race and training. His own wife, his cousin, and his cousin's wife all were less affected by it than François himself, although he was the eldest and the head-partner, with the larger share in the joint enterprise; but for the moment it certainly seemed as if they were under a spell, so ill was everything going with them. Again and again their nets came up with great rents through them, and as a rule François had no evidence to show what had torn them. Pierre said it was done by porpoises or else by seals, but François would not be persuaded that it was any common seal or porpoise. If it were either of these at all, he was convinced that it was the witch seal that made it its business to bore holes in the fishermen's nets all along that coast. Once

M. Emil Frechon. WHEEL AND SHUTTLE. Copyright

he did actually see a seal, in eager pursuit of a salmon, go right through his net at the estuary of the river, and when Pierre suggested that this at all events could not be a witch seal, since it had a fine healthy appetite for salmon, François at once countered him by saying that in all likelihood it was a witch salmon also, and the evidence for this was that no salmon was taken in the net on that occasion. Such an argument there was no gainsaying. Day after day they came back with their nets more or less unaccountably torn, and the first question that they saw in their wives' eyes as they brought the boats to shore was as to the condition of the nets. They learned to ask this even before they asked about the result of the fishing. Then there would be long and anxious examination of the rents in the net, and speculations as to the kind of fish or monster of the deep that had made them. Long before the speculation was finished they had to get to work at the mending, and long after that was done, while the women were busied over their spinning, it would go on until it was time to go to bed. Sometimes they came to the conclusion that one or other of them had done some very wicked thing, for which their joint enterprise was paying the penalty. "And if so, better here than in purgatory," as François' wife would say, trying to make a little comfort for him, but still, as they all felt, better if it would cease altogether. The trouble was that none of them could think what this dreadful thing could be, and though they asked the priest, who was the confessor to whom they told all their sins, he could think of nothing that might reasonably account for it. More than once François' wife had asked him if he had not anything on his conscience against Jean Rameau. Jean Rameau was a much older man than François, a contemporary, indeed, of his dead father, and the death of that father lay, as all the village, and especially François himself, more than suspected, at Jean Rameau's door. Two had gone out in the boat together, Jean Rameau and François' father, and but one had returned—Rameau. He had returned with some marks of a fight, or of violent treatment, on him, and with a story that a discussion had arisen which had gone on to blows, and in the chop of the sea François' father had gone overboard, and there was no hope of saving him. That was Rameau's story, and it was felt to be a lame one. It was a story that had the less chance of fair acceptance, because Rameau was known to be friendly with the mother of François, and it was a friendliness on which ill tongues, without any shadow of proof to go by, put an ill sense. Rameau was careful not to lend any further colour to these dark suspicions. His attitude towards the widow of the man who had more or less directly been drowned by his act was all that the most censorious demanded. He was a widower, but, so far as was known, made her no proposal of marriage, and with scrupulous heed for her good name went no more to her cottage, as he had been accustomed to go while her husband lived.



M. Emil Frechon. *BUSY OVER THEIR SPINNING.* Copyright

François had been little more than a boy at the time; nevertheless, all the events connected with his father's death, so clearly as he knew them, had made a deep impression on him. They had modified his whole outlook on life, and a large segment of that outlook was a persistent hatred of Rameau, which he regarded rather in the light of a bequest that he was, in filial piety, bound to cherish. That was why his wife asked him so often whether he had anything on his conscience regarding Rameau, but as often as she asked him he answered no, with emphasis, adding sometimes that the occasion for his wreaking a revenge on Rameau for his father's death had not yet come. What might occur if and when such an occasion did offer itself he was not quite clear, but he could affirm with confidence that he had done no ill deed yet.

One day it happened that François and Pierre had gone out to a fishing-ground a mile or two north-west of some rocks of which the local name may be fairly translated by Skerries, and by pure chance Rameau and his son, nineteen years of age, had chosen the same ground for their fishing. The morning had been fair when they started away on the half-flood tide at daybreak, but towards midday the clouds rolled up from the north and east, and the sky grew threatening. Had Rameau not been there, François would have gathered his nets inboard and begun beating up for home at the first sight of those low skies to windward; but he felt a kind of emulation, determining him to stand to it as long as Rameau, who perhaps was animated by something of the same spirit. François was always the masterhand in the boat, and though Pierre begged him again and again to let him haul the nets in and stand up to the wind, he would not consent, until a white squall with a blinding hail struck the boat suddenly and threw her almost on her beam ends. Then at length François consented to take in the nets, and they began the hard beat homeward against a storm that was increasing every moment. It was not till the nets were inboard and François had taken the tiller that they had time for a look at Rameau in the other boat. He, too, had concluded that he had been there long enough, and was beating up 100yds. or so nearer

the land on the same tack as themselves. "He'll be on the Skerries directly if he don't go about from that tack!" Pierre shouted through the hail. François gave no answer, as if he thought the fate of Rameau little important. He did not even glance at the boat till an exclamation of Pierre's drew his attention to it again.

"Mon Dieu!" The experienced eyes of the fishermen told them instantly what had happened. Rameau, attempting to make the narrow passage, at all times risky, between the Skerries rocks and an outlying rock that did not show above the water, had been forced by wind and tide upon the latter. In one minute's space that which had just now been a boat was a helpless thing of wood and canvas at the waves' mercy. Pierre for a moment did not realise what François was doing; then he perceived that he was still steering straight on his way, on the same tack as before. "Starboard! Starboard!" he cried loudly, preparing for the boat's going about; but François, with a set face, held steadily on. Pierre came to him in the stern; he prayed him fervently to put the boat about, to help the others. Still François kept stonily on. At that moment a white thing with immense wings rose out of the sea. In the violence of the storm it was swept down past them almost before they were aware of it. Pierre felt the boat give a plunge. He saw that François, loosening his hold of the tiller, was covering his face in his two hands. Pierre seized the tiller, and was putting the boat's head about, but François dashed his hand away and steered the boat himself; himself, this time, steering her about, shouting the while needless directions to Pierre for the management of the sheets. The sails filled again on the new tack, tugging like live mad things at the sheets. In a very few seconds they were down abreast of the heap of drifting wreckage that five minutes ago had been Rameau's swift-sailing Hirondelle. As the deck lay over towards them they could see plainly that there was but one person on board—the stripling. Unquestionably, Rameau, the father, had been washed overboard and carried away. François shouted strongly to the boy, and in response the latter lifted his body on his hands, rather as a seal rises on its fore flippers, but he could do no more, and François saw at once that he had been badly injured.

He beckoned Pierre to come to the tiller, and himself went forward, and at most imminent risk of his life, as the boat danced in the waves, climbed out along the bowsprit shrouds. The two men had been at sea so long together that they could work as it were with one mind, and in an instant Pierre was aware of François' purpose. Steering with the care that a case of life or death demanded, and with the skill of lifelong practice, he brought the bowsprit of their own boat at one moment high above the wreck of the other. The next moment it plunged down into the trough of the wave, burying François to his middle in the choppy water. François gave little heed to his own safety, and leaning as far as he could over the bowsprit, had seized the youth by his two outstretched arms and hauled him partly across the bowsprit before the lift of the next sea took them both high in the air out of the water. Even so he could move him no further, for the boy lay like a senseless bundle, an inert dead weight. François seized the moment again when the next dive of the bowsprit into the water lightened the weight of his burden to move it a few feet along the bowsprit. Pierre dared not quit the tiller to come forward to his aid, but at last, worn to exhaustion by his efforts, the other succeeded in getting the limp body inboard, and laid the boy, still mercifully unconscious from the pain of a broken leg, in the tiny cabin. Then, in the teeth of the gathering storm, they began again the long beat homeward, which it took them four good hours to accomplish.

That beat was the hardest and that escape was the narrowest that ever fell to the lot of François and Pierre, yet it seemed, by a singular coincidence, as if that were the very turning point of their fortunes. From that day forward the tearing of the nets ceased, as if by miracle, and their fishing ventures were always above the average of the others in results. Of Rameau nothing was ever seen or heard, and his son, whose leg soon mended, reported that he had gone overboard on the first shock, and in the following year the lad requited François' service in kind by saving his life for him.

It is certain that had it not been for the sudden appearance of the white thing, that vanished as soon as it came, François would have held on his way, and never would have turned to save Rameau's son. Pierre, when François was not there, declared that the white thing was very like a gannet, which he believed the boat had very nearly run down while it was sleeping on the water; but François knew a great deal better. This was nothing but the soul of his father, for it was just here that his father had been drowned, and he knew that the soul had appeared to tell him that he was wrong in his judgment of Rameau, that

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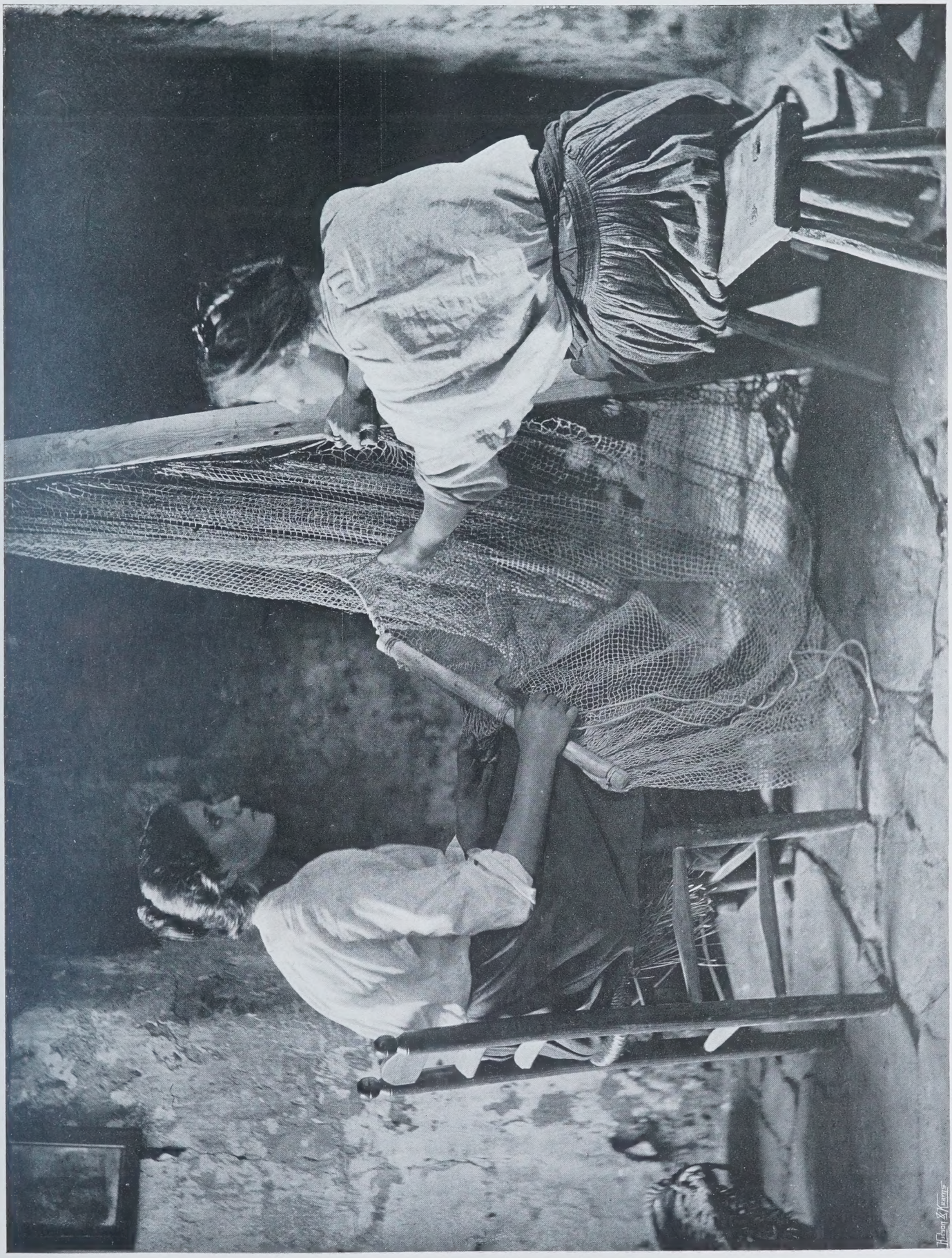

LOOKING AT THE RENTS.

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he was wicked to harbour in his heart the thoughts he had of him, and that he must put about at once to give what assistance he could in the disaster that had befallen Rameau's boat. And the best proof that he was right is that everything thereafter went so well with their fishing.

THE LAW OF THE HORSE.

I.—Warranties.

THE owners of horses, as a rule, know more about the various "points" of these animals than they do of the law in connection with them, and to those readers it is hoped that the following remarks may be found of some practical interest. The purchaser of a horse is beset with endless difficulties, and, unless he has some slight acquaintance with the law relating to this subject, he is very likely to find himself involved in trouble, however expert may be his knowledge of the animal itself; a few hints, therefore, on this head may not be out of place.

In buying a horse the rule of law is *caveat emptor*, and in the absence of an express warranty the seller is only deemed to warrant it to be an animal of the description which it appears to be, and nothing more; consequently it was decided in the case of Jones *v.* Bright that a purchaser, who fails to make enquiries as to its soundness or qualities, has no remedy against the seller if the horse afterwards turns out to be unsound, restive, or unfit for use. There are, however, certain implied warranties on the sale of a horse which the law reads into the contract, even if nothing is said about them by the parties at the time, and the most important of these is a warranty of title, that is to say, unless the circumstances of the contract are such as to show a different intention, the seller, under Section 12 of the Sale of Goods Act, 1893, is deemed to warrant (1) that he has the right to sell the horse, (2) that the buyer shall have quiet possession of it, and (3) that it is free from any charge or encumbrance in favour of any third party not disclosed or known to the buyer before, or at the time when the contract is made.

The same statute by Section 5 implies two further warranties, viz. (1) That where on the sale of a horse the buyer expressly or by implication makes known to the seller the particular purpose for which he is buying that horse, then the seller is deemed to warrant that the horse in question is fit for this particular purpose; and (2) that where a horse is bought by description from a seller, and the buyer also examines him prior to, or at the time of, the sale, there is an implied condition that the horse comes up to that description, and that it has no defects other than those which such examination ought to have revealed.

These three are the only warranties which are implied on the sale of a horse, and the purchaser will, therefore, do well to get an express warranty on any further points which he may deem advisable, according to the purpose for which he requires the animal. This warranty need not be in writing, though a good deal of litigation would be avoided if this were habitually the case; nor need any particular words be used provided that the intention of the seller is clear. For instance, it was held in the case of Salmon *v.* Ward that it is quite sufficient for a seller to say "This horse is sound" without the prefix of the words "I warrant," the general rule, as laid down by Mr. Justice Bailey in the case of Wood *v.* Smith, being that whatever the seller represents at the time of the sale is a warranty. Words of expectation and estimate only do not, however, amount to a warranty.

Express warranties are of two kinds, general and qualified. The former are unconditional undertakings that the horse is really what the warrantor professes it to be, while the latter only relate to the particular point mentioned. For example, the seller may say, "I never warrant, but the horse is sound as far as I know." This is a qualified warranty of soundness, and the buyer can recover on it if he can show that the seller knew of any unsoundness that may afterwards come to light.

Sometimes also a limited warranty is given, as in the case of Chapman *v.* Gwyther, where the seller signed the following warranty:

"June 5th, 1865. Mr. C. bought Mr. G. G. a bay horse for £90. Warranted sound.—G. G."

"Warranted sound for one month.—G. G."

This was held to limit the warranty to one month of the sale, within which time the complaint of unsoundness must be made by the buyer.

A general warranty does not cover patent defects, meaning by this term those that are obvious to the buyer, but only those which are of such a nature as to be hidden from a man of ordinary perception. But where the buyer knew of the defect at the time of the sale, he cannot recover on a general warranty, even if the seller had warranted the animal to be sound in every respect. If, however, the buyer suspects some defect, and wishes to examine and try the horse, but the seller objects, saying, "I will warrant him," it was decided in the case of Dorrington *v.* Edwards that the latter is liable for the defect.

A particular express warranty cannot be extended by implication so as to cover other points not mentioned. So that if, on the sale of a horse, the seller, knowing that the buyer requires it for the purpose of carrying a lady, warrants it sound, and it afterwards turns out that, though quite sound, the horse is not fit for this particular purpose, there would be no breach of warranty, and the buyer would have no ground of action, the maxim being *expressum facit cessare tacitum.*

When several horses are sold at an entire price with a warranty as to them all, though the contract of sale is entire, the warranty applies individually to each horse. Another point to be borne in mind is that a warranty only applies to the state of the horse at the actual time of the sale, unless the seller expressly extends it to some future period, which he mentions in the warranty.

Where a horse is sold with a warranty, any fraud on the part of the seller at the time of the sale will void it, and entitle the buyer to recover the price, together with any loss which he may have suffered in consequence of the fraud, but an immaterial representation in the warranty has not this effect. Lord Eldon, in the case of Geddes *v.* Pennington, where a horse was sold under a warranty of soundness, but with a misrepresentation as to the place from which it was brought, held "that if the warranty was answered, a misrepresentation as to the place from which the horse was procured would not suffice to set aside the sale."

LL. B.

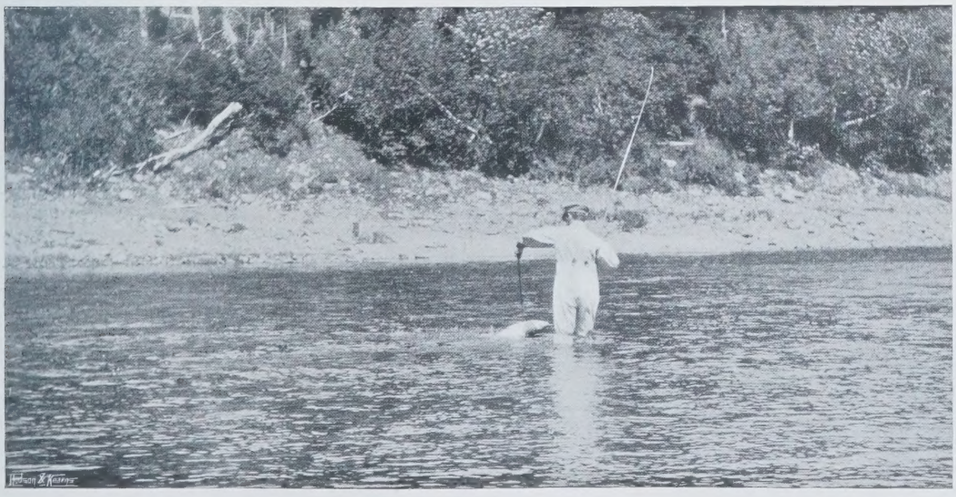
SPORT IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

THERE is no necessity at the present time to say anything in praise of Newfoundland as a sporting country. Its manifold attractions for the hunter of big game have been duly proclaimed to the world by great sportsmen and explorers like Mr. F. C. Selous, of African renown; Mr. J. G. Millais, the artist naturalist; Mr. H. Hesketh Prichard, novelist and cricketer; Admiral Sir W. R. Kennedy, K.C.B.; and many others. Mr. Selous writes: "I know of but one really wild country where big game is still plentiful, which can be quickly and easily reached, and where a shooting trip can be undertaken at a comparatively small cost, and that is the island of Newfoundland." The explanation of this laudation of Newfoundland as a sportsman's paradise is not far to seek. The whole island (larger than Ireland) is one vast deer park. The interior is wholly uninhabited by man, and over this vast expanse range great herds of caribou—Tarandus ranifer Terra-novæ, the very finest of the reindeer family. To the real sportsman the special interest and attraction of Newfoundland lie in the fact that it is virgin ground. There are still hundreds of square miles wholly unexplored, where the foot of the white man has never trod; lakes and streams where no angler's fly has ever been cast.

Much has been written about the shooting, but so far very little about the fishing, which is even more extensive than the vast caribou grounds. Newfoundland and its great dependency Labrador, measured in a straight line, have over 3,000 miles of seacoast, and possess more than 200 good salmon rivers. The game fishes of the colony consist entirely of the salmonidæ. There are no pike or perch or other predatory fishes, except eels, in the inland waters. The splendid Atlantic salmon and sea-trout running from ½lb. up to 5lb. abound in most Newfoundland rivers. They average 8lb. on some parts of the west coast, and run to 10lb. and 12lb. on the Labrador; brown trout are simply innumerable, often small, but in some waters pounders and even five-pounders are taken.

The island is most plentifully supplied with lakes and rivers, all teeming with trout. "Trouting" is the great colonial recreation, and the native thinks himself quite unsuccessful unless he can bring home five to ten dozen. The sea-trout and salmon abound about the mouths of the estuaries in May and early June. Just at this time the capelin, small, silvery fish of the salmonidæ family, very like a smelt in appearance, appear. On these small fishes the trout and salmon gorge themselves. About the second week in June, in the earliest southern rivers, salmon make their first appearance in the Grand River Codroy, Little River Codroy, Harry's Brook, St. George's Bay, the Humber, etc. As a general rule, the large fish come first, and at the end of June or beginning of July the grilse appear, and a little later the sea-trout.

IO TRIUMPHE!



WELL GAFFED.

The latest writer on Newfoundland angling is Captain Sir Bryan Leighton, Bart., and this paper is illustrated from photographs taken by himself and Lady Leighton. Every year an increasing number of tourists and fishermen visit Newfoundland, mostly Americans. They are able to reach the rivers on the third day after leaving New York or Boston by an all-rail route and a five hours' passage by sea on the Reid's Palace Steamer Bruce. By this

way they come direct to the earliest rivers on the South-West Coast, all intersected by the line of railway. The fishing is quite extensive, plenty of pools, and from fifteen to twenty miles of what Sir Bryan declares the finest sporting water. On these rivers there are comfortable boarding-houses, Tompkin's Afton Farm, Little River, Doyle's at Grand River Codroy, and at Harry's Brook and St. George's a country hotel called the Log Cabin, kept by two young Englishmen. There is an ample supply of excellent guides, boats, and boatmen. As there are trains every day, up and down, the angler can take his choice from Little River Codroy to Highland Brook, Crabbs, Middle Barachois, Robinson, and Fischel's Brook, all near the railway, and all good rivers for fish. For a long space the line follows Harry's Brook, and there are plenty of pools and rustic camps. This south-western angle of the colony is known locally as "the rivers."

POLING UP.

Passing further north we come to the finest stream and the most picturesque scenery in the island. As the traveller descends the steep grade from Mount Moriah the beautiful panorama of the land-locked Humber Arm is laid out before him. Picturesque and enchanting as the view may appear on a fine summer day, it cannot for a moment be compared with the seacoast scenery of the entrance, thirty-five miles further out. S. G. W. Benjamin, the art critic of the *New York Century*, declares "that the views around the outer islands of the bay are the finest and grandest coast scenery in America, if not in the world." To enjoy this fine trip passage should be taken by Bowring's or Reid's steamers, which ply regularly along the coast.

After rounding the Humber Arm, from time to time the traveller catches glimpses through the foliage of the beautiful Humber River with its high wooded banks. It is a large, deep river navigable for boats for a considerable distance. In the early part of the season the fishing is good in the lower reaches. The seals do some damage, but no nets are allowed, and the river is well looked after. As a general rule the fish do not stay long in the lower stream, but pass quickly through Deer Lake into the Upper Humber. This is easily reached from Deer Lake railway station and post-office. I may say, in passing, that one great convenience for tourists and sportsmen is the recent establishment of a branch of the great Bank of Montreal at Bay of Islands.

A short row takes you across Deer Lake to the entrance of the river, and Nichol's Farm, where can be obtained guides and boats. Sir Bryan Leighton gives the highest praise to the Nichols as guides. The Humber is a noble stream and full of fish, but to get real sport you must ascend to the big falls; this takes a whole day—Sir Bryan and Lady Leighton were two days on the journey. One of the sights to be remembered is the scores of big salmon jumping all day long at the falls. They write most enthusiastically about the sport in this grand pool under the falls. "For a fortnight," says Sir Bryan, "the angler will take his six fish a day, and then the grilse become a positive nuisance, taking the fly right under the nose of their senior the salmon." "I have," he says, "put back twenty grilse a day"; considering that these exceedingly lively grilse range from 3lb. to 6lb., it is not bad sport. I may be a heretic, but grilse-fishing with a light rod seems to me delightful. Still, to the man who goes in for the big salmon it is not the real thing. Sir Bryan states that he saw no fish over 30lb., but twenty-pounders were common. The largest fish, so far, taken with a fly in Newfoundland waters weighed 36lb.; two were taken last season in Little River Codroy, by a Mr. Daggett of Boston and Mr. Cormick of Florida, weighing 34lb. and 32lb. At the Grand River Codroy Lieutenant Hon. Gathorne Hardy, R.N., from June 18th to July 7th, 1900, took fifty-eight fish, of the following weights: 22lb., 21lb., 10½lb., 9lb., 8lb., 11lb., 9lb., 10lb., 14lb., 12lb., 10lb., 10lb., 9lb., 8lb., thirty-four grilse 3lb. to 6lb. This score has been exceeded by Messrs. Daggett and Cormick, and Sir Bryan and Lady Leighton's catch last season at the Upper Humber was even heavier.

The most remarkable change in Newfoundland angling has been the extraordinary increase in the size of the fish. Formerly a 30lb. fish was a prodigy, now thirty-pounders are commonly taken in nets. Last season there were three forty-five-pounders, and one splendid male fish, a perfect picture, of 50lb. It is clearly due to the removal of the nets from the rivers and the good policing of the streams by river-wardens. This is especially true about the rivers most frequented by wardens. Another good move is the placing of salmon ladders on three rivers last season. Two of these, the Terra Nova and Exploits, are splendid streams. I was engaged in this work last year. As an enthusiast, I spent more than double the grant. The full results cannot yet be ascertained. At Terra Nova the building of the passway had splendid results. Big fish in large numbers surmounted the falls. The inner waters of this river and Exploits contain large quantities of land-locked salmon. When once the sea salmon reach these head-waters, I believe the land-locked salmon will accompany their congeners back to the sea, and thus add immensely to the run of fish in these rivers. Terra Nova is never visited by anglers. It contains the finest and deepest pools, and, in my opinion, will be a formidable rival to the other well-known and frequented rivers. The reader will like to know about the most taking salmon-flies. Sir Bryan Leighton declares for the Wilkinson, although he admits that the Jock Scott and Silver Doctor are nearly as good. Mosquitoes and sand-flies are a nuisance on all Canadian and Newfoundland rivers, but with proper precautions the inconvenience may be reduced to a minimum. Admiral Sir Charles Fane used a light veil, with just an opening for the mouth and eyes.

BRINGING HIM ASHORE.

Besmearing this part well with tar and sweet oil, he found a very complete protection. Wading out in the stream, or in a boat with any wind, the flies are not half so bad as on shore, or on a calm day, or just before rain. I can say for myself that, when fish are taking freely, I never minded flies. Besides the rivers I have mentioned, the railway intersects the following: Gander (a noble river), Gambo, Terra Nova, Clode Sound Brook, and Come by Chance—the two latter excellent for sea-trout. The tourist can obtain all information about passages from Allan's, Liverpool; about local steamers from Bowrings, Limited; and from the Reid Newfoundland Railway Passenger Department and the Marine and Fishery Department, St. John's, full particulars can be obtained about accommodation, guides, etc.

D. W. PROWSE.

"HERBES O' VERTUE."

"O! who can tell,
The hidden powre of herbes, and might of Magick spel?"
SPENSER: "The Faërie Queene."

IN order to obtain the full virtue from herbs, or "simples," as they used to be termed, our forefathers deemed it necessary to observe carefully certain prescribed rites whilst gathering them, such as repeating some quaint formula, or consulting the age of the moon, for above all things it was necessary to obtain "Herbs that had on them the cold dew o' the night." A full moon was supposed to confer special healing properties, just as the waning moon or an eclipse would bring about baleful results, as the witches in "Macbeth" knew well when they included

"Slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse"

amongst the ingredients of their "charmed pot." In "Paracelsus" Browning writes:

"By a mighty moon, I tremblingly
Gathered these magic herbs, berry and bud."

Herbs that were gathered under either the May moon or the harvest moon were especially prized for medicinal purposes. In "The Old Mansion," Southey commends a clever housewife, who was learned in the mysteries of "simples," and of whom he observes:

"She had rare cordial waters, and for herbs
She could have taught the doctors."

Every dwelling of any pretension used to possess its herb garden and still-room, so that the lady of the house might be able to concoct many a cordial or healing ointment for the benefit of her family and dependents, or it might perhaps be some amulet or love-potion, for superstition was rife amongst all classes in olden days. When Shakespeare wrote:

"O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities,"

he was referring to their fabled powers as well as their true ones, for many plants acquired a superstitious reputation for healing merely from their shape, or from some peculiar mark upon them. Thus the wood-sorrel, which has a heart-shaped leaf, was used as a cordial; dragon-wort was supposed to counteract snake-bite, on account of its speckled appearance; whilst the yellow juice of the celandine caused it to be recommended for jaundice, upon the principle that "like cures like." Properly speaking, our word orchard really signifies a herb yard or garden, being derived from the Saxon "ort-yeard" or wort-yard. Many plants still retain the old Saxon term in their name. Thus, St. John's wort really means St. John's herb.

Great importance used to be attached to the pimpernel, for, according to an old couplet:

"No heart can think, no tongue can tell
The virtues of the pimpernel."

It was regarded as an infallible charm against any epidemic of sickness, and was said to be "a reviver of the spirits," as its name signifies. An ancient manuscript declares that "the herbe pimpernelle is good to prevent witchcraft if it be gathered from a churchyard." To complete the charm, it was essential to gather the flower early in the morning, before breakfast, and to repeat the following lines while doing so:

"Wake, pimpernelle, I thee have found
Growing upon Christ Jesus's ground;
The same guift the Lord Jesus gave to thee
When He shed His blood upon the tree.
Arise up, pimpernelle, and goe with me,
And God shall blesse me,
And all that weare thee. Amen."

St. John's wort used to be much used by Danish maidens for the purpose of divination. Like mugwort, it was supposed to prevent weariness if placed in the shoes before starting upon a journey, and to enable the traveller to quite outstrip his fellows. "The Magic Garters and Staff," mentioned in "The Golden Legend," were also supposed to induce speed. Directions for making these garters are thus given in an old work: "Gather some of the herb called mother-wort, when the sun is entering the first degree of the sign of Capricorn: let it dry a little in the shade, and make some garters of the skin of a young hare: that is to say, having cut the skin of the hare into strips two inches wide, double them, sew the before-mentioned herb between, and wear them on your legs. No horse can long keep with a man on foot who is furnished with these garters." The Saracens had great faith in the powers of groundsel for healing wounds. This plant blossoms nearly all the year round, as an old rhyme says:

"Through storm and wind,
Sunshine and shower,
Still ye will find
The grounsel in flower."

Rue, the herb of grace, probably gained its reputation for breaking the spells of witchcraft because it was so often employed for sprinkling holy water. Spenser includes this herb in the ingredients of a charm by which the aged Nurse endeavoured to change the current of Britomart's thoughts when she fell in love with the image of Sir Artegal in a magic mirror. Old Glancé

"Gathered Rue and Savine, and the flowre
Of Camphora, and Calamint, and Dill:
All which she in an earthen Pot did poure,
And to the brim with Coltwood did it fill,
And many drops of milk and blood through it did spill.

Then, taking thrice three heares from off her head,
Them trebly threaded in a threefold lace,
And round about the Pots mouth bound the thread
And, after having whispered a space
Certain sad words with hollow voice and bace,"

Glancé completed the charm by turning round three times contrary to the sun, for, as she observed:

"Th' uneven nomber for this busines is most fitt."

Another favourite amulet was vervain, the holy herb, which was much used in ancient religious rites, and subsequently for decorating the altars of churches. Roman heralds always crowned their heads with vervain when they either declared war or made a truce. Drayton alludes to this custom:

"A wreath of vervain heralds wear,
Amongst our garlands named,
Being sent that dreadful news to bear,
Offensive war proclaimed."

Rosemary was greatly valued for its powers of strengthening a weak memory; hence it became the symbol of remembrance. Ophelia gave a sprig of it to her brother, saying, "There's rosemary: that's for remembrance: pray, love, remember." A poet of Elizabethan times writes:

"Rosemary is for remembrance
Between us day and night,
Wishing that I might always have
Thee present in my sight."

Rosemary was also used as a love-charm, the reason being "Both Venus, the love goddess, and rosemary, or sea-dew, were offsprings of the sea, and, therefore, as Love was beauty's son, Rosemary was Love's nearest relative." In "Hudibras," Butler writes:

"The sea his mother Venus came on;
And hence some learned men approve
Of rosemary in making love."

It is also said that he

"Who passeth by the rosemarie,
And careth not to take a spray,
For woman's love no care has he,
Nor shall he, though he live for aye."

Anne of Cleves wore sprays of rosemary at her marriage with Henry VIII., as this flower was then used by brides instead of orange blossoms, and wedding guests wore it instead of a white favour. Strange to say, rosemary was also closely associated with funerals, the mourners each carrying a spray to drop into the grave at the conclusion of the service. Gay alludes to it in his "Pastorals" as an emblem of immortality:

"To show their love, the neighbours far and near,
Followed with wistful looks the damsel's bier.
Sprigged rosemary the lads and lasses wore."

Powdered rosemary applied to the face was supposed to have magical effects for restoring faded beauty, and a bath of rosemary taken three times a day was said to restore youth and vigour. Southey speaks highly of this plant in "The Ruined Cottage:

"Sweet-briar, scenting sweet
The morning air, rosemary and marjoram
All wholesome herbs."

In the language of flowers, rosemary signifies fidelity in love. Shakespeare referred to this when he made the old Nurse ask, "Do not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?"—that is, with the same letter. Like lavender, the rosemary is said to flourish well in places "where the mistress is master of the house."

JOYCE COVERT.

THE . . . GARDENS OF ITALY.

THE . . VILLA ALBANI.—II. ROME.

THERE is a charming small casino at the far side of the garden, which was probably the great Professor's private apartment. It is easy to imagine him and the Cardinal exulting over their new acquisitions, deciding their positions, sauntering in the gardens, which grew more beautiful year by year, while Winckelmann wrote his famous works on art. His patron gave him time and opportunity for perfecting himself as a connoisseur. He was sent to other galleries to see any treasures they possessed, and gradually acquired a certainty of eye and taste which made him the greatest living authority on sculpture. Truth, harmony, and beauty were his guiding principles, and he joined to wide knowledge and reading a ready and tenacious memory. He was an indefatigable worker, and book after book came from his hand, on engraved gems, on the state of art and science in Italy, and that, his greatest, on the history of Greek art. The revised edition of this was just finished, in 1768, when the pleasant friendship that had lasted for eleven years came to an end in dismal tragedy. Winckelmann decided to go for a tour to Vienna, to see old friends and to accept some of the invitations he had received from famous and learned men. In Vienna he was received with the most gratifying honours. The King and Queen loaded him with presents, the Ministers, many of them great connoisseurs and patrons of art, expressed their gratitude to the man who had written its famous history. He passed delightful days in the old villa of Schönbrun, where the Baron de Sperges invited him to meet the Queen and a bevy of archdukes and archduchesses. On June 1st he left Vienna on his return to Rome, from which he had with difficulty remained so long away. His letters written at this time to the Cardinal express his continual longing to get back. On his arrival at Trieste he was obliged to wait for a ship for Ancona, and struck up an acquaintance with a stranger, who lodged next door to him in the inn. Winckelmann, who was of a simple, open nature, took a liking to the man, talked freely of his journey, and displayed a gold medal given him by Maria Theresa, and admitted having a considerable sum of money in his possession. The stranger was a certain Francesco Archangeli, a malefactor who had been condemned to death, but whose sentence had been commuted to banishment. One evening as Winckelmann sat writing in his room, working on the last references of his forthcoming book, Archangeli came in, and, with many protestations of regret, announced his impending departure. He begged the professor, as a last favour, to show him his gold medal once more, in order that he might take away a final remembrance of it. Winckelmann willingly agreed, and while he was stooping down to take it from his trunk the villain stole up behind him and tried to strangle him with a cord. He resisted desperately, and almost succeeded in throwing off the assassin, who thereupon drew a knife and stabbed him in five places. Archangeli then fled, without, however, obtaining possession of the medal. The unfortunate man succeeded in arousing help, and a doctor was fetched, only to pronounce at least two of the wounds to be mortal. Winckelmann lived long enough to make his will, and the register of the tribunal records that he died with the firmness of a hero and the piety of

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ROMAN TEMPLE AND FOUNTAIN.

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a Christian, resigning himself without lamentation and pardoning his murderer. The latter was caught, convicted, and broken on the wheel. His victim was buried in Rome amid universal mourning, and his bust was placed in the Pantheon with an inscription recording all he had done for the cause of art, while another has been placed by Prince Torlonia in the garden that he loved. The greatest service he rendered to art was to take the antique once more into the province of the artist. Hitherto only antiquaries had written about it; it was only looked upon as interesting from a historical or mythological point of view, but Winckelmann set it forth at once as the standard and guide, which all artists should set before them.

The Cardinal lived for eleven years longer, and died at eighty-nine. In 1868 the villa was bought by Prince Torlonia,

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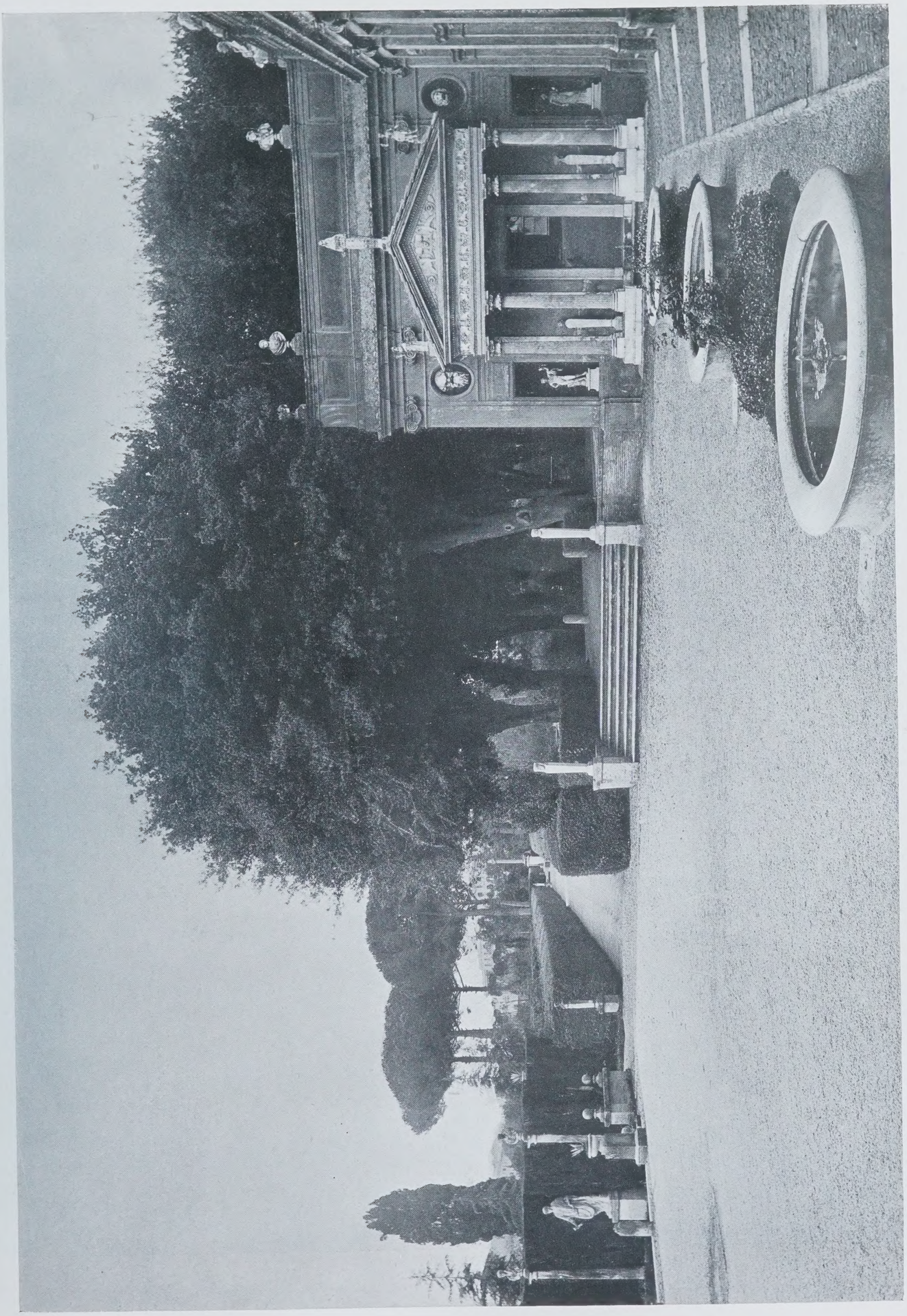

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THE CARRIAGE DRIVE—WEST.

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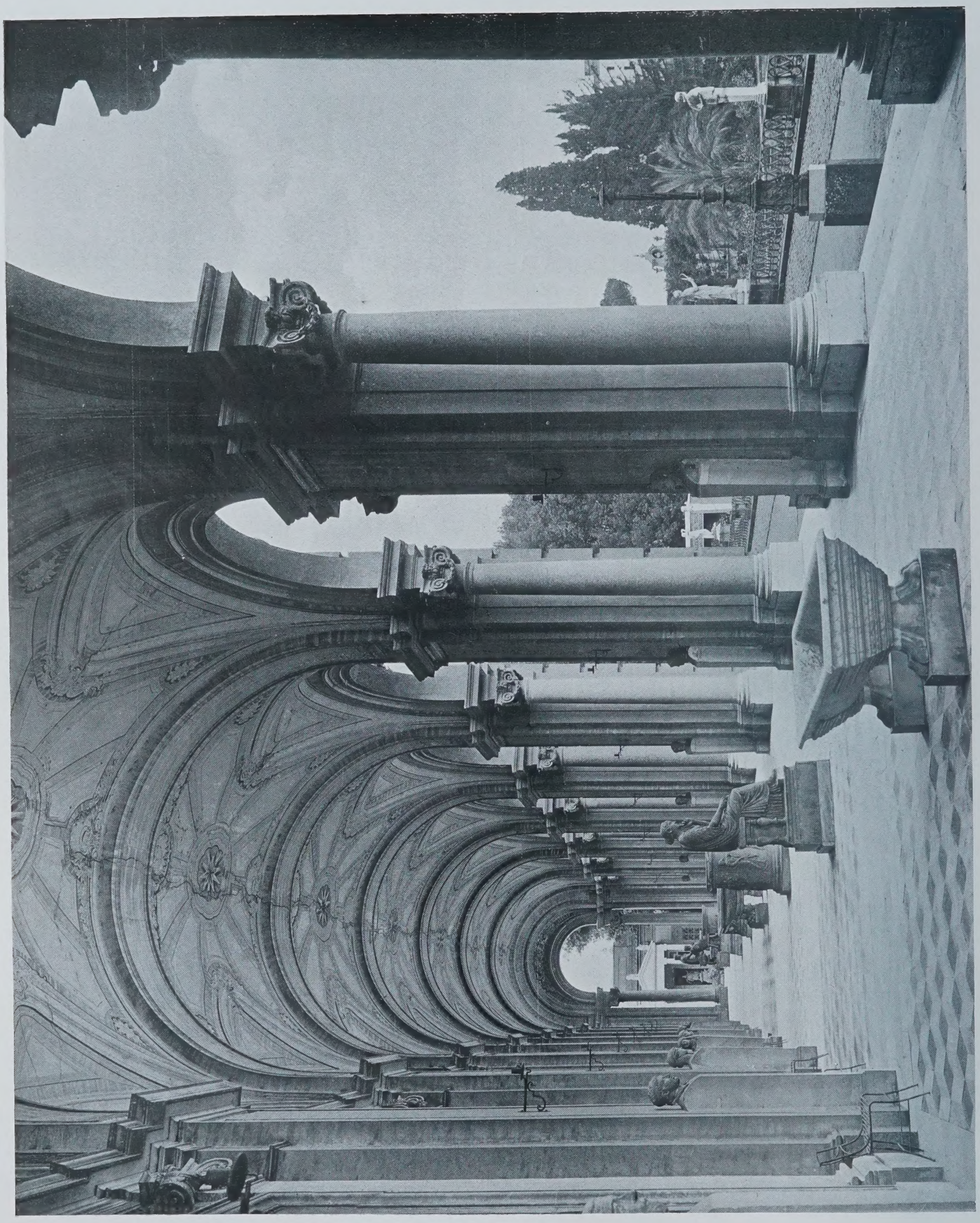

LOGGIA OF THE VILLA, LOOKING EAST.

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who spent enormous sums on keeping it up, in improving it, and in repairing the ravages which time was beginning to make.

It is a fortunate thing that the great Cardinal's famous collection has not been dispersed, but remains a wonderful monument of beauty and interest, and of the magnificent liberality of those great art patrons of the past. Small wonder if men grew selfish, so shut away from the world, and that the cutting of a cameo, the authenticity of a bronze, became all-important. The world has crept nearer, the houses have risen up all round and shut out much of the beautiful view; but sitting out of sight of them in an ilex grove, or in one of the pavilions, it is easy to forget all that is not perfect and artistic. How still it lies on a hot summer afternoon! The breeze only stirs enough to carry the scent of orange-flowers. The silver toss of fountains, the flutter of a white butterfly, the only movement, the singing of birds and the plash of water the only sound. The marble men and women keep watch and ward. Do the great Cardinal, their old patron, and his murdered friend ever come back to visit the scenes they both loved so well? We can almost believe they must do so, on some summer night when the moon is high and the garden is bathed in silver light, when the marbles gleam and the shadows lie black under the porticoes and all is still as death in the enchanted palace.

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SENTIMENT AND THE VILLAGER.

OUR understanding of the country labourer is sometimes oddly obscured by our sense of the beauty of country places. They are so lovely, these villages clustered among their trees round the church, these ancient lanes and isolated cottages with their fruitful gardens, that a sentiment sways our attitude towards the inhabitants of them. The places suggest the romance we have found in poetry, the charm of pretty pictures. In Gray's Elegy and Wordsworth's idylls, and in the paintings of Birket Foster and Mrs. Allingham, the rustic appears romantically as an item in the fair scenery of England, seeming not quite one of ourselves, but more like a being of another species—the most interesting member of the fauna of the rural landscape. And as this that we have imagined corresponds so little with what actually exists, many of us may be suspected of harbouring unconsciously a desire that in real life, and in the twentieth century, the rural labourer should still be what he has been shown in pictures and poems, not exactly one of us, but a creature in harmony with his beautiful surroundings.

It was the coming in of May that suggested this reflection, with the discovery that it applies to myself in some degree. On the first of May the village school bell rang just as if it were any ordinary day. That has been the rule now, for ten years or more, since the School Board replaced the old voluntary management. In other words, for the last ten years the children of this village have been deprived of the one means they had of learning to welcome the spring idyllically, as we others learn from the poets. As I sat down to breakfast, "I shall never see another garland," I thought. Presently, however, there sounded at the door a quaint singing:

> "The first of May is Garland Day,
> The second of May is my Birth Day,
> The third of May is Oak-apple Day.
> We don't come here but once a year,
> So please remember the garlands."

Those were the words, appropriate and delightful, though gone woefully wrong, just as was the tune to which they were chanted. Even as I listened, words and tune were exchanged for an inappropriate Christmas carol, but still they had suggested the old flavour of May. The singers, two chubby little girls, carried bunches of gorse bloom and stitch-wort tied to sticks for garlands, and explained that they might not go to school because of measles in their home. No doubt their mother had sent them on this adventure to get them out of her way, with hasty instructions how to go on; at any rate, they admitted that they had never gone garlanding before. I did not hint that they were never likely to go again. They trotted off happily, the richer by some halfpence and an experience that may sweeten May Day for them in all their years; while I sat down, first to resent the stupidity of school boards and then to reflect upon my own, in that I wished the twentieth century villager to maintain the traditions of the eighteenth century village.

The incident was the more interesting because of its practical bearings upon a question awaiting decision in the village. The mistress of the infant school had told me (as one of the managing committee) that the inspector had been urging her to have a May-pole—a May-pole, of all strange educational apparatus!—set up in the school playground; and a formal request for this will accordingly come before the managers at their next meeting. The point itself is certainly trivial; yet it involves a principle of

BEND OF THE COLONNADE—SOUTH PAVILION.

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some importance, because it indicates a rather general failure to appreciate the position of country labouring people and their needs at this present time. Has anyone a clear idea of what is wanted, or what we are trying to achieve, or whether we are aiming forwards or backwards? There is, for instance, His Majesty's Inspector, representing the Board of Education; and what notion inspired him in making this recommendation of a May-pole one can only conjecture. It may, of course, be merely a pretext to cover a most commendable departure in physical training, and in that case we shall have to ask whether the pretext will be acceptable to the labouring folk or a stumbling-block to them. On the other hand, the proposal may spring from an unacknowledged yearning to revive in the young villagers some of the sentiment which we associate with their beautiful home places. On that assumption, ought we to welcome the project, or to reject it? The happiness of those little girls at my door, released from the geography lesson, and enjoying their garlands, is vastly persuasive in favour of the May-pole; and if by such means we could at the same time brighten the children's lives and restore partially its missing figures to the village landscape, why should we hesitate what to do? The sentiment, it will be perceived, makes the situation absurdly complex. However, when the proper time comes I shall not hesitate, but I shall oppose the scheme. If it is put forward as a pretext for obtaining something really good, the really good thing would, I am sure, commend itself more readily to the labouring class without such covering. The labourers do not understand pretexts. They think, for example, that the military drill in which their girls, as well as their boys, are nowadays exercised at school has some obscure reference to soldiering, and therefore they both dislike and despise an exercise which they would thoroughly approve if its true motive could be made clear to them. And it would be the same with the pretty dances around a school May-pole; they would but bring education into the more contempt with those whose disrespect for it is already a serious obstacle to its success. We need the co-operation of the working people, and to obtain that we must avoid with great care giving them the impression that we are making fools of their children.

But if such is the labourer's attitude towards movements which are really progressive, it may be imagined how he would resent a May-pole in the school playground, if he thought it set up there with some sentimental idea of enticing the folk back to the picturesque conditions of other days. Then we should find our sentiments and his instincts indeed at war; for truly he has no idea of being classed with the fauna of the country, even as its choicest species; he never thinks of himself as a mere pleasing figure in the landscape. On the contrary, he is an intensely practical person, and in his own eyes very much up-to-date. We may be interested in the past; his interests are centred in the present; and while to us his cottage is associated with the poetry of other days, to him it oftener brings memories of their sordid prose. But I fancy that as a rule the labourer is not much given to looking back. He may have heard of May games, may even remember something of them; but he knows that life is no May game for him; it is a grim business not to be trifled with. That he and his should ever be regarded as pretty accessories to a pretty place is, we must remember, an idea beyond his horizon. And when he sees other people—myself, perhaps—making a to-do about the charms of his old cottage (which he wishes would tumble down, so that he might have a new one), it only puzzles him, if it concerns him at all, that we seem to look with some discontent upon himself. For he is unaware what a quaint, unreal personage we have in our mind's eye in his place, and so there is misunderstanding between us. It is the fault of our sentiment. On our side there is the craving to put the labourer into some dreamy picture of past times; on his side, a sure instinct is pushing him entirely away from the past, and he seeks only to live ever more keenly in modern times.

But must we part with our dreams, then? Assuming that we did actively and consciously wish the old-fashioned life, as we have pictured it, to be in some measure restored, is there any harm in that? At least it is a comely and wholesome existence that we conceive. We would do no more than reintroduce into the village some of that simplicity which, if the poets are to be trusted, was the soul which gave its loveliness to the country. Could we only win back again, and add to the advantages of these latter days, the innocence of the old rustic sports, the honesty of the old employments, surely it were a change worth while? At the very least it were well if the country children, before they leave school, could experience the savour of these things and not grow up without any of the sentiment of old times in their hearts.

But the dream is a vain one, and to entertain it is only to delay whatever new good thing may be in store for the English people. If the bearded man could recover the carelessness of his schoolboy days, then the labouring classes might recover the simplicity of other ages, for the one thing is as possible as the other. The truth is that, as a class, the labourers are growing up. They have left their childhood behind them in the eighteenth century, and those "spontaneous joys" that "lightly frolic o'er the vacant mind," are no more useful to them now than marbles and peg-tops are to myself. The mind of the labourer has at last emerged from the village into the great world whither others have preceded him; he is beginning to be a responsible person; he has a vote; the period of consciousness is coming to him, if it has not come. In brief, he is a mature human being, one with the rest of us; and so far as the charm of the country is concerned—why, we may invite him to stand by our side and enjoy it with us, but we must never ask him to step back into the picture again as if he were a child to play with, or a peasant.

A line to be followed in education is indicated by these reflections. We may have never danced round May-poles, or gone a-mumming, or aided at a harvest home; but what is, perhaps, better, our spirits have been set vibrating to the very tune of the country-side, by the influences of another and more conscious art of living; and these are the influences that are devoutly to be wished for in the village school. GEORGE BOURNE.

FARMING FOR HOPS.

THE Abbey Farm, Robertsbridge, Sussex, of which we to-day show illustrations, is situated in the beautiful valley of the Rother, which will be familiar to many of our sporting readers, as the well-known Crowhurst otter pack hunt it regularly. At the time the photographs were taken the valley was exquisite with the colours of late spring; in fact, the country now has quite assumed the appearance of summer. The hawthorn is fully out in the hedgerows, and nearly all the fields are green with the young crops, while already the hay-fields are beginning to invite the scythe.

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To our North Country readers there must be a considerable novelty in the style of farming here carried on. It is in character really more Kentish than Sussex, as it adjoins the former county, and particularly that part of it where hops are grown to a very great extent. The holding is a fairly large one, consisting, as it does, of 690 acres, of which 138 are arable and 414 permanent pasture. The arable is, roughly speaking, divided as follows: 22 acres are devoted to wheat, and about

27 to oats, while on 13 acres roots are grown, and there are 30 acres of clover. Hops are grown to the extent of about 45 acres. Of the grasslands 125 acres are cut for hay, and the rest of the area is made up of woods, water, and roads, so that properly speaking we should call this an example of mixed husbandry, with elements in it that would not be found in the North of England. We see the influence of Kent in the six acres of black currants, and in the size of the hop crop. On the holding it may be interesting to note that the livestock kept consists of a small flock of sheep, mostly of the Kentish breed, with a few crossbred tegs. There are eighty-two milking cows, and the dairy is conducted with a view to selling the milk in town. In addition to the dairy herd there are 240 other cattle and thirty in-calf cows. The total number of horses kept is thirteen. A glance at the pictures will, we think, convince our expert readers that the work is done as well as if it were on a model farm, order and cleanliness being very distinctive features of it. The number of people employed amounts to over thirty, of whom seventeen are ordinary labourers, while there are three men in charge of horses, seven cattlemen, a shepherd, and a number of boys. In addition there is a little army of hop-pickers engaged at the picking season, so that anyone wishing to observe the crowd that makes an annual exodus from the East End of London to earn a little money in the harvest, and to obtain, what is of still more consequence to them, a breath of fresh air, could scarcely find a more convenient locality for the purpose than Robertsbridge. A most curious sight it is to see in the fields these wanderers from town, of both sexes and of all ages from elderly men and women down to mere children.

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The regular staff of the farm are hired by the week, and the employer makes every effort to give them regular work and to extend to them every consideration; but, of course, he is not legally bound to pay them if they are absent either from illness or any other cause. Luckily such cases are very rare, as the district is an uncommonly healthy one, and the men, as a rule, are very steady and sober. It will be observed that here, as elsewhere in the south and east of the country, the wives and daughters of the farm labourers do not go out to work in the fields. Two or three generations ago it was common for them to do so; but education has entirely changed their views of fieldwork, and now it is very rare, if not altogether impossible, to see a woman engaged in the tasks of hoeing and weeding, which were almost exclusively performed by them in the old times.

Of late years it has been found necessary, owing to the scarcity of labour, to obtain as much machinery as possible in order to get the work done expeditiously and to save the labour bill. In harvest it is not necessary to employ a very large number of extra hands, because the self-binders are used in cutting; and after a man and boy have gone over the ground with a machine, it is a very easy matter to set the sheaves up, thus reducing the work of harvest to a minimum, and getting through with it so quickly as to make the farmer much more independent of weather than he used to be.

The labourer in this part of the country can hardly complain of having the long hours that prevail in some districts. In winter and summer alike he is expected to be at his task at seven in the morning, and he goes on until five in the afternoon. We are speaking just now of the ordinary labourer, but what we say would not apply to some of the special workers. People who are in charge of animals must have hours to suit their work. The stockmen must be up and about at six in the morning, and the milkers are even earlier, beginning their work as early as half-past four. Needless to say, they are by far the most difficult class to obtain, because the labourer of to-day resents nothing more heartily than continuous attention to work, and a milker cannot be free even on Sundays, unless a substitute is provided to do his work. The horsemen, too, have to be up at five o'clock in the summer mornings, and after their charges come back from the day's labour their business is to feed and turn them out to grass. In the winter these men are

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engaged with the horses an hour later in the morning, and are occupied in the stables for about two hours in the evening, as during that season horses are not turned out. Of course, it should not be forgotten that milkers and those occupied with animals, though they have to start at an hour which seems most inconvenient, have nevertheless more leisure than those engaged in the labour of the farm. Any extra work that has to be done in summer is paid for by the piece, and the harvest also is nearly all done by piece-work.

The ordinary rate of wages for men is 15s. per week, but those in charge of horses have 16s., the cattlemen 18s., and the shepherds 20s. a week. In addition many indirect payments are made to them in the shape of perquisites. When the carters are carrying corn to mill or station, the custom is to give each 1s. a journey, and the shepherds get £2 extra for the lambing. All the labourers have a free house and garden, with straw for the pigs they keep. The men in charge of horses have, in addition to this, their fuel, and the cattlemen are allowed to keep fowls. In the course of the year about £25 worth of beer is given to the men. One may calculate the value of the free house as being from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. a week, that being the rent usually paid for cottages in the neighbourhood. These facts go to show how vitally the various rural districts of Great Britain differ both in regard to the character of the agriculture and the habits and customs of those employed. It is precisely these variations that render it difficult, if not impossible, to deal with agrarian questions by means of a Bill that can be applied as fairly to one locality as to another. The differences have grown naturally out of the surroundings and conditions.

Copyright *THROUGH AVENUES OF HOP-POLES.* "COUNTRY LIFE."

FROM THE FARMS.

Slugs and Snails.

SOME common-sense advice has been issued by the Board of Agriculture on these pests of damp and clay soils. It is more important because during the last four years there has been a great increase in the number of slugs all over Britain, so that whole fields of cabbage, wheat, and other plants have been destroyed, and gardens have suffered severely from them. The life history of the slug is as follows.

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The eggs are laid in the earth under rubbish, from May onwards into November. These eggs are deposited in batches of from six to fifteen, and develop into young slugs in the course of four weeks. The habit of the slug is nocturnal, and during the daytime it usually hides under stones or clods of earth. We all know how a shower of rain will bring them out during the day. The difference between the snail and the slug, from the point of view of those who wish to destroy them, is that snails feed more frequently above ground than the others. The advice given by the expert of the Board of Agriculture is to

encourage the natural enemies of these creatures. Thrushes eat them, breaking the shells against a stone. Blackbirds have a habit of devouring large quantities of slugs, and so have starlings. Toads, moles, shrews, poultry, and ducks are all in the habit of eating slugs and snails when they come across them. The first remedy recommended is that of draining, because dampness favours the pests. If they are very bad it would be a good thing to avoid long manure, and employ only artificials for a time. Dressings of soot and lime, salt and lime, lime and caustic soda, and powdered coke will also be found useful. Choice plants may be protected by rings of slaked lime or fine ash soaked in paraffin round them. In gardens and hop plantations it is a good thing to place bran-mash or oatmeal, as it will attract slugs, which can then be easily collected. Rockeries, ferneries, hedge bottoms, and rough herbage should all be cleared out in winter, as slugs and snails hibernate in them. If invasion is seen to come from a neighbouring spinney a deep trench should be dug and filled with lime or tar in order to trap them. In hop gardens ducks and poultry should be kept, while thrushes should be encouraged as much as possible, as the writer says "it is easier to keep them off our fruit than to suppress the snails and slugs which they devour in large numbers."

Effects of the Cold.

It is much to be feared that farmers, in the course of the coming year, will find that the effects of the very cold weather experienced early in May are of a lasting character. Gardeners and fruit-growers generally will feel this truth still more acutely, since many of the orchards and much of the bush fruit have been brought to the brink of ruin by the cold nights. Curiously enough, while this is true of trees and bushes, the strawberry does not seem to have been much affected, and the forecast of this luscious fruit is that it will be one of the heaviest crops ever known in Great Britain. However, some time must elapse before that prophecy can be verified. If the drought were to break up, and should be succeeded by a heavy rainfall, we doubt very much if there would be much of a crop of strawberries left to crow over. On the farms growth has been almost stopped, and this is accounted for not only by the excessive cold, but because, it has been thought, of an absence of rain. Flockmasters are complaining bitterly that the pastures required for the ewes and lambs have become quite insufficient, and owners of dairy cattle, who expect during May and June to have an overflow of milk, say that the yield of the cows has been very much diminished by the cold. The hay is being kept back, and is quite unlikely now to be an average crop, far less one that could be comparable with that which we had last year. Cereals are very much in the same position, and, should this weather continue, we are afraid that the returns both of corn and hay will be extremely light this year.

Farming in 1756.

Mr. W. M. Dunning contributes to the June number of *Longmans' Magazine* an interesting account of an old farmer's diary which he picked up while on a recent visit to Lincolnshire. It begins in the year 1756, and there is an interesting light not only on the husbandry, but on the ways of living at that period in our history. Elias Melton paid a poor rate of 11s. 3d. and a church rate of 7s. 6d. In 1775 the following were the prices he obtained for his produce: His wheat sold at 5s. to 7s. per bushel, his beans at 4s. 4d. the bushel, his oats at 15s. to 19s. the quarter, his barley at 23s. the quarter, his hay seeds at 6s. the quarter, and his wool at 8s. 6d. the stone. His labourers received 8d. to 10d. per day, and in corn harvest 1s. An interesting account of bull-baiting is given for the date November 13th, 1763. He says the bull was first teased by "bipeds" and then dogs were set on him. Many visitors seem to have come, "for the passages to and from Saint George's Street were blocked up with waggons and vehicles from the surrounding villages," and Elias had to remain for the whole of the day in the same position he had taken up in the early morning.

A MODEL PARISH HISTORY

An excellent way of writing the chronicles of a rural parish may be found in the "History of Crondall and Yateley," two adjacent villages in the corner of Hants between Aldershot and Bentley. The author, the Rev. Charles Drummond Stooks, M.A., was until recently curate-in-charge of the former place and vicar of the latter, and, like many excellent parish priests, he seems (judging from the

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Clergy List) to have done a great deal of very good work for extremely little pay. His hobby, which he rightly says every country clergyman ought to have in some form, has been the copying out of the contents of the old parish chests. Whether many others would find this a solace is rather doubtful; but all will agree that, had it not been for this hobby in the past, numbers of our old records would have been lost. When the originals were in danger of destruction, someone—probably the parish priest—took in hand the task of copying them out. This is why so many of our registers are copies.

But the author is far more than a copyist. He has selected and placed together briefly and clearly entries and records of the same class under their appropriate headings, and shown how bright and clear a light they shed on old phrases, names of forgotten customs, forms, and observances, and the practical application of ancient laws or ordinances, all made actual and present by their mention or application in these two places. An exceptional interest also attaches to Yateley, because its church has a remarkable and very beautiful tower of timber-work entirely, and probably the finest precious vessels and ornaments belonging to any country church in England.

The parish chest at Crondall is exactly like that which contains the Domesday Book. Perhaps it was made in 1400 A.D., and is very strongly and elaborately plated with iron and lined with leather. It contained all the overseers' accounts, "Jewel's Apology," printed in 1609, and all the churchwardens' accounts from the year 1543. No one in the parish knew of their existence till 1884, when the executors of a neighbouring clergyman called on the then curate-in-charge and delivered them into his keeping. The old clergyman, twenty-five years before, had found them, dilapidated and uncared for, in the chest (which must have been quite outside his jurisdiction). He took them away, and placed them in the hands of a well-known antiquary, who had them restored, and edited from them the Crondall Records.

Yateley was only an offshoot of Crondall, but even there the church accounts date from 1543; and as most of the payments were made in the village, they show much of what went on. "Church Ales" is a phrase often seen and little understood. There is a dim notion that they were rather disreputable feasts, in which, under pretence of honouring some saint, people over-indulged in drink. At Crondall, they were the prototypes of bazaars and charity balls, the object being to get money for the church expenses. The feast was organised by the churchwardens, "who provided a good spread at so much a head, and credited the profits to the church expenditure." It first appears as the "Church Ale," then as the "King's Ale," then later as "Our banquet at Whitsuntide." It was probably held in the church, and went on until 1643, the year after the Civil War broke out, when, probably, the Puritans were too many for them.

It was popular, evidently. One enterprising churchwarden has left on record all the good things which were prepared for the Crondall "Church Ale" in the year 1587. They had a band, brewed a quantity of ale, and made a profit of £8 8s. As money was then worth nearly ten times as much as now, the "Church Ale" brought in £80, which was just 100 per cent. on the outlay. The band was hired for four days; but, perhaps, it is best to give the items.

EXPENSES OF A CHURCH ALE.

	£	s.	d
Item to Robert Broman for making stands and other things for one day	0	0	8
,, for two quarters of malt	2	0	0
,, to Court the brewer thereof	0	1	0
,, to Edward Preest for two days' work in helping the brewer	0	1	4
,, to Woodridge for six days' work in helping the cook and other work	0	2	8
,, to the minstrels, for four days	0	8	8
,, for seven chickens	0	2	4
,, to Gwyllam for meat	0	4	0
,, for wine	0	4	0
,, to Mitchell for a calf	0	10	0
,, to Edward Grover for a calf	0	8	0
,, to him for eleven lambs at 4s.	2	4	0
,, for four bushels of wheat	0	16	0
,, for one hogshead of beer	0	7	8
,, for bread bought	0	4	4
,, to old Edward for turning the broach	0	0	6
,, to the maid who helped the cook	0	0	8
,, for spice and sauce	0	1	0
,, Men's dinner on Sunday and supper; supper on Monday	0	1	4

Here is a whole reference library of prices and wages. Up till 1545 the churchwardens kept a church cow, and let it out at 1s. 4d. a year. A sheep and a lamb (gifts) they let out for 4d. a year, probably for the wool. Up till 1829 the old censer and

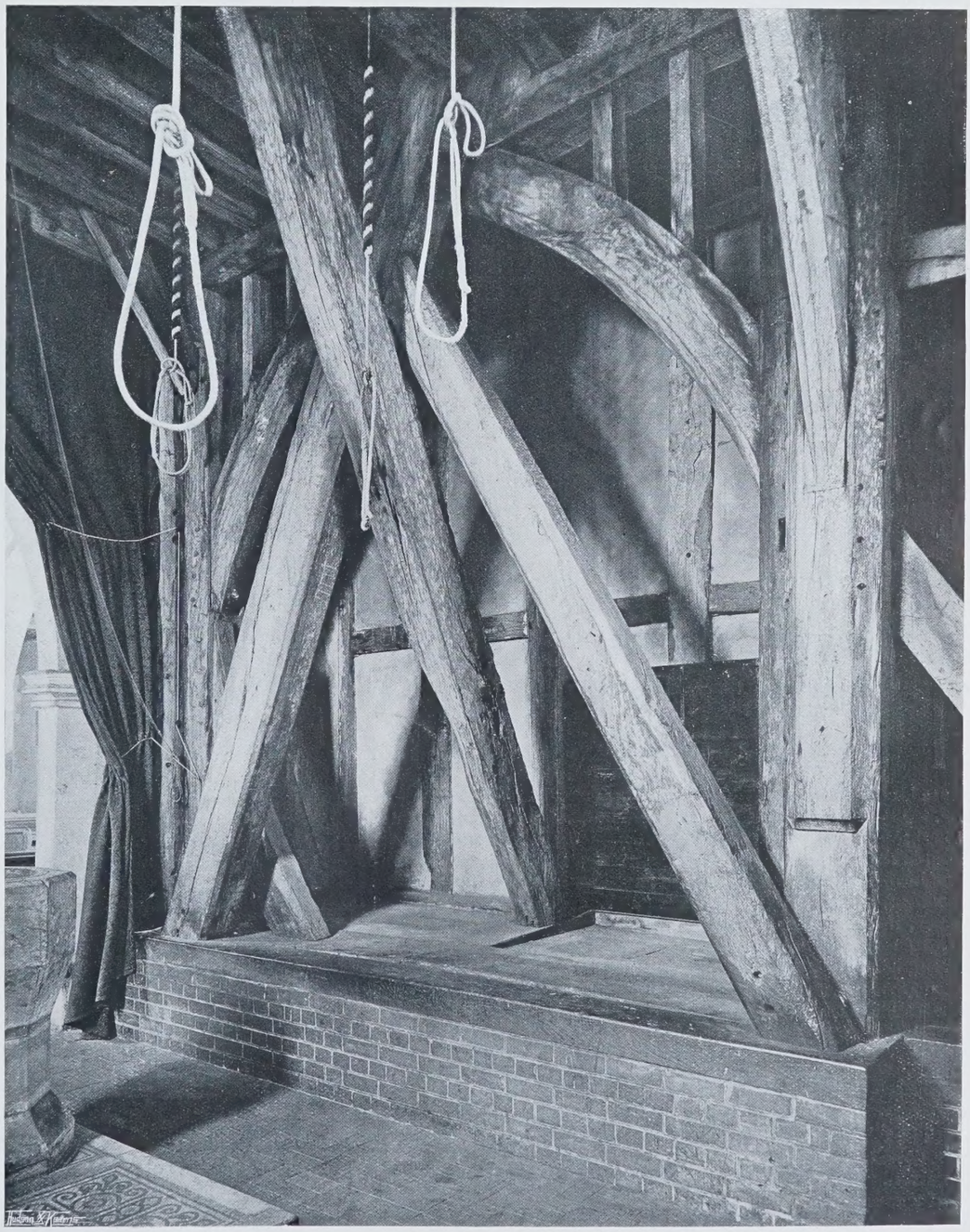
incense box were kept. Payments for incense, and for an enormous Easter candle of wax, were regular items. The Parliamentary soldiers made earthworks in the churchyard, and the Puritans later had a small marble font made, that children might not be polluted by being baptised in a Papist font. The Puritan font is still there, though displaced in its turn. On All Saints' Day a little tax was levied of a farthing on each chimney. All Saints' was the dedication day of the church. This tax was called "smoke farthings." From 1543 one parishioner seems to have acted as "dog-whipper." "To Whelan, for beating dogs out of church, 2d.," is the oldest entry, and as late as 1819 a dog-whipper was appointed, at a salary of £1 1s.!

At Yateley they got a new pair of stocks and a new whipping-post in 1774, and in 1776 a parish umbrella to hold over the parson at funerals. The parish aided the gamekeeper (?) and farmer by paying head-money for sparrows' heads, foxes, hedgehogs (which, of course, sucked cows), polecats, and hawks (both the latter chicken-killers). Spelling was not very good then—*i.e.*, the early eighteenth century. Affidavit of legal burials is spelt "After David."

Yateley Church, though less than Crondall in size, and more recent in date, has a most striking timber-framed tower. The beauty is mainly internal. The whole weight is supported on massive and most scientifically-combined struts and uprights, the arrangement of which will be seen best from the photographs. It dates from about 1400 A.D., a time when the use of wood for the frames and walls of houses was, perhaps, better understood than at any other. It was not until 1839 that the bottoms of the great oak uprights began to rot, and the tower, with its bells, to lean over. Then the local people most ingeniously set to work with "jacks," shifted the tower straight again, cut off the rotten bases and plates, and filled the space in with bricks—a very creditable performance. It carries eight bells. The beginning of the fifteenth century was the great era of timber-work, though the sixteenth century showed perhaps more decoration. Even where other materials were abundant, wood was so much more convenient, especially when a building was wanted to be erected in a hurry, that it was continually employed. The builders were so familiar with their material that they were masters of its effective use from the artistic point of view. They were also most extravagant in the using up of this material, just like the old shipwrights of the Royal Navy, who made the bottoms of their frigates simple beds of oak. Two good examples are seen at Yateley. The arch over the north porch is cut from one solid plank of oak. Only the two inner pieces are jointed. Inside there is a thick upright with a small bracket. This bracket belongs to the upright, being left projecting after the other surface has been hewed away!

The fine church has, as part of its fixed endowments or furniture, a unique set of treasures in the form of plate. Besides the ordinary communion pieces it owns, perhaps, the finest ancient cup of crystal and silver-gilt remaining in England. It is twice as large as the crystal ewer sold for 4,000 guineas at the late Marquess of Anglesey's sale, and much more decorative. Its date is placed at between 1570 and 1580, but it was presented to the church for use at the communion by Mistress Sarah Cocks, a widow, A.D. 1675. The entry in the churchwardens' accounts says: "For the only use of the Communion Table. Item.—One Christial silver and guilt bowle with a cover." With regard to the actual date of its manufacture, experts say that it is, undoubtedly, late sixteenth century work, and probably of Flemish origin, although there is no mark upon it to show this. It consists of a bowl of crystal with a broad metal rim, engraved with a scroll pattern of acorns and leaves, and secured by hinged straps of metal to the stem, which passes through the bottom of the crystal, and is held inside by a medallion containing an embossed representation of Susannah and the Elders. The foot and cover are beautiful examples of repoussé work, consisting of cherub heads and fruits, and the foot is surmounted by a stem with three scroll supports. Over these is a cut crystal knob, through which the stem also passes, and this, again, is surmounted by three similar scroll supports. The top of the cover, which is mounted with a cover of crystal, has seven square holes, into which were screwed seven figures of Roman soldiers and athletes. One of the soldiers and one of the athletes still remain. On their heads they apparently held up a tapering rod of crystal with buds. The rod, in several pieces, still exists, but they cannot be pieced together. With its canopy of crystal the cup stood 18in. high.

A most dreadful catastrophe occurred to this treasure in 1900. It was always carried by the clerk, in its original wooden case, back to his house after church. One day he slipped on the frozen snow, fell, and the crystal bowl was broken! It is now pieced together, but the cracks still show. What a pity! Its retention as the property of the church was due to the generosity of Bishop Sumner in 1868. It had been decided to sell the bowl to pay for church



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restoration expenses. Bishop Sumner refused to allow it, but sent them £52 on the understanding that it should remain the property of the church for ever. The other principal treasure is a very ancient crucifix of plates of hammered brass, made probably in Italy in the fourteenth century. This book is one which deserves a place in every country house library, for it fills in just those gaps in parish history which usually remain blanks.

C. J. CORNISH.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

TWO volumes that have come to hand almost at the same moment give rise to much reflection. One is a new edition of *The Imitation of Christ* in the admirable Standard Library issued by Messrs. Methuen and Co. Like others of the series it is well bound and printed, and furnished with a brief introduction by Mr. Sidney Lee. The other is a new *Life of Ernest Renan* (Hodder and Stoughton), by Dr. William Barry. It would scarcely be possible to set the poles of human thought and human aspirations in more forcible contrast. We do not refer to the religious difference. Nowadays Thomas à Kempis is not honoured chiefly, if at all, for having written a devotional manual. As Mr. Lee very properly points out, religious exaltation is not à Kempis's only frame of mind:

"Although neither philanthropic nor proselytising effort falls within the scope of his observations, he offers abundant ethical counsel for a man's personal guidance through life which is of universal application and is little coloured by dogmatic faith. A Kempis is a great teacher of morals as well as a fervid exhorter to religious devotion. His series of precepts and rules of conduct are addressed to those suffering worldly or bodily affliction as well as to those distracted by spiritual perplexities."

The "Imitation" has consoled many who have wandered far from the Christian fold. It will be remembered that it was the favourite book of Maggie Tulliver, and in making it so George Eliot was speaking from her own experience. On every page of it is evidence of humility and contrition:

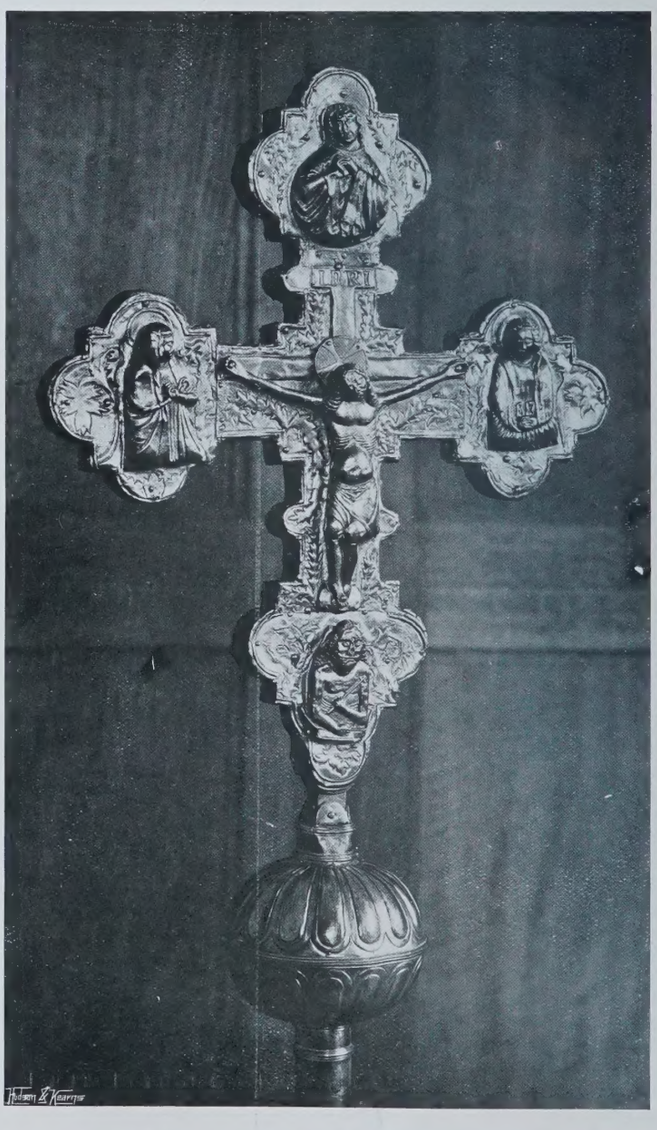
"A good man finds cause enough for mourning and weeping. For whether he consider his own or his neighbour's estate; he knows that none lives here without tribulation. And the more narrowly he considers himself: the more he sorrows. Our sins and vices are matter of just sorrow and inward compunction; wherein we lie so enwrapt; that we can seldom apply ourselves to heavenly contemplations."

And in another place he cries out like the Psalmist. "Suffer me a little that I may bewail my grief: before I go into the land of darkness, a land covered with the shadow of death." We cannot help asking, is this a mere formula, or is it the cry of a broken and contrite heart? We may find the answer in this fact about human history, that the more a man has accomplished the more is he sensible of failure. If, like Sir Isaac Newton, he has picked up a few pebbles of knowledge by the shore, they are only enough to make him aware of the immeasurable ocean that is still unknown. The greatest and most saint-like of our African travellers, David Livingstone, died in despair because the purpose of his life was unfulfilled. "A man's reach must exceed his grasp."

But contrast this spirit with that of Ernest Renan, who in old age could congratulate himself that he had made "a charming promenade through the nineteenth century," and could write deliberately:

"My life has been such as I desired, such as I conceived to be the best. Had I to live it again I should make very little change. On the other hand, I am not much afraid of the future, I shall have my biography and my legend."

Thus deep may be heard answering deep. Across the centuries the modern replies to the mediæval mind. It seems to say, "Far hence be your regrets and your tribulations, your repentances and your aspirations. Strive not to follow the Gleam of Merlin, but obey your impulses. What matter the result, since 'an immense river of oblivion sweeps us onward into a gulf without a name.'" Here we cannot help pausing a little to reflect that the theory of life a man holds appears to affect only in a very small degree the length of his days. Thomas à Kempis died on July 25th, 1471, at the age of ninety, and Renan touched upon the three-score and ten years allotted to man. At the end he was like Jenny Thomson, "more fat than bard beseems," and let it be said to his credit that he died as he had lived. A passage from Renan on which his biographer is inclined to



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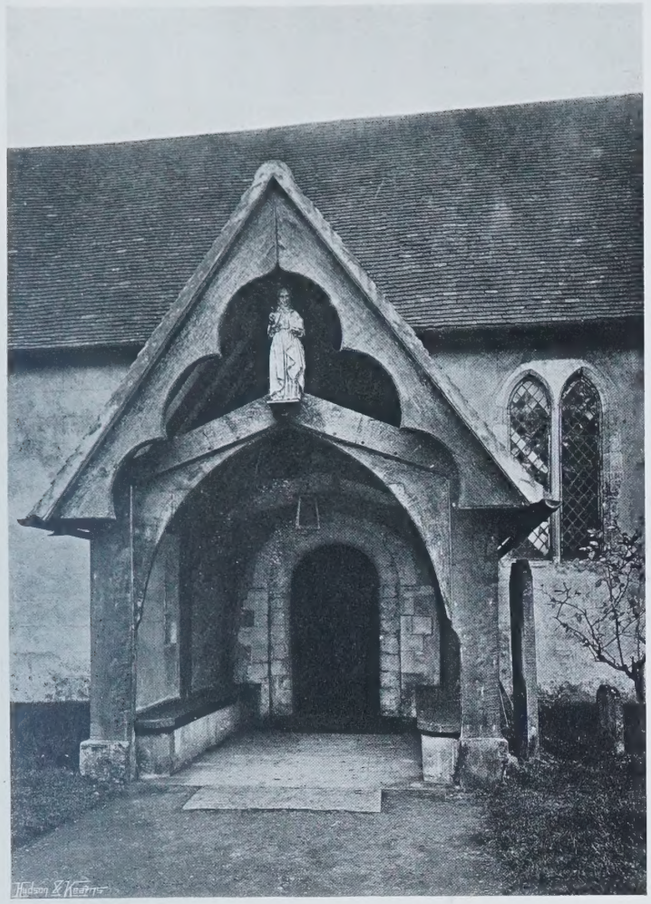

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animadvert is, in point of fact, a logical development of his philosophy. The words run thus:

"The means of salvation are not the same for all. To one virtue is the means; to another, pursuit of truth; to another, art; to yet others, curiosity, ambition, travel, luxury, the fair sex, riches; on the lowest grade morphine and alcohol. The most dangerous mistake, as regards the morals of human society, is to put down pleasure on system."

How passionately would Thomas à Kempis have protested against the tolerant doctrine! It seems like the voice of the "pale Galilean" himself, who, as if in direct reply to Renan, says, "they that follow their appetites stain their consciences: and forfeit the grace of God." Once more it should be noted the difference is no wise one of religion. Goethe, from a standpoint purely and frankly pagan, arrived at the doctrine of Renunciation (*entsagen*) with as much certainty as Thomas à Kempis. In that cry is the watchword of progress. Not by yielding to the desires of the flesh but by holding them in command has man forged ahead of the brute. Lust, theft, and murder were not crimes till society made them so. They are natural to the lower animals, but it has been by holding them in check that man has established his sovereignty over the rest of creation. If Ernest Renan were alive, his retort to that were probably to point to the austere black cloud drawn over human nature by Puritans, Covenanters, and others, who carried the wholesome doctrine of self-control to an extreme that checked the natural joyousness of man in every possible direction. But, as usual, safety would appear to lie in the *via media*, the practice of moderation.

Once more, however, the question resolves itself into one of ideals and beliefs. Thomas à Kempis wrote in sure and certain hope of a future life that would atone for the miseries of this:

"Woe be to them that know not their own misery: and still more woe to them that love this miserable and corruptible life. For some there be who so cling to it, although by labour or by begging they can scarce get necessaries: that if they might live here always, they would care nothing for the Kingdom of God. O foolish and faithless in heart; who lie so deeply sunk in earth: that they can taste nothing but the carnal. But wretched as they are they shall in the end feel to their cost: how vile and how nothing that was which they loved.

Whereas the Saints of God and all devout friends of Christ, regarded not those things which pleased the flesh; nor those which flourished in this life: but their whole hope and intention sighed for eternal treasure. Their whole desire was borne up to the lasting and invisible: that they might not be dragged into the depths by the love of what they could see."

If "through creation one increasing purpose ran"; if there be a "stream of tendency making for righteousness"; then the monk of St. Agnes is right. But, on the other hand, if Renan guessed truly about oblivion, if, in very truth,

"all here below is but symbol and dream. The gods pass away like men; it would not be well did they last for ever,"

his plan of salvation is at least not illogical, even though it be a mere translation into the dialect of to-day of the fool's saying, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

CORRESPONDENCE.

VARIETIES OF THE PRIMROSE.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—As you were so good as to insert a previous letter of mine, in reply to another correspondent, regarding a curious growth of the primrose, I am sending you herewith two flowers which I picked from a plant in a garden in which nearly the whole of the primroses showed a similar tendency to sport. As you will notice the calyx is here developed into five perfect-looking leaves, quite resembling the ordinary foliage of the plant, and in many cases these were quite 1¼in. in length. The petals in some of the flowers showed a similar development. The effect was a lot of curious green flowers which, if not very effective, are at any rate exceedingly interesting.—L. G.

FRUIT AND FLOWER FARMING.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—Can one of your readers inform me how to proceed to get my son, aged seventeen, instructed in practical fruit and flower farming, with the view of eventually carrying on this business at home or in the Colonies? A heavy premium is out of the question, and it is essential that the youngster should at an early stage of his pupilage earn something in the nature of a salary. Any practical information would be gratefully received.—Frux.

[We may refer our correspondent to a paragraph on "Prospects in the Colonies" on page 535 of our issue of April 15th last.]

WOODEN PIPES.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—Referring to paragraph in your last issue respecting old wooden water-pipes, one need not go as far as Manchester to see them. I saw quite a dozen of these pipes lying beside an excavation in Gloucester Place, Portman Square, last week, the bulk of them being in good preservation.—Countryman.

DIMINUTION OF MIGRANTS.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—As a regular reader of your interesting paper I noticed your article in May 27th issue on "Our Wild Singing Birds," which you conclude by stating that the number of migrants this year has fallen off very much, and naming the swallow, cuckoo, and nightingale as some examples. Now there is no doubt that the house-martin is often driven from old nesting-places by the pugnacious house-sparrow, but as every rough wall forms an eligible site for the nest of the martin, I do not think this in itself will account for any falling off in the numbers of the martins at any time. I have long noticed that the interesting little sand-martins are very partial to a newly-cut sandbank, and readily leave old nesting-places for such, and this probably accounts for the case you mention. As to your general statement of a large decrease in our migrants this spring, there is no doubt about it whatever to any observer, and the explanation to my mind is not far to seek, the wretched cold season we had up to a fortnight ago, having killed off all the earlier arrivals. Why, we had frost at night in April nearly the whole month through, and as a consequence no flies or other insects on which these sweet visitors subsist were to be seen. As you are aware, nearly all these arrive in the month of April, and this year they came to perish from cold and hunger. I myself saw many warblers, such as the willow-wren and wood-warbler, about April 20th creeping about with outstanding plumage (a clear indication of illness in all the feathered tribes), but they had no song, indeed, scarcely a call-note. The cuckoo I also saw before I heard his two simple notes (that bring back memories as no other bird-call can), which fact goes to prove many of our migrants may be back with us before we hear them, provided the weather be cold. Of course, I am only speaking of this district, but I fancy it applies more or less to the whole country this spring.—Naturalist.

BLUE BLACKBIRDS' EGGS AND OTHER VARIATIONS IN EGGS

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—Referring to the letters on this subject in your recent issues, it may interest "W. F." to know that I have more than once seen nests of the blackbird with spotless eggs, and sometimes with the eggs only faintly marked with large pinkish blotches, which constitutes a very pretty variety. I have also seen eggs which were so pale in colour as to be nearly white in their ground colour, and with very faint spots upon them. Such variations are, no doubt, due, as your correspondent "H. S. G." points out, to some imperfection in the pigmentary glands, but the same bird is apt to go on producing similar eggs time after time, and year after year. Thrushes' eggs without spots are even more frequent than blackbirds', and all other spotted eggs are liable to vary in like manner. I have seen plain blue eggs of the common tern, guillemot, crow, jackdaw, and I dare say of other birds which I do not recollect at the moment. One curious fact is that in clutches of five or six eggs of some birds, such as the tree-sparrow, crow, robin, etc., it is quite common to find one egg very much paler in colour than the rest, and whether this is the first to be laid, or the last, it would be interesting to know. In the case of some of the birds of prey, which lay eggs of a creamy or whitish ground colour with reddish or brown markings, it has been sometimes supposed that the depth and extent of the markings increase as the bird advances in years, but from personal observation of

the eggs laid in or near the same spot for a considerable number of years—and it is reasonable to suppose, therefore, the produce of the same bird—I am inclined to think that some birds lay richly-coloured eggs, others the reverse, and that each continues to lay the same class of eggs throughout its life. It may even be that the tendency is hereditary from mother to daughter, for in the case of a sparrow-hawk, whose nest I have observed in a certain plantation over a long period, and from which certainly more than two or three females have been destroyed by the keepers during that time, the eggs still continue to bear a very strong resemblance to one another. In the case of the cuckoo it is now pretty generally recognised that one bird lays eggs of more or less the same colour and pattern, resembling in some degree the eggs of the particular species in whose nest she will deposit them, and that she seldom or never places them in the nest of any other species; and it is highly probable that the tendency is transmitted, and may become more developed with each succeeding generation. The only other hypothesis upon which to account for the resemblance between the egg of the cuckoo and her dupe (a resemblance, by the way, which, it is well to bear in mind, does not always, by any means, exist) is upon the rather unlikely supposition that the cuckoo first looks at the egg which she has laid, and then decides from its appearance into what kind of nest it shall be introduced. Though the latter supposition may seem improbable enough, it ought not, perhaps, to be dismissed offhand as altogether impossible, for if we are to believe that the foster-mother has sufficient discrimination of colour to render a resemblance necessary so as to ensure the safety of the cuckoo's egg, we may fairly enough allow the cuckoo a similar perception of colour and markings, and, therefore, admit that she may fix upon a nest whose eggs resemble as closely as possible the one she has herself just laid. Though even so we should probably arrive at the same end in a more roundabout way, for it is pretty certain that the cuckoo is quite unable (any more than any other bird) to influence in any way the colour of the egg she is about to lay, and that one of her eggs will, therefore, probably resemble the others, so that once she has determined upon the species whose eggs are naturally most like her own, she would continue to place them in the nest of that particular species, and to look for no others. While upon this subject I may just add that only a couple of days ago I saw a nest of the red grouse with eggs of a pale yellowish ground colour, very sparingly marked with dark, almost black, blotches, so that, except that the blotches were larger and more unevenly distributed than is usual in that species, the eggs bore considerable likeness to those of the black grouse.—L. G.

SHOOTING RARE BIRDS.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—Referring to Mr. T. F. Royd's letter in Country Life of May 13th and the girl wearing some bittern's feathers in her hat, the bird from which they had been taken having been "given to the pigs," I met with a similar instance of the useless destruction of this beautiful bird a few years ago, when a number of them were killed in various parts of the country. It was in Northumberland during the winter of 1899, and the bird in question had been shot by a farm labourer, who was waiting for ducks in the evening upon the coast. He took it home, and his good wife, "not knowing rightly what te di wi' sic an' a queer beast," cooked and ate it, and her verdict upon it was that "it was na sic bad eating onther, but tarble sma' i' the body an' maistlies a' legs an' neck." The wings in this case also adorned a daughter's hat, and served to identify the bird. A similar case of wanton slaughter was in 1888, when the irruption of sand-grouse occurred, and when one man I knew shot many by firing into the brown of the flock, as many as ten being said to have been killed at one discharge, and the victims were made into pigeon-pies, the wings going to decorate the Sunday bonnets of his wife and daughters!—G. L.

AN ANCIENT INDUSTRY.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—The accompanying photograph shows one of the Connemara women at work with a spinning-wheel outside her cottage, which is situated close to those marble quarries up to which Their Majesties the King and Queen were pulled in a shandry-dan when on a visit to this remote district some few years ago. The wheel is of a very old, primitive, unornamented type, and no doubt, as in Lancashire, the moisture of the climate is specially suitable for spinning, owing to the increased toughness it imparts to the thread.—P.

SET NET FOR GREY MULLET AND BASS.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—I am anxious to find out if a strong wire-netting, 6ft. high, 2½in. mesh, say No. 13 gauge, would be suitable for use as a permanent set net. My idea is to fix strong wood posts in the tidal estuary, and a V net, say with legs 75yds. long. Would this withstand summer storms if partially clogged with seaweed, etc.? The subsoil is clay, mud, etc.—Gower.

TOOTH-WORT

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—This plant has flowers, certainly, but in place of leaves it has scales, and its roots do not run down into the ground like the roots of other plants, but support themselves on the roots of trees and shrubs. The Latin name is Lathræa, which means concealed. There is only one species in Britain, Lathræa squamaria. The group of which the accompanying photograph is a part, has for the last four years, at any rate, borne some 150 flowers. It is growing in a mixed thicket of yew, elder, laurel, sycamore, and white beam. Most of the flowers in the photograph are close to the white beam, but it would not be safe to say without unearthing the roots whether it is growing on this tree or not. The flowers of this particular group are of a pale yellowish white. The usual lilac tint is absent. Odd flowers of this colour may be found some 400yds. away growing among hazel, for which tree this curious plant has a preference. The bloom was at its best about the middle of April; now, the first week in May, the older flower-spikes are turning brown and falling.—F. M. Sutcliffe, Whitby.

TWO WAYS OF SPELLING—CINGALESE OR SINHALESE.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—With reference to the letter in your issue of March 18th called "Cingalese Bullock Bandie," I would like to point out (a) that, except in music halls, Cingalese is spelt Sinhalese; (b) the bullocks are no more Sinhalese than they are Tamil, but rather less! They might be called Ceylonese, as they are used largely in Ceylon, but these white bulls are of Indian origin, and are here called "coast," *i.e.*, South Indian bulls, to distinguish them from the little dark bulls which are found in use in Ceylon, amongst the Sinhalese especially; (c) the shells hung round the horns are "chanks," not "coway."—A. K. Coomaraswamy, Director Mineralogical Survey of Ceylon, Kandy.

COUNTRY LIFE

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SPEAIGHT. 157, New Bond Street, W.

LADY EVELYN COTTERELL AND HER CHILDREN.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE *can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.*

OUR HORSE SUPPLY.

LORD EGERTON OF TATTON contributes to the current number of the *National Review* a most interesting article on this subject, concerning which we need not say there is no better authority in Great Britain. Lord Egerton of Tatton is one of those who have not confined their attention to any single class of horse. His Shires are famous throughout the country, but he is as particular about his carriage horses and his hunters as about those used for haulage, and his expressions on the whole subject of the horse supply are simply invaluable. Naturally enough he begins by considering what effect the extended use of motors is going to have on the horse. That it will be serious is unquestionable. Lord Minto, in a speech delivered a little while ago, gave it as his estimate that the War Office required about 3,500 horses annually in time of peace, but that in time of war at least 100,000 would be required annually for mobilising the troops and for coast defence. He admitted that the Government viewed with considerable apprehension the introduction of the motor-omnibus and tramcar, which has done away with the class of horse that was extremely useful in time of war. In fact, during the campaign in South Africa the omnibus companies supplied us with more good horses than we obtained from any other source. Indeed, Lord Egerton is quite of the opinion that, as he says, motors have come to stay for certain purposes. "They will take the place of the ordinary private carriage and of vehicles for hire in the towns. They will be used to connect remote country districts with the main lines of the railways, and will render unnecessary the construction of light railways. The larger brewers' drays and tradesmen's vans will be propelled by steam or petrol engines." This means the supersession of a great number of heavy horses. Light horses, however, will continue to be needed for light carts in country and suburban districts. At least, that is the case in France, where motor-cars are used more than in any other country. In fact, they have increased in four years from a small number to 17,107, their relative value in horse-power being represented by 26,427 in 1901, and by 120,919 in 1904. Everything in the motor-car world points to the cheapening and consequent multiplication of these vehicles, so that any movement which has gone on in the past three or four years is likely to be continued in the future, and we take it that, as far as it is possible for the motor-car to supersede the horse, that will be accomplished.

Lord Egerton of Tatton does not at all anticipate, however, that horses will be superseded for purposes of agriculture, though, as we are well aware, the agricultural motor has been making very great advances of late. Still, though it will be used for a great many purposes on the farms, there is no prospect of its replacing the horse to any very great extent for years to come. Again, in town, the Clydesdale and the Shire horses are likely to be in demand for drawing heavy vans of four or five tons for short distances between the mill and the railway or quay. Light horses, too, are likely to remain in demand by the upper classes. After all, there is a certain amount of exercise to be obtained from riding that cannot be got from a motor-car, and we may take it as certain that hunting, riding, and driving will continue to be the favourite amusements of the well-to-do, whereas motoring for pleasure might go out of fashion at any moment. Lord Egerton of Tatton says truly enough that although the rapid flight through the air is exhilarating, it is accompanied by an overstraining of the nervous system and exhaustion, and is followed by a reaction, and he betrays a preference for the four-in-hand coach as a more enjoyable means of driving through the sylvan beauties of England and enjoying the scenery in a leisurely and delightful manner. He sums up his reflections with a statement that there are four classes of horses which are likely to remain in demand by the English people. The first of these are race-horses. Besides those that are actually fit to run there must always be a huge residue of animals not quite up to Turf form that will be available for other purposes. Apparently the writer would favour the re-establishment of more long-distance races, so that the bone and stamina of the old English thoroughbred might be retained or revived. If this were done, the horses not good enough to win races would still be available for officers' chargers, hunters, or even for the cavalry, if they were purchased at two or three years of age by the Government for that purpose. Secondly comes the light agricultural horse, or half-bred. This is an animal still produced in Ireland; but Lord Egerton says that, unfortunately, many of the best mares of this class have been exported to foreign countries during recent years, and he thinks that in future this class must be supplied by crossing the farmer's mare with the stout thorough-bred. The cross has at Birdsdale produced capital weight-carrying hunters. Lord Egerton's opinion is that the stallions for this class should be 16h. high or under, and of good bone and action. The third class is the old English roadster—the hack or nag that carried the esquire in feudal times. It will always be required for the trap and light vehicles in country and in town. They are produced most profitably in hilly districts, with a light soil and good climate, and the best of them make capital polo ponies. Fourthly, and lastly, he places the Shire horse, or the Clydesdale. An increasing export of these horses has taken place during the last few years, when we have sent 271 to America, nineteen to Germany, twelve to Australia, and eleven to Russia.

These exhaust the practical sources of supply from home. Lord Egerton supplements his enumeration of them by one or two interesting statements in regard to his own experience. He says his tenants prefer a Yorkshire coach-horse or Cleveland bay stallion, rather than the hackney, as likely to produce stock with size as well as action, for carriage-work in towns. He tried, as an experiment, putting a cart-horse stallion to a Welsh pony of 14h., and obtained a useful farmer's mare, 16h. high. This mare he crossed with a thorough-bred horse, and obtained a useful pair of 16h. carriage horses. He next passes in review the steps that have been taken on the Continent. The Dutch Government buys annually in Ireland 300 or 400 horses, at an average cost of £41 for three or four year olds. These are sent to the Remount Department, and remain there for at least a year, after which they are fit for work, and continue in the service for ten or eleven years. The French Government has various breeding establishments, and one visited by Lord Egerton at Pau contained English and Arab thoroughbreds and crosses between them. The German Government is constantly buying both English mares and sires to improve the native breeds, and to produce mounts for their cavalry, and the same holds true in Austria and Italy.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Evelyn Cotterell and her children. Lady Evelyn is a daughter of the Duke of Richmond, and married, in 1896, Sir John Cotterell, Bart., of Garnons, Hereford.

IT is to be feared that his Majesty the King of Spain received a somewhat unfavourable impression of the English climate. When he arrived here on Monday a spell of the most brilliant weather we have had for a long time came to an end, and it rained the whole of the day, so that he has every reason for believing the legends concerning the moisture of the English climate to be true. On the other hand, what was wanting in the weather was made up for in the heartiness of the welcome accorded him. When he arrived at Portsmouth the great battleships there poured forth such a salute as could scarcely be heard in any other part of the world, and on his arrival at Victoria, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, who had met him on landing, he was met by his Majesty the King, the Duke of Connaught, the Prime Minister, and many other most considerable persons in the British Empire. Moreover, wherever he went through the streets his steps were followed by cheering crowds, the cordiality of whose welcome was not damped in the slightest by the rain that kept steadily falling during the whole time. It may be permissible to add that he made a very favourable first impression on the minds of those who had the privilege of seeing him. Tall, slim, romantic-looking, he is, as far as appearance goes, all that a young sovereign can be expected to be.

As far as can be ascertained, the prospects of peace have not improved in the slightest degree during the last week. The Czar appears to have hardened his heart; or perhaps it were nearer the truth to say that his counsellors are utterly lacking in wisdom, and every new mishap appears only to drive them further on the path that they have been madly following. The latest news as we write is that the truculent Count Trepoff has been appointed Assistant Minister of the Interior and placed at the head of the revived Third Section. That is to say, he has been practically appointed Dictator or Mayor of the Palace, and from what has gone before we cannot be wrong in believing that he will try to quell with an iron hand anything in the shape of disturbance. Foreign countries have certainly been considering the question of mediation, and President Roosevelt has been holding audiences with ambassadors from nearly every civilised country. But it is extremely difficult for a third party to interfere until some direct encouragement is given by one of the belligerents. If Russia, in spite of all her mishaps, is determined to carry on the war to the point of ruin, it would seem that the civilised world can do nothing but stand aside as an idle spectator. The more we hear about the conduct of the Russian sailors in the great naval battle, the more certain do we become that they have neither the pluck nor the training to redeem the honour they have already lost.

Almost at the same moment the French Admiralty, through their chief constructor, and the English Admiralty, in the form of designs for an immense new battleship, to be called the Dreadnought, have come to the same conclusion about the teachings of the war in the East. The Dreadnought will carry nothing but 12-in. guns, of which ten, instead of the usual four, will be mounted. Besides these, only small quick-firers for engaging torpedo craft will be mounted. M. Ferrand, the French authority, states, in the most emphatic manner, his belief that it is the great battleship, unsinkable except by a mine, and discharging the heaviest projectiles at a distance of six miles if needed, with accuracy and force, that wins battles. Armoured cruisers he deems of little use in battle, and ordinary cruisers as useless as ocean liners, quoting the destruction of the Vanaj in twenty minutes, while the Cesarevitch could steam to Keachou even after a heavy fleet action. Fortunately, England's battleships now number seventy vessels.

A better "all-round Englishman" than Mr. J. W. Lowther, who by the time these lines are in print will in all human probability have been elected Speaker of the House of Commons, it would be difficult to find. He is a keen cricketer, and an excellent shot, besides having all the details of Parliamentary procedure at his fingers' ends, and is blessed with a powerful physique and unruffled temper. For many years he has managed the excellent partridge-shooting at Campsey Ash, the fine old Suffolk house of his father, the Hon. William Lowther, who, though still enjoying life in many ways, is past his eightieth year, and no longer shoots.

Surely the late Mr. G. F. Watts was the most patriotic artist that England has ever produced. By his will he has conferred a great deal upon the nation. A certain number of pictures go to various provincial galleries, and 109 of his works are to be placed at Limnerslease, the house he built for himself and in which there is a suitable gallery. To this the public are to be admitted free of charge on three days of the week, and at the charge of 1s. on the other three. For keeping this up in perpetuity provision is made in the will. A number of the portraits he made of the eminent men of his time are ultimately designated for the National Portrait Gallery, but are to be kept at Limnerslease until, under the regulations of the Portrait Gallery, they can be placed in that collection. It should not be omitted to mention that one of his pictures, "Alice," has been selected for presentation to the National Gallery of Art in New South Wales. All this seems to be a very fitting ending to a noble career. Others have written and spoken of Art for Art's sake, but Mr. Watts devoted the whole of his energy and his genius to Art for the purpose of improving and furthering the advancement and civilisation of his fellow-men. Surely this was proof enough that he in practice, at any rate, loved Art for its own sake.

A MOMENT.

Was it your voice that I heard
Stealing down on the wind,
Or only a bird
Singing to one of its kind?

"Love! Love! Love!" so it fell
Soft ere the fancy fled.
For a moment's spell
I could forget you were dead!

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

The emigration returns recently published form rather curious reading. As far as they go they show that South Africa as a field for British emigrants is not nearly in so much favour as it was. Only 10 per cent. of those who left England to seek their fortunes abroad went to South Africa last year—or little more than half the number that went the year before. We are somewhat sorry to hear this, because the latest of our possessions is urgently in need of men for its development, and unless there is a flow of emigrants into it it will be very difficult for the white race to maintain their possession. We have always to remember that the Boers flourish there almost as much as the blacks. On the other hand, it is well that no less than 26 per cent. of the emigrants who left last year went to British North America, showing that for the moment Canada is a favourite field for settlers. Australia and New Zealand receive very few, and India and Ceylon only 2 per cent. Yet in these dependencies there must be plenty of room for the careers of those who care to leave Great Britain for them. Of those who emigrated it is instructive to note that 30 per cent. were labourers, 20 per cent. skilled artisans, 15 per cent. farm labourers, and 10 per cent. belonged to commerce and the professions. Emigration, therefore, would seem to be as yet confined to the comparatively poor. There is no efflux of men possessed of capital.

The conference on infant mortality in London directs attention to one of the greatest evils existing at the present time. It was attended by some of the most eminent of the medical profession, and the statements made can be accepted, therefore, as being authoritative. The evil is much more rampant out of London than it is within the metropolis. At Preston the death-rate of infants under twelve months amounts to no less than 218 per thousand, in Salford it is 199, in Birmingham 197, and in Blackburn 193; while in London it is 156. The last-mentioned proportion is bad enough, but, as will be seen, it is not equal to that of the provincial towns. The doctors showed very little difference of opinion as to the cause of this scandalous mortality. It comes in the main from the reluctance of mothers to nurse their own children, and from the habit of feeding them with those patent foods which are so blatantly advertised everywhere. One of the medical men pointed out how deceptive the pictures were of apparently stout and chubby children, who had been fed on this or that patent nutriment. In most cases he said the appearance was wholly deceptive, and instead of being normal and healthy

the child illustrated was found on examination to be suffering from rickets. It is a pity that children should be fed on artificial food at all; but when they are, it should be compulsory on mothers to provide such plain and wholesome nourishment as an intelligent doctor may recommend.

In our article on sea-birds there are one or two omissions, owing to the fact that the letters did not arrive till that part of the paper was printed. We may, however, supplement the account there given by one or two remarks about the Scilly Islands and Valentia Island. Mr. Mortimer writes from St. Agnes, Scilly Islands, that sea-birds are more numerous this year. The shearwater and puffin are increasing. The curlew arrived somewhat earlier. From Tresco Mr. H. Jenkins writes that he does not see any difference as regards the puffin, razorbill, and shearwater, but the guillemot does not seem so plentiful this year as before. "The shearwater," he says, "about sunset are on the water by hundreds." From Bryher, Scilly Islands, Mr. Stewart writes that the cormorant and the stormy petrel are increasing. The puffins seemed to arrive somewhat earlier than usual.

Miss Tiddy has sent us some very interesting notes—which we regret not being able to publish—from the Isle of Annet. She says that the Lord-proprietor, Mr. T. A. Dorrien-Smith, has done much to protect the sea-birds, but considers that gulls are on the increase—the common gull more than the black-backed. The oyster-catcher and the shag are increasing. Together with several other correspondents she draws attention to the greater frequency with which the gannet is seen in the Scilly Islands, though, she goes on to say, "it is doubtful whether it breeds in the islands, for it seems more scarce in May and June than at any time of the year. In winter this bird is common. At a distance, soaring high, it is difficult to distinguish from a seagull, though a glint of sun on its white back and breast as the bird darts downwards and disappears under the water with a splash (reappearing again in a moment) reveals the larger bird." She also says the common heron is often to be seen in Scilly. The natives consider that the curlew is excellent for food, and kill it for that purpose with the whimbrel. Miss Tiddy informs us that Annet is the chief home of sea-birds in the Scilly Islands, though colonies are found on other islands. The birds on Annet are puffins, gulls, razorbills, and shearwaters. The terns choose the warm sheltered beaches rather than the more exposed and crowded island. The kingfisher, redshank, turnstone, and many species of sandpiper are occasionally seen on Annet.

The mole-like and unnatural life of the little ponies that do the work in coal-mines, commonly described by the shortly comprehensive name of pit-ponies, seems to give them a special claim on our mercy and consideration, and for that reason much sympathy is due to the aims of the Yorkshire Society for the Encouragement of Kindness and Humanity to Pit-ponies. At a meeting of Our Dumb Friends' League held a few days since at 4, Grosvenor Square, by the kind permission of Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam, in aid of the funds of the Yorkshire pit-ponies society. Lord Zetland moved a resolution affirming the desirability of giving generous support to the society. The Bishop of Wakefield testified to the vastly-improved condition of the ponies during the years in which he had had experience of them; nevertheless, the statement of Mr. Wills, the hon. secretary, to the effect that out of 400 collieries in Yorkshire alone the society's funds enabled it to deal with twenty-two only, is evidence that much more remains to be done. One of the ways in which the society works is by a system of rewards to the pit-boys for kindness and good treatment towards the animals in their charge. At least 20,000 ponies were stated by Mr. Wills to be employed in underground work in Yorkshire.

As a very natural consequence of the recent spell of unusually dry weather, we have news from various parts of the country of extensive fires. The most serious and destructive of these seems to have taken place in the Dorsetshire heath district, in the neighbourhood of Puddletown, where it raged over the dry heather and gorse for miles and miles. The troops were called out from Dorchester to try to beat the fire out, but it seems to have been too widely extended for their efforts to be successful. A serious village fire occurred at Eydon, near Banbury, where thirteen cottages, the property of Lord Valentia, were burnt out in a very short time. The moral of all these stories, and many more of the same kind, is that it behoves every wayfarer and every cottage dweller, especially where the roofs are of thatch, to take the greatest care in times of drought to stamp out every spark and match that may be the beginning of a widespread conflagration.

The afternoon of the Eton and Winchester match at Eton, perhaps the prettiest cricket scene in this country, closed on the historic Fourth of June, 1905, with a striking incident. Dr. Warre, punctual to the moment, as he always is, proceeded into the schoolyard, the big quadrangle between the main gates and the chapel, and ascending the chapel steps, as the custom is, in his silk gown, white bands, and college cap, held the last "absence" he will ever take on the chief day of the Eton summer. An immense crowd of distinguished visitors of all kinds entered the yard to see the absence held, and thronged it to such an extent that Dr. Warre could scarcely make his way to the steps. Every name was called over in his strong and vigorous tones, just as resonant as twenty years ago, and then the capable and respected Head-master of Eton walked through the crowd without a word to his house, with everyone's eyes upon him. It seems an anomaly that when the Provostship of Eton is not vacant, no form of preferment or dignity should await a retiring head of Eton.

The net effect on the public mind of the great billiard match has been in some inscrutable way to deepen the dislike of professional matches. No doubt the struggle was quite a *bonâ fide* one, and in this case Stevenson, as the better man, won; but still there is a suspicion that a great deal of the play was meant for the gallery, and that the closeness of the contest did not represent any real equality between the two players. The opinion of the experts is that Stevenson has got past Roberts in the race, that he plays as well now as the champion did in his very best days, that the start of 2,000 was wholly unnecessary, and if both players had been playing up to their best form it would have been more or less of a runaway match. Perhaps the greatness of the issue, the largeness of the crowds, and the general excitement prevented them from doing their best; but the fact remains that only two breaks of over 300 were made in the course of the match, and that the average break of both players was considerably below what they can do and what they have done. It would seem to follow, therefore, that the breathless excitement of the audience was somewhat artificial in character.

FULFILMENT.

When summer wakes the golden age is come,
And flowers stand high as corn in ample sheaves,
But ah, the birds—the birds will soon be dumb,
And dense and dark the luminous young leaves.

When summer wakes the roses bloom anew,
And heather spreads wide sheets of amethyst;
But we have lost the hyacinth's wild blue,
And where are all the violets we have missed?

Now in the year's full crown new jewels glow,
The world's a-bloom, the skies new splendours take,
Through meadows where the cowslips used to blow
My heart turns backward still, though summer wake.

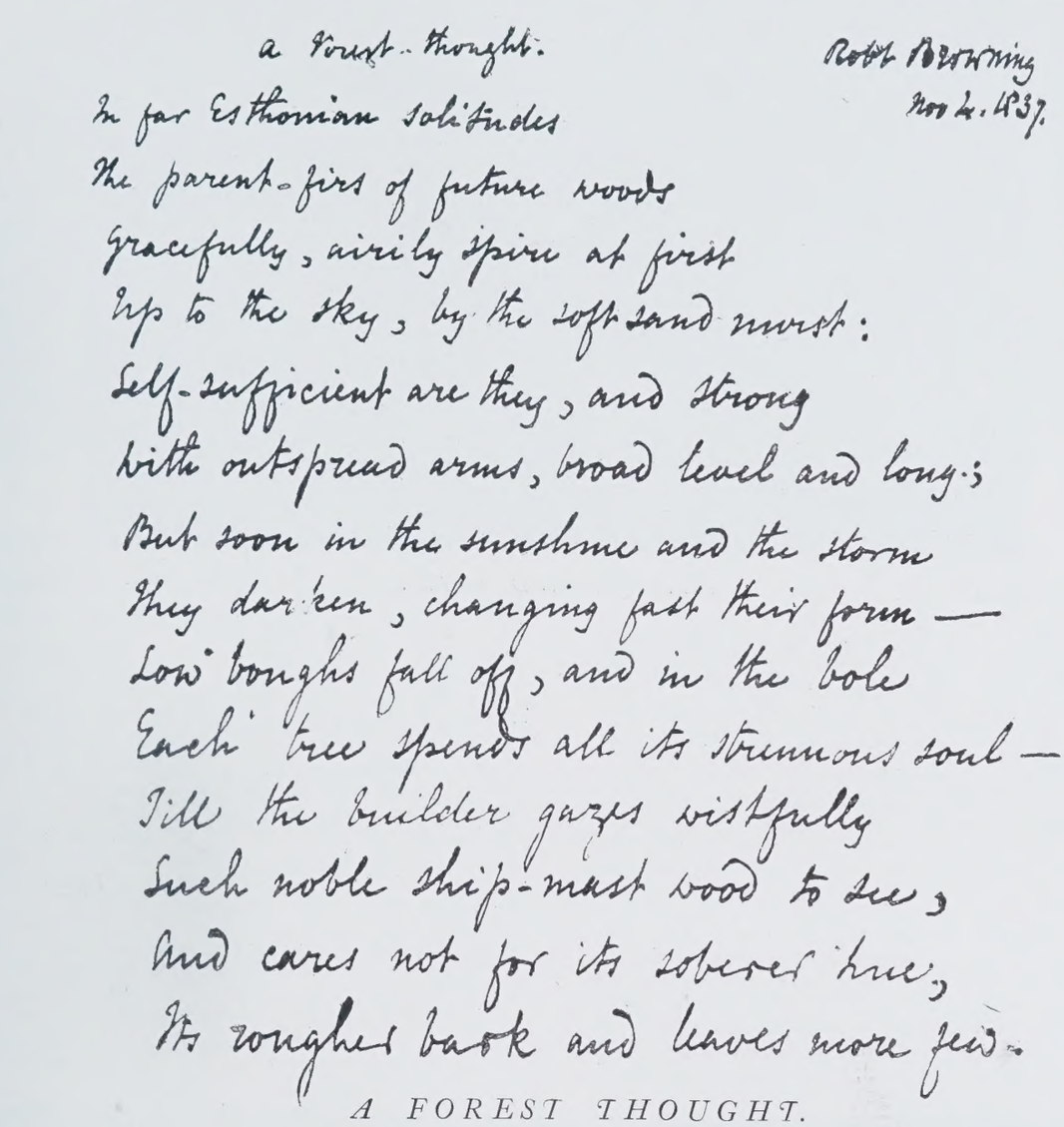
ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

It is only by occasional gleams that we seem to receive light on the condition of affairs in that extensive region of Africa which is under German rule; but now and then some intelligence does arrive, and the gleams that it conveys are generally rather lurid in hue. From the latest reports it is clear that all is not yet peace in the German South-West African district. Some of the farmers who left Damaraland for a while in consequence of the insecurity of life and property, owing to native raids, have returned thither, attracted by the report that all the trouble was over, but seem, on returning, to have found the state of things very much what it was before, and no settled and remunerative work on the farms yet possible. Under these circumstances the warning of the *German South-West African News*, advising those farmers who have not yet returned to delay still longer before doing so, is a timely one; but it reveals a very unsatisfactory condition of affairs, and one that appears the more serious by reason of the length of time that it has prevailed.

An international swimming competition of particular interest to Englishmen has been established at Venice by a recently-founded Society of Nautical Sports. Most people know of Lord Byron's feat of swimming the Hellespont, but fewer have probably heard of his similar feat at Venice, in which he far out-distanced a couple of friends, one English and one Italian, over a course from the Lido to Santa Chiara, in 1818. The aquatic society, which has been founded in memory of Francesco Quirini, the officer who lost his life during the Duke of the Abruzzi's Polar Expedition, have now decided to hold a race every other year over the same course of eight miles, and to call it "The Lord Byron Competition." The first race is to take place during the International Art Exhibition, and a challenge cup has been presented, to be held by the successive winners.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY ROBERT BROWNING.

[This hitherto unpublished poem by Robert Browning was written in circumstances which lend special interest to the fac-simile of the MS. of which the first page is here reproduced. The lines were addressed to friends on the occasion of the christening of their eldest son, to whom the poet stood godfather. On returning to the house after the christening, Browning went into a room by himself and there wrote the poem and handed it to the parents. The MS. written thus impromptu is that now published, having been carefully preserved in the pages of an album of the period, recently bequeathed to the writer of this note. It may be necessary to add that the copyright of the poem now belongs to the representatives of Robert Browning, and that it is here printed with their sanction, given through Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., publishers of the poet's works. The dedication runs: "Written and inscribed to W. A. and A. D. by their Sincere Friend, Robert Browning, 13, Nelson Sq., November 4, 1837."—ED.]



A FOREST THOUGHT.

In far Esthonian solitudes
The parent-firs of future woods
Gracefully, airily spire at first
Up to the sky, by the soft sand nurst;
Self-sufficient are they, and strong
With outspread arms, broad level and long:
But soon in the sunshine and the storm
They darken, changing fast their form—
Low boughs fall off, and in the bole
Each tree spends all its strenuous soul—
Till the builder gazes wistfully
Such noble ship-mast wood to see,
And cares not for its soberer hue,
Its rougher bark and leaves more few.

But just when beauty passes away
And you half regret it could not stay,
For all their sap and vigourous life,—
Under the shade, secured from strife
A seedling springs—the forest-tree
In miniature, and again we see
The delicate leaves that will fade one day,
The fan-like shoots that will drop away,
The taper stem a breath could strain—
Which shall foil one day the hurricane:
We turn from this infant of the copse
To the parent-firs,—in their waving tops
To find some trace of the light green tuft
A breath could stir,—in the bole aloft
Column-like set against the sky,
The spire that flourished airily
And the marten bent as she rustled by.

So shall it be, dear Friends, when days
Pass, and in this fair child we trace
Goodness, full-formed in you, tho' dim
Faint-budding, just astir in him:
When rudiments of generous worth
And frankest love in him have birth,
We'll turn to love and worth full-grown,
And learn their fortune from your own.
Nor shall we vainly search to see
His gentleness—simplicity—
Not lost in your maturer grace—
Perfected, but not changing place.

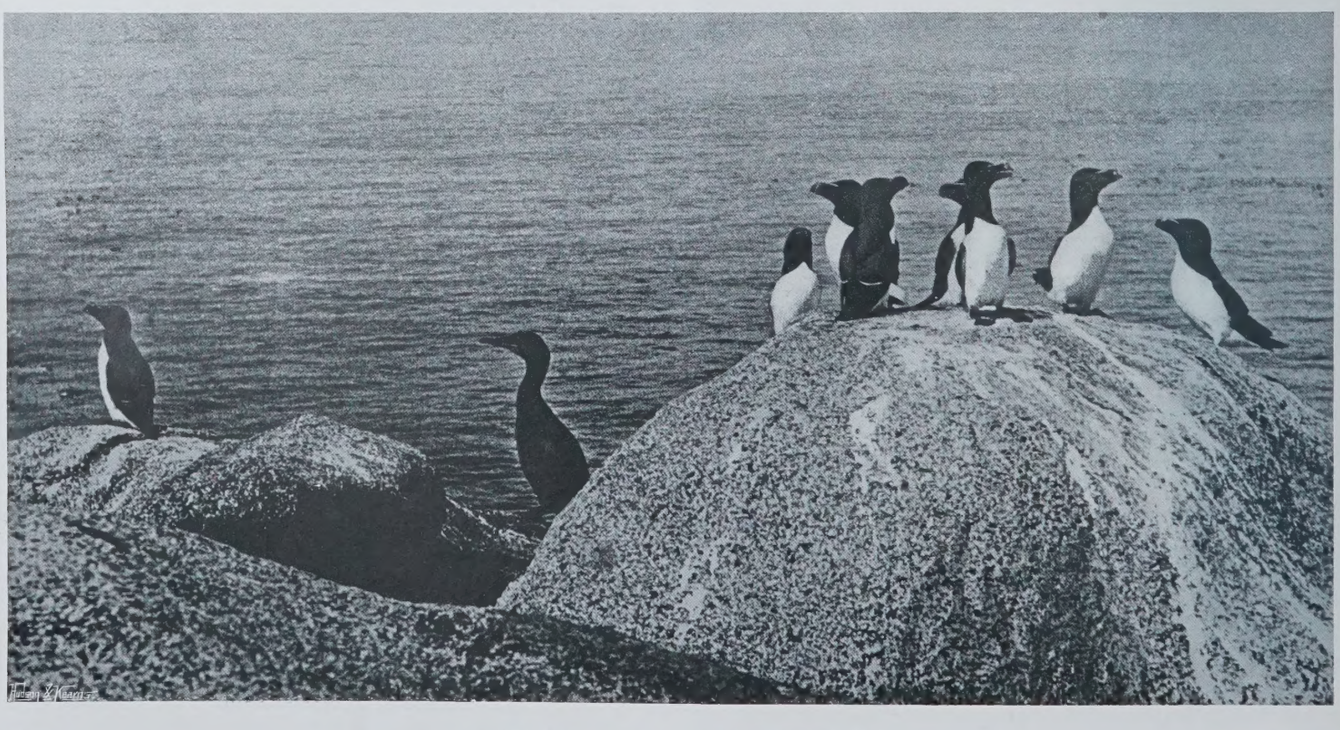
May this grove be a charmed retreat . . .
May northern winds and savage sleet
Leave the good trees untouched, unshorn
A crowning pride of woods unborn:
And gracefully beneath their shield
May the seedling grow! All pleasures yield
Peace below and peace above,
The glancing squirrels' summer love,
And the brood-song of the cushat-dove!

SEA-BIRDS IN JUNE.

Gibson. BLACK-BACKED GULLS. *Penzance.*

As many contradictory rumours have been afloat as to the condition of our various species of sea-birds, it was suggested that it would be well to send out a form of enquiry to those who have special means of acquiring information, in order to glean authentic facts about them. To-day we publish some of the answers to our questions. A rapid glance will at least show how opportune was the chosen moment. During the greater part of the year the sea-fowl are scattered. Only a few remain at the breeding sites; the others wing their way over foam and billow, following ships, diving into the waves, entering estuaries, or even making their way inland to exact tithe from lowland river and upland brook. But late May and early June find them engaged in the great domestic task of the year—building their nests, laying their eggs, and nursing the broods of young. Then, and then only, is it possible to form an idea as to whether the numbers are increasing or decreasing.

But first it is necessary to glance over the causes that may have induced any change in our avine population. The most important of these is, of course, the various Wild Birds' Protection Acts which have been passed during the last quarter of a century. For a time, in the late seventies and eighties, it looked as though many species of birds were in danger of extermination. We refer particularly to sea-fowl, because the shore was the happy hunting-ground of certain sportsmen of the baser sort, who were accustomed to loaf along it at any time of the day when they thought birds would be about. They killed anything they came across, partly for the mere pleasure of killing, but still more on the chance of obtaining something that would sell for a price to the collector; and, indeed, the collector of bird-skins is at the bottom of the whole evil. However, those who used to preserve the avifauna of Great Britain banded together, and after some delay secured an Act for the preservation of all wild birds, since then supplemented by local provisions drawn up by the various county councils. There is no doubt whatever that this has served to increase our bird population to a vast extent; yet it is not certain that the results have been wholly good. What we are sure of is that many of the commonest species of birds have increased far beyond what is reasonable, in some cases becoming absolute pests. Of the land-birds this holds true, more particularly of the sparrow, which many farmers have come to regard as no more than a kind of winged rat; of the rook, which is spread over immense new woodland areas, as the old rookeries are no longer able to provide house-room for the increased numbers; and of the wood-pigeon, a very greedy and destructive bird, that breeds very freely in a country preserved for game, and in hard weather migrates to this country from the pine forests of Scandinavia. These three have incurred the hostility of those who till the soil, but there are others that have increased to an extent equally marvellous. Among them we think the starling holds a first place; but as this bird is largely insectivorous, its growth in population has evoked no hostile feeling, though, like all other creatures, when it increases to such a point that its natural food becomes scarce, it changes its diet, and has been known in recent years to strip cherry orchards clean. However, this seems only a momentary divagation from its ordinary habits, and, as we say, the generality of people are very glad to see this sprightly and handsome bird flourishing so much in the land. In this



Gibson. RAZORBILL AND CORMORANTS. *Penzance.*

Gibson. *A BATTLE IN MID-AIR.* *Penzance.*

connection a letter we have received from that very careful discoverer Sir Herbert Maxwell may be read with interest. He has not recently been in a position to observe the sea-birds, but his remarks on some land-birds will be read with uncommon interest.

"Owing to duty in Parliament my opportunities for observation on migratory birds have been intermittent, and therefore inconclusive. I have heard it observed in Leicestershire that there are fewer swallows and martins than usual, and in Shropshire that the spotted fly-catchers were late in arriving and few in number. I may add, for what they are worth, the following notes from personal observation on spring migrants:

Nightingale.—Very abundant near Weybridge.

Goldfinch.—Unusually numerous in South-West Scotland, whence it had been almost exterminated of late years.

Great Crested Grebe.—Annually increasing, and spreading to places where it has not been known before.

Tufted Duck and Pochard.—More of these birds remain to breed in South-West Scotland than formerly.

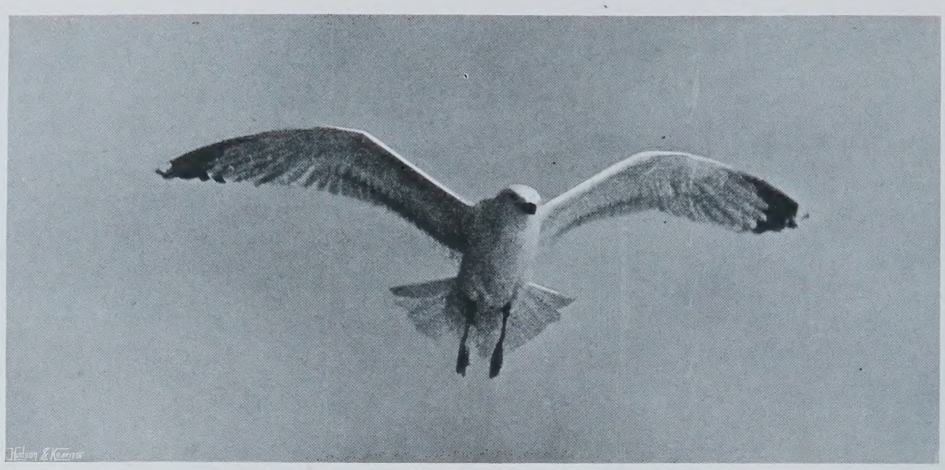
Lapwing.—No diminution, despite the extraordinary diligence in egg-collecting all over Scotland. It seems as if the species benefited by the first laying being taken, as the early eggs are often frosted, while the second laying is safely incubated. HERBERT MAXWELL."

The difficulty is to know how far the changes referred to here are local. It is extremely interesting to hear that nightingales are abundant near Weybridge, because in many districts frequented by them they have been scarcely heard at all this year. Still more curious are Sir Herbert Maxwell's remarks about the goldfinch. Only a few days ago a lament was raised in one of the newspapers about the extermination of this most beautiful wild bird. We ourselves scanned the facts set forth by the writer with a certain amount of scepticism, because our own observation coincided with that of Sir Herbert, and within the London radius we personally have seen many more goldfinches during the last two or three years than ever before. Of course, in Scotland, if we were to judge by the number of poems addressed to the goldspink, or the references to it from the day of Blind Harry to that of Robert Fergusson, we should say it was as familiar as the kite used to be in London. What Sir Herbert Maxwell says of the tufted duck and pochard holds fairly true, we think, of all the different varieties of duck, which have gained an immense advantage from the protection afforded by Parliament. His note on the lapwing, too, will be read with the attention it deserves, as coming from so experienced a naturalist. A wild and sentimental lament is often raised about taking lapwings' eggs; but as Sir Herbert says, there is no reason whatever to think that the number of the species is diminishing from this cause. On the contrary, it appears, as a species, to be more numerous than ever. No later than Saturday, in a field of tender green corn, we saw quite a dozen broods. The long-legged, cunning little chicks ran about and played and ate while they thought no one was looking at them, but a step in their direction sent them into the longest grass or corn, where they cowered and looked so like small grey stones that it was difficult to pick them out. Yet when we walked on to a distance of a few yards the little things popped up, and again began their capers just as before, while their fathers and mothers screamed overhead, just as they did ages ago, when, according to Miss Fiona Macleod's charming story, they disclosed the whereabouts of the Covenanters to their enemies.

To return to our sea-birds. Another factor that has helped to bring about their increase is the establishment of sanctuaries where they can breed without disturbance. It had long been the custom of fisher-folk and tourists to rob every sea-bird's nest they could find, partly to add to the collection of eggs, but still more frequently for the purpose of eating them. On the seacoast the eggs of these birds are considered particular delicacies, and for centuries it has been the habit to take them. Now the taking of eggs is as much discouraged as it is in the case of the lapwings Sir Herbert Maxwell mentions. We might offer the black-headed gull as an example. In many places throughout Great Britain the privilege of taking these eggs stood very much on the same footing as the right of common, and in the meres, lakes, and marshes of England, and in the bogs, mire, and ponds of Scotland, the eggs were collected quite regularly. Even the young birds were taken and made into swab-pie, which is said to have been as good as pigeon-pie or rook-pie. In no case that we know of did the birds forsake their nests on this account. Still, there was a limit, because the tradition was that one could take two sittings, but the third sitting had to be left to be hatched out. Birds with

B. H. Bentley. *WITH OUTSTRETCHED PINIONS.* Copyright

nests on the cliffs enjoyed no such legendary protection. They were robbed as long as they laid their eggs, with the result that they had begun to diminish perceptibly in numbers. The establishment of protected breeding-places in the Farne Islands had, however, a very wholesome effect in checking this decrease. Year after year increasingly good reports came from these islands, and for the present year Mr. C. D. Pettit, keeper of the Inner Lighthouse, sends us the following information:



B. H. Bentley. *FLYING GULL.* Copyright

"1. The number of birds are greatly on the increase this year. 2. There are a great increase in the following birds: Puffin, Sandwich and Arctic tern, eider-duck, gull, lesser black-back, oyster-catcher. 3. The arrival and departure of the birds greatly depends on the season (state of the weather). The Sandwich tern was a little later in arriving, but they are much earlier in the nesting this year. They are laying, and have quite a lot of eggs. The eider-ducks are very thick and are in full nest. One nest had nine eggs in it yesterday, and several nests had one gull's egg in it. The gulls are making great havoc with the eggs; if the duck are disturbed and leave their nests, the eggs are destroyed at once by the gulls. The same with the oyster-catcher and Sandwich tern. A little later, as the birds get thicker, they will be able to defend their nests better."

Our naturalist readers cannot fail to be much interested in this letter. On sea as on land it will be noticed that the commoner birds are increasing most. The eider-duck has multiplied greatly since protection was afforded it, and although not in sufficient numbers yet to make the collection of down profitable, it is permissible to hope that it will become so in time. Fortunately the duck is an extremely good mother and sits very close on her eggs, so much so that you can approach her and lift her off them without causing her any great alarm, and the boys on the islands are in the habit of feeding and petting the nesting eiders. But the great danger comes from the gulls, which devour all the eggs they can get at. They have increased to an enormous extent, and it is worth consideration whether they cannot be kept down, as a danger to their neighbours. Something is effected in this way by taking their eggs; but the gull is a somewhat stupid bird, and goes on laying without seeming to care very much about the robbery. Indeed, to see them is to see how blind instinct really is. As long as the eggs are on the nest the mother regards them as though they were her own, but as soon as they are lifted and put into a basket she does not recognise them from any other eggs there, and will, if the owner's back be turned on the basket, carry off and devour her own eggs.

The Bass Rock is another favourite breeding-place of sea-birds, but although it is only a short distance north of the Farne Islands its population is different. We have had a letter about it from Mr. John Laidlaw, keeper of the Bass Rock Lighthouse. He informs us that the gannet, guillemot, and kittiwake are increasing in numbers, while the puffin and razorbill are decreasing. It is rather curious that the gannet or solan goose should nest so freely on the Bass Rock and yet avoid the Farne Islands. It is a very roaming bird, and may be seen even now in the height of the breeding season cruising up and down the coast far away from its nest, dropping every now and then, like an arrow shot from a bow, into the water and picking up its prey. We are glad to see that the numbers are greater than they used to be, and the falling off among the puffins and razorbills is probably due to the fact that more of them go to the Farnes. The puffin, especially, likes to be in a crowd, and very comical they look on the top of the rocks, sitting and nodding their heads. Their nests, as we need scarcely inform the reader, are made in burrows, some dug by themselves, others wrested from the rabbit. If alarmed they are not very well able to get on the wing, but flounder along the ground in an awkward manner, which makes them very easy to capture, only the visitor must be careful how he effects this, as the puffin has a very hard bill, which it can use with great effect. Mr. Laidlaw goes on to inform us that it

Gibson. *STUDIES OF GULLS.* *Penzance.*

is three years since the station on the Bass Rock was opened, and during that time nesting, arriving, and departing have been very regular. This year nothing has been noticed worthy of special mention.

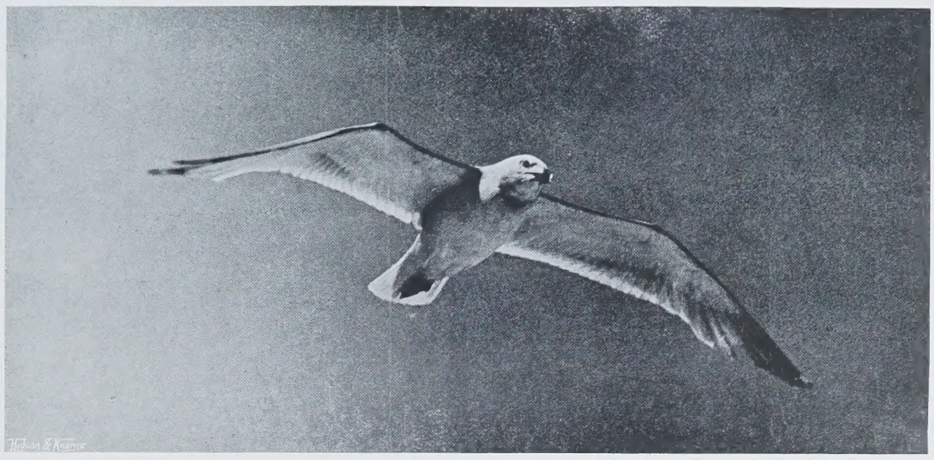
When we leave the North of England for the South, we do not find very much difference in the reports. Mr. Aflalo writes:

"1. At Bournemouth the number of gulls is unchanged. Of shags there never were any to speak of. A fair number of Northern divers were to be seen, this spring as in former years, close in to the beach at Southbourne every evening. 2. At Folkestone there is always a fairly large gull population, owing, of course, to the presence of the fishing fleet. This year, if anything, there are rather fewer than in some seasons. 3. I have not heard anything at either of these places as to any change in the period of their usual movements."

From the lighthouse at Flamborough Head the keeper writes:

"In reply to your letter of the 31st ult., asking for answers to certain questions about sea-birds, I beg to say I think the number of sea-birds are less this season in this district; at any rate, I have not noticed so many. In answer to No. 2 question, I have not noticed any change in numbers increasing, but if anything less. No. 3. Have not noticed any change in the habits, or in the times of arrival, going away, or nesting. There may at times be a few weeks' difference, according to climatic conditions. I do not know whether the following may be of interest to you, but as regards other kinds of birds (land-birds), for the last two years they have been considerably less in number about the headland, and consequently less in number attracted by the light.—GEO. FREEMAN."

The lighthouse-keeper at Plymouth says that he has not seen any difference in the number of sea-birds in the vicinity of the Eddystone for the last four years. Most of the species as far as he could make out are unchanged in the numbers that breed; but one thing he considers worthy of notice is the increasing number of the common gull and kittiwake that have arrived about the same time as the bass, which come about the end of May each year and remain in the vicinity of the lighthouse until about the end of September. He thinks that the birds feed off the prey which the larger fish kill during their feeding-time.



B. H. Bentley. *BREASTING THE BREEZE.* Copyright

From Penzance Mr. T. H. Cornish writes that cormorants, shags, and kittiwakes are on the increase, but he has not noticed much change in the habits of the others. Probably those engaged in the fishing industry will regret the information sent by so many of our correspondents that cormorants and shags have multiplied beyond what one would call a reasonable extent. They are almost proverbial for their greediness, and the quantity of fish destroyed by them must make an immense difference to their food supply. Yet we are loth to say anything that would seem to countenance the suggestion that they should be destroyed. At any rate, the only visible means of doing so is by taking away their eggs.

The lighthouse-keeper at the Lizard remarks that the number of birds appears to be very much the same except for the fact that there seems to be an increase in the shearwater and stormy petrel. He says "for the last year or two the shearwater has appeared at night around the lighthouse, and when once they alight appear to have a difficulty in rising again." We have only one more letter to quote, but it is an extremely interesting one, from that distinguished naturalist Mr. R. B. Lodge. It will be seen that he does not refer so particularly to sea-fowl as to birds that come inland. Here is his letter:

"I have been in Spain for two months, and have had no opportunities for answering your questions about sea-birds this year. I have noticed, however, among shore-birds of late years an increased tendency to inland habits not only in the autumn and winter, but in the breeding season. The ringed plover has always, I believe, nested in a few inland localities, but this seems to have increased. A few years ago a pair nested in a sewage farm within the London postal district, and this year a pair of redshanks have nested in Enfield. They now, from their behaviour, have young ones in the grass of a large meadow only two miles outside the London radius. Sewage farms are, I think, a great attraction to this class of bird, which come regularly at certain seasons, and remain for months, and eventually a pair or two remain to breed. Here I have seen redshanks, dunlin, ringed plover, green sandpipers, curlew, and godwit in some numbers and regularly, and I have no doubt a more regular watching would show more species. From notices in the *Zoologist*, observers have noticed the same in other sewage farms about the country.—R. B. LODGE."

RÒSEEN-DHU.

LITTLE wild rose of my heart,
Ròseen-dhu, Ròseen-dhu!
Why must we part,
Ròseen-dhu?
To meet but to part again!
Is it because we are fain
Of the wind and the rain,
Because we are hungry of pain,
Ròseen-dhu?

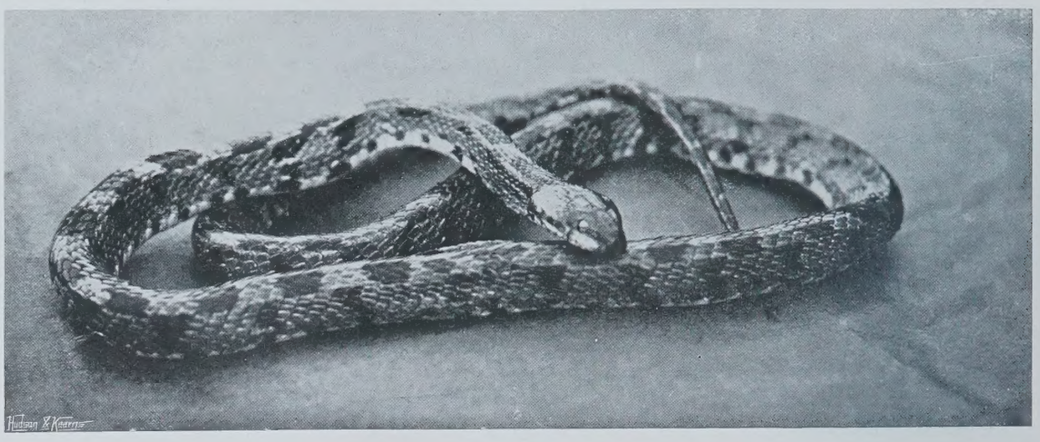
Little wild rose of my heart,
Ròseen-dhu, Ròseen-dhu,
Where *I* am, *thou* art,
Ròseen-dhu!
If summer come and go,
If the wild wind blow,
Come rain, come snow,
If the tide ebb, if the tide flow,
Ròseen-dhu!

Little wild rose of my heart,
Ròseen-dhu, Ròseen-dhu . . .
Time poiseth his shadowy dart,
Ròseen-dhu!
What matter, O Ròseen mochree,
Since each is a wave on the sea—
Since Love is as lightning for thee
And as thunder for me,
Ròseen-dhu!

FIONA MACLEOD.

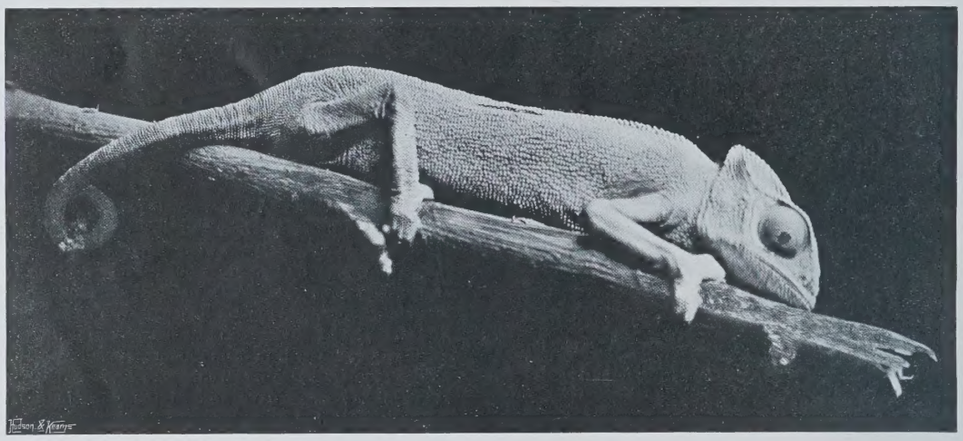
REPTILES AS PETS.

THE latter-day craze for strange pets, above all for reptiles, may seem a strange one at first sight. Yet, as the naturalist knows, the creatures of the reptile class make, in many instances, charming pets; they are instructive, easily tamed, and above all require very little attention. Snakes, lizards, tortoises, alligators, chameleons, etc., are all of them most interesting creatures, who soon learn to know their keeper or those who feed them and give them warmth.



AT REST.

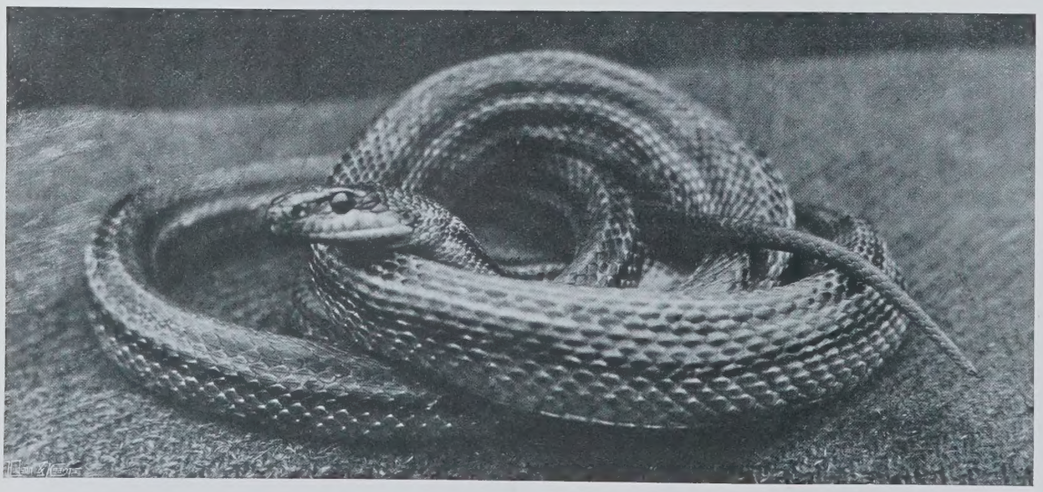
Many kinds of harmless serpents are imported now, and boas and pythons, as well as many of the smaller kinds that are docile and beautiful, can be purchased fairly cheaply. The lizards, too, lovely little things with their brilliant armour of green, green with bright blue spots, and gold, are most attractive as they dart about in the sun or lie basking. One of the most generally favourite of reptiles is the chameleon, which is certainly one of the most curious animals to be found; its strange body, its peaked head, its prehensile tail—often coiled up like a watch-spring—its weird telescopic eyes that can look in different directions at the same time, and its human-like hands all combine to make it an object of unusual interest. Then, it is so easily tamed, while its pathetic little way of looking up at its keeper and its clinging habit quickly make it a favourite. A chameleon of ours used to spend its days mostly clinging to its mistress's dress, or fichu, and was never so happy as when carried about in that position, rolling its eyes around or dozing all the time.



CHAMELEON.

But reptile pets need little care—a greenhouse or warm box, plenty of sun, pieces of branch bark to lie and bask upon or hide under, water, and their food. Their food, in the case of the lizards (lizards, chameleons, anoles, slow-worms, skinks, iguanas, etc.), consists of flies, beetles, worms, meal-worms, and, indeed, any insects or grubs. The snakes, however, require mice, rats, birds, or rabbits, according to the reptile's size; but one of the troubles in the matter of reptile feeding is that most of them will only take living food. The serpents generally first strike their prey, then by throwing their coils round it constrict it. It is very interesting to watch a snake feeding, and wonderful what a snake will swallow. To see quite a small one getting down a large rat is a sight; but we must remember that a snake's jaws are not hinged as ours are, and their necks are largely distensible. A snake can fast for a long time, too, like all reptiles.

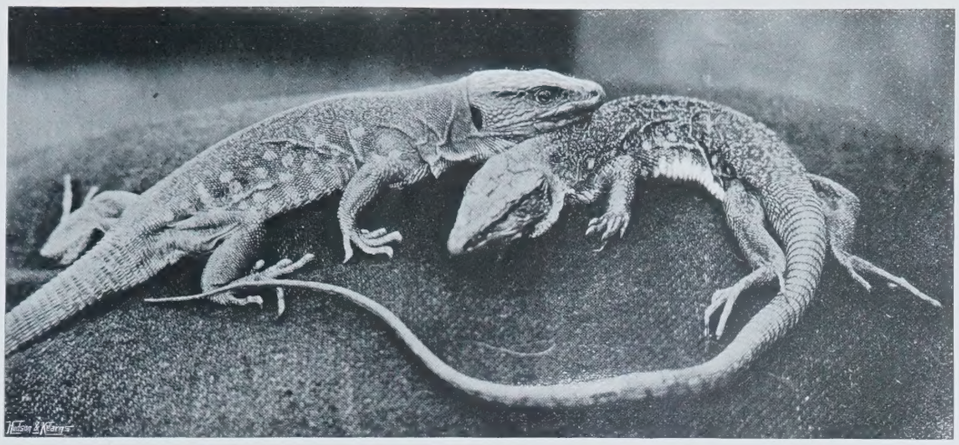
Snakes are often cannibals, not so much from a desire to taste their own species, as the inability to let a choice morsel go when once they have got a firm hold. Once the swallowing process is fairly started by two on the same object, they seem compelled to go on; thus one may in time manage to work its jaws over those of its companion when their heads meet. Advantage of this continuous sort of swallowing action is sometimes taken by keepers where a captive is not feeding well. A rat or rabbit is given, and the snake being once induced to strike and start swallowing, other dead rats or rabbits are tied to the end of the first disappearing one, and so the snake may be induced to take a really good meal. Snakes are very fond of water; most, if not all, of them are wonderful swimmers, and when kept in captivity should always be provided with plenty of water, either in a tin or large vessel, so that they can lie in their baths as well as drink. One of the most interesting of reptile pets is the gecko. Though very small usually, he is a most curious little creature—a lizard, in fact—and although as regards habits and colouring not to be compared to the other members of his great tribe, is really a comical little thing. Geckos have certain strange ways, such as their nocturnal habit of waking up and becoming very lively and hungry as day goes, and their fancy for wandering about on the roof of their den, upside down; indeed, a gecko seems to be quite comfortable in any position, and will sit on the glass front of his den, upside down, the whole day, glaring at you with his glassy, unwinking eyes. Their little feet are very curious, and if one examine the under-surfaces it will be seen that they are very soft and corrugated, like the soles of a tennis shoe, thus enabling the creature to walk on glass, or any other slippery surface, like a fly. These lizards have two other accomplishments that are not shared by any of the other species of reptiles. The one



"IN LABYRINTH OF MANY A ROUND SELF ROLLED."

is their extraordinary habit of licking their eyes, and the other their power of uttering a cry.

All reptiles cast their skins at intervals, and a large snake cast is a curious object. When about to change his garment the snake is poorly for some days, hides, refuses to feed, and the eyes grow white and opaque; after a few days the eyes clear again, and soon the snake begins to move about, rubs itself against the "furniture" of its den, and by degrees peels the old skin entirely back, inside out and complete, even to the tiny tail tip, and the two little watch-glass-like eye covers. A snake has no eyelids, and the eyes are always "open," therefore. Snakes soon become quite tame, as a rule, with gentle and regular handling; they may bite a little at first, but quickly get accustomed to the hand that tends them. The bite of a small one is of no consequence, but that of a large python should be avoided.



QUEER PETS.

The greatest difficulty in keeping reptiles in this country is caused by the amount of cold weather we get; we must either keep them in a heated greenhouse or in dens which can be artificially warmed in the colder months. The exotic species of reptile, those especially that come from very hot countries, are often troublesome to keep in health through our winters, unless one can provide them with constant heat in their dens. Another difficult point is the feeding, for sometimes snakes will sulk and starve themselves to death; in this case they must be crammed, and this is quite easily done by holding the jaws open while small pieces of meat or masses of chopped meat are forced down their throats. Snakes will sometimes, from no apparent cause, refuse food for so long a time that they become quite thin and wrinkled; if, when this is the case, they are not crammed, they will reach a stage after which they will never feed again of their own accord. Baby alligators make interesting pets, but in order that they may thrive they require a tank, the water of which can be raised in temperature as the weather grows chilly. Altogether, reptile pets are a great deal more instructive and interesting than the uninitiated would imagine, and they well repay the time and care lavished on them. F. G.

"POLO PAST AND PRESENT."

A PAINSTAKING and comprehensive book on the game of polo has now been afforded us by Mr. T. F. Dale, which must prove valuable not only to polo players generally throughout the world, but also to the sporting public who follow its progress and attend its games both on suburban and county grounds. The antiquity of the game will be somewhat of a revelation to many readers,

POLO IN JAPAN.

PERSIAN PLAYERS.

for Mr. Dale tells us in a very interesting way of its popularity in Persia during the tenth and eleventh centuries, when the Persians in a great match, Iran *v.* Turan, found their match in the Turks, greatly to the disgust of King Afrasiab. The Byzantine poet, Nizami, sang of polo in the twelfth century. Then we

find it spreading from Persia into Central Asia, India, and Tibet in the sixteenth century, when the great Emperor Akbar patronised it. In Japan the game is at least a thousand years old, and is still popular under the name of Da-kin, or "ball match."

From this ancient history we are carried into the heyday of present-day polo at Hurlingham, from its foundation as a club by Mr. Frank Heathcoate in 1869, principally as

AT HURLINGHAM.

a pigeon-shooting ground, until 1873, when the first polo ground was laid out under the supervision of Captain (now Sir) Walter Smythe. We are told how in 1882 its membership had grown to 1,500, and how it gradually became what the Jockey Club is to the Turf, the ruling legislative authority on the game, both as to its rules and the registration and measurement of playing ponies. In due time (1878) sprang up Ranelagh as a club, under the auspices of the brothers Reginald and F. Herbert, backed up by an influential committee, and thus a compeer, such as Sandown in the racing world is to Newmarket, arose in polo circles. Only soon to be followed by Roehampton, taken in hand by Captain Miller, fresh from his Rugby triumphs, and this we may fairly dub the Kempton of polo. The growth and success of these clubs are excellently told, and this rise of polo is an object-lesson of vivid interest to all sporting readers.

The author from his personal experience of Army sports in India is able to supply a most valuable chapter on regimental polo, full of useful and practical suggestions, which, we venture to think, ought to be heartily endorsed by the War Office authorities and colonels of regiments, so conducive is the game, in our's and the author's opinion, to the effectiveness of our mounted soldiers throughout the world.

The two most delightful and practical chapters in the book are "Training the Pony" and "Elementary Polo," which should form a *vade mecum* to all young players whose object it is not only to play the game, but also to enter into it thoroughly by the education of their ponies and themselves in horsemanship. We long to make extracts from some of the excellent rules and injunctions here laid down, but will refrain. Some of the author's ideas may be open to criticism, yet they appear to us as sound. How truly is it said that "horsemanship is the key to polo," and that "balance" is essential! I will venture here to requote the author's quotation (he does not tell us from whence the quotation comes): "In order for a rider to be at his ease he should sit down well in the saddle without hanging on by his hands, or gripping with his knees, which should grip only as occasion demands. The seat should be maintained by balance, not by grip. When we use the leg we should use it only from the knee to the heel." In "Tournament and Team Play," as well as on "Umpires and Referees," the volume is replete with plain, straightforward, and practical ideas and advice.

The chapter on "The Pony and Stable Management" will appeal to all lovers of ponies, and the illustrations which accompany it add lustre to it, showing, as it does, that the true polo pony is the personification of beauty in the type of riding pony. This pony is an animal once imagined to be only produced by chance, now proved to be capable of production on distinct lines, and inheriting from its ancestors on the dam's side the mountain and moorland characteristics of hardihood and sense, and from its thorough-bred sire's side pace and symmetry. So full of interest has the production of the polo pony now become that, as the author most aptly points out, it is the true riding horse of the future, as well as the animal best fitted for our mounted troops where quick work in the field is required all over the world.

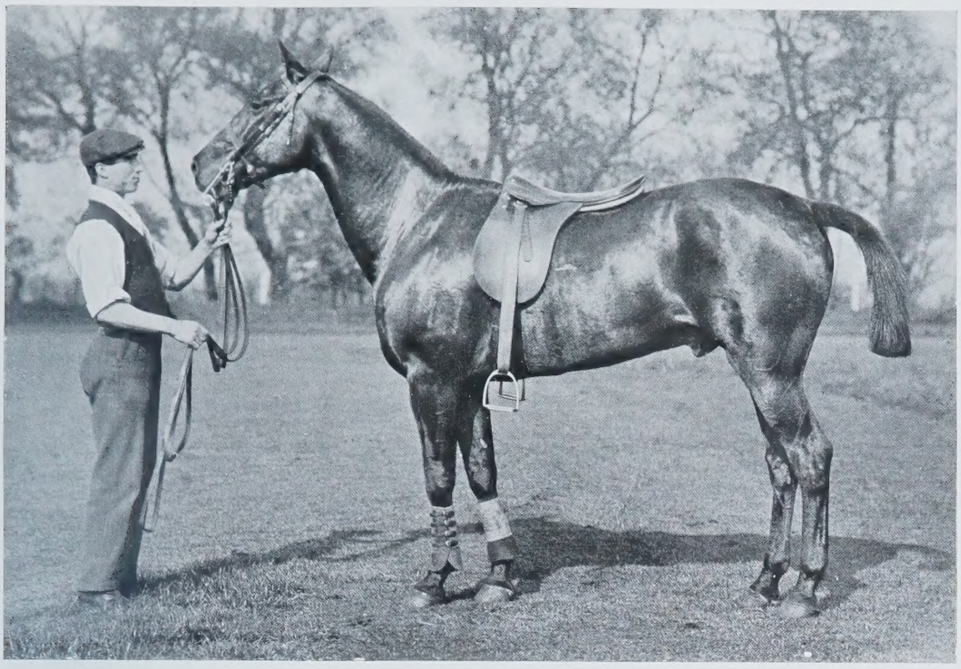
We dare not dwell on the author's ideas referred to in his chapter on "Polo Pony Breeding," much as it appeals to us personally; but here is only touched upon the fringe of the thorny subject of breeding for exact size, shape, and character, which has to be the aim of the polo pony-breeeder.

Perhaps rather scant encouragement is given to the breeder in being able to realise a profit proportionate to the ultimate value of the made animal, yet surely the quality of the material on which the player should work is a great factor towards perfection and value? Club committees and secretaries will devour eagerly, no doubt, what is told them of "Club Appliances and Expenses"; and "Recollections of Twenty Years" will carry many an Anglo-Indian back to the Elysium of some of the

SANDIWAY, A SUCCESSFUL SIRE.

happiest and best days of his life, and is a charming review. "Suggestions on Handicapping" we leave to experts to cogitate upon. It was a happy thought which inspired the chapters on Australian and American polo, as they will imbue the volume with international interest and circulation, as will the author's remarks on English and Indian polo rules.

The appendix of Hurlingham rules will be indispensable for



MATCHBOX.

reference and information, as well as the table setting out the names of some sixty clubs in the United Kingdom now flourishing—their secretaries, grounds, position, number of players, and subscriptions. Mr. Dale has filled his book with a capital lot of illustrations of varied interest, and his mention of our leading players is in excellent taste; nor has he forgotten a most necessary index—all showing how fully his intention has been worked out, of giving to the world such a book on polo as it has never enjoyed before. We heartily congratulate him on his successful effort. R. D. GREEN PRICE.

UNPENSIONED.

A MOMENTARY glimpse which I caught in the neighbouring town of a figure that was once the object of some veneration in this parish, but is now almost forgotten here, has led my thoughts round to old-age pensions again, but on another side than that from which the subject is generally considered. In the ordinary course, we regard solely the old people themselves, who should receive pensions. Their piteous state moves us to a humane indignation, such as was very well expressed once by a certain ne'er-do-well Irish labourer, in reference to the same old person who has set me thinking to-day. "A pore old fellow!" said the Irishman, magnificently; "it's a burnin' shame that there should be no pension for him!" and I assented cordially, seeing some good at last in the unhappy Celt. Yet it is only now, four or five years afterwards, that the significance of this man's feeling has come home to me. Until now I have but felt, with him, that it concerned our self-respect not to allow these old folks to sink down into neglect and dishonour.

The other view of the subject, which the Irishman's sentiment ought to have opened to me, but did not, came at last of its own accord, at sight of old Dicky Brown creeping along a street instead of down the shady lane to his cottage. There was something wanting; something seemed different; and yet one could hardly say that there was appreciable change in the man himself. Possibly he looked feebler—it is twelve months since he left the village for his almshouse in the town; and certainly he looked shabbier than he used to do, shabbier and dirtier. But then, the old clothes which seem to harmonise with country scenery, have a way of looking disreputable in streets against plate-glass shop-fronts; and I should not like to affirm that old Dicky has really deteriorated in the last year. At any rate, it was not that which most struck me about him, nor his decrepitude, but it was the disregard with which the townspeople passed him by.

That was a thing that did not happen while he lived in the village. There, he was valued; there, though perhaps he met nobody, and had the lane to himself, he was not so solitary as in the town, where none knew his value. Observing that, I realised what was missing; the old man was hardly changed, but a sort of atmosphere which used to attend him in other men's minds was dispersed. It had not gone with him to the town, but it had disappeared from our parish. And for want of it the parish is certainly the poorer. There was never much dignity in our thoughts here, never much reverence, never, perhaps, an excessive desire in us to live honourably. Here, no less than elsewhere, the working people have lain open to the prevailing accusations of intemperance, unfaithfulness to their employers, want of pride and constancy in their employment; and here, as elsewhere, these faults have seemed to be increasing rather than otherwise in the younger generation. But still the presence of that little old man had its effect. His known worth was a sort of asset that enriched the village, because where he went there was kindled in young and old some sense of honour, by the respect of those who knew his career.

At one time I used not infrequently to pass the old fellow as he was leaving his work, at a builder's yard in the town. Others, his fellow-workmen, though not without a kindly "Good-night, Dicky!" were wont to pass him too; for his pace was too slow for men eager to get home. A little insignificant figure, gone sideways with spinal curvature, so that his face was always bent upon the road, he shambled doggedly up the hill, carrying a workman's basket over his shoulder, while his stick, held close in against his waist, slanted outwards to the ground and seemed to stump along beside him like a third leg. So he did his daily mile and a-half homewards without company; so, too, any Sunday morning he might be seen leaving church—black-coated then, it's true, though it is a mystery how he was able to afford a black coat, and, perhaps, walking a little slower for his wife's sake; but in other respects just the same unimportant and unassuming person as on weekdays. We were not acquainted. Others told me about him, spoke of his great age, boasted of his indomitable pluck; but he did not venture to speak to me—perhaps, with his face bent to the ground, he seldom saw me—until I took upon myself to wish him good-night as I went by. And for several years our intercourse got no farther than that.

The familiarity which was to impress upon me the true dignity of that little figure ultimately arose from a sudden sense of shame at having left him behind. I had seen him under the last of the street lamps—should scarce have seen him at all if it had been a little farther on, for the November night had fallen early with dense fog, and the roads were intensely dark out in the country; and so I hurried on, desirous of the fireside, and forgetful of poor old Brown. But at the top of the hill, where cross-roads and old gravel-pits by the wayside made the foggy night seem dangerous, I remembered him still toiling up far behind me; and though not Quixotic enough to go back and see him safely home—for had he not travelled that road every week-night for fifty years?—I resolved not to pass him by so thoughtlessly again.

The worst of the winter was over, however, and he had trudged homewards a good many more times, through snow, too, as well as through fog, before my opportunity came. It was near the end of January when once more I overtook him in the same place as before, and in the dusk, and, ranging up alongside him, wished him good-evening. Oddly cocking up his face, he recognised me; "Oh! 'tis Mr. Bourne!" and we breasted the hill together, agreeing that it was "beautiful weather, and helping the winter along so! If we gets another pinch it can't last long." "Why," he exclaimed, admiringly, "'tis light now!"—at half-past five; and in truth there was a glimmering on the road, of daylight reluctant to go.

His pace was after all better than I had fancied—it must have been near three miles an hour—and only once, perhaps because he had been unwontedly talking, or perhaps I had hurried him a little, only once was there a sign of his breath giving out. Yet, as he told me, he was in his eighty-third year. "Eighteen-nineteen, August the nineteenth," he said was his birthday; and on June 1st he would have been married fifty-eight years. "There en't many couples," he remarked, "lives together so long as that. And lives by hard work still," he boasted, rather than complained. "Every mornin' I be in the builder's yard at a quarter to six, makin' up the fires for the steam engine." Including his three miles of walking, therefore, his habitual day's work was twelve hours long; and I think he said he got nine shillings a week for it. Of course he was not really worth more than that.

Not long previously someone had told me that he was about to get into an almshouse; and it was disappointing now

to learn that the vacancy which should admit him was as yet only prospective. The trustees had given him a promise. "They sent for me to go and see 'em about it; and they told me I no call to tell 'em about myself or trouble about character. They knowed me." But for the moment there was no empty house; only "he'd heerd say there was a woman in one of 'em as was very ill. But you can't make people die."

The astonishment I professed at his age and vigour pleased him, and encouraged him to chatter on about himself. He had not always worked in the present employment. Only a matter of between forty and fifty years there! Before that he had served two years for another builder, and four or five more for a third. Then the fact slipped out, "I was at sea three years."

"What?" I exclaimed (I knew it already, but I wished to hear about his sailoring from his own lips).

"At sea. I served three years in the Navy, on the Vanguard—a eighty-four-gun ship, she was. We was in the Mediterranean Sea, stationed at Malta." Old Dicky mentioned Malta as nonchalantly as though it were another builder's yard; and in the same matter-of-fact manner went on to tell of Alexandria, and Gibraltar Gut, and Sicily. "They burnin' mountains, too—Mount Vesuvius and Mount Etna—one lays one way, in Italy, and t'other's in Sicily. . . . One night I remember—a nice quiet warm night—our old skipper had a cry of fire raised, and we put on all sail—'cause there wa'n't no steam then—towards Mount Vesuvius. He knowed what 'twas." So the night was spent, watching "these burnin' mountains," "and a very nice sight it is, of a dark night," old Dicky thought.

His captain was Sir David Dunn; "and a very nice gentleman, too. He was knighted when he come back home after that trip. . . . About sixty years ago. Eighteen-forty-one—that was when we went out."

The ship being paid off on its return, Brown came back to this, his native place, and waited, hoping to go to sea again. "Three or four times," he said, "I walked down to Portsmouth. They sent a letter to me, you know; but every time when I got there the company was made up. That's a smart walk to Portsmouth." In fact, it is thirty miles or more. So, after a few disappointments, the idea of seafaring was abandoned, and the labouring in builders' yards began, to last over half a century.

Those fifty years of unromantic but honourable labour, which had filled the village with admiration—they seemed to slip away from the old man's mind as he trudged along through the mud. I heard of Malta and the goats that live there "on bits of orange-peel or anything else they can pick up." He had seen a man driving a little flock of perhaps half-a-dozen from door to door. At a doorway a goat would mount the steps, and there perhaps a half-pennyworth of milk would be taken from her. Then on to the next doorway, and so the process would be repeated until the milk was gone, when the goat would return to her orange-peel. Such were the odd things I heard; yet none seemed stranger than the circumstance of my hearing them. Along the muddy road, on that soft English winter evening, to think of the pictures in my companion's memory; the blue Mediterranean and the burning sunshine! And to think of that fellow with his goats and his half-pence, all gone sixty years ago, and yet remembered again here at night in England!

The talk drifted to purely local gossip; and by and by, hearing of old Mrs. Brown's decrepitude—she was over eighty, and hardly able to follow her charing work at the church schools—I said, regretfully, "I should like to hear of your getting an almshouse, so that you could rest."

"There won't be much time for rest if it don't come soon," was the chirruping answer. The old man seemed amazingly philosophical; and when we parted he was amazingly courteous, too. His "How be ye all at home, sir?" was a piece of good manners which one need not wish to see bettered, for he knew nothing of my household, and spoke out of pure civility.

This, then, was the man whom our parish once honoured itself by respecting. Of the way in which younger men were affected by him I was a witness some months later. A young carpenter was with me, and we saw the old man come hobbling homewards and turn aside to the schoolroom to see if his wife was there. The carpenter smiled pleasantly. "Wonderful old chap!" he exclaimed, "and got as much to say as the young 'uns. And as witty! If he can take a rise out of a young 'un, that's just his drop."

The old man came up the steps again, and the carpenter called out to him, genially, "Come on, Dicky! Get off home!"

"That's where I'm goin', en't I? I bin to school, but they've locked me out."

"Ah—you knows enough a'ready."

"But 'ten't no good what I knows," came the swift retort.

The young men admired; the school children had good feelings towards old Dicky. Some of them, who had the same surname, called him their "thirty-second cousin." And so he lived among us until, growing feebler in the next winter, he was able to do only a day or two's work in each week. It brought in "about enough to pay the rent—jest about enough for that," he said, and finally, on Christmas Eve, he "jacked up." "After all the years I bin there, they ought to allow me something. But no! When they've got all they can out of ye, ye may goo!" That was his comment on the reward of constancy in labour, and it is worth remembering, when people complain of the inconstancy of the younger generations. The old man has his almshouse now, away in the town, but he and his wife are lonely there, and though for pastime he is allowed to potter about in the builder's yard again, he is but too good an example of the inconveniences which attend the employment of old men. The true value of him is wasted; and while he is less happy than he might have been in his old cottage with a pension, the village too has lost in him a genuine stimulus to its better feelings.

GEORGE BOURNE.

BEARDED TITS AT HOME.

ALTHOUGH once a comparatively common species, the bearded tit is now, owing to the extensive drainage of the fens and marshes, an exceedingly rare bird in England. The only place where this curious, but handsome, little bird is now to be seen is probably the Broad district of Norfolk, and it was on the "Broads" that, through the kindness of a friend, I was able to see and

E. L. Turner. FEMALE BEARDED TIT. Copyright

photograph the bearded tits at home. Probably most of my readers are aware that this species is not really a tit at all, but has been made the representative of a separate family or genus, which has been called panurus; therefore, perhaps, I had better speak of it, for the time being, as the bearded reedling. I have for many years had a great desire to see bearded reedlings in their wild state, butI little thought when I started for the Broads this spring that I should make such a close acquaintance with these delightful little birds as Idid before the week was out.

There is, I think, no need for me to name the particular Broad on which I took the photographs that illustrate this article; suffice it to say that on a glorious day in April last our boatman "quanted" us into a reed-bed, where he thought we might, perhaps, find one of the nests we desired. After a short search, we were delighted to find a nest containing two eggs within a couple of yards of where the nose of our punt had touched the reeds. This nest, which was built of the long leaves of the reeds and lined with their flowering tops, was placed in a most unusual position—*i.e.*, about 3ft. from the ground, or, rather, the water, and in the fork of a small sallow withy. After a short examination of this nest, we came to the conclusion that the young had already left it, and that the two eggs were addled; therefore I remained to photograph it while one of my friends landed further down the reed-bed to try and discover the whereabouts of the young birds. Before ten minutes had elapsed, he called out to me that he had seen the adult bearded reedlings, and also two young birds hardly able to fly. I ran at once to where he was standing, and between us we caught the two youngsters. The next thing to do was to place our captives in such a position that we could photograph the parent birds when they came to feed them. We decided to place them, after due consideration, on the dried stem of a tall dock, which we stuck up in a clear space on the reed-bed. Then the question arose how we were to persuade our little prisoners to remain in this position, for if once they got away into the reeds we should have some trouble in recapturing them. This difficulty was, however, soon got over; I had some soft string in my pocket, and with this we tethered the little birds to the dock in such a way that they could not hurt themselves. They quickly made themselves at home, and sat quite still on their respective perches. All this time we could see the old birds flitting from reed to reed close to us with their bills full of food; so we quickly withdrew a few paces and awaited developments. Our patience was not long tried, for, uttering his clear call-note, which is a ringing "ping-ping," the cock bird soon flew on to the dock stem and fed his chicks in turn.

M. J. Nicoll. *Copyright.*
FEEDING THEM IN TURN.

I had my "umbrella hide" with me, which, being painted with a solution of permanganate of potash, had by exposure to the sun turned an earthy brown colour, and into this I crept with my camera, and in the course of a few minutes exposed all the plates in my dark slides. I then returned to our boat to change the plates in a changing-bag, whilst my companion entered the "hide" with his camera. I may here say that this "umbrella hide," which was supposed to resemble a heap of dead grass and rubbish when completed, was on this occasion perfectly bare, and we did not find it necessary to cover it with reeds or other vegetation when photographing these birds.

About an hour later I again entered the "hide," which, with the camera, I had moved to within 3ft. of the birds, they being, at this time, tethered on the ground at the foot of the dock. My object in doing this was to get photographs of the adult birds on the ground. I had seen their amusing action and quaint positions when hopping about the reeds; now and then one of the birds would take hold of a separate reed with each foot and slide downwards, tail first, so I fancied their actions on the ground might also be curious, and I was not disappointed, for I have never seen a more comical sight than the cock bird waddling, not hopping, along the ground, very much after the style of a parrot walking quickly along a flat surface.

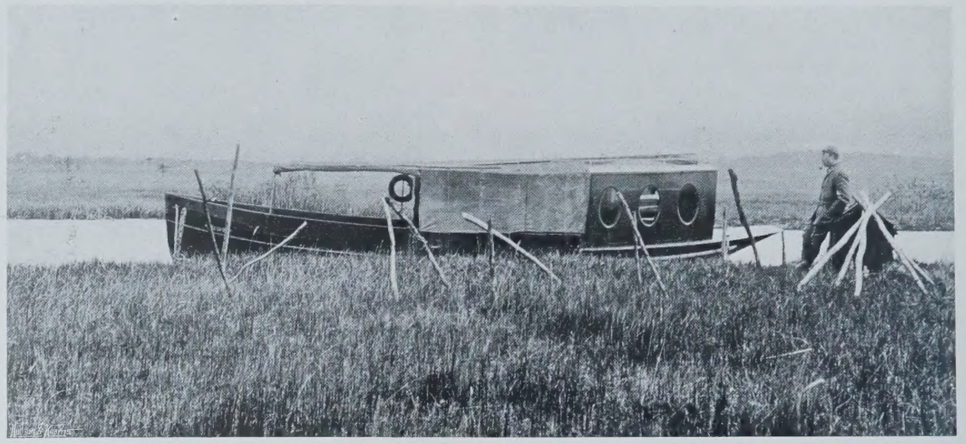
M. J. Nicoll. *Copyright.*
AWAITING A MEAL.

It will, perhaps, be noticed that I make more mention of the male bearded reedling than of the female, but I found that he did much more of the work in bringing food for the young than did his mate. Only once during the time I spent with these birds did the female come with food for her chicks, and then, as will be seen from my picture of her, she turned her head away from the camera, so that her plain, buffish-coloured throat and cheeks, unadorned with the beards which characterise her lord, are not to be seen.

Now as regards the food on which the young are brought up. This consists entirely of insects, and the old birds appeared to fly right across a corner of the Broad to obtain it. It was most amusing to watch the male bird come waddling along, with an enormous beakful of flies, and then try to divide it equally between his ever-hungry

M. J. Nicoll. *Copyright.*
SLIDING DOWN A REED.

chicks. First of all he would pop the whole mass into the mouth of one youngster, then he would withdraw it, and allow the other to have a suck. This performance was repeated until his bill was quite empty, when he would depart in search of a fresh supply. Whilst he was away food-hunting, I noticed that the young birds seemed to sleep, but as soon as their parents signalled their return by uttering their clear "ping-ping," the chicks were all activity, and made much the same call as did the adults. Every time the parent birds returned with food, the male first flew into a reed-bed on the right, and then alighting on the cleared space on which I had placed the young, walked some 4yds. or 5yds. to the foot of the dock stem, often passing so close to the "hide" that I could have touched him with my finger. After I had exposed all my plates I released the young birds, and, sitting on a heap of dried reeds, continued to watch them for close on an hour. I can confidently say it was one of the pleasantest hours I have ever spent amongst the birds—snipe drumming overhead, a water-rail croaking on one side of me, and the family of bearded reedlings on the other.



M. J. Nicoll. *ON THE BROADS.* Copyright

And now a few words in conclusion. Owing to the rarity of the bearded tits in this country, their eggs, and the skins of the birds themselves, are frequently in demand. One cannot blame the dealers, but I feel sure, however, that if the would-be purchaser were to visit the bearded tits in their native reed-beds, and study their interesting habits, he would never again be tempted to help in the extermination of this, one of our rarest and handsomest breeding species. MICHAEL J. NICOLL.

WILD LIFE & RAILWAYS.

FEW bits of country would at first sight seem more unlikely to be the chosen haunt of wild birds and animals than the fringes of a great line of railway. Creatures whose deepest and most constant instinct is one of timidity and caution might be expected to shun utterly the long, thirsty track, with all its restless machinery of jarring points and signals, its enormous eyes flashing red and green by night, and the continual roar and reek of the passing trains. And yet, so far from the wild creatures of a countryside flying appalled from the immediate neighbourhood of the railway, in many places it is chosen for a home and nesting-place by a larger proportion of the whole wild population of the country through which it passes than almost any other spot for miles around.

M. J. Nicoll. *BEARDED TITS: MOTHER FEEDING YOUNG.* Copyright

Nearly all birds and animals are quick to learn that, for all its rush and roar, they have much less reason to be afraid of a passing train than of a single human being on foot, who is always a figure full of dangerous possibilities. On the grassy, overgrown slopes of the embankments they find the freedom from disturbance, which is so important to them when they have eggs and young, to a far greater degree than in the hedges of the lanes and fields, which are constantly ransacked by bird's-nesting farmers' boys, and in other respects the situation is exactly suited for them. For larks, pipits, and whinchats, and such other birds as build upon the ground, the dry well-drained bank affords an endless choice of congenial nesting-sites among the grass-tussocks, and in the bottom of the low, tangled brushwood that dots the slopes. The mixed higher growth of thorn bushes and furze and rose briar affords safe cover for a score of species of finches and thrushes and summer warblers, while every few yards of the rank fringes of the hedge will harbour a pair of restless whitethroats from the middle of April onwards. Helped by the drainage of the embankment itself, there is often a rivulet of water running beneath the hedge, and this stream will harbour, in its mud and the lush water-plants which crowd above it, a rich supply of insects for the food of the nestling young. All birds prefer for this reason to pass the nesting-time in the neighbourhood of some stream or pool, and it is the presence of such a thread of moisture below the slope of the embankment which most of all draws them in early summer to the fringes of the line. The telegraph-wires, too, are appreciated keenly, and used for many different purposes. All day long birds of many kinds may be seen dotted along them, either catching insects from this coign of vantage, as a flycatcher will hawk for gnats from the post of the tennis-net on a garden lawn, or pausing a moment to see if the coast is clear before dropping down to the nest concealed below in the grass or bushes, or simply sitting in the sun, attending to the toilet a little, singing a casual stave or two out of neighbourliness and contentment of heart, and surveying in general a sunshiny and agreeable world. As the train passes rapidly by on a summer day, their notes, as they sit there in the sun, will often float in through the open window of the carriage, distinctly heard above the rattle and roar, and though it be but in a passing glimpse, a nearer and clearer view of them may thus be gained than they are usually willing to allow to the quiet rambler in their leafy haunts. In the wilder upland regions the whinchat and titlark are among the most familiar of these birds of the wire; in cultivated arable districts the traveller soon learns to expect the dull, solid-looking corn-bunting, with his queer, stammering call, and in many parts of Southern England in May and June, every few miles is seen the bold and conspicuous figure of the shrike or butcher-bird, standing sentinel above the thorn bush, where his mate is sitting on her buff eggs with their rich zone of violet freckles. Not even the Italian organ-grinder's baby in its cradle on the handles of his instrument can be more thoroughly inured to noise from birth than the young of these birds of the railway, hatched in the leafy cover that vibrates to the rush of the iron horse.

But of all the sanctuaries which the work of the railway engineer has unconsciously prepared for the birds at nesting-time, by far the richest in wild life are the abandoned ballast-pits which here and there fringe the lowland lines. Excavated at the time that the line was originally made, to supply material for the permanent way, and enclosed within the

company's fences, they have remained ever since as still, secluded pools, half-filled with green sedges and osiers and brightly-flowering water-plants, and surrounded by deep thickets of hazels and blackthorn and rambling honeysuckle and bryony. Such a place is a natural paradise for the birds, and it is alive in summer with their voices. It is like a bit of the ancient fenland, hidden deep within a leafy coppice, and it is probably as seldom trodden by the foot of man as any spot in the British Islands, though within a dozen yards of it hundreds of human beings are whirled past hour by hour. The pools are of great depth, but large parts of them are covered with a thick peaty growth, knotted together by the roots of the reeds and bulrushes, so that it is possible for a man to push his way for a considerable distance among the haunts of the water-birds, wading upon a slowly-yielding carpet of trembling sedges. Nothing breaks the silence, between the roar and rattle of the passing trains, but the reeling songs of the sedge-warblers and reed-warblers, or the dry swish of the wings of a dragon-fly hawking above the pools of open water. In the midst of these pools, fringed with yellow iris and giant water-docks, where now and then the coils of the engines' smoke trail clinging, a dusky brood of little coots is paddling to and fro in the sunshine, led by their big black mother with the white phylactery bound upon her forehead.

As the explorer pushes forward knee-deep in the black water, thick with rotten vegetation, he sees in the outer fringe of the reeds the big flat nest of dry sedges, from which a week or two ago the eight or nine little ones tumbled to the water almost as soon as they cracked the shell. All around the reed-warblers' silvery voices are ringing in the reeds, the strong, lissom reeds, like the thinnest of bamboo, which alone they find suitable for the support of their swinging nests. At the level of a couple of feet above the water, in the soft green light that falls tempered through the thick canopy of the ribbon-like blades of the reeds, the vista of crowded, slender canes is broken by the delicate, olive green shape of the little birds as they cling for a moment upright to a stem, and are gone again; and here and there, too, there stands out among the straight stems of this fairy-like forest a ball of silver-grey down, gently swinging as the reeds stir in the wind, which is their deep, suspended nest, built of the reeds' grey plumes. They are strange and beautiful surroundings in which the little reed-warblers first open their eyes to the world, a nursery well

E. L. Turner. *IN ITS NATIVE HAUNTS.* Copyright

E. L. Turner *BEARDED TITS: THE NEST.* Copyright

worth the old birds' great spring journey from the heart of Africa.

Besides the thick beds of this particular species of grey-plumed reed, there are clumps of bulrushes and broad expanses of mixed, sedgy water-growth. Here the moorhens build, and the impish little dabchick moors its green, floating pudding of a nest to the anchorage of the reed-tufts or the dipping twigs of some overhanging bough. On the firmer ground at one end of the pool, among the osiers, and heavy-scented meadow-sweet, and tall pink valerian, the sedge-warblers and reed-buntings build. In the higher growth of hazels and blackthorn that runs up to the fence of tarry railway-sleepers there are new forms and voices again. Here sits the turtle-dove on her narrow platform of a nest, which seems hardly strong enough to bear the two white eggs that gleam through the shadows of the hollow thicket, and here, in the midst of the thorns, is hung the wonderful lichen-covered edifice of the long-tailed tit, and the frail, bubble-like cup of the delicate lesser whitethroat. As we gently push our way through the thicket,

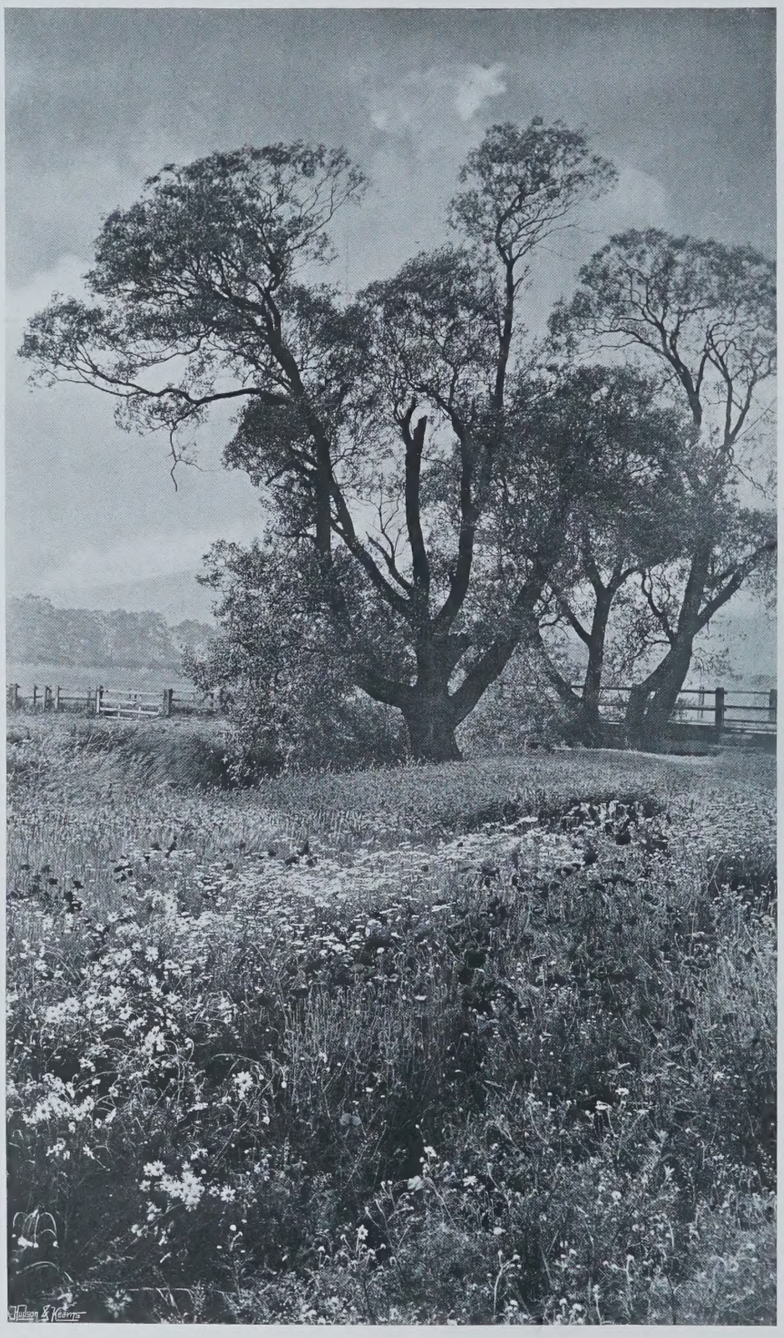
> "And through the hazels thick espy
> The hatching throstle's shining eye,"

hearing the heavy goods trains roar and jangle past a few yards behind, it seems as though the furious din must infallibly scare the patient mother-bird from the nest; but her head does not even turn in the direction of the disturbance. She was born herself, it is likely, in this same thicket by the embankment of the line, and its thunder has no terror for her. In hard winters, when many other places which are thronged with birds at nesting-time are frozen and deserted, these pools by the line supply food and shelter to guests from afar. The heron stands in the shallows through all the winter's afternoon, darting from time to time his long bill into the chilling water, and drawing it out with something live and silvery gripped in its strong hold; from the top of a stake stuck in the pool, or from the projecting stump of a leafless willow, there darts down a beam of sapphire light, and the beautiful kingfisher, too, has found his prey. Snipe probe with their long bills in the congealed mud; mallard rest among the dry and rustling reeds, or stand one-legged, their heads tucked back at rest, upon the icy coastline of the half-frozen pool; and now and then, floating near them on the water (for they will rarely rest upon the ice, as the mallard love to do), there may be seen the grey body and dark head of the pochard

drake, and the hen bird with her soberer markings. Some of these winter visitors, fresh from Norwegian forests or Arctic shores, show more fear of the trains than the summer residents do, and take some little time before they grow bold enough to go on feeding uninterruptedly during the passing, say, of seven-and-forty clanging coal-trucks. But the wildest of them will lay their fears aside if the frost holds on, and they cling for a week or two to the hospitality of the old ballast-pit. Like the wild creatures who make it their home at "the time of the singing of birds," when "the voice of the turtle" croons so softly among these very thickets, these wanderers of the lonely North are not slow to understand how truly the railway is their friend. A. C.

THE STUDY OF WILD FLOWERS.

PERHAPS the word "study" in our title ought to have a word of explanation attached to it, as the reader will be very apt to imagine that he is being asked to read a discourse upon botany. Nothing could be further from our intention than to do this. The study of botany itself is best conducted in the open, while specimens are being collected. But it scarcely needs to be said that wild flowers can be studied in a manner to teach us something about gardening. They come up under the care of Nature herself, and Nature has a habit of producing certain marked effects, one of them being that of masses of colour. There are few who can have failed to observe the beautiful shades in the fields, which are the envy of many a skilled gardener. On moor and down the scarlet poppies are strewn so as to make almost a lake of brilliant colour, softened by the shade of green in which it is set. So that famous pest, the wild mustard, hurtful as it is to the cereal crops, possesses a beauty which has to be acknowledged by those who suffer from its mischief. On badly-farmed ground, where it is allowed to have its way, it tints whole acres with its pale and delicate yellow. Many other instances could be given. Even the blue speedwell, where it has been undisturbed, swells out into great masses. In the hedgerow the wild rose spreads and prospers till it produces the dominant colour. The process by which Nature accomplishes this is, like all her processes, a very simple one. It is the same with the tiny weed as it is with the forest tree. In natural woodlands it may be observed that one species is easily predominant over the entire district. Thus we have many famous oak forests; in Scotland and in parts of the South of England pine forests; we have beech forests, and there are places where the birch seems to oust all its neighbours, so much so that it has given names to many places, such as the famous Birks o' Invermay. In ancient literature we see that the early writers and poets seized hold of this peculiarity of Nature, and some of the phrases they have given us are as pictorial as they are immemorial. The Cedars of Lebanon, the Mount of Olives: the mind would be dull indeed to whom these words did not suggest some kind of vision, and the explanation is easily given.



C. H. Hewitt. FIELD DAISIES. Copyright

Wild flowers are sown by many different agencies. Sometimes their seeds are wind-borne, and, indeed, are supplied with sail-like contrivances that cause them to be easily carried. Others are conveyed by birds. Legend, indeed, has it that the mistletoe was brought to England from Normandy in this way, and the bird that carried it was the mistletoe or missel thrush. At any rate, they are said to have appeared in Great Britain at the same moment, and it is quite possible that the white berry might have been sown on our apple trees in this manner. Where there are old pollards it is very easy to see innumerable examples of plants that have been sown in their crowns; for the hollow crown of a pollard becomes almost like a flower-pot. The wood, rotted by rain, crumbles back into Mother Earth from which it grew, and, as moisture collects there, plants of various kinds find a good habitation. In some cases trees even grow out of the half-dead trunk.

However, this is more or less a digression. By one aid or another plants get sown, and then follows that struggle for existence which seems inseparable from both vegetable and animal life. At the end the stronger plant asserts its supremacy. In the case of trees the one most suitable to the soil and situation in time begins to overtop the rest, and to dwarf them by its shade. Naturally too it, being in the most favourable conditions, propagates itself, both by seed and root, and thus the grove practically makes itself, as the more suitable species of tree ousts its neighbours. So with wild flowers, if a particular piece of land is most suitable for, say, poppies or ox-daisies, the ox-daisy or the poppy will gradually assume a certain superiority over the other wild flowers, and will give its colour to the landscape. Yet Nature follows no rules very exactly, and if she gives us great masses of colour, she also yields extraordinary mixtures in these. Take a common English thicket, such as that which establishes itself in a coppice or hedgerow or plantation, and it will be found to be a confusion of various plants. Probably there are dwarf beeches or other trees in the centre, while the bramble and the wild rose seem to vie with one another as to which shall extend its long trailing vines furthest. Bracken and fern add their greenery, and it may be a hawthorn also shows its blossoms in spring before the others have arrived.

Again, if one were to take the bank of an English river, it is sometimes a wild confusion of gay colours, sometimes an arrangement of tints that are almost uniform. For example, the Thames in its higher reaches, where it is fringed with long rushes, looks almost as if it had been arranged by some most expert landscape painter. But there are other parts of it in which all the favourite water-flowers seem to be growing at once—the beautiful water-lily, than which there is nothing more exquisite in either garden or conservatory, those various yellow flowers of the Ranunculus

BY THE BROOK.

M. C. Cottam.

Copyright

F. M. Sutcliffe. *BRAMBLE.* Copyright

type, and the flags, which are so delightfully ornamental. Indeed, it would not be untrue to say, at least of some rivers, that the sedges are beautiful in every season of the year; in spring they show their green stalks, and the flowers that have been well named after the rainbow, and later on they thicken so as to be a green border to the quiet stream. Even after they have been dried and withered by the winds and frosts of late autumn and early winter, till they whistle and murmur to the breeze, they continue in their brown uniformity to make the most appropriate border to the lapping water.

It is only lately that these principles have been appreciated by the English gardener, or, for the matter of that, by the English artist. Both of them have delighted more to produce what was startling and curious rather than the fine and tranquil harmonies of colour so favoured on the field or by the wayside. In the fresh and unpolluted rivers that are furthest away from the great towns and unvisited save by the meditative angler, one may see many beauties that the water gardener may strive for in vain. The typical English stream in the flat parts of the country moves slowly and smoothly to the sea through level ground, which is laid out to a great extent in those deep meadows that lend character to our ordinary landscape, and in which the kine stand knee-deep in clover. The grass fields are picturesque in themselves, glowing at the appropriate season of the year with white daisies and yellow buttercups, odorous, too, with the fragrance of white clover. The banks of the stream have been set with willows that in olden time used to be regularly cut for basket-work. Our people no longer make baskets to any great extent, but buy the cheap and elegant substitutes for them which are sent from abroad, and in consequence the willows have been allowed to grow wild. They are amongst the most graceful of our trees, particularly in their leaves, and as regards the effect produced by the wind which, playing over them, shows so many different shades and degrees of colour, from deep green to an almost creamy white. On the banks of the stream in early summer millions of weeds show their florets, and these vary as the water goes meandering on its way past different varieties of soil—now leaving the meadows to glide slowly by arable land set with roots or grain; now entering into the depths of some wood, where the overhanging trees give the shade favourable to the growth of brightly-tinted lichens and mosses; and now flowing away past hamlet and farm-steading, and so by all the familiar aspects of the country to the sea. Both on the bank and in the stream itself it will be found that many

M. C. Cottam. *THE HEDGEROW COW-PARSLEY.* Copyright

F. M. Sutcliffe. *NATURE'S PROFUSION.* Copyright

beautiful things come to life as it were of their own accord, and make the lonely water-side attractive almost beyond the power of expression. This is one type of river, but if we go to the mountainous districts of Wales, England, or Scotland we see quite a different one. There the water hurries and sparkles down from the heights, and the channel is, as a rule, bare and stony, since the terrific floods of autumn and winter annually sweep away the vegetation which has accumulated during the months of spring and summer. But in such a neighbourhood the vivid lesson is given of Nature's habit of producing colours in large, uniform masses. Here it will be only a hill, green with close-cropped herbage, or, what is equally likely, with wild bracken, until the foxgloves at places break the uniform sea of colour. There it will be the wild heath plant that is spread over the mountain-side, making it black in winter, and bright green and showing its dark purple as the summer months advance; for it is an old bee-keeper's saying that the heather is ripe on the hills when the oats grow white on the plain. Perhaps the most melancholy reflection about weeds is that they are most beautiful when man is most unfortunate. The writer remembers many years ago, when agricultural depression was at its worst in the Eastern Counties, much land was left derelict in Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk. It happened that he went on a walking tour through the most distressed part of the country in the month of June, when the may had faded from the hedgerows and the wild roses were out. At that time many fields had altogether ceased to repay the cost of cultivation, and were left to produce weeds and such wild grass as came of its own accord. Many of them were not even worth grazing, and were allowed to go out of cultivation altogether, because in that case tithes were not charged; but if they were let, for even a very short period, to a grazier, the tithes had to be paid. At the time, too, the rural exodus was at its greatest height, and many cottages were forsaken. The little gardens attached to them offered material for the most interesting studies in colour. Many of the previous tenants had kept the commoner kind of poppies in their borders, and these, seeding, had spread over the gardens, producing in late June an extraordinary wealth of bright colours. There was always noticeable a tendency for one kind of poppy to outshine the rest, and, no doubt, if the gardens continued to be neglected for a long series of years a single flower would be allowed to take possession. We see the same thing occur in regard to birds. With the single exception of the ruff and reeve, our wild birds always come true to colour, with those exceptions, of course, that are very well known.

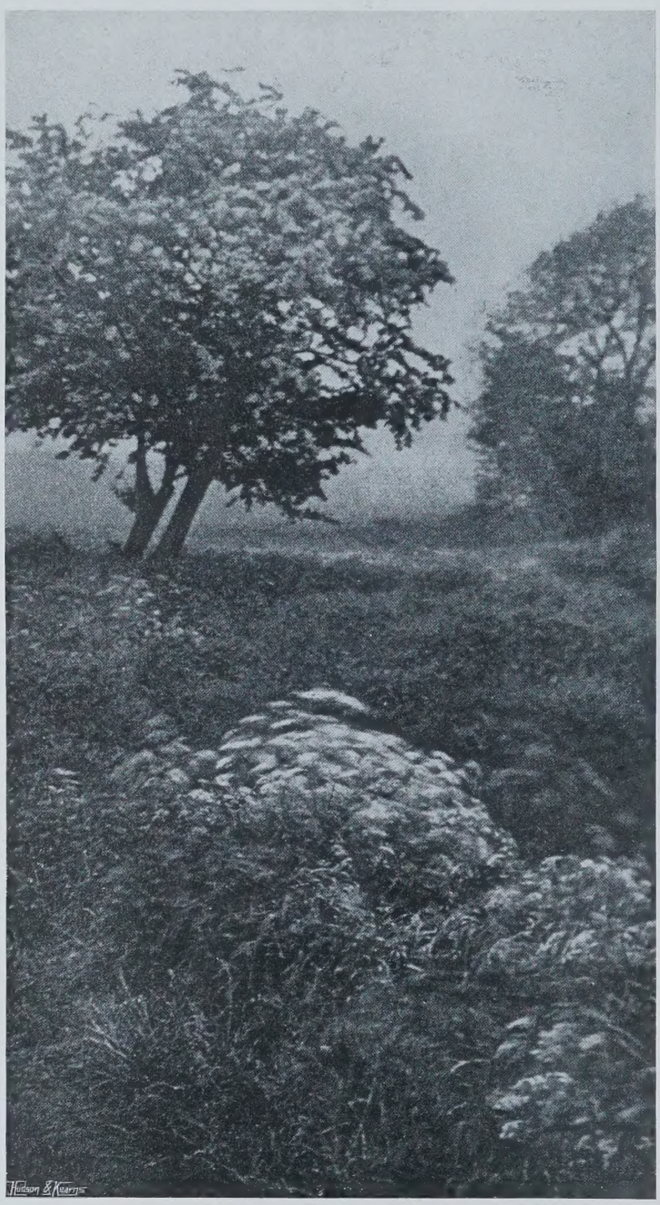
F. M. Sutcliffe. *WILD ROSES.* Copyright

But suppose a flock of pigeons be recruited from a great many different dovecotes, and settled together, it is very curious to notice that after a comparatively short period of time they begin to revert to the colour of the blue rock, or wild pigeon. So it is with everything else, and just as the gardens had yielded to one kind of poppy so each field seemed to have a plant that it favoured more than the others, and one was red, and one was blue, and one was yellow, making a picture that would have been absolutely beautiful, but for the reflection that its beauty was the result of the failure of the men who at one time had been the cultivators of the soil.

THE MAGPIE.

FEW British birds are handsomer than the pert, mischievous magpie, with his plumage of snowy white and glossy black, shading into green, blue, and purple, his incessant chattering, and his thieving propensities. None of the family of the corvidæ are remarkable for their honesty, but "Mag" excels them all in the ingenuity with which he contrives to steal anything that appeals to his fancy, and the artful way in which he escapes the snares of the bird-catcher and the gun of the sportsman, even though he does sometimes fall into the hands of the game-keeper, and finishes his career nailed to "the keeper's tree."

While many animals and birds are falsely accused of sucking the eggs of game birds and destroying the young, I fear the magpie richly deserves his reputation as a poacher, and is very partial to young pheasants, partridges, and chickens, as well as to the eggs of wild and tame birds. As a matter of fact, scarcely any kind of food comes amiss to this inquisitive, restless creature—young rabbits, insects, fruit and seeds form part of its fare, and it robs the nests of almost every other bird, dragging out the unfledged young and driving its sharp beak through the eggs, which it carries off to its well-built domed nest. It most frequently builds at the juncture of three or four branches far up some high tree, such as a pine or tall Scotch fir, the trunk of which is devoid of boughs except near the summit, where the thick, needle-like foliage affords shelter to the large round nest of twigs. There is an entrance at the side, and the bottom of the nest is filled with mud or clay, on which is laid a bed of roots and fibres, and it is lined with wool or hair, which the magpie picks from the sheep's back when he is unable to find it stuck in the hedges.



W. H. Fawkes. *SPRINGTIME.* Copyright

There are various explanations of the bird's name; some say it is a corruption of the French *magot*, a secret hoard, from the creature's love of hiding things, the old name seems to have been magotpie, and others contend, with more probability, that Mag is merely a contraction of Margaret, the name being given to the bird, just as we have Robin Redbreast, Jenny Wren, and Philip Sparrow.

The legend that these chattering birds were once talkative women is mentioned by Ovid in his "Metamorphoses," when he describes how certain gossiping ladies were changed into pies:

> "And still their tongues went on, though changed to birds,
> In endless clack and vast desire of words."

In almost every European country omens are drawn according to the number of these birds one meets, and there is a universal superstition that it is most unlucky to meet a single magpie. Several rhymes relate to this, and perhaps the following is the best known:

> "One for sorrow, two for mirth,
> Three for a wedding, four for a birth,
> Five for silver, six for gold,
> Seven for a tale that will never be told."

Another version is:

> "One bodes sorrow, two's a death,
> Three's a wedding, four's a birth."

In the South of Ireland the magpie rhyme runs thus:

> "One for sorrow, two for joy,
> Three for a wedding, and four for a boy."

With regard to the last, I suppose the birth of a girl would be scarcely considered an event of sufficient importance to be heralded by magpies. The Irish peasant is almost Oriental in his desire for sons, and has, as he would say himself, "Not a ha'porth of value on girls!" Strange to say, although the handsome birds are extremely common in the Green Isle, they are not indigenous; but were brought over from England in the beginning of the eighteenth century, hence the bird has no Irish name, but is called "Francagh" (Frenchman, or foreigner). The magpie superstitions travelled over with the birds, and fresh ones have arisen in their adopted country, for it is said to be very lucky indeed if two magpies come chattering up to the door of a house; riches and prosperity are sure to follow, and if they are allowed to build in peace and quiet close to a farmyard, they will not injure the young fowls or the eggs; but should their nests be robbed, or the eggs broken, then the revengeful birds will kill the young ducks and chickens, suck the eggs, and steal everything they can find. I fear even the hospitality of the farmer will hardly cure his troublesome guests of their thieving habits. If country-folks in Ireland meet a single magpie, the women curtsey, or make the sign of the Cross, and the men take off their hats, or exclaim, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten—Devil, I defy thee!" in order to avert the ill-luck. It is particularly unlucky to meet a single magpie before breakfast when starting on a journey or setting out for a day's work, and if one comes up to the house door he brings a warning of death.

In Munster it is said to be a good omen to see two magpies on the right hand, but three on the left are unlucky, and it is well to avert misfortune by spitting thrice, making the sign of the Cross, or bowing to the birds—customs which still linger in a few parts of England. In many districts magpies chattering round a house are said to show that visitors are coming; in Lancashire, however, "pynots" are considered most ill-omened birds if they approach a house, and in Scotland we are told that the "gude-wife" would rather see the devil himself than "a piett" on a tree near her dwelling.

The Scotch magpie rhyme is slightly different from the English and Irish versions:

> "One's a sorrow, two's mirth,
> Three's a wedding, four's a birth,
> Five's a christening, six a death,
> Seven's heaven, eight is hell,
> Nine is the de'il his ain sel'!"

In Poitou garlands of heather and laurel were formerly hung on the trees to honour the magpie; and in Sweden, many German provinces, and Brittany, it was thought that it was only allowable to shoot the bird during the Christmas holidays. Great ill-luck

A. Keighley.

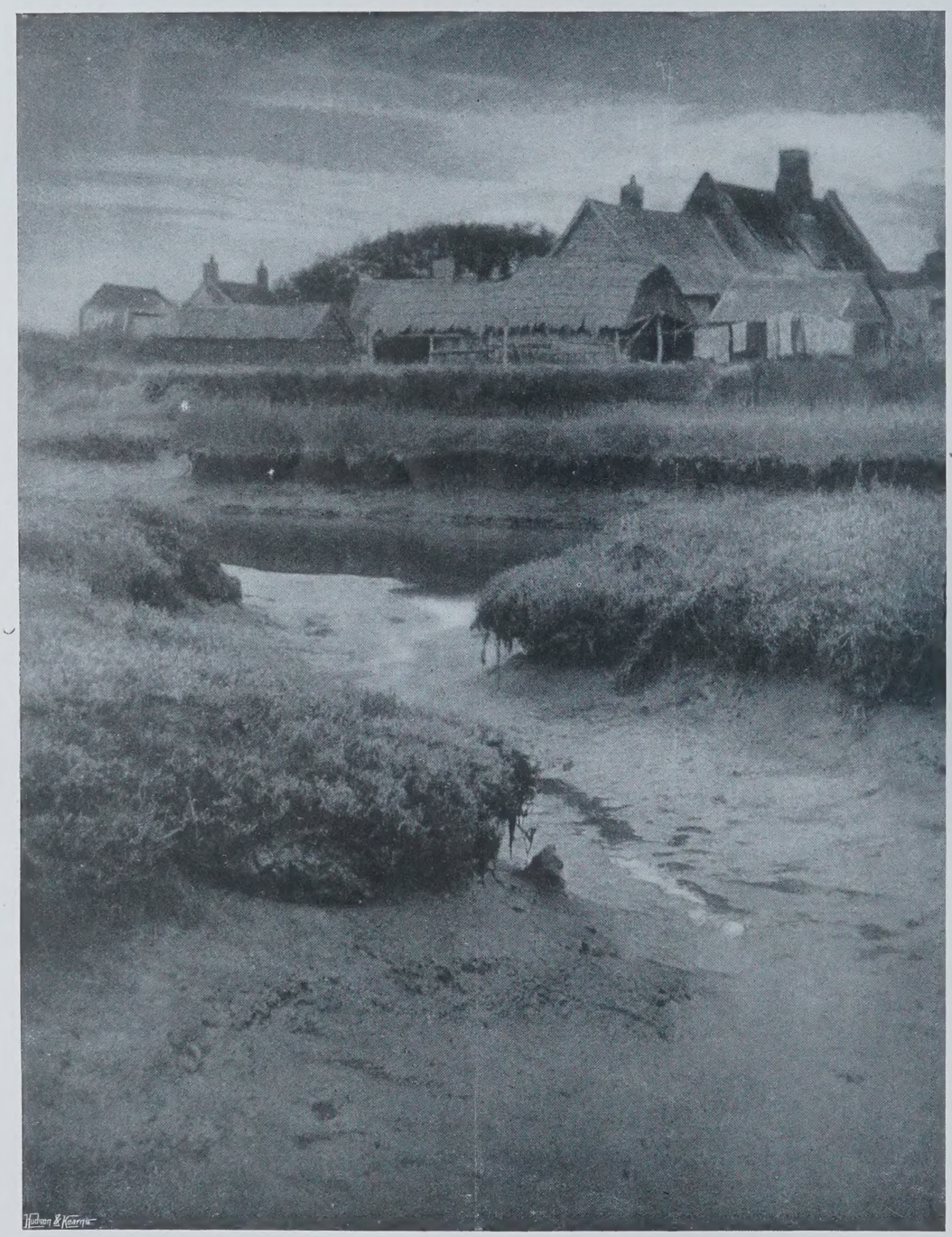
MARSH-MARIGOLDS.
From the Camera Club Exhibition.

Copyright

would befal those who killed it after the Epiphany, or January 18th, according to a curious superstition which lingers in Dresden, where the bodies of magpies shot between December 24th and January 18th are dried and made into powders, which are supposed to be an unfailing cure for epilepsy.

Various reasons are assigned for the superstitions concerning the ill-luck of the bird. Probably its fancied connection with sorcerers was due to the fact that it was one of the birds used by the augurs in divination. The bird seems to have been anciently called "magati-pie," "pynot," and "maggot-pye." In Rowlands' "Night Raven" (1620) we read:

> "I neither battle with Jack Daw,
> Or Maggot-pye on thatch'd house straw."



A. Keighley. *AFTERGLOW.* Copyright

A skirmish between jackdaws and magpies was supposed to foreshadow a battle between the English and French in the reign of Charles VIII. of France, and Queen Editha was said to have been induced by the chattering of pies to persuade her husband to build the monastery of Oseney, near Oxford.

The beauty of the bird's plumage, the readiness with which it can be taught various tricks, and even how to speak, and its amusing ways in captivity, render it a favourite pet, in spite of its love for stealing and its noisy chatter. In severe weather flocks of magpies often seek the seashore, where they live upon small shell-fish, worms, etc., left bare by the ebbing tide, and may be seen, like the rooks, following the plough, in search of worms and grubs.

MAUD E. SARGENT.

PICTORIAL QUALITY IN PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE exhibition of Mr. Alexander Keighley's work at the Camera Club has just ended, and has been immediately succeeded by a collection of work by members of the club, which well deserves a visit if only on account of the instructive contrast which one may draw between a one-man show and an exhibition which has been contributed to by camera workers with widely-different ideals and aims.

It has been most truly said that photography represents the mere dead body of Nature, but fails to catch the soul and feeling; that is to say, it is true of photography as usually practised; and if we take as a model of good photography the academic standard of the technician, then it may be said that the better the photography the less suggestive is it of the vitality and sentiment of Nature. Look round on such a collection of mixed authorship, and note the strikingly good technical photographs and those which seem to breathe a suggestion of waving grasses, whispering foliage, soft moving light, or deep mysterious shadows, and the two virtues will never or very rarely be found to reside in the same example. Mr. Keighley's work excellently represents the latter class, in which the authors have had the courage to sacrifice some of those qualities, which the chemist or optician would prize if by so doing a better expression of Nature's impression can be secured. For its wonderful powers of definition, for portraying with absolute fidelity the utmost minutiæ of everything submitted to it, photography was at first chiefly valuable; and, indeed, it stands so entirely alone in this particular capacity, that one can understand the feeling of the photographer who is loth to sacrifice this unique faculty; and yet, if artistic expression be the motive of the photograph, the excessive definition at one time chiefly characteristic of photography is the first quality to go. Then, too, the vivid contrasts of light and shadow which make for brilliancy prove unsuitable for pictorial purposes, and the unsympathetic person who fails to appreciate the purpose of the picture or the producer's aim, calls it a bad photograph because it lacks those qualities which he is accustomed to see in a camera-made picture. Whether a subject shall be photographed in such a way that the full powers of the many-sided photographic process are exemplified, or rendered in the manner its author thinks best, regardless of prescribed standards, depends entirely upon whether the photograph will be valued as a record or representation of something which existed at the time, or whether the photograph is intended to give pleasure itself and be valued accordingly. In the latter instance it matters not whether the scene be depicted with recognisable accuracy; indeed, a painter as often as not deliberately introduces some greater or less degree of fiction into his picture in order to create a fairer scene than that spread out before him, or for the purpose of arranging a more pleasing composition.

The photographer's powers of addition or elimination are much more limited; but if he is able to leave out details he has a perfect right to do so, and, assuming that he has secured the

A. Keighley. THE OLIVE BRANCH. Copyright

A. Keighley. PLOUGHING IN TUSCANY. Copyright

effect which seems right to him, he must be admitted to be artistically right, although, perhaps, we may not agree with him in taste or approve of his work. The picture-maker is an autocrat acknowledging no laws, and using just so much of the possibilities of a process as suits him. He must also be something of an experimentalist, trying this and that to see if it will yield what he desires. His field of operations is unlimited; he may choose his subjects from anywhere, remembering that whatsoever pleases him or strikes his fancy, his purpose is so to render it that his representation shall show others precisely what appealed to him. The average man passes by unheeded many beautiful things merely because he is so accustomed to them; and beautiful effects of light and shade, which the sun weaves from the atmosphere, often envelop the most commonplace objects, and the ordinary individual goes by unnoticing until an artist shows him a picture in which this beauty is brought out, and henceforth the man sees that to which before he was from habit blind.

The actual concrete objects included in a picture, whether that picture be photograph or painting, are to be merely the vehicles of his abstract ideas, and are not depicted on account of any interest attaching to their existence. An artist may paint a picture which is a pure invention, having no real existence anywhere, and yet it will be not the less good artistically. The photographer must, in the first place, depend on realities; but if a picture and not a mere record is aimed at, its value and the pleasure it should give are not dependent on the fact that a real place or subject are represented. Hence it follows that if it be possible to introduce into the photographic picture something that was not present, but seemed likely to more fully express the idea, or if it be possible to omit that which is not desirable, it would be perfectly legitimate to do so, and to some extent this may be achieved, not by actually erasing, but by so printing that such parts shall be less obtrusive. It is necessary to bear this in mind when considering such pictorial work as has been already instanced, and some examples of which are here reproduced.

Sharper definition and clearer delineation would certainly tell us a greater number of facts concerning the original scene. It would then constitute a graphic inventory of Nature's belongings; but in the abundance of facts the imagination is not appealed to, and the chief charm in Nature and in art is the inspiration which is given to the imagination out of the rich indecision of Nature's outlines, and from the mystery of its elusive shadows the imagination really creates for its own enjoyment a more perfect tree, a more beautiful flower, a more pathetic incident than the precise photographic record would show to have been in fact; and, difficult as it may at first seem, it is this image of the imagination which one must make others realise when he produces a pictorial work. Judged from this standpoint, do not the pictures, or photographs, in question justify their inefficiency as specimens of the camera craft? If we cease to look for attributes which we have been accustomed to regard as essential to a photograph, and accept the pictures as their author's impression of the scenes, shall we not then be able to feel the warm sunlit air, or hear the rustle of leaves? Do not the many sensations which Nature stirs in us, and the gentle sounds which quicken our emotions, thrill us again? If so, the traditional character of the photographic print is well exchanged for the personal stamp of the photographic picture.

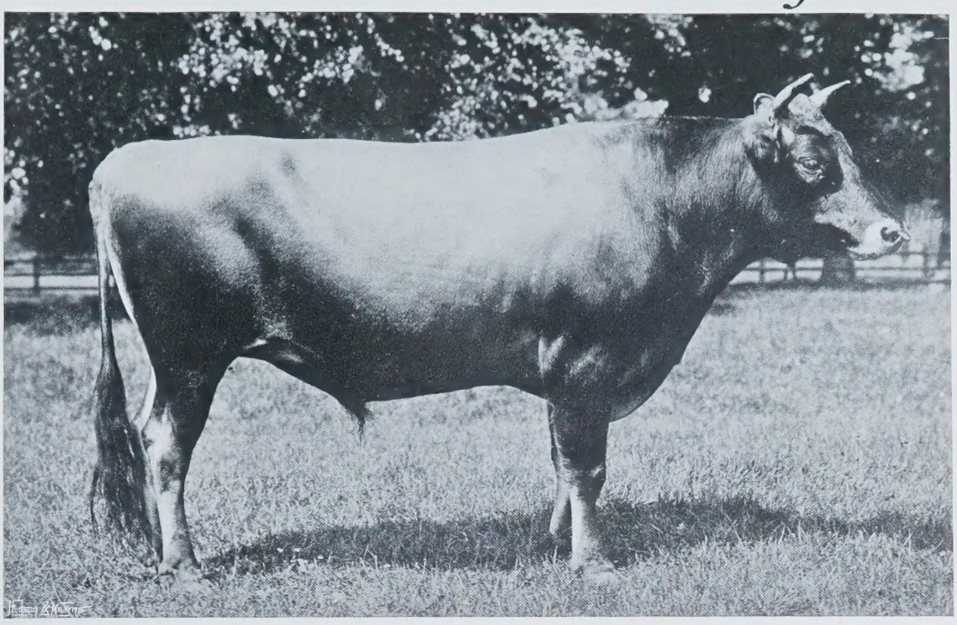
A. Keighley. *GRACE BEFORE MEAT.* Copyright

Time or Factorial Development.

Suppose now you are using an average pyro-soda developer, made according to such formulæ as are issued by the Ilford or Imperial companies with their plates. The instant you pour the developer over the plate begin counting seconds by your watch until the image first begins faintly to appear. Suppose this is 20sec.; multiply 20 by 5, which will give 100sec., or, say, $1\frac{1}{2}$min., then at the expiration of $1\frac{1}{2}$min. stop deve'opment. You may ask why? Well, it has been found that with each given developer the time occupied for complete development is always in the same relationship to the time of the first appearance, and with most pyro-soda developers the relationship is found to be from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $5\frac{1}{2}$ times or thereabout. Should the particular negative which we took out at 5 times the time of first appearance prove too thin, with insufficient contrast, then next time adopt a higher multiplying factor, say, 6, giving 120sec. or 2min.; and, on the other hand, should it be too dense, multiply the time of first appearance by a lower multiplier. Mr. Watkins has worked out the correct factor or multiplying number for all different developers; thus with metol it would be about 30; with rodinal 40. You probably know how the image with these highly-active developers rushes up, the time of first appearance being, perhaps, only 2sec. or 3sec., and hence a higher multiplying factor is needed to give the plate time to accumulate density. If, owing to the activity of the particular developer, the image comes up very quickly, then a higher multiplying factor will be required, and *vice versâ*. Keeping to one developer, after a few trials you settle down to the precise multiplier which yields the character of negative you desire, and then your troubles are for ever at an end.

A. Horsley Hinton.

LADY DE ROTHSCHILD'S JERSEYS.



Copyright *GALLANT.* "COUNTRY LIFE."

THE pronounced success of Lady de Rothschild's Jerseys at the Nottingham Show last week renders it extremely fortunate that we are able to reproduce in our Summer Number some pictures of her beautiful stock. What they have just achieved at the Bath and West is only in keeping with the record they have made during the years of their establishment. Lady de Rothschild's place is at Aston Clinton, a village on the road from Aylesbury to Tring, lying at the foot of the Chiltern Hills. It is four and a-half miles south-east of Aylesbury, and four and a-half miles north-west of Tring. The nearest railway stations are Tring, for the London and North Western, Stoke Mandeville, for the Metropolitan, and Aylesbury itself, for the Great Central, London and North Western, Metropolitan, and Great Western Railways. The soil is an excellent one for cattle-rearing purposes, being a stiff loam and chalk with a subsoil of shale. Originally the herd was started with the simple object of supplying the house with the best dairy products; but contact with Jerseys almost invariably induces a pride in them, and no long time elapsed before steps began to be taken to raise the herd up to its present condition. In the early days purchases were made from the well-known herd at Tring Park, but in addition to that the principal English sales were attended, and the breeding was carried out on the most careful principles. At first the celebrated bull Pontorsons Lad (6364), the son of Oxford Prince and Pontorsons 2nd, winner of five first prizes, one championship, and a Blythewood Bowl, was used. He was followed by Oxford Brigadier, by the prize bull Alicante's Boy (5061) from Oxford Buttercup, a half-sister of that extraordinary cow Oxford Dahlia. This animal won twelve first and champion prizes, and her milk return during four years averaged 864gal. The best proof of the high standing of the herd was afforded at the sale in 1902, when fifty-six animals were sold, realising an average of nearly £40 each. One fine young cow, Carol, was sold for 210 guineas, and three others made over 100 guineas. These figures speak for themselves, and since the date of that sale the herd has gone on getting better and better, so that now there are very few in the country that will compare with it. When such results have been attained, we need scarcely say that the management of the herd has been conducted on the strictest business principles. It would, indeed, be well for themselves if owners of dairy herds, kept for supplying the market, would take a lesson from those who keep only first-class pedigree stock. It must be remembered that the prosperity of the dairy farmer depends upon the milking qualities of his dairy cows, and these it is obviously impossible for him to develop unless he gets into the habit of taking a record morning and evening. We know very well what his answer would be to this, because we have heard it often. He says in effect that, although he does not measure the

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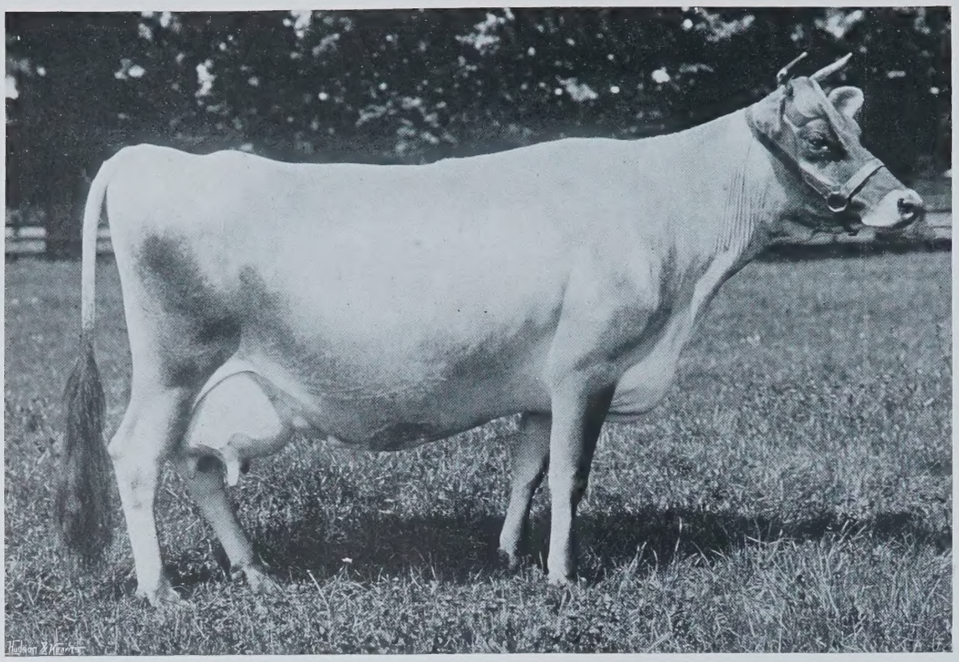

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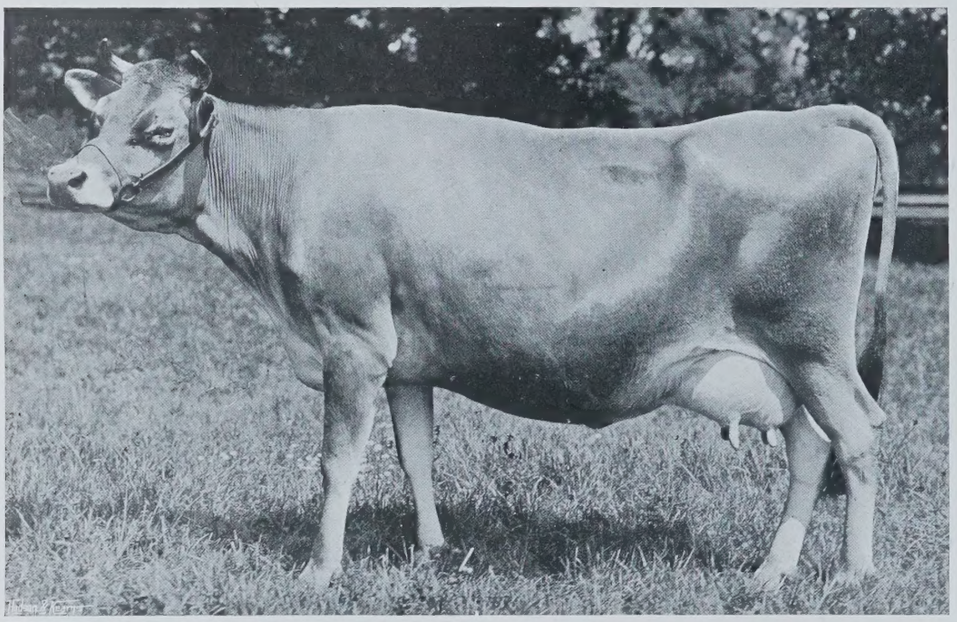

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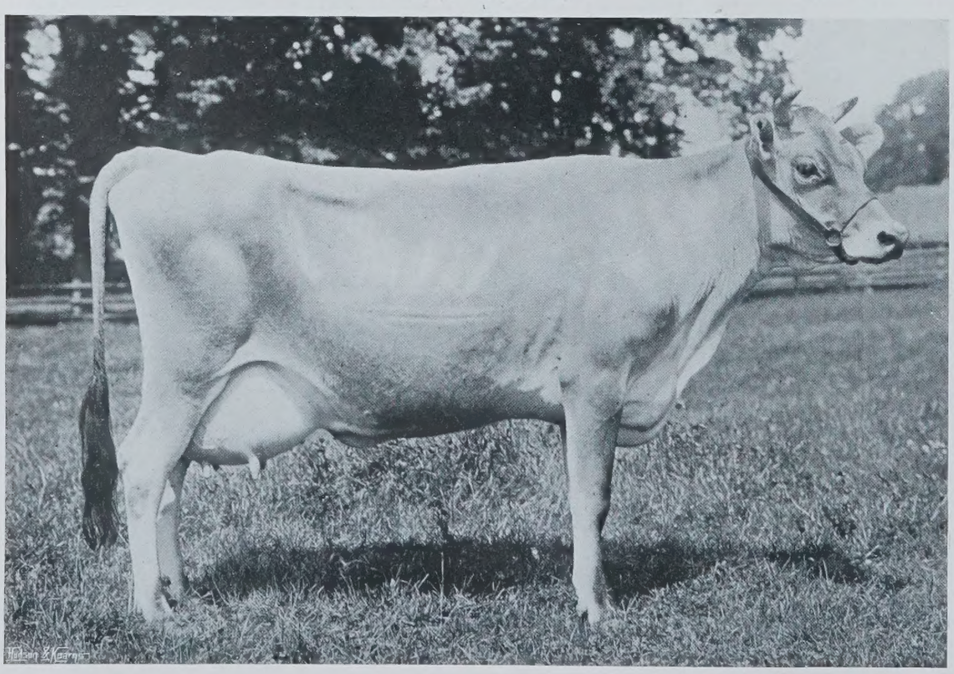

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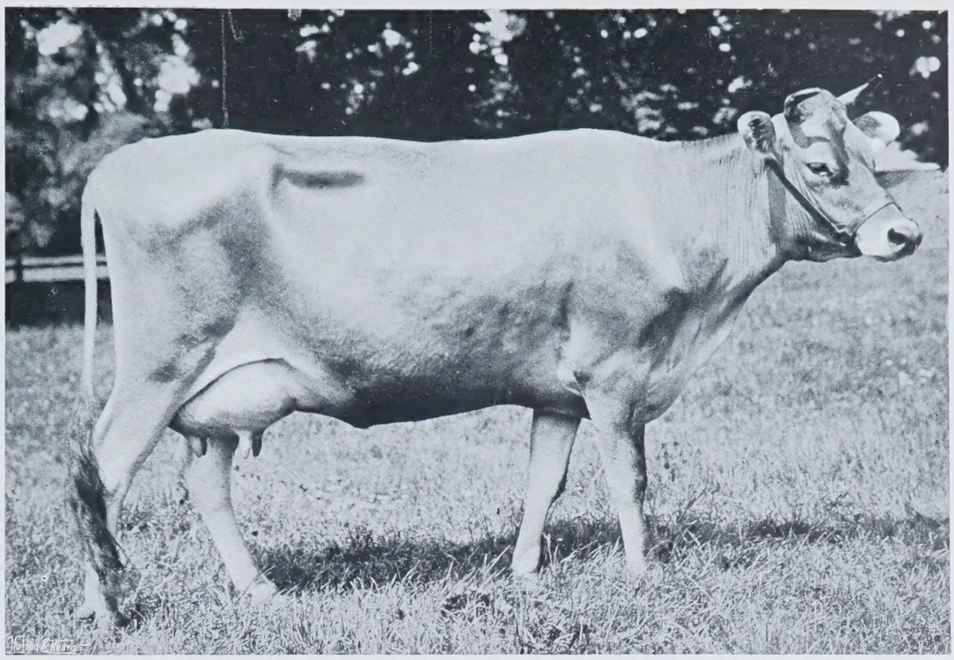
yield in gallons or pounds, yet he very well knows which are the good and which are the bad milkers. At the best this is a very inexact kind of knowledge, and many dairy farmers do not possess even as much as that. They go to the market and buy a scratch lot of dairy cows, milk them for a season or two seasons, and then either sell them again in the open market or fatten them up for the butcher. In other words, their ideal is a double-purpose cow—one that will suit equally well for the production of meat or milk. But where they have been induced to keep careful records it has been found necessary to abandon this slovenly system. In Denmark, where the science of dairying is brought to its highest pitch of perfection, the farmer would never do anything so carelessly. He knows to a gallon what each cow should produce in a year, and is most careful to weed out those that do not come up to his standard; while the pedigree of the bulls and their relation to the well-known milking strains is thoroughly well understood and attended to. If the dairy farmer were to follow the example thus shadowed forth, he ought in a very short time to be able to eclipse the records made by any pedigree stock. This will be evident enough if we consider the difficulties which Mr. Bathurst has to encounter. Not only must the animals yield well, but they have to look well also, as the laudable ambition of Lady de Rothschild is to take prizes in the inspection as well as in the milking classes. Now the dairy farmer need not concern himself with one of these objects. He has to consider the yield of milk alone, and appearance he can dismiss with the words of the old proverb, "handsome is as handsome does," though on the whole we believe it to be fairly true that a good cow is seldom ill-looking—a fact which will be apparent enough by an examination of the photographs which we set before our readers. For example, a beautiful cow, Whitewood Fifth, has all the points that one would look for in a good dairy cow. She is wedge-shaped, fine boned, and the milk veins and milking regions generally are highly developed. Also she has a look of motherliness that naturally belongs to a good milker, and she is certainly entitled to that distinction. This cow was calved on April 1st, 1897, so that to-day she is no youngster. She has had altogether six calves, of which the last was born on May 23rd, 1904. Her yield of milk for the year ending last September 1st was 7,735lb., which made an average of 27·31lb., as she was 271 days in milk and ninety-four days dry. White Pink 2nd's record is almost as good. So is that of Lady Dora, whose portrait we give also. This cow was calved in 1889, and has borne two calves, of which the latter was born on July 23rd, 1903. She was 347 days in milk, and gave 7,118lb. in the course of the year. The cow Dora is now ten years old, as she was calved on January 27th, 1895. She has had no fewer than nine calves, and yet remains a very good milker, since she gave 5,498lb. in the year. But the best way is to take the yield of the whole herd. From it we learn that fourteen cows gave 93,319lb. of milk, making an average of 6,655lb. per cow. By dividing that by ten we get, roughly speaking, the

amount produced as being 666lb. per cow on the average. This, we venture to think, will compare very favourably with the produce of an ordinary herd of mongrel Shorthorns kept for the purpose of supplying towns with milk, and yet, as we have said, other things being equal, the owner of a milking dairy ought to achieve results far superior to those obtained in pedigree stock. Probably he might retort that he cannot afford the cost of upkeep; but this is a delusion. If Jerseys are overfed they almost invariably become coarse and unfit for show purposes. It has to be remembered that their wonderful qualities have been developed not by people who kept them for fancy, but by peasants who could not afford them any but the poorest rations. In the island the cows still are tethered, and never have been accustomed to high feeding. It is the same with the peasant's cow wherever found. The little Kerry of the Irish peasant developed its splendid qualities through generations of frugal treatment; so did the Scottish kyloe and the Ayrshire. We do not know the cost of feeding in Lady de Rothschild's herd, but we do know what it comes to in some other pedigree herds, and we are inclined to think that the better-kept cow is often the cheaper. One thing about the average English farmer is that he has a great contempt for weights and measures. If you ask him how much hay he gives his cow the chances are decidedly in favour of his replying "A forkful," and this is a quantity, as we need not explain, of the most variable description. Moreover, he is careless in giving it, so that a great part of the fodder is usually trampled into manure. All this increases the cost of feeding, and renders it very difficult for the man who has to make a living out of his herd to compete with those who keep pedigree cows only for their amusement.

The best butter and milk always command their price, and the fallacy that this breed are too delicate to prosper under ordinary conditions is repeatedly being exploded by practical experiments. Such herds are particularly valuable in the neighbourhood of towns, and, if treated in a business-like way, will produce such returns on expenditure during the heyday of their milking yield, that the owner will be in a position to regard with indifference the prices obtained for them when ultimately weeded out.

The bulls of this breed have all the fire of race in them, and when of uncertain temper will make it very uncomfortable at times for their attendants, returning again and again to the charge, however vigorous the punishment dealt out to them.

In addition to their commercial value, these beautiful creatures, with their fine, almost deer-like, limbs and coats, and intelligent, well-bred heads, make a most attractive feature when kept on the home farm or feeding in well-timbered parks. The writer will never forget his visit to the lane of Jerseys at the Nottingham Show a few days ago, where a very large number had been sent to compete. Lady de Rothschild's prize-winners in Class 108 were certainly as handsome as anything to be found in an exhibition at which the cattle generally were shown to the very greatest advantage. But the pictures, we think, say as much for themselves.



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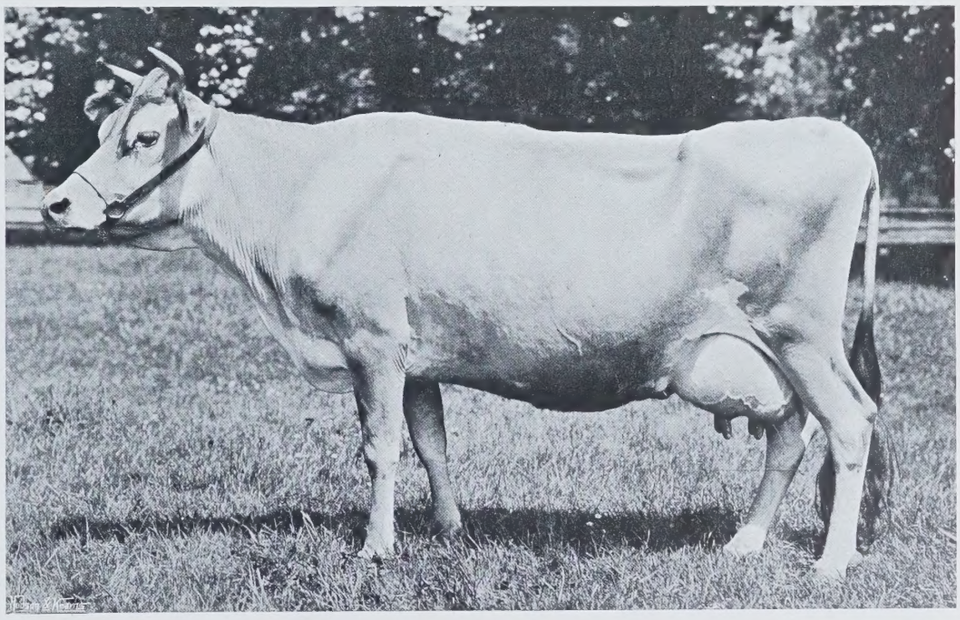

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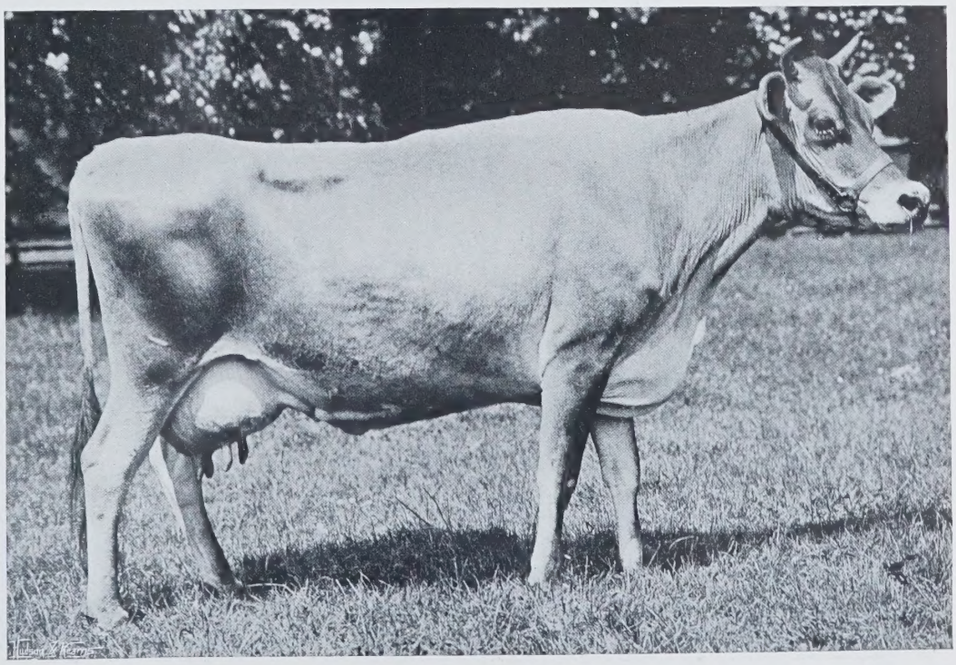

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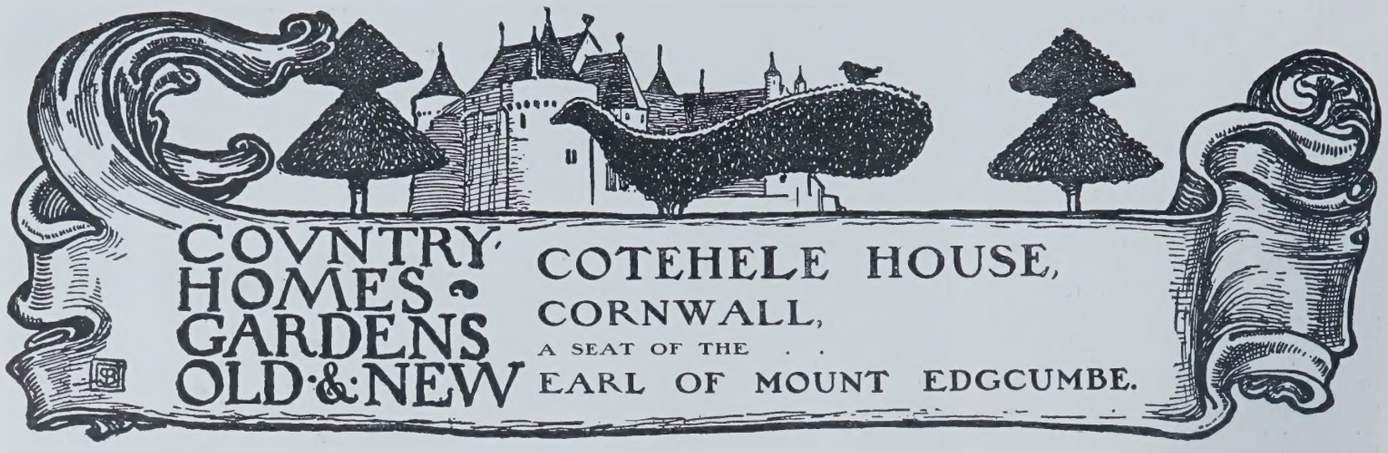

COTEHELE HOUSE, CORNWALL,

A SEAT OF THE . .

EARL OF MOUNT EDGCUMBE.

MANY as are the venerable houses in whose weathered walls and panelled chambers we find, as it were, the living presence of our long-dead fathers, there is, perhaps, not one which is so worthy of attention as the grey old dwelling-place of Cotehele. Few river courses in England are so rich in landscape charm as are those sylvan reaches of the Tamar, which are the delight of its neighbourhood. Some places may be more architecturally perfect, like Haddon; a few may be more finished in detail, as Oxburgh or the great tower of Layer Marney; many may be more splendid in form, like Hatfield or Montacute; but we do not know any so little touched by any hand save that of Time as Cotehele. The house stands practically as it stood when fresh from the hand of its builder; there have since been added tapestry and some later features, but there is surprisingly little about the house belonging to any later century than the seventeenth, and thus the spell of antiquity is unbroken. The atmosphere is mediæval, and it seems as if we could still hear the clang of the mailed heel, the challenge of the warder from the tower, the laughter of the retainers who lingered in the hall when the lord and his lady had withdrawn. The individuality of the place is another point of infinite charm. It is like nothing else we know of. It has something in common, perhaps, with the Border peels which were to overawe the marauding Scots, for it was built in a turbulent region, strong as a place of defence in a land wherein civil brawl broke out not seldom into open strife.

Here, on this wooded eminence above the Tamar, in the Cornish parish of Calstock, was seated anciently a family of Cotehele, which took its name from the place, and remained in possession until the time of Edward III. It will be observed that the structure of Cotehele House displays in its masonry the character of at least two different dates, and we may attribute the rougher rubble-work of the lower walls partly to the time of the Coteheles. The heiress of the house, towards the end of the fourteenth century, was Hillaria de Cotehele, a lady of moderate estate, about whose wardship and marriage arose a notable dispute. Edward the Black Prince, as Duke of Cornwall, said that these rights were his, and that he had sold them for the sum of 40s. to one John de Brendon "so that she be married without disparagement." The money was to be paid to the feodary of the Duchy, and this official was charged to deliver to John de Brendon "the body of the said heiress to be married as aforesaid," on payment duly made. It is an old saying that "Love laughs loud at locksmiths," and so he laughed at John de Brendon, who thus sought, by a commercial transaction and by the favour of the Black Prince, to purchase the heiress of Cotehele. In those days not only had the lord custody of the minor and his or her lands,

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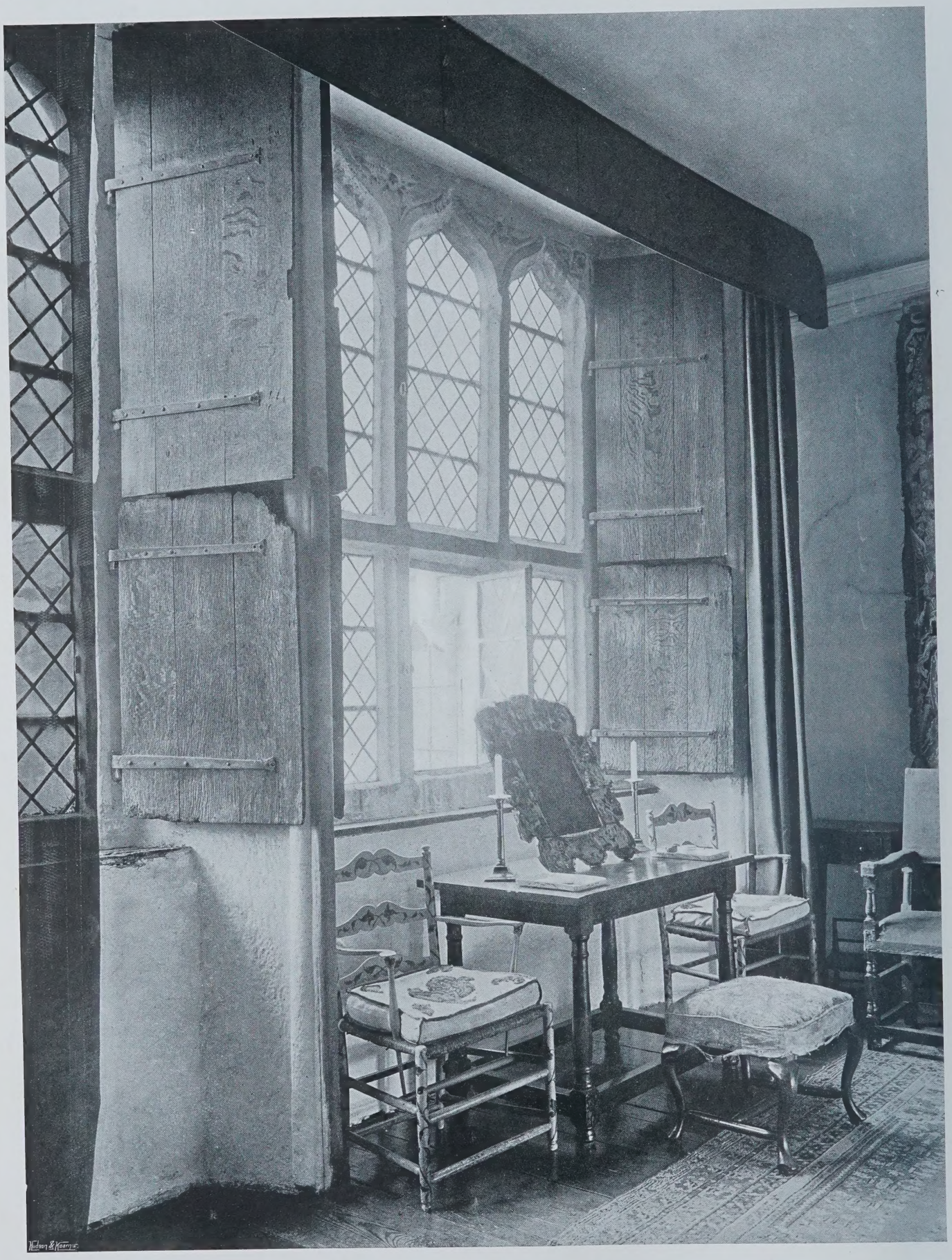
without accounting for the profits of the estate, but also the right of disposing of the ward in suitable marriage; but if the ward refused the marriage the value—in this case 40s.—would be forfeited. Disputes arose as to the due ownership of these singular rights in the fate of the lady; but Hillaria herself, claiming to be of the full legal age of fourteen and upwards, prayed to have enquiry made as to her age, so that she might have the benefit of the statute which would free her from control in the matter of her marriage. As to her lands, she had to "sue out of the livery" of the lord by the process of *ouster le main*. It should have been easy to prove that she was sixteen or more; and it seems likely that she had already placed her affections, for she shortly afterwards married William Edgcumbe. This gentleman belonged to an ancient family which had been seated at the small house of Edgcumbe in the parish of Milton Abbot from time immemorial, and was the second



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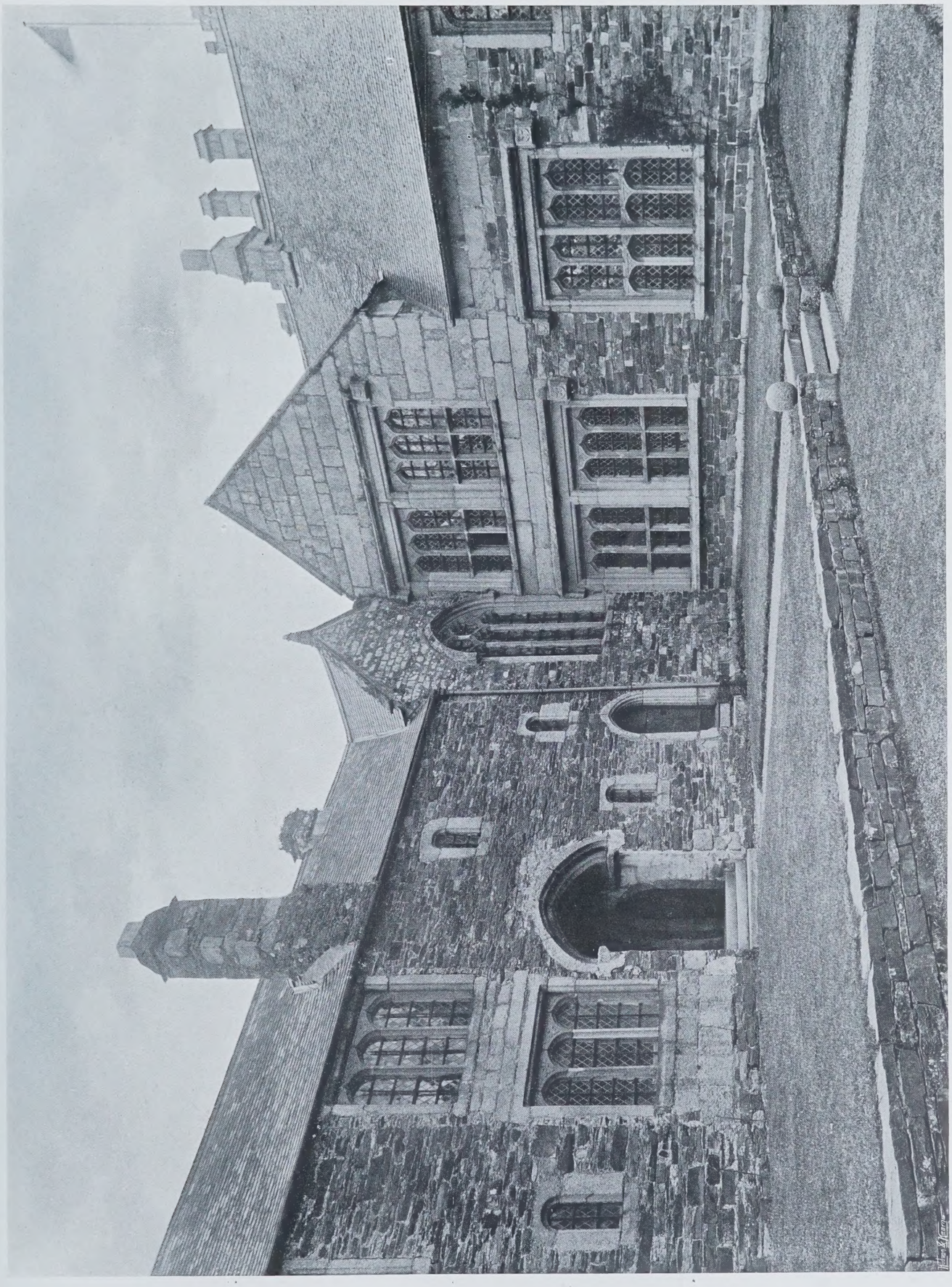

NORTH-WEST CORNER OF COURT.

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son of Richard Edgcumbe of that place.

We pass on to the builder of Cotehele House, as it now stands. Sir Richard Edgcumbe was the grandson of William and Hillaria, and he rose to be a man of very great importance in the West Country in the time of Richard III. and his successor, holding many offices of trust, and was Escheator of Cornwall. It would appear that political strife in his case led to personal enmity, for he was long in bitter antagonism to his neighbour, Robert Willoughby of Bere Ferrers. The latter gentleman, who subsequently became Lord Willoughby de Broke, seemed at one time to have meditated the death of Richard Edgcumbe. At least, the latter made grave allegations against him, which are still upon record. Once, as he was riding home to Cotehele from the house of a friend, Willoughby, with thirty-four armed men, lay in wait to murder him, and "upon him made a saute," whereupon he was put to flight and chased as far as Liskeard. On another occasion these enemies discharged arrows at his servants, and threatened them that they would burn the place unless they disclosed the whereabouts of their master. That same night Edgcumbe was again attacked by Willoughby, who had with him twenty-four sturdy men, and once more he was constrained to fly. Later on, his enemies lay in wait for him and haunted the woods and hedges at Cotehele, so that he durst not approach his house nor "at that same place abyde." They stole his household goods, including bedding, blankets, and a hunting-horn; and once, when he was at sea, intending to land at Fowey, they prevented him from doing so, and he was obliged to keep away from the coast for many days.

Copyright *ENTRANCE FROM THE BARN.* "COUNTRY LIFE."

We thus see that, in its very beginning, as the Edgcumbes knew it, Cotehele was a place that required to be strong. The enmity, however, passed away, and subsequently Lord de Broke and Sir Richard Edgcumbe held high places together at the Court of Henry VII., and it is curious to note that 300 years later the estates of Willoughby, having passed into the possession of Lord Buckinghamshire, came to Richard, second Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, on his marriage with Lady Sophia Hobart. There appears to be no doubt that Sir Richard Edgcumbe had joined the adversaries of Richard III., and had taken part with Buckingham in his endeavours. The Duke was captured and beheaded at Salisbury in 1483, and some of his followers paid the same penalty, but Edgcumbe escaped and fled to Cotehele, pursued, it is said, by a band of armed men under Sir Henry Trenowth of Bodrugan. A curious legend is told of this episode. Edgcumbe escaped from the mansion house into the wood, closely followed, and, having gained the summit of a rock which emerges from the deep thickets above the Tamar, his cap fell into the water as he was climbing down to conceal himself. The soldiers thereupon

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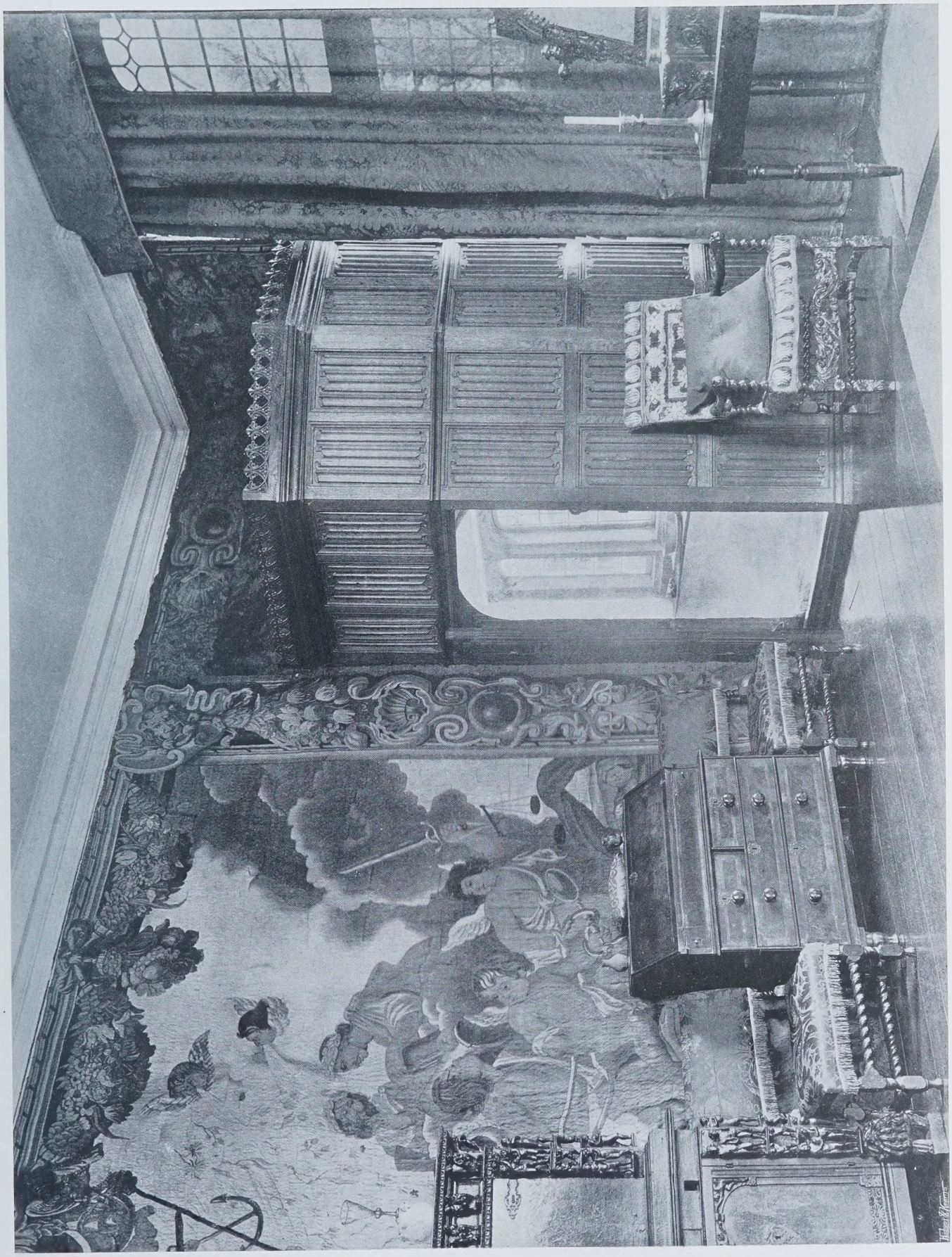

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OLD DRAWING-ROOM.

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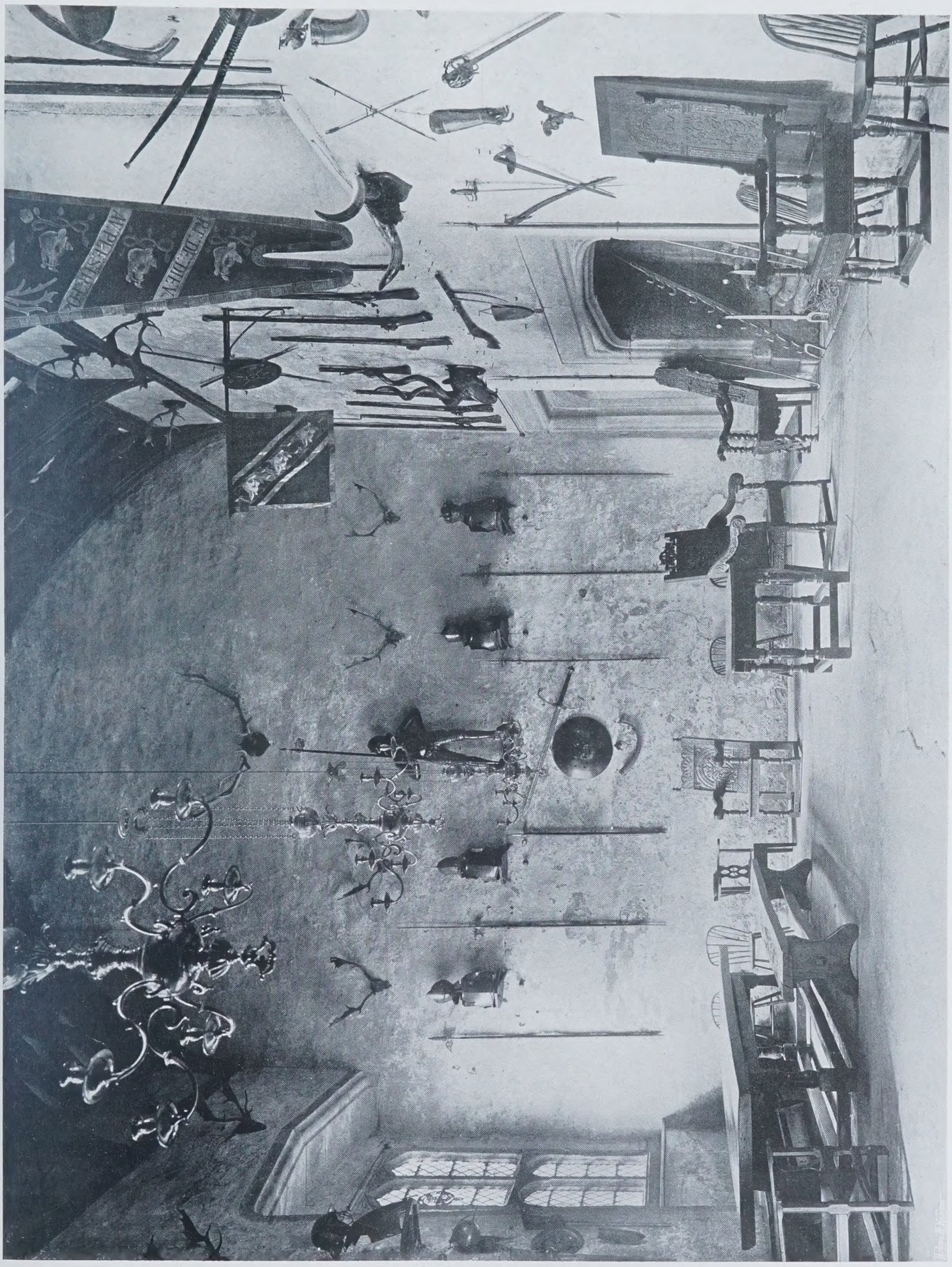

THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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arriving, and seeing his cap floating down the river, imagined that he had perished, and gave up the pursuit. He afterwards passed into France, and after the fall of the king, erected a chapel, which still remains, in grateful memory of his escape. He was created a Knight Banneret on the field of Bosworth by Henry VII., and held high offices, and was greatly enriched in lands and possessions, receiving among other territories the estates of Bodrugan, which had belonged to his pursuer, and the story is told that Bodrugan was hunted by Edgcumbe, as Edgcumbe had been by Bodrugan, and that he escaped in a like fashion at Bodrugan's Leap near Dodman Head. Edgcumbe thus became rich and powerful, but only survived his accession of fortune a few years. It may be convenient here, before describing Cotehele House, to say that Sir Richard Edgcumbe's son, Piers Edgcumbe, was also a supporter of Henry VII., and was made a Knight of the Bath at the creation of the Prince of Arthur. His son was the builder of Mount Edgcumbe House, but members of the family lived at Cotehele from time to time afterwards, notably Colonel Piers Edgcumbe, who suffered heavy losses by sequestration as a supporter of Charles I.

We may now suitably describe the mansion which has such an interesting history. Its situation, as we have said, is superb, and this untouched example of an embattled mediæval mansion rises above lovely terraced gardens, which slope to the woods by the river. The principal part was built in the last years of the fifteenth century, but evidences of the earlier structure will be seen in the walls, where rubble-work and ashlar masonry of rugged granite are curiously intermixed. On the south front is the entrance gateway under a strong tower, with the singular arched entrance under a heavy drip stone. The door is of oak, heavily studded with nails, and the archway within is groined with ribbed granite. Two windows in the rubble masonry are of a simple type, and one of them on the upper floor communicates, not with the room upon that floor, but gives light through a chimney-like shaft to a dungeon or place of concealment on the ground level. There are two arched doorways on the right upon entering, which admit to the porter's lodge and to the upper floor. We thus pass into the courtyard, which is admirably illustrated, and the varying character of the building will be particularly noticed. Opposite is a four-centred arch leading into the retainers' court, and the hall is seen with the east end of the chapel which appears in the north-west angle. Upon the east side of the house some few alterations have been made, but they are in excellent harmony with the rest of the structure and do nothing to spoil the charm.

The interior of the great hall is particularly impressive, with its lofty, open timber roof, its rugged walls, its ancient tapestry, its suits of armour, and its antique character. The interior fittings are retained, and the ancient tables and other old furniture invest the place with a singularly antique character. Upon the wall hang many trophies of the chase—horns, antlers and horns of the Irish elk—with two ancient cast bronze horns which deserve notice, one of them being a speaking trumpet, and it is surmised that these may have been brought from Ireland by Sir Richard Edgcumbe, who was sent thither by Queen Elizabeth as ambassador to certain Irish leaders.

The other apartments are all extremely interesting, and each of them is stored with antique furniture and many curious relics of bygone days. All are hung with tapestry, sometimes lifted to give entrance, and the hearths are plenished with logs, supported upon ancient fire-dogs. The dining-room at the end of the hall joins the chapel, and the old withdrawing-room has its walls curiously painted, and its singular tapestry depicts the death of Eurydice. There is also a very remarkable ante-room, or "punch-room," hung with ancient tapestry, and hence a staircase leads up through an archway. The chapel was originally dedicated by Bishop Stafford in May, 1411. Its stained east window represents the Crucifixion, with angels, and has been carefully restored, and there is also in the chapel a copy of the funeral memorial of Sir Richard Edgcumbe at Morlaix.

Copyright *TERRACES ON THE EAST FRONT.* "COUNTRY LIFE."

The bedrooms upstairs have furniture of the time of Elizabeth and James, and in one of them is a curious mirror of polished steel. It is, however, impossible to describe all the curious and interesting things that are to be found in Cotehele House. One room is said to have been occupied by Charles I., and to remain exactly as he left it, but upon this point there can be no certainty. Another is called Queen Anne's Room. The house has been honoured by several Royal visits. George III. was there with his Queen in 1789, and Queen Victoria and Prince Albert visited the house in 1846.

It will thus be seen that the place is from every point of view extremely interesting and curious. Its external aspect, with square embattled towers and rugged walls, is most remarkable, and it has the advantage of standing in a country of singular sylvan beauty. The bold rock upon which Sir Richard Edgcumbe's chapel stands is a notable feature from the river. Unfortunately, the place suffered from the terrible blizzard of 1891, when much damage was done to the woods, and a magnificent Spanish chestnut, 32ft. in girth, was destroyed. The Earl of Mount Edgcumbe does well to preserve in its original

state this magnificent illustration of the life of earlier times. After the removal of the family to Mount Edgcumbe the house was little used as a residence for some two centuries, and some part of it was adapted as a farm, the ancient armour at that time being periodically painted brown, and the pictures washed by the old housekeeper, as the Earl has recorded, with a mixture of gin and water. Otherwise, the place remained untouched until about forty years ago, when the Earl partly refitted the interior, and adapted it as a residence for his mother. The spirit of past centuries resides within its walls, and long may the ages last ere that spirit be banished from quaint and curious Cotehele.

A FLOURISHING . . . AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

MEMBERS of the Bath and West and Southern Counties' Society have very good reason to be satisfied with the report submitted to them this year, and perhaps now that the Nottingham show is over it may be useful to recapitulate some of the points brought forward in it. It was an experiment to go to Nottingham, and one which has been successful from every point of view. The town and district are notable for their agricultural development, not so much perhaps in the way of producing pedigree and show stock, as for the general excellence of the farming.

The Duke of Portland, who exercises a very great deal of influence in the neighbourhood, and who is one of the most effective supporters of that industry in this country, is no great believer in getting up pedigree animals to an abnormally high condition for exhibition purposes. His idea is that they are often unnaturally fat, and that it would be much better if the judges required them to be in their natural condition; but this really is entirely the spirit in which the affairs of the Bath and West have long been conducted. Its objects have been of the most practical kind, and more has been done to improve agriculture by this society than by any other. That the entries for the Nottingham Show were greater than any previously recorded, goes to show how much the efforts of this society have been appreciated. As an example of the enterprise shown by our Western friends, it is only necessary to point to the Nature study part of the exhibition. This was quite a new feature, and the things shown consisted of collections, diagrams, etc., illustrating the life history of animals and physical and geological views of the country.

While the Royal has been obliged to resort to all sorts of devices to raise the funds necessary for the conduct of its affairs, the council of the Bath and West have been actually able to save money. Last year they added £2,000 to the invested capital, and they placed £1,000 on deposit at the bank. Certainly this has not been achieved by curtailing the experimental work, as the treatment of grass land is still being carried on; so is the Cheese School at Wedmore, and the other teaching institutions. The council in connection with this made a grant of £100 towards the National Fruit and Cider Institute.

The society, indeed, has done much good work in the revival of the industry of cider-making, and at the present moment members can obtain, free of charge, from the institute analyses of cider apples and perry pears.

Another new departure in the education programme was the steps they took to obtain for the farmers, from the Board of Agriculture, inoculating material, such as has been the subject of much experiment in the United States; and we shall wait with interest to learn what further steps are being taken in regard to this, and how far the treatment of nitrogen-producing bacteria is a success.

The record is one that does the utmost credit to the society and to the officials who have been responsible for it. Looking back, it is easy for all who have been interested in the welfare of agriculture to see how much practical aid has been rendered to it. The Bath and West long ago took a prominent part in carrying out those milking trials that have done so much to improve the breed of dairy cows. This is only one branch of their activity, but it shows that the success at Nottingham was thoroughly well deserved.

IVY AND ITS MANY WAYS.

THINGS that are extremely familiar are often apt to pass almost unnoticed. Such a one is our common ivy; for it is only when one gives it a little careful thought, or something more than common observation, that one perceives what a wonderful and precious plant it is, and what an important part it plays in the clothing and adornment of our winter landscape. Indeed, it may truly be said that no one kind of vegetation can do so much for us when summer-leafing trees are bare.

When one is travelling about country roads in winter, ivy is often the only green thing to be seen. The fields are brown plough, woods and hedges are bare and leafless. Even pastures and roadsides are not green, for what short grass there is, is of a dull grey colour, and partly obscured by the buff and brown of last season's bents. But any turn of the road may bring into view deciduous trees richly mantled with ivy, a sight that rejoices the heart of any true lover of Nature's beauties. For it is in the depth of winter that the ivy leaves are at their glossiest and that their bowery masses not only look their best,

ON AN OAK.

OAK AND ELM.

but also give the most comforting assurance of that cosy warmth and safe harbourage so friendly and beneficent to the varied forms of bird-life.

Often some handsome arch of tree-limb bending over the roadway would pass unnoticed were it not overgrown with ivy; but the bushily-branching, dark green clothing, accentuating the tree form, reminds us how often it is that trees, and especially oaks, assume this graceful form over roads, and thereby give the impression of protective sympathy towards those who pass by.

THE PREDOMINANT PARTNER.

This is the more noticeable in that the oak is not always graceful in form like the birch or the ash.

The small ivy of the hedge-bank is beautiful too; in winter, and on poor soils especially, taking on wonderful colourings of brown and bronze and red, some leaves even approaching a scarlet colour. In the trailing or creeping stage, and when it first begins to climb, as on the small laneside tree in one of the illustrations, the leaves are of the typical five-pointed form. But as soon as it has climbed enough to make a distinct trunk, and to throw out the woody side branches that will produce flower and fruit, the form of the leaf changes to the plain shape with pointed end, only varying more or less in width. This rule, with one exception, is invariable. As long as it trails on a bank or spreads over the floor of a wood, or only begins to climb, the leaf is wide, either five or three pointed, or, at any rate, wide-shouldered; in the mature state it has none of these leaves. The exception is where, as on walls, the ivy is clipped every year, and is prevented from making the woody side-shoots. In this case the leaves remain of the wide shape.

Other trees—for ivy is a true tree, having a woody stem and branches—have the same way of producing leaves of two patterns. The most familiar is the holly, though in this case leaves both prickly and smooth-sided are seen on the same tree.

ON A WAYSIDE TREE.

The ilex also has the leaves prickly-edged in a young state, and plain, almost olive-like, when older. G. JEKYLL.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE ROSE SEASON.

ONCE again the Rose season has come round, giving fresh interest to the garden. From the reports we have received, the present year is likely to prove an excellent one for the queen of flowers, in spite of the weeks of cold north-easterly winds which somewhat crippled the growth in many parts. We hear also that the exhibition Roses will probably be finer than last year, owing to the fresh, healthy growth of the plants. The great show will take place in the gardens of the Royal Botanic Society in Regent's Park, which have been kindly lent to the National Rose Society for that purpose. It is an ideal place for a show, and every facility has been offered by the Botanic Society to make the event worthy of the flower. Mr. Mawley, Rosebank, Berkhamsted, is the hon. secretary, and Mr. H. E. Molyneux is the new hon. treasurer, an office which he is certain to fill with exceptional ability. Both these officers of the society are keen rosarians, and their names are written large in the exhibition world. We hope there will be a revival of interest in the class of Roses called the Hybrid Perpetual, which has become overshadowed by the Tea and Hybrid Tea varieties. This is not as it should be. Beautiful though the Tea and China Roses are, we have a warm love for

IVY-CLAD ASH TREES.

the Hybrid Perpetuals, of which General Jacqueminot, Horace Vernet, Sultan of Zanzibar, Captain Christy, Etienne Levet, Dr. Andry, Alfred Colomb, Gustave Piganeau, Ulrich Brunner, Suzanne M. Rodocanachi, Helen Keller, Duchesse de Morny, Dupuy Jamain, A. K. Williams, Victor Hugo, Marie Baumann, Fisher Holmes, Charles Lefebvre, Xavier Olibo, Louis van Houtte, Prince Arthur, and Duke of Wellington may be regarded as the most representative of their race.

Memorial to Dean Hole.

The National Rose Society has determined to keep in memory its first president, the late Dean of Rochester, and an appeal has been issued with that admirable object in view. It is hoped to raise a sum of £500, and the following paragraph from this appeal sets forth the proposed scheme: "The society desires to appeal to all lovers of the Rose, of the Dean, his books, and his work for help to raise a sum of at least five hundred pounds. The sum raised it is proposed to invest in the names of trustees appointed by the National Rose Society, who, from the interest thereof, shall make awards of merit, as the occasion may arise, to such persons who, by cultural skill, research, literary work, or any other way other than by exhibits (save in exceptional circumstances), shall, in the opinion of the trustees, confirmed by the National Rose Society, have done something for the advancement of the Rose worthy of special recognition. The awards will take the form of a grant of money or a medal, and will be made irrespective of nationality." In other words, the application of the fund will not be confined to members of the National Rose Society—it will be international. The first list of subscriptions has been published, the present president, Mr. Charles E. Shea, heading it with a sum of ten guineas.

A New Auricula.

One of the most charming new flowers of the present year is an Auricula, which is appropriately called Daffodil. It was shown recently by the well-known Auricula and Carnation grower, Mr. James Douglas of Great Bookham. It is quite a self colour, the yellow colouring fresh and clear. We know few flowers which have this particular shade of yellow.

Japanese Gardens in England.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society a lecture was given by Mr. Hudson, gardener to Mr. Leopold de Rothschild at Gunnersbury House, on the making of Japanese gardens in England, and illustrated by a series of lantern slides by Mr. Gregory of Croydon. Mr. Rothschild has an interesting Japanese garden in his beautiful grounds surrounding Gunnersbury House, and Mr. Hudson has spent much care and thought in its preparation. The pictures not only showed the formation of one of the most beautiful spots near London, but also illustrated both the rapidity of growth, even during the first season, and the semi-tropical appearance thus created. Mr. Hudson pointed out that in the preparation of any site for a garden the soil should be of the best description and be well tilled beforehand. His object at Gunnersbury had been to provide a garden after the Japanese style that would be at its best in August, September, and October. He had not considered it necessary to adhere to the style of garden so often seen illustrated as representing Japanese gardens, and from photographs he had seen he believed this did not represent all the phases of Japanese gardens. From the results achieved at Gunnersbury it was evident that very many Japanese plants might become popular in this country. Among the principal of the many points which were most clearly and forcibly brought out by the lecturer were that shelter should be provided, that a liberal supply of water should be secured, and that shade-loving plants, as well as those loving sunshine, should be provided for.

A Daffodil Ballot.

One of the most important horticultural shows of the year is that of Daffodils at Birmingham, and it was made especially so this year, as a novel scheme had been decided upon to ascertain the names of the most popular varieties. Fifty varieties of Daffodils were set up under numbers instead of names, and the visitors were asked to mark on the card the twelve varieties which in their opinion were the best. Two hundred and forty-two votes were recorded, with the following results: Mme. de Graaff, 157; Gloria Mundi, 142; Crown Prince, 139; Emperor, 128; C. J. Backhouse, 122; Katherine Spurrell, 121; Barri Conspicuus, 108; Glory of Leiden, 100; Ornatus, 100; Duchess of Westminster, 94; Flora Wilson, 89; Sensation, 80; Sir Watkin, 80; Mme. Plemp, 79; Titan, 77; Mrs. Langtry, 72; Palmerston, 62; Duchess of Westminster, 57; M. J. Berkeley, 55; Falstaff, 52; Golden Bell, 49; Horsfieldi, 48; Lilworth, 47; Beauty, 41; Autocrat, 41; Princess Mary, 41; Campernelle Jonquils, 40; Incomparabilis plenus, 38; J. B. M. Camm, 38; Stella, 38; Whitewell (seedling), 34; P. R. Barr, 34; Grand Duchess, 34; Orange Phœnix, 34; Maurice Vilmorin, 33; Semi-partitus, 29; M. de Graaf, 29; W. Golding, 22; Cynosure, 21; Nelsoni Major, 21; Frank Miles, 19; Princess Mary, 18; Portia, 18; Princess, 14; Orphee, 14; Mary, 13; Baroness Heath, 9; Hogarth, 9; Queen Bess, 6.

Random Notes.

Flowers on Walls.—With the coming of summer the wall garden will need even closer attention than in spring. Go carefully over the wall, and where the seedlings are too thick thin them out, and also restrict the growth of plants that are likely to overrun their neighbours. It is quite a mistake to suppose that flowers on a wall require little attention, and unless gentle syringing is given, early and late, where the wall is much exposed to the sun, many things will quickly collapse. Sedums, Saxifrages, Alyssum, Aubrietia, Wallflowers, and Snapdragons can generally take care of themselves, but the well-planted wall garden will contain many gems which are usually to be seen in the rock garden. Rare Violets, Erysimums, and Pinks are frequently as much at home with their roots in the chinks of a wall as in the rock garden, but they must be taken care of. The Pinks are a host in themselves in the summer months, and should be made the most of, drifts of the pretty maiden Pink (Dianthus deltoides) continuing to flower for many weeks. It is not so well known as it should be that the Carnation

is a beautiful wall plant, and should be so placed that its grey flower-stems can partly hang down. This is a way of growing Carnations which should commend itself to the gardener who wishes to break away from apparently set rules. Where there are cool, half-shady corners, the tufted Pansies may be planted, and such varieties as Queenie, Blue Tit, Queen of the Year, Lark, Violetta, and the dainty miniature Pansies, with flowers not much larger than a Violet, are quite at home in mossy chinks.

Fruit-tree Caterpillars.—In Mr. Wright's leaflet, issued by the Surrey Education Committee, a very useful note, which is seasonable just now, occurs in relation to the fruit-tree caterpillar. It is mentioned that the most destructive are those which hatch from the eggs of the winter moth, and eat the young leaves and blossoms in spring. The moths crawl up the stems in October and November, and are prevented by grease-proof paper bands tied tightly round and smeared with cart-grease and oil; this should not be applied to the bark. For destroying the caterpillar, Paris green (Blundell and Spence's), best in paste form, mixed at the rate of ¼oz. in five gallons of water, sprayed on the trees just before the blossoms open and again after the petals fall, is the best remedy. It should rest on the leaves like dew, not run off like rain. It is good also against the codlin moth, which deposits eggs in the blossom, and the maggots that eat the cores of apples, causing the fruit to fall prematurely. This arsenical preparation is a deadly poison, to be taken care of, and must not be used when trees are actually in flower, or it might kill bees. It does not dissolve in water, and the mixture must therefore be constantly stirred during use.

Forget-me-nots and Cream King Pansy.—An association of colouring worth noting may be made by planting Forget-me-nots and this Pansy alternately in the same bed, and such a bed is at the time of writing the brightest feature in the garden. The Forget-me-not is well known, but not this Pansy, which has a large flower, almost circular in shape, and of the colour of Devonshire cream, relieved with a large centre eye of deep yellow. It is also sweetly scented. The tufted Pansies are the chief charm of early summer. A border in the garden of the writer has been a mass of bloom for fully six weeks, in spite of the cold north-easterly winds, which have almost stopped the growth of plants in general.

THE LOVE OF HOME.

By Madame Mary Duclaux.

AMATEURS of domestic pets are never weary of describing the human moods and ways of their *protégés*. Their remarks are interesting, and would be more so could they discard a naïve anthropomorphism which often disconcerts the student. Sometimes we wish they would put their gun on the other shoulder, so to speak. It is likely enough that there may be something of man in the animal, but it is certain sure, as the children say, that there is a lot of the animal left in man. What interests us most in the psychology of lower creatures is the dim blunt beginnings, in an imperfect consciousness, of feelings and tendencies which, since then, have made their way in the world and suffered a change

"Into something rich and strange"

in human and psychical motives and ideas.

One of these sentiments is the love of home, with its two far-reaching branches—love of art and patriotism—complex and beautiful feelings gradually evolved through groups of sensations, that become simpler and more purely physical as we recede further down that Jacob's ladder of animal life, of which the bottom rung is scarcely distinguishable from the life of plants. Choice, selection, attraction (chimiotaxy as they call it) exist in the lowest room of all, but microbes, I fancy, do not feel a preference for any given place. Spiders, however (to mount a good many steps at a bound), are wedded to their nest. M. Lécaillon, in his most interesting study of the Chiracanthiune carnifex (which we examined here some months ago in a paper on "Mutual Aid among Animals"), gives more than one example of the spider's love of home, and finds that essentially feminine sentiment confused in her with maternal love itself, so that it is difficult for the mere human outsider to say which of the two feelings provokes the development of the other. (Lécaillon, A., "Sur la Biologie et la Psychologie d'une Araignée. L'Année Psychologique, 10c. Année.") At a rough guess, the female spider appears more devoted to her nest than to her young, defends and regrets it more violently than them, and M. Giard, the great French naturalist, suggests that "l'attachement à un domicile habituel" may stand for a considerable factor in the evolution of mother-love. (Giard, A., "Les Origines de l'Amour Maternel. Bulletin de l'Année Psychologique, 5 Année, No. 1.") So deep lie the roots of the love of home.

The fishes show it at a very early stage in their development. Both in France and England of late the attention of naturalists has been much occupied by the existence of memory in fishes. Readers of Country Life will remember some interesting experiments with a tame trout of which an account appeared in these columns last autumn, for which we were indebted to an observant amateur. In France, MM. Pellegrin, Sars, F. Guitel, and Mlle. Goldsmith have examined the question from a more strictly scientific point of view. The point is that fish remember, although they do not possess that cortical substance in the brain which physiologists associate with memory. Mlle. (or Miss?) Goldsmith appears to have proved that memory in fishes is connected with sight: "Je chasse un Gobius de sa coquille, et je place la cuvette dans l'obscurité; vingt quatre heures après je constate qu'il n'a pas retrouvé sa demeure. Dès que je laisse pénétrer le jour, il la retrouvé instantanément." (Goldsmith, Mlle., "Recherches sur la Psychologie de quelques Poissons Littoraux. Bulletin de l'Année Psychologique, 5 Année, No. 1.")

The gobius is a home-loving fish. He is a small, sand-coloured person, about three-quarters of an inch in length, speckled with black. He is frequently found on the sands at Roscoff, in the pools of salt water left at low tide. Under a small shell—not his shell, but the adopted shell of a cockle or mussel—with a little sand heaped round it, the gobius dwells in peace. Timid and sensitive, at the least hint of danger he deserts his borrowed home, burying downward in the damp sand, or swimming swiftly through the puddles of water. But he loves the home which he did not build and knew not how to evolve from his own substance. So soon as peace returns, he seeks it out again, preferring, if possible, that first-selected shell to any other. But the place is dearer to him than the house, and, if you constrain him to the choice between that very shell in another place or another mussel shell in that very place, he will accept the second alternative. He, too, remembers Argos. He knows his home, both as a locality and as a special roof and refuge; and yet he is so low in the scale of development that he cannot recognise the eggs of his own fry. In him, too, the love of home precedes the attachment to his offspring.

Birds, as we know, not only love their home, but make and adorn it. Any boy can tell us the beautiful variety of birds' nests. They are often highly decorated. Last year in Country Life Mr. Seton Gordon described the eyrie of a golden eagle handsomely ornamented with green pine shoots and a large india-rubber ring. Kites are fond of hanging on their nests small pieces of white linen filched from the hedges on washing days. "When kites build," says Shakespeare, "look out for lesser linen." Their decorative instinct is not always happy, perhaps, but neither is ours. I remember how once I found a Persian friend in fits of laughter before a divan in my drawing-room; it was covered with what I had always thought a remarkably handsome Eastern carpet, which was, in fact, the rough sort of sackcloth in which camel-carriers wrap the coarser sort of goods for a journey across the desert. To my Persian friend it appeared out of place in a white-panelled Paris salon. So, to us, the stay-busk erect, or the pendant india-rubber ring, which represent culture in the golden eagle's eyrie. But a collection, after all, is generally valuable chiefly in the eyes of the collector. The magpie, doubtless, has an instinct for art in the home, no less imperious than that of men we know. But he is not so beautifully inspired as the bower-bird. In the Paris museum there exists a specimen of his lovely nest with the little garden planted before it, designed as regularly as any parterre or park of Le Notre's, but executed on the primitive plan of snipping off here a flower and there a long-stemmed twig and planting them in the sand. I visited this nest with a young naturalist who had seen the nests of bower-birds in Nature, and he assured me that this sample, left high and dry in a glass case in Paris, was no more remarkable than most.

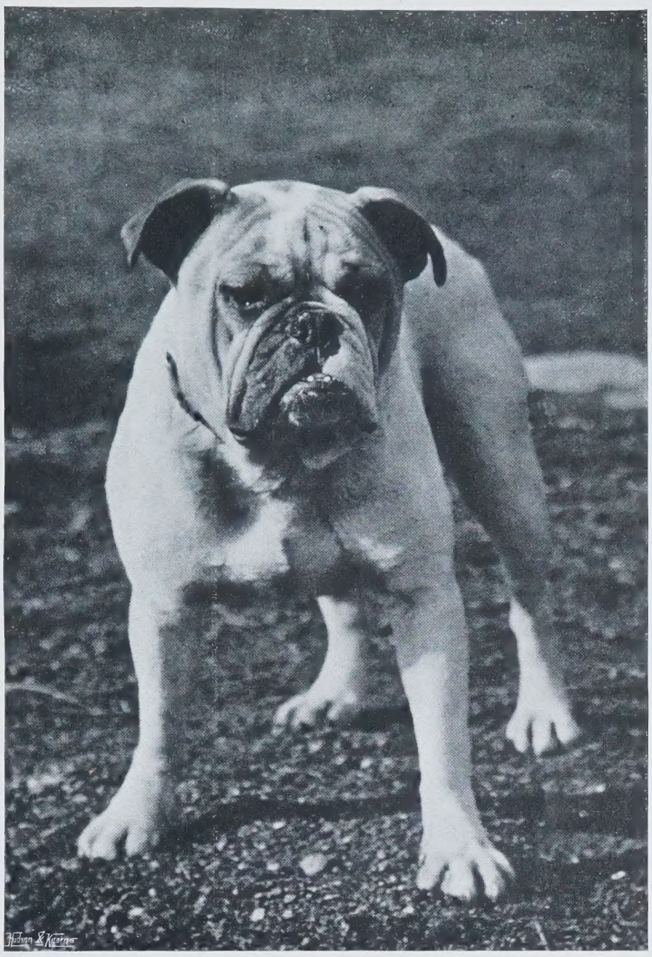
Birds appear very nearly on our level in regard to the love of home. They work to create it, are ingenious in beautifying it, and bring up their children there. But what shall we say of the social instincts of ants and bees, or even wasps? We, I fear, are not as yet upon a moral equality with those great republics, and the wise man still might bid us take heed to the ant. In most of us, as in birds and beasts and fishes, something survives of the mere physical prompting which lies forgotten at the deepest origins of sentiment—that wish to cool a fevered breast against the smooth coldness of eggs, or to relieve the fulness of the mother's bosom at the sucking lips of her young—or to repose in the warm nest while weakened by the effort of maternity. The love of offspring, the love of home in us, have something left in them yet of the natural appetite, or the mere love of ease. But the social insects have shot up far away from such humble roots of the soul. Their love of home is purely psychical, full of sacrifice and effort, independent of material ties. What Maeterlinck has called the mind of the hive is something we can scarcely conceive. A complete subordination of the individual to the commonwealth and of the present to the future. "Mine is thine," says the bee to the hive. "And thine also is thine." Only a few human congregations, generally persecuted, can show so fine a development of the love of home.

BULLDOGS.

THERE is but little doubt that the bulldog of to-day represents a type of dog which came into existence in the days when bull-baiting was a favourite pastime among persons of the highest rank and station. None of the older writers, such as Juliana Berners, De Langley, or Dr. Caius, makes any mention of a distinct breed of bulldogs. In some of the very old prints which portray the gentle sports of bear-baiting and bull-baiting the dog is clearly of a mastiff type, and nearly all the evidence available on the subject goes to show that the name of bulldog was originally bestowed upon the small mastiffs used for attacking the bull. These dogs were carefully selected for the purpose for which they were required, and the continued breeding from those of high courage and low stature eventually created a breed of dogs possessing marked characteristics of their own and differing essentially from the original stock to which they owed their origin:

"Now bull! now dogge! 'loo, Paris, 'loo!
The bull has the game; 'ware horns, ho!"

The Paris so vigorously encouraged in these lines was a very different type of dog from the bulldog of to-day, much more on the leg, infinitely quicker and more active, and a savage, hot-tempered brute to whom the joy of fighting was as the breath of his nostrils. The main object of the dog when loosed at the bull was to "pin and hold," which consisted in seizing the bull by the muzzle and holding on to the grip at all hazards. If this was successfully accomplished the terrible pain inflicted by the teeth and weight of the dog soon rendered the bull helpless. The bull naturally lowers his head to use his horns, and on many occasions a hole was made in the ground in which the bull could bury his nose, an advantage of which, according to old accounts of bull-baiting, he would at once avail himself. The object of the dog was to "'ware horns" by keeping below them, and to do so it became necessary to keep his head as low as possible, some of the larger dogs being obliged to crawl on their stomach in order to do so. It was soon found that dogs of this size were at a great disadvantage, from the fact that they were unable to spring quickly and accurately from their grovelling position, and bull-baiters set to work to breed from the best of the short-legged, strong-jawed animals at their disposal. The stamp of dog which they finally arrived at, and which was actually used until the suppression of bull-baiting by Act of Parliament in the early part of the last century, was a broad-chested, powerful, and compact animal from 14in. to 18in. high, and weighing between 45lb. and 50lb.; it is from these dogs, which represented the survival of the fittest, best, and most suitable for the purpose which could be bred, that our modern bulldogs ate descended.



C. Reid. THORNHILL BARNEY. Copyright

It is probably more difficult to find perfection, from a show point of view, in a bulldog than in any other breed. Most of the points which count in judging a bulldog are to be found in the head. The skull should be flat above the temples and very large in comparison with the body; the eye should be large, full, round, and dark in colour, and none of the white of the eye should be visible when the dog is looking straight to the front; the nose should be black, of a good size, and well set back on the face, so that the distance from the tip of the nose to the "stop" between the eyes may be as short as possible. The lower jaw ought to project considerably, so that the dog may be well

C. Reid. "PRIDE IN THEIR PORT, DEFIANCE IN THEIR EYE." Copyright

under-hung—experts insist strongly upon this point, which is technically known as the "turn-up"; good, strong, and even teeth are a desideratum if they can be found, and many good judges are of opinion that when the jaw is closed the teeth should be entirely covered by the flews, although, in the opinion of the writer, this is not a really essential matter. "Bat" ears are altogether to be avoided, and the same may be said of "button" ears. The true bulldog ear is fine in texture, very small, and "rose" shaped, and the skin of the head should be very loose and well wrinkled. The prevalent notion that a bulldog should be bandy-legged is quite erroneous; the fore legs should be thick, muscular, and wide apart, with a slightly bowed appearance, but the actual bone of the leg should be large, flat, and straight, and there should be plenty of freedom at the elbow—round, compact feet are to be insisted upon. The hind legs of a good bulldog are longer in proportion than the fore legs, so as to elevate the loins, and they should be massive and very muscular, with the stifles so set on that the hocks are brought near enough to each other to cause the hind feet to turn outwards. The power and weight of a bulldog are principally in his forehand, the chest wide, full, and deep, and the neck short, thick, and very strong, with plenty of thick, loose skin, forming a dewlap on each side from the lower jaw to the chest.

C. Reid. *JULIA DAVIS, CHARLIE, AND THORNHILL DOCTOR.* Copyright

The weak point about a fashionably-bred bulldog is his constitution, and he is very far removed from being the strong, healthy animal which his sturdy appearance would lead one to imagine. He cannot stand heat, cold and wet entirely disagree with him, and draughts are fatal to his well-being. His kennel must be well made, well planned, and should be so arranged that the inside may not be subject to extreme changes of temperature. Bull bitches do not make good mothers, and the greatest care is necessary with the puppies, which should be left about six weeks with their own or their foster-mother. A fortnight before they are weaned it is advisable to accustom them to take some light and easily-digested nourishment in addition to their milk, such as one of the many preparations sold for babies' food. Once weaned, they should be provided with plenty of bone-forming diet; if oatmeal is used it must be thoroughly cooked and mixed with a little milk; stale bread soaked in good gravy, with occasionally a little finely-shredded raw meat, varied sometimes with good puppy-meal and gravy, will furnish excellent meals for the youngsters, and a little bone-meal occasionally added to the food will materially assist in the development of bone.

Large meals should never be given to puppies; they should be fed frequently, and when first weaned six or eight times a day is not too often. Good food, warmth, with plenty of air, and, as they increase in strength, all the freedom and opportunity for exercise which can possibly be given, will go a very long way towards the rearing of strong and healthy bulldogs.

Advice on the all-important question of breeding would savour of impertinence if offered to experts who have studied the subject in all its branches, but it may not be out of place to point out to novices at the game that a golden rule is to adhere as much as possible to strains of blood which are well known and proved, such as the King Orry, the Stockwell, the Donan, the Aston Lion, the Bedgebury Lion, and the Donax. Another important point is to note with an impartial eye the weak points in the bitch, however well-bred she may be, from whom it is proposed to breed, and to endeavour to correct them by judicious mating with a dog who, both in himself and in his family, is strong in the particular points in which she fails. For instance, if the bitch be deficient as regards her head, or has badly-shaped and wrongly-set-on ears, it would be advisable to select a dog with plenty of the King Orry blood in his veins, this strain being famous for their good ears and well-proportioned heads.

The illustrations which accompany this article were taken in the excellent kennels which belong to Mr. W. Shearer Clark, and they comprise his Thornhill Barney, under eighteen months old, the winner of the first and special at Kilmarnock and third at Ayr; Julia Davis, who took two specials and a second at Edinburgh, and a second at Falkirk; Thornhill Nina (a grand-daughter of the celebrated Rodney Stone, who was sold for £1,000), who has been shown twice, and took the first and special at Ayr, and the second and special at Falkirk; and Thornhill Doctor, eighteen months old. This beautiful youngster was second at the Crystal Palace when under one year old, and also took two cups, of 13 guineas and 15 guineas value respectively, at the same show, a first and the gold medal at Edinburgh, and first and the cup at Falkirk. It is hardly possible to conclude any notice on bulldogs without pointing out that in spite of their ferocious appearance they are most amiable, affectionate, and reliable as companions, especially where children are concerned. In fact, the bulldog is a greatly misrepresented animal, and is in every way fitted to be a ladies' pet.

C. Reid. *THORNHILL HECTOR, DOCTOR, AND POLLY.* Copyright

REARING & SHOOTING WILD DUCKS.

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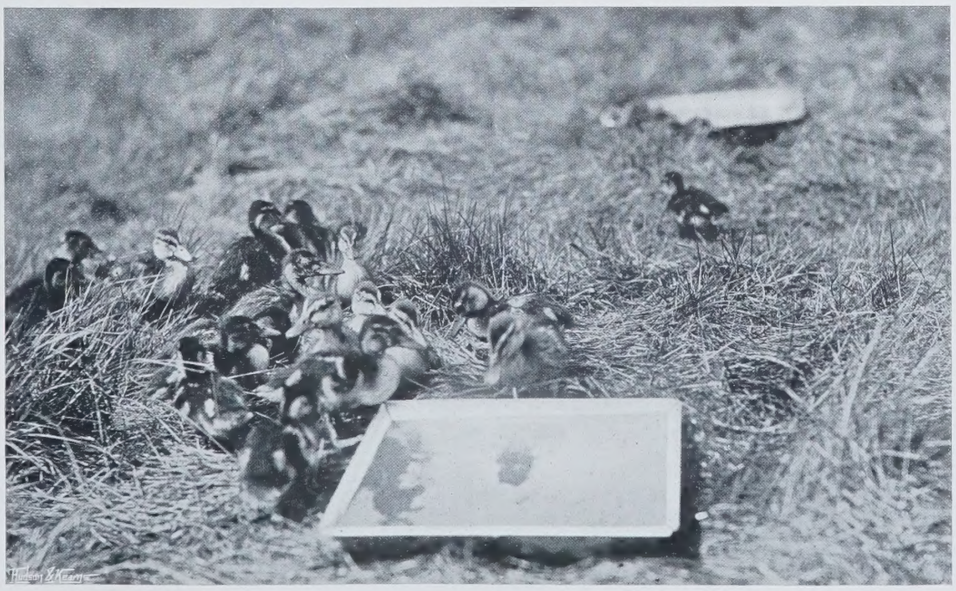
CAPTAIN OATES' excellent little book, "Wild Ducks: How to Rear and Shoot Them" (Longmans, Green, and Co.), will be found both interesting and useful to shooting men. It is condensed, and highly practical. But it is charmingly illustrated, four of the photogravures, from drawings by Mr. G. E. Lodge, being of the very highest quality for truth and correct feeling in regard to sport, natural history, and the sentiment of the scene, while in its brief compass of eighty pages nothing seems to be omitted which is needed in a practical guide to the subjects dealt with.

The author treats of the rearing and preservation of wild ducks, *i.e.*, with the means of promoting their increase, both naturally and artificially, on what may be termed the average or "middle" shooting estate. Hitherto this form of information has been difficult to come by. There has been no thoroughly practical collection of information on the rearing and management of wild ducks other than the accounts which have been written of how this is done on a very large scale at Tring and Netherby, or the very brief directions printed by game-farmers for the benefit of those who buy eggs from them.

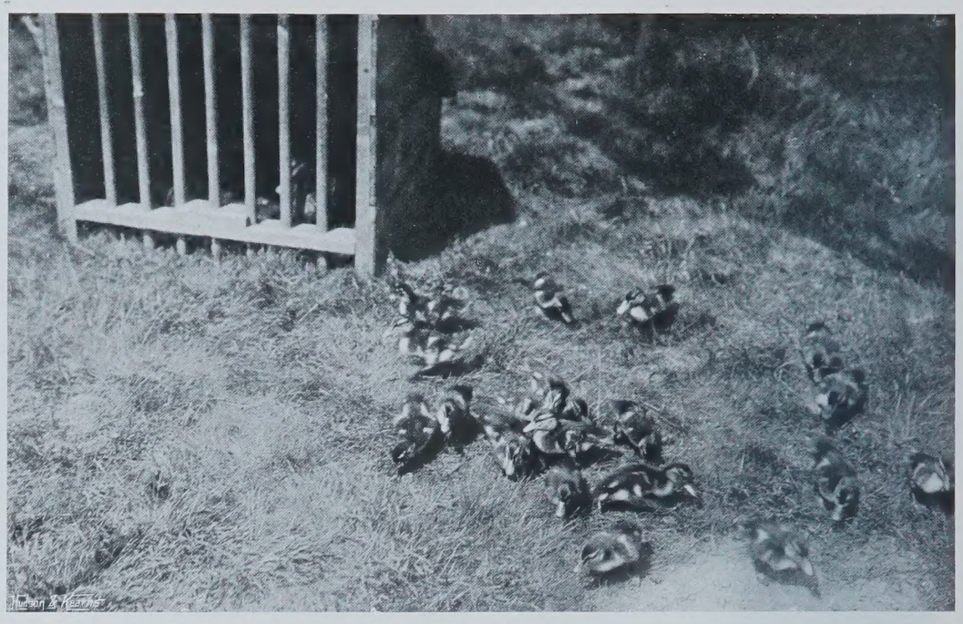
Before considering in detail what the author says, it is perhaps as well to mention what he omits from his own pages—that the scene of his experience is a property near Newark, where there is a fine piece of water about a mile long, thickly fringed with reeds, and that on the adjacent ground is an excellent partridge shoot. What the writer has to say will therefore appeal very directly to owners of inland waters, situated on low-ground shooting of the usual kind. It suggests and shows how they can improve their shooting, and give it variety, and this at very little expense. It has always been maintained in COUNTRY LIFE that a given area of water ought to contribute as many or more head to the annual bag on an estate as the same acreage of coverts, and at less cost. Let us see how this can be done.

The author's ideas as to management in the rearing season correspond very closely with the conclusions arrived at where the numbers are much larger, as at Tring and Netherby, except that he uses the ducks to sit as well as hens. Under a hen, preferably a buff Orpington, he sets twelve ducks' eggs, the same number as at Netherby. At Tring each hen has thirteen. A wild duck can cover more—sixteen eggs are allotted to her, but when these are hatched she cannot cover all the ducklings, and some must be transferred to hens. The "dual system," *i.e.*, with both ducks and hens rearing ducklings at the same time, entails more thought. But there is no doubt that the ducks teach their young ones how to live like wild birds very usefully later. Captain Coape Oates is not quite so optimistic as to the chances of rearing as are those who have been for so many years in charge of the work at Tring.



Copyright THE WATER-PAN. "COUNTRY LIFE."

There they expect to hatch about 90 per cent. Captain Oates thinks 80 per cent. about an average, and that of these 85 per cent. will grow up. In any case it is a good result. He does not commence with chapters on rearing, but very usefully assumes a case where the whole business of stocking has to begin from the beginning, assuming that the owner will like to rear from eggs laid at home. It would, of course, be open to him to buy the eggs straight from farms; but it is best to have first a stock of old birds who know the ground and the water. Birds bought from different estates ensure a mixture of blood later. These can be put on small pieces of water, or in small pens, enclosing a portion of land and water, in the proportion of three ducks to one drake; but on larger waters the proportion should not be less than twenty ducks to fifteen drakes. Wild drakes will take up with the unmated ducks (for wild ducks are monogamous). For the successful establishment of a natural breed of wild ducks, he deems it far better to have a good piece of water as well as a stream. The birds live in natural conditions, and get more natural food. He does not mention another point. All through the autumn and winter they go on attracting wild birds passing over, if they have a large pond, or lake, or preserved river to haunt by day. The ducks on the Tring reservoirs must be supplemented by more than a thousand such arrivals, week in and week out, in the winter. On the other hand, they are far more difficult to shoot from a lake, as a rule. The ducks will lay at any time from the end of February to the end of March, and the author has found that they can be induced to nest where they are fairly safe. One plan is to make stick heaps round the trunks of trees near their haunts. "If you have any large trees in your paddock, place a number of sticks up against the trees in a circle, leaving one or two clear spaces inside the heap. Then make some circular holes, one in each of the spaces, about 5in. or 6in. deep, and shelving gradually from rim to centre. It is best to scatter some sand in these holes, so that the birds can work the nests to the dimensions suited to them. Do not make the nests too small or too shallow, as they may have to contain fourteen or fifteen eggs. It is advisable to put some short dry grass or old hay near the nest, and a very little in it, so that the duck can manipulate it at her pleasure." The stick heap should be well sheltered with cut broom, the great object being to keep out draughts. This year six wild ducks came and laid their eggs in nests so made for them under cover of a mass of broom 9ft. by 8ft., and all hatched successfully. Straw stacks or old outhouses and sheds are beloved of wild ducks. But before letting them nest "outside" in this promiscuous way, all vermin, and especially that arch-enemy of ducklings and ducks' eggs, the rat, must be trapped. In the hole of one doe rat thirteen ducks' eggs were found.



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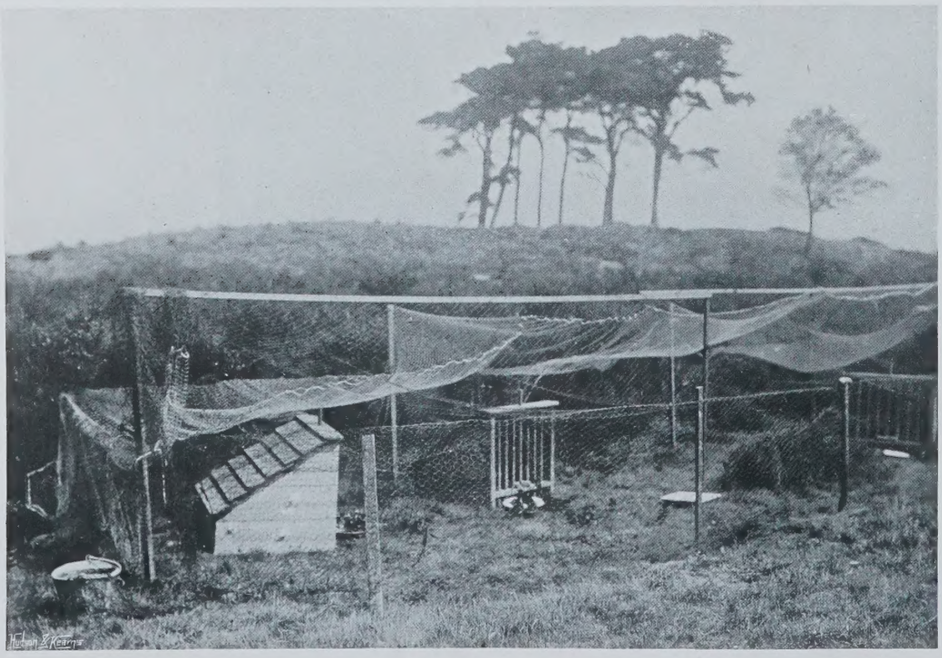

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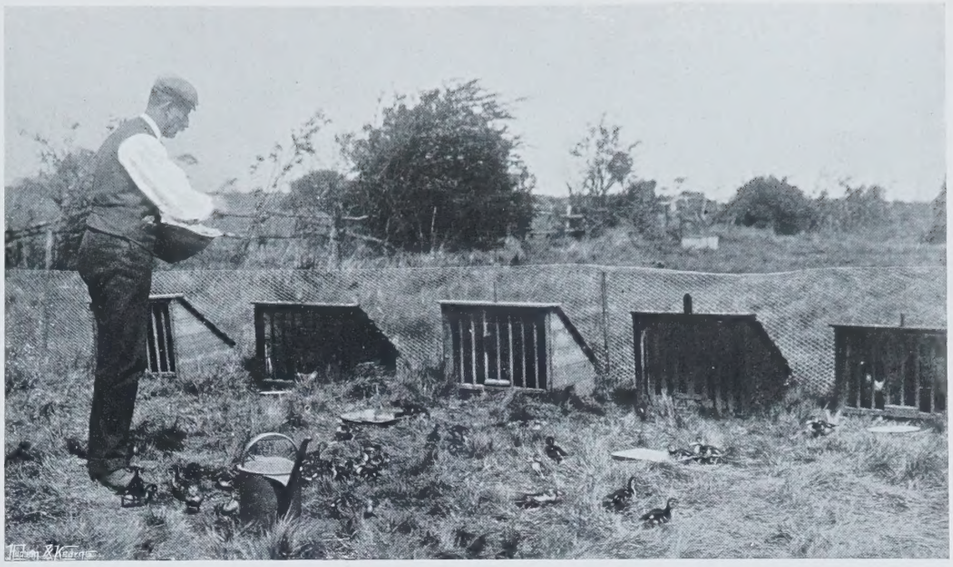
The chapters on setting and rearing contain evidence of much experience, and many useful hints which that alone gives. They should be carefully read. The plan of letting the duck have a bath near her nest, after using which she is not only more comfortable, but imparts a steamy heat to the eggs, is new. For two facts quoted corroborative evidence can be given. An old duck was seen flying away with an egg in her beak. The author surmises that this egg was cracked, and therefore instantly removed. At Tring, where, by Lord Rothschild's kind permission, the present reviewer was looking at the wild and tame ducks nesting two years ago, a pochard, one of whose eggs was cracked accidentally just after she was put off the nest, returned in a few minutes, and instantly flew off with the damaged egg (nearly hatched) and dropped it in the reservoir. The useful fact that eggs partly incubated will hatch after being allowed to get stone cold is noted. The same occurred lately in the Isle of Wight, where a clutch was hatched in a week under a hen after being cold for twenty-four hours.

For methods of shooting and later care the reader must consult the book. But some interesting pages on the cost (54-58) should be read carefully. Captain Oates thinks that, "provided a man feeds and looks after his ducks himself, is in possession of a supply of coops and runs, and is fortunate enough to have a suitable piece of water of his own, as well as some ground to rear them on, he can make his accounts balance at the end of the year." Very few people would care to take over the personal attention needed by the broods in the first three months. But supposing that the part of the keeper's time devoted to them is debited against the account, the figures given are satisfactory. Rearing costs about 1s. 3½d. per bird for 250 birds, and these, if shot early, will sell for 2s. each, though, of course, not all would be shot, or all that are shot be picked up. The whole statement will repay careful reading, but the gross debit for 250 young birds works out as follows:

	£	s.	d.
Food for ducklings	16	0	0
Food for old birds	4	13	9
Extra food (just before shooting season)	0	15	0
Expenses for sitting hens ...	1	0	0
	£22	8	9



Copyright *FEEDING.* "COUNTRY LIFE."

The author finds that, on an average, he can account for all but fifteen of the 250 birds reared. The photographs of some of the broods of this year, taken last week expressly for COUNTRY LIFE, will show how healthy and vigorous the birds reared under this system are. They were as active as eels, and extremely wild, as can be guessed from their attitudes. A point not to be lost sight of is that duck-rearing does not necessarily need a large estate for it to be carried out. The man who possesses only a small piece of water can rear ducks on a scale suitable to his means. Indeed, so true is this that we know of a small farmer who has a secluded pond on a holding far removed from the busy haunts of men, who some years ago discovered wild-duck-rearing to be quite a profitable subsidiary form of income. A pair happened to breed one year with his tame ducks, and by feeding he kept them on the ground till August, when he sent them to market in the usual way. The year after more came, and he encouraged them not only in the breeding season, but all through the year, feeding them judiciously throughout the winter and doing his killing in a quiet way, so as not to alarm the survivors. We quote the instance to show that what was done for profit could as easily be accomplished for sport. C. J. C.

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Copyright *THE CAGE FOR CATCHING WILD BIRDS.* "COUNTRY LIFE."

HERON COURT AND THE MALMESBURYS.

By the Earl of Malmesbury.

BEFORE attempting to give some account of the life and personal character of the second Lord Malmesbury, I must ask the reader to note a somewhat interesting comment upon the shooting journals by the late Lord Beaconsfield. In the introduction to his autobiography my great-uncle, the third earl, best known as the author of "Memoirs of an ex-Minister," alludes to the fact that he had shown his father's shooting journals to Lord Beaconsfield, who was apparently so much struck with them that he declared them to be "the most extraordinary example of patience and a sturdy character he ever saw."

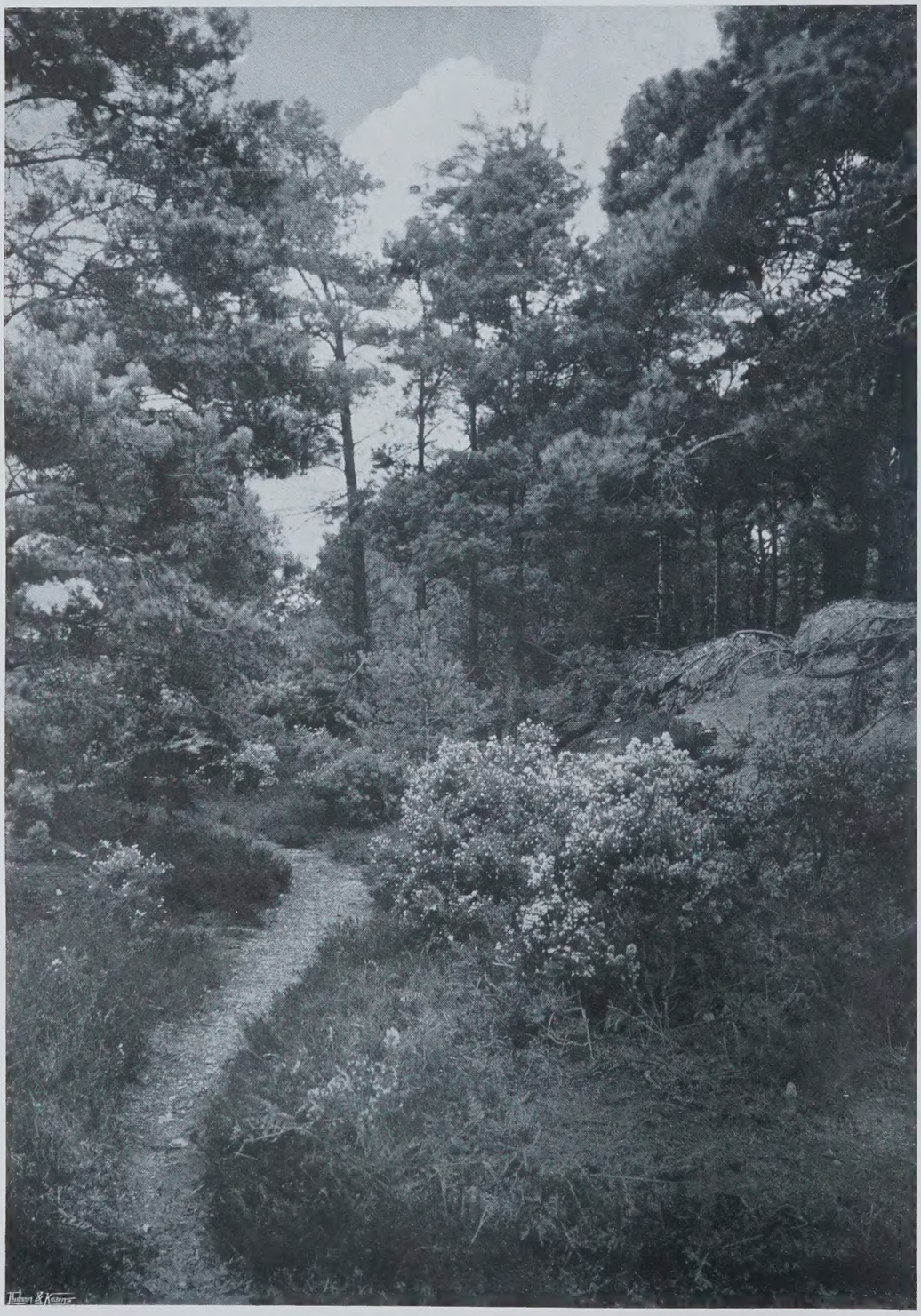
The author of these journals was born at St. Petersburg on August 19th, 1778, and was the eldest child of James, first earl, who was at this time British Minister at the Court of Catharine II., the great Empress of Russia. On his father's side, the second Lord Malmesbury was descended from an old Wiltshire family which is found settled in that county in the early years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The Harrises belonged to the class of old English country families whose members spent by far the larger portion of their time in those pursuits and interests which were to be found near their homes.

My great-grandfather, when he was about four or five years old, was sent to England and consigned to the care of his aunt, to whom he was ever afterwards attached by the strongest ties of affection. The climate of Russia, with its unhealthy extremes and changes, had compelled this separation from his parents, but in 1786 we find him with them once more, this time at The Hague. He, however, remained with his parents only for a very short time, as, a few months later, he was placed at a private school in England, kept by a clergyman of the name of Raikes. His life at this school appears, as in the case of most other boys of his generation, to have been not particularly happy; for bad feeding and repeated birchings seem to have formed no inconsiderable part of the curriculum.

In the spring of 1790 he was removed to Eton, which he left in the summer of 1795, having reached the sixth form, and at the same time was entered as a member of Christ Church, Oxford, though he did not go there until January of the following year, 1796, passing the interval with his parents in Hampshire. His Oxford days were passed happily, though he does not himself put them in the same category with those spent at Eton; for, writing six years before his death, he says: "I look back to Oxford with pleasure, but not of that glowing character with which I trace again the Eton portion of life's pilgrimage."

After leaving Oxford the Hon. James Edward Harris, by which name he was then known, spent the nine or ten months immediately following in England, chiefly paying visits at the various houses of his and his father's old friends. In the spring of the following year my great-grandfather started on a prolonged tour abroad, remaining on the Continent for about eighteen months. During his stay abroad he was most hospitably entertained by many of the best-known foreigners of the day who had been intimate friends of his father, amongst whom may be mentioned Prince Esterhazy, at whose magnificent estate he took part in more than one great *chasse*.

He was essentially a sportsman of the highest and most manly type, and at no time was he so happy as when in the pursuit of wild game, whether a boar-hunt among the mighty forests near Vienna, or following snipe alone with his gun over the peaceful meadows and reedy swamps of his own home. It was about this time that he commenced to keep with that striking precision and marvellous exactitude the shooting journals. The first record of his bags is a brief summary of the game killed by him in September, 1795, roughly made on a sheet of paper in the handwriting of a youth developing into the early years of manhood; but after 1798 the more perfect system of observation and methodical entry of every shot fired, killed, and missed, is commenced, which, added to



W. A. J. Hensler. *IN HERON COURT WOODS.* Copyright

his insight and profound knowledge of natural history, animal and plant life included, compels us to acknowledge the truth of the dictum that the real sportsman, after all, is not he who only seeks the life of those harmless denizens of moor, field, or marsh, nor even he who can with the utmost proficiency pick off one by one the well-fed pheasants as they rise to meet the gun from an overstocked covert, but the man who lives with Nature, who loves Nature, and to whose heart the whole realm of Nature speaks.

Before he had completed his twenty-eighth year, my great-grandfather married in June, 1806, Harriet, daughter of Mr. Francis Bateman Dashwood, of Well Vale, in the county of Lincoln, whose early death nine years later, at the age of thirty-two, left him inconsolable; and until his own decease in 1841, "not a plant in her garden"—to quote his son's allusion to the loss of his mother—"nor a trinket in her boudoir was ever moved or changed." From the time of his marriage to the very end of his life, Heron Court became his home.

I well recollect my great-uncle, the ex-Minister, then an old man and very feeble, pointing out to me with a humorous smile a small tank at the back of one of the conservatories there, over which, as he said, when small boys, "Edward, your grandfather, and I dangled your great-uncle Charles, head downwards, because we thought he was more kindly treated by our father than we were."

Upon succeeding to the family estates, my great-grandfather at once proceeded in the most thorough and business-like manner to put his affairs in order; for although his father, the first earl, had inherited substantial fortunes from both father and mother, as well as from other near relatives, his liberal hospitality and open-handed generosity, as well as personal extravagance in his various diplomatic missions, had somewhat tended to embarrass his son. Notwithstanding this, however, the second Lord Malmesbury, by a rigid self-denial, was enabled to spend very considerable sums annually upon the improvement and maintenance of his property.

W. A. J. Hensler. *ON THE EDGE OF THE FOREST.* Copyright

It must not be supposed that the quiet life of retirement which he had imposed upon himself in any way tended to make him a complete recluse, or even unsociable in his habits. He was a wide reader of every kind of literature, a deep thinker, and thoroughly shrewd and sound in his judgment. He came to London year by year, and from time to time took part in the debates of the House of Lords. He appears always to have been listened to, and his opinions were treated with respect.

In May, 1825, he spoke in opposition to the Canadian Corn Bill; his opposition was based upon a fear that in reality corn brought from the United States would be sold in England under pretence that it had been grown in one of our own colonies. On May 11th of the following year (1826) Lord Malmesbury moved in the House of Lords a resolution to this end: "That it is inexpedient to alter or suspend the Corn Laws without previous enquiry into the necessity and probable effect of such a measure."

Lord Malmesbury was a true type of the thorough-going Tory, and so long as he lived so long he resisted, as far as any one individual can, all attempts to alter those laws which then governed the importation of corn into this country. He did not live to see the General Repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846, but he was a member of the House of Lords when the great movement in favour of Electoral Reform threatened the internal peace of this country, and when popular indignation was turned against the Peers.

In June, 1832, the famous Reform Bill of that date came before the House of Lords for its third reading. The history of this great question is far too well known to need any recapitulation on my part. The Peers, after a dogged resistance, had been informed that they *must* pass the measure, and that, if they refused, their very safety would be at stake. On June 4th, 1832, the House divided on the third reading, when there were:

For the Bill	106
Against	22
Majority for the Bill	84

Lord Malmesbury has described the change brought about by this Act in no veiled terms. His hostility to it had been unbending, and to the last he gave his vote against it, and my great-grandfather's name is to be found amongst those pertinacious

twenty-two members of the Hereditary Chamber who would neither be led nor persuaded.

Formally launched into the world of politics in 1801 by being appointed private secretary to Lord Pelham, who then presided over the Home Department, during part of Addington's feeble administration, my great-grandfather had a varied political career. He had, by his father's advancement to an earldom, now become Lord Fitzharris, a courtesy title which he bore for twenty years, and under which designation he entered the House of Commons for the first time, sitting for Helstone in 1802. There are few—very few young men, at all events—who have commenced their political career under the same happy and auspicious circumstances as James Edward, second Lord Malmesbury. As the eldest son of a distinguished father, statesmen (not the least of whom was the great William Pitt himself) sought him out, and eagerly and warmly welcomed the heir to an honourable name into their midst; but his tastes were elsewhere, and neither the chidings of an affectionate father nor the encouragement of those whose names have since become famous in the annals of this country could arouse his ambitions. "Where," plaintively writes Canning in a letter to the first Lord Malmesbury, dated December 4th, 1802, "is Fitzharris? I have made some attempts to get him to dine here, *with good men and true*, but have had for answer, that he is not in town!" Lord Fitzharris was, on the date in question, calmly shooting with Lord Bath at Longleat.

In 1804 Pitt returned to office for the last time, and appointed the son of his old friend and faithful follower to the Treasury, a post which he held until the death of England's greatest Prime Minister necessitated a dissolution of the Government which he led. My great-grandfather, like his father, was one of Pitt's most ardent admirers, and has left a long description of him in a MS. note-book now at Heron Court.

At the beginning of 1806, when by the death of William Pitt the reins of government came into the hands of that most extraordinary political assortment known as the "All the Talents Ministry," Lord Fitzharris left the Treasury. That Ministry comprised men of diverse political convictions, and Fox and Addington—now Lord Sidmouth—not to mention the leader, Lord Grenville, were amongst its members. When the Portland Ministry was formed in 1807, the Duke gave Lord Fitzharris the choice of a seat at the Treasury or the Under-Secretaryship at the Foreign Office. He did not for an instant hesitate between the two, and accordingly selected the possibly more honourable, though certainly more arduous, post in the department for Foreign Affairs, then presided over by George Canning. He soon, however, found himself out of sympathy with the ties and responsibilities of office, and, notwithstanding many protests from his father, decided to relinquish the burdens attached to the routine of official work. He at this time represented Heytesbury in the House of Commons. On his retirement from office the Governorship of the Isle of Wight was conferred upon him, his father being at the same time appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire. After this he ceased to take a very active part in public affairs, and gave himself up entirely to sport, literature, and the management of his father's property. In 1816 he came into Parliament again as member for Wilton, for which place he continued to sit in the Lower House until his father's death on November 21st, 1820, transferred him to the House of Lords.

W. A. J. Hensler. *HERON COURT.* Copyright

Compared with his brilliant and attractive father, the first earl, James Edward, second Lord Malmesbury, must appear a strange contrast. The father, by his natural charm of manner, won friendship and admiration on all sides. The son, cold, reserved, and even stern in his habits, yet possessing the warmest sympathy for all those in trouble or poverty, was from his earliest youth absolutely indifferent to the praise or censure of others outside the circle of his own family. Had it not been for an almost blind devotion to his father, in all probability he would never have made the slightest attempt to enter public life.

The latter part of Lord Malmesbury's life was a lonely one, and, unfortunately for himself, the older he grew the more he avoided the necessity for making new friends. He stands eclipsed, as it were, between an illustrious father and a son who achieved no small fame as a Cabinet Minister and man of letters. His own powers, however, must have been considerable, for besides his shooting journals he kept a most interesting and valuable series of records dealing with the history and management of his estates, as well as a continuous and elaborate set of account books recording every item of expenditure and profit.

My great-grandfather's health began to fail some eight months before his death. He had, as he himself puts it, never been confined to his bed by accident or sickness one day, and not thirty days to the house by either "one or the other during forty seasons of sport." But towards the end of January, 1841, he contracted a severe chill, from the effects of

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which he never recovered, and, after a lingering illness, expired on September 10th at Lord de Grey's villa at Putney, which he had taken for the summer, having just completed his sixty-third year.

His remains were interred beside those of his wife in the family vault beneath the chancel of the Priory Church of Christchurch, Hants.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

AMONG the women in history who have cast an ineffable charm over mankind a very high place must be given to Mary Queen of Scots, even by the few who have remained outside her fascination, and who do not feel in her personality that influence exercised by Cleopatra, or by the beauty of Helen of Troy. But apart from all questions of like or dislike, of assertion or controversy, there are few records more pitiful than that of Mary, and anyone who knows Scotland well cannot but think of her in connection with the places, mostly in pathetic ruins, which are associated with her memory. Linlithgow stands a fair palace still, though the town by which it is surrounded is probably the most squalid in Scotland. Mr. A. H. Millar, in his new monograph, *Mary Queen of Scots: Her Life Story* (Brown, Edinburgh), holds that she left the Priory of Inchmahome, on the shores of the Lake of Menteith, about the age of five. If so, the fact proves how curiously legend grows out of nothing, for they still show the visitor to that lonely island of ruins, the garden which was said to be hers, the box trees she is supposed to have planted, and the walks that were hallowed by her feet. Moreover, some old balladist has found in her life the inspiration for some of the most pathetic lines in ballad poetry:

"Last night the Queen had four Maries,
To-night she'll hae but three,
There was Mary Beaton and Mary Seaton,
And Mary Carmichael and me."

But perhaps feeling touches its highest point in another verse of that famous poem, where the unfortunate maiden, in an outburst of sadness that still is natural and unexaggerated, cries:

"Oh, little did my Minnie think
That day she cradled me,
Of the lands I was to travel in,
Or the death I was to dee."

Obviously, however, all this could not occur in the retinue of a child of five, and if Mr. Millar is right, then another fond illusion has been dissipated. Of Mary's subsequent life in France, more authentic particulars are forthcoming, and indeed no document can be quite so evident as the lovely portrait of "Mary Stuart as a girl," which serves as frontispiece to the volume. There we have a typical Scottish face, mouth, and eyes and brow, each and all, though sweet with the purity of girlhood, yet showing the potentialities of passions which later on were to be developed. Mr. Millar has not been blind to the tender romance of that period of Mary's life, as the following quotation will show:

"Her free and affable manner, inherited from her father and developed by her mother, when combined with the grace of her person and the elegance of her attire, might well charm every beholder. 'The young Queen,' wrote one who saw her, 'was at that time one of the most perfect creatures that the God of Nature ever formed, for that her equal was nowhere to be found, nor had the world another child of her fortune and hope.' And as she trod the rudely-paved street of Morlaix the people might well throng to gaze upon this wondrous child, who had come from her northern kingdom to wed the heir-apparent of the French throne."

W. A. J. Hensler. GREEN AND GOLD. Copyright

What sort of life Mary led at the gay Court of France is a question well worth considering. It is said that a certain amount of outward strictness was observed, but we can scarcely believe that this could have been so, and probably there she imbibed some broad and free opinions which allowed many things to become easier to her afterwards that would not have commended themselves to one who had been more strictly brought up. The only satisfaction with which we look back upon this part of her life is that it was one that probably yielded more enjoyment than any other in her career; for no one can wonder at the troubles which awaited her in Scotland. It was a country that—to divest it of the idea that is usually attached to it—was in a very backward state of civilisation, and the turbulent Scottish nobles had never looked upon even the strongest King as more than one of themselves. There was manifest absurdity, therefore, in the idea of their coming under the government of the young and frail woman. Mary seems to have left France with some misgivings, and well might have sung the words put into her mouth by De Querlon:

"Adieu, plaisant pays de France!
O ma patrie,
La plus cherie,
Qui a nourri ma jeune enfance."

She must have felt the violent contrast between the Scotland at which she arrived and the France which she had left; and it was

the more marked because Lord James Stuart had made no preparations for her coming. On the other hand, the people of Edinburgh, heedless of their rulers, turned out in a body to greet their young Queen with robustious merriment. Indeed, so hearty, and at the same time so rough, was the welcome that it must have been somewhat difficult to ascertain its proper character. Those, whom John Knox described as "a company of most honest men, who, with instruments of music and musicians, gave their salutations at her chalmer windo," Brantôme looked at with different eyes, for he thus describes the incident:

"There came under her window five or six hundred ragamuffins of that town, who gave her a concert of the vilest fiddles and little rebecs, which are as bad as they can be in that country, and accompanied them with singing of psalms, but so wretchedly out of tune that nothing could be worse. Ah! what melody it was! What a lullaby for the night!"

Such was Mary's first night in Holyrood, and it was an introduction to a very stormy period. We have to remember that in addition to the political movements that were seething in Scotland, religious bigotry was running strong on both sides, so that it was almost impossible that Mary could do other than come into conflict with some of her people, and her own tastes were not for the council-room, but for the boudoir and the hunting-field; all matters of venery were understood by her, and her taste in music led to David Riccio's favouritism. We gather something of her from the following notice of Riccio in an official document:

"He was so good a musician that the Queen caused him to assist always at the Mass at her Palace; and as since her return she had wished to have a complete musical band—for she took great delight in singing and the sound of the viol—she required her uncle, the Marquis d'Elboeuf, to ask the Conte di Moretta to relinquish his secretary, David, and leave him in Scotland. She made him Groom of the Chamber, and finally her own secretary, having been recommended by her uncle, Cardinal de Lorraine, to take him in that capacity, because his dwarfish and deformed person would disarm scandal."

Her marriage with Darnley, and the murder of Riccio, form as tragic a chapter as is to be found in the history of Royalty. Few pictures are more horrible to contemplate than that of Queen Mary locked in the drunken embrace of her husband while the savage Ruthven and George Douglas complete the work of murder.

"'Ah! poor Dauvit, my faithful servant,' she cried. 'May the Lord have mercy on your soul!'"

And now begins a still darker page in her career. The best of her apologists have little to say in her favour, and on the so-called "ravishing" of the Queen by Bothwell even Mr. Andrew Lang, one of her most devoted admirers, writes:

"The natural inference is that she, like many other women, was not proof against the charms of Bothwell, who, moreover, had practically saved her after Riccio's murder. No man can record this opinion without regret. Charm, courage, kindness, loyalty to friends and servants—all were Mary's. But she fell; and passion overcame her, who to other hostile influences presented a heart of diamond."

So in this wise the erstwhile innocent girl passes into the woman stained by sad and tragic experience. Those who love her most will be the least likely to excuse her shortcomings any further than by stating the oft-quoted text, "To them that loveth much, much shall be forgiven." It was the epitaph that Malory wrote for another erring woman, who still has come down the ages full of error, but always forgiven—Guinevere: "She had a good death because she loveth much." The end that came at Fotheringay could not be called a good death, yet it must be admitted that the only offence of which Mary was really guilty was that "She loveth too much."

FROM THE FARMS.

The Past Month on the Scottish Border.

WHAT an extraordinary climate we have in England—as versatile as "ladies' fashion"! The first fortnight of May was really beautiful, allowing the "flitting" to be carried out under very pleasant conditions. Then, the "weather-god," repenting of her clemency, shifted the wind into the north, and frosty nights marked the month's third week, while Cheviot received a white cap. The wind in the fourth week, however, shifted into the south, and warm rains and hot sun helped to atone for the previous week's frosts and icy blasts. On the whole, Border farmers have not much to be dissatisfied with in the present state of their crops. The fine weather in early May gave corn crops a good start, and allowed turnip land to be well worked. Although the cold winds and lack of rain rather "hung" the corn on strong land, the last week's fine weather and warm rains repaired the damage. Farmers are hard at work putting in their turnips, the most important crop on Border farms. All other crops practically depend on it. Some fields of swedes are "rowed" and looking well. Mangold is not extensively grown on the Borders, but all that will be required for the spring of next year are sown, though in few cases up yet. The price of mutton still remains good, and beef has taken a turn

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for the better in the last week or two. Farm sales have ruled unusually high on the Borders this year, keeping-stock going to exceptionally high prices. The lamb crop on the Cheviots is a good deal below the average—a great shortage of twins being the general complaint. Some farmers have suffered from lambs dying of that most dreaded of diseases "grass ill." This complaint in many cases is caused by the lambs eating wool off their mothers, which sets up inflammation in their stomachs. May has been called the most beautiful month of the year, and certainly one agrees when strolling in the country on a fine evening. The hedges, white with may, are filled with joyful songsters, who, sitting close to patient spouses, give vent to their feelings in rapturous bursts of melody. The elm, beech, and oak are now out, while a few more warm days will allow the ash to assume his summer clothes. Wild hyacinths, primroses, bluebells, and numerous ferns grace our woods, and in the distance can be heard that tireless, mysterious bird, the cuckoo, whose strange "double note" tells us June is not far distant. On the moors beneath the highest peaks of the Cheviots wild life is very active. The "whaup," as the curlew is called on the Borders, and the golden plover rise from their nests in the marshy ground or heather clumps—circling overhead and uttering their slightly pathetic but extremely pretty "nest call." The peewit also nest in large quantities on these high moors, free from the brutal persecution they are subjected to in the low country. Out of a tuft of grass a snipe rises, and inside its shelter are four dark brown eggs, enormous for so small a bird. Young grouse under the careful training of their mother are getting fat on young heather and bilberry leaves, to gladden the sportsman's heart on the "glorious Twelfth." Fox cubs are playing at the earth's mouth, their mother away, picking up a dead lamb according to fox-hunters, or killing a lamb according to the non-hunter. What a vexed question it is! Personally, I think each party should give way a little, as a lame fox will take a live lamb, and a vixen if hard pressed for food will rather commit that crime than see her cubs starve. A case of the latter was printed in a most trustworthy paper the other day, when three lambs were found in an earth in Cumberland. A case of the former recently came to my notice. A suspected fox with a trap on its leg was killed, and several pieces of lambs' pelts were found inside it. A. STANLEY.

PURE-BRED STOCK.

Very noticeable has been the improvement of stock in the last twenty years in the South-West of England. Farmers do not farm high, as arable farming is understood in the Midlands and Southern Scotland, but it is fast becoming the rule and not the exception in some districts to keep nothing but pedigree dairies and flocks, in one instance Devon cattle and Dorset-horn sheep. In regard to the last-named 150 flocks are now registered, with a total of 65,000 pure-bred sheep scattered over all parts of the West Country, and as far east as the Isle of Wight. This hardy, early-lambing breed—lambs are mostly dropped before the new year—has been for some years in great request among American buyers, and now rams are being used in New Zealand with Merino ewes to produce a type of which great things are expected in the Antipodes.

THE JUNE OUTLOOK.

As we write these notes it is raining, and than rain nothing could be more welcome to the British farmer at the present moment. On Saturday last the writer visited a Down farm, and while he was yet at some distance he wondered what certain white objects were on the pasture. They turned out to be roots. So greatly has the scarcity of rain been felt, that although this is in average years a pasture of uncommon excellence, and not one to give in readily to drought, yet this year there is hardly a bite of food for the sheep on it, and feeding has had to be resorted to. The dairymen are in as bad straits as the flock-masters. What grass there is is of excellent quality, but there is so little of it that the flow of milk, which ought now to be at its maximum, has scarcely come at all. Such rains as have fallen have been local, and there are many large patches of land which have received little or none at all for several weeks, while the rainfall for the whole of the spring has been much below the normal. Added to this, the weather has been anything but good for growing purposes. The intense heat experienced during the last days of May alternated with bitterly cold nights and blighting winds. The result is that apples, gooseberries, and other fruit have been seriously checked, so that an average crop this year is impossible. Growing cereals are both short and patchy, with the exception in some districts of winter-sown wheat. Some recovery may be made if June prove a wet month, but even then a full return can hardly be expected. About this time of year hay-cutting usually commences in the South of England, but we have very seldom seen crops of hay so poor and thin as they are this year, in both the North and the South. The cold seems to have retarded all the best clovers and grasses, and there is little room for hoping that things will improve later on. On the other hand, England in spring never was more lovely in appearance than it is now.

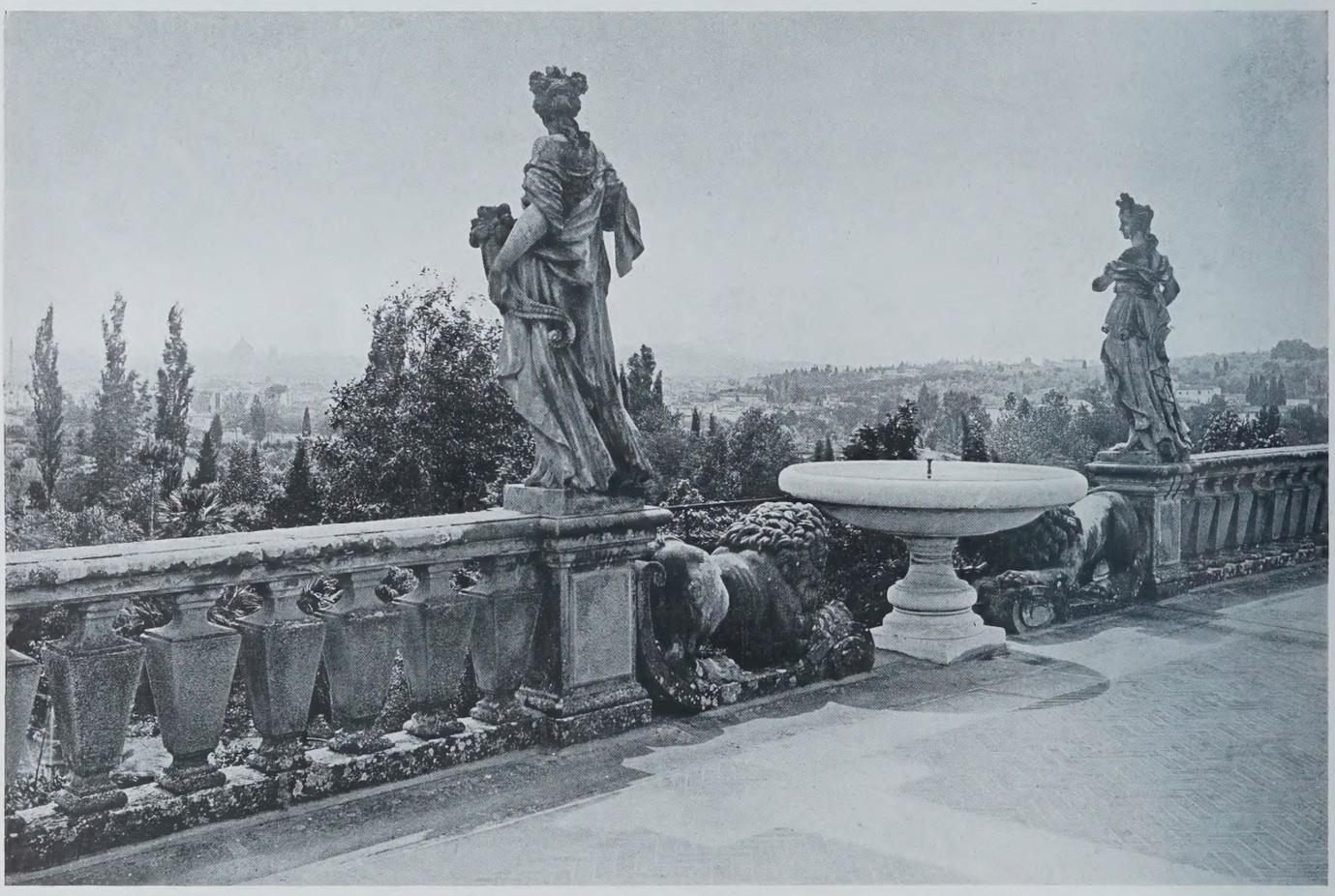
The hawthorn has broken into great sheets of flower, solitary trees standing like white pillars, and the hedges of great hawthorns being spread all over with the beautiful bloom. The laburnum, too, has hung out its pendulous blossoms, and on the ground all the spring flowers seem flourishing together. Cowslips are out in the meadows, the primroses are still lingering in the woods, while in places the bluebells are forming fields of azure under the trees, and the forget-me-nots, the speedwell, violets, and a million other little florets have appeared, and are beautifying the earth.

THE GARDENS OF ITALY.

MR. LATHAM is to be congratulated on his splendid series of photographs of "The Gardens of Italy" (Country Life Library). They form the most complete set of Italian views issued since Falda's memorable work; but Falda's engravings fail to convey the least idea of the quality of these splendidly artificial designs, whereas in Mr. Latham's photographs one can almost feel the very rustle of the leaves. These views will also correct, as they were meant to do, a widespread misconception of the Italian garden, and what its place has been in the history of design. I think it was Cicero who once complacently remarked "Hortos magnificentissimos ædificavi," and this must have been the ideal continually present to the mind of these lordly Cardinals in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. A garden as it was understood in France or England was the last thing that they had in view. French and English designers never lost sight of the fact that their best effects were to be obtained by grass, foliage, flowers, and trees, however much they might subordinate them to ordered design. But the magnificent Italian did not condescend to such minor matters. He carried his architecture into the garden with a vengeance, for the garden with him was simply architecture on the largest scale that it was possible to compass. Such an ideal may seem unnatural to those who live in countries where Nature answers readily to any impulse from the hand of man; but the conditions of Italy, or rather of the central part of Italy, are quite different. Nature there is itself monumental. The lines of the landscapes fall into classical compositions; the rocks and waterfalls, the very trees themselves, the cypress, ilex, and pine, take on an architectural character. Moreover, the tradition of the Italian, his love of theatrical display on the one hand, and on the other his ingrained ambition for enormous size, made it inevitable that he should attempt these heroic manipulations of Nature. The very same reasons make it absurd to attempt these things in England. We have no headway of water in England rushing down rocks a thousand feet high, no natural terraces of rock looking across such landscapes as the Campagna, no stone pines such as those that encircle the Corso of the Villa Borghese at Rome. Dives himself could not obtain the quality of the Villa d'Este, the silhouettes of those tall cypresses cutting the sweeping lines of the mountains and setting back in fairy distance some little town perched high upon its rock. There is a fine yew alley at Melbourne in Derbyshire, but what is this to that avenue of cypresses at the Villa Mondragone, with its sombre plumes above, and its bare stems leaning over as if to reach each other with their sinewy arms. These things are not for England, and it is wiser to keep within the limits of our own traditions and to aim at the quiet beauty which has always lain within our reach.

In this superb instinct for effect and sense of vast size, Italian garden design is at its best. But, great and splendid though it was in the later Renaissance, its weakness is not less obvious. Nearly always there is a touch of egotism about these gardens. The noble owner and his designer are too much in evidence. The backgrounds of cypress are incessantly broken up with images; antiques positively thrust themselves upon you at every step; and, though the worst designer living could not wholly deprive water of its attractiveness, the Italians sometimes got very near it by torturing their stonework into all sorts of uncouth, and even childish, shapes. The artistic value of reticence and self-suppression did not appeal to the Italian; he was determined, at all costs, to make his mark. If he could not do it in stone, he did it in plaster. At the Villa d'Este, for example, all the garden architecture, even the fountains, are in stucco, and their deplorable condition at the present day is one of the most disappointing features of this magnificent garden.

In the Villa Albani at Rome, the Cardinal, in his passion for the antique, and guided by the eminent Winckelmann, disposed some of his colossal heads against a hedge, in the midst of miniature busts set on slender columns. The effect is that of nightmare, and the failure in scale is like the most horrible discord in music. The gardens of the Villa Albani, however, belong to the eighteenth century, and there is a marked decadence in the later work as compared with earlier gardens, such as those of the Vatican, of the Frascati Villas, of the Villa Lante, or the Villa Farnese at Caprarola. Those who have not seen these gardens can easily grasp the difference by means of Mr. Latham's book.



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THE LOGGIA, VILLA MEDICI, ROME.

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The introductory notes and descriptive letterpress are contributed by Miss Evelyn March Phillipps, who has collected a great deal of information, and presented it in a very agreeable form. It seems that in modern accounts of gardens one must accept as inevitable a certain proneness to sentimentalising, and highly-coloured word-painting. Whether it is due to the material or to the writers, the dry light of the intellect rarely illuminates this delightful subject; and the plain man who looks for facts, and such prosaic information as might be given by measured drawings, will have to look in vain. After all, these gardens were not arrived at by the light of Nature, and a critical analysis of their methods would add a good deal to the value of the book. There are one or two slips which might be corrected in another edition. "Frigidorium" should be "Frigidarium," and why should the family of the Acilii Glabriones be described as "conspicuous in Roman history from the time of the battle of Thermopylæ?" It is quite true that Marcus Acilius Glabrio did cut his way through the forces of Antiochus at

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Thermopylæ, but this was in 191 B.C., and the famous stand at Thermopylæ, with which we are all familiar, was made in 480 B.C., before the Acilii Glabriones were ever heard of. Again, one would like to hear more of the "Hall of Apollo," "where Lucullus once feasted Cicero and Pompey at a cost of 50,000 drachmæ." One has heard of the area of Apollo on the Palatine, but what was this "Hall of Apollo" on the site of the Villa Medici?

There is also some confusion about the "Pigna," the enormous bronze fir-cone in the gardens of the Vatican. It is described in the plate as "formerly on the roof of the Pantheon," whereas in the text it is given as the apex of the mausoleum of Hadrian, or as part of a fountain in the Campus Martius. All that is known of it is that at one time it was the centre-piece of a fountain that used to stand in front of the old Basilica of St. Peter's.

Miss Phillipps gives an attractive picture of Cardinal Albani and Winckelmann in the Cardinal's garden. She describes the Cardinal as having "paid for everything really beautiful that was brought to his notice with regal magnificence," and Winckelmann and the Cardinal as sauntering round the garden and discoursing on the antique. This is possible; but Casanova, one of the shrewdest observers of the eighteenth century, who knew them all on the spot, gives a different account. The Cardinal, he says, was "un fin Grec, et un connaisseur parfait; de sorte, qu'il avait trouvé le moyen de dépenser très peu d'argent, comparativement au chef d'œuvre qu'il avait l'art de produire. Il achetait, au reste, très souvent à crédit, comme Damasippe, et de la sorte on ne pouvait pas dire qu'il se ruinait." As for Raphael Mengs, who was at work on the villa, Casanova says he never left the table sober, and Winckelmann, who was a cheerful soul, used to join him in his orgies and roll about on the floor with the children: "Ce savant philosophe n'avait rien de pédant." We fear that Casanova's account has more claim to acceptance than Miss Phillipps' pretty romance; but it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge the pleasure afforded by her very readable introduction. Miss Phillipps loves and understands these beautiful gardens. She has caught their atmosphere, and one would not quarrel with the means she has employed to convey its very subtle and fanciful quality to the minds of her readers.

Mr. Latham's skill with the camera is too well known to need any praise. He has never produced finer photographs than these, and the subjects, with one or two exceptions, are well chosen. Such bad and even vulgar examples as the gardens of the Villa Fabricotti, the Villa Stibbert, and the Villa Montalto at Florence might well have been omitted, and their place taken by details from the Palazzo del Te at Mantua, or by such characteristic examples as the Villa Valmarana on the Monte Berico near Vicenza, where a long terrace overlooks the town, and figures of dwarfs and Pulcinelli are ranged along the garden wall. We miss, too, that wonderful little fountain court in the Villa Papa Giulia near Rome; but the collection on the whole is very complete, and lovers of gardens will be grateful to the authors for their very notable addition to the library of COUNTRY LIFE.

REGINALD BLOMFIELD.

PROSPECTS FOR HAY.

FROM the reports that have been issued as to the outlook for hay in various counties, it would appear that 1905 is going to offer a striking contrast to its predecessor, which was distinguished for the magnificence of its hay crop. The reports come mostly from counties south of the Trent. In the North it is still too early to make a trustworthy forecast, but even there the grass is coming away so thinly that there is little chance of a good crop, unless the old proverb is fulfilled, which says:

"A flood in June
Keeps all in tune."

Three days of drenching rain would cause the Northern crops to spring up with great vigour, and produce a harvest of uncommon bountifulness. But in the southern part of the island the prospect is dismal in the extreme. Even from Yorkshire we hear that if rain does not fall soon and plentifully the grass crop will be an extremely light one. In Berkshire, and the country generally along the banks of the Thames, including Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire, the hay, we are told, is thin, with very little bottom. In Derbyshire, which depends to a very great extent on its hay crop, the forecast is that it will be a very short return, unless a heavy fall of rain is followed by hot weather. Lincolnshire, also, sends a very pessimistic report. The old wheat lands there are now, to a very considerable extent, in grass, but we hear that the sun has scorched it up, or, it may be, the cold winds at night have blighted it. The light lands of Suffolk and Norfolk always suffer very badly from drought, and in some of the later operations on the sandy arable land, the farm servants and their horses have been enveloped in clouds of dust. The hay crop is expected to be a very light one, and those of the farmers who saved a very considerable part of last year's produce are likely to have reason to congratulate themselves on the result. On the Essex clays nothing better has been achieved. When this land was laid down in grass, owing to the depression in the wheat trade, it had really no suitability for that purpose, and in early days went to weeds and water-grass. On some farms, however, early grass received careful attention, and good crops of hay have been taken from them in recent years. But the drought has played havoc with the outlook this year. In some places the grass lands are actually cracked. A correspondent tells us that, some days before this was written, he found four of a brood of partridges who had got into one of these cracks of the earth and could not get out again, though the mother and father, attracted by their cries, ran about in agitation and tried to encourage them to make their escape. They must inevitably have died if the casual pedestrian had not helped them out of their difficulty. We are afraid that here the rain has come too late to be of much good, and the farmers must reconcile themselves to make the best they can of a poor crop. In Kent the grass has come away very badly, and shows many thin and burned-up spots and patches. Some farmers think it may still pick up a little, but others consider that it is too late. This is the more unfortunate because in Kent general farming is carried on very often in conjunction with the cultivation of fruit, and little doubt can be entertained but that fruit in 1905 will turn out the worst failure imaginable. In the neighbouring county of Sussex the same complaints are heard on every side, and if we travel further south to Dorset we still hear that the crop is a very light one. These are very gloomy forebodings, and we only wish that there was less foundation for them. However, good husbandmen will have to consider in what way they can manage to do without hay if it be not forthcoming; and this is easier than used to be the case. Experiment has demonstrated that thoroughly chaffed straw can be made into a forage with feeding properties little inferior to those of average hay. Now it has rained for two consecutive days in London almost without ceasing. Not in showers, but with the gentle persistency which soaks steadily into the ground, and is the very best for vegetation. If this downpour has been at all general in its character, the least it will do is to lengthen the corn shoots and give the farmers an extra quantity of straw, which, in view of the scarcity of hay, they ought to be very careful of. Again, it is incumbent on them to make the most of their opportunities for obtaining catch crops from the soil. These serve to tide flocks and herds over the difficult season. Some years ago, farmers in such circumstances would with great emphasis have been advised to make silos, but experience has shown that the silo does not provide a very appetising food for cattle. They will eat it in the stress of circumstances, but prefer almost anything else. It is different with the root crop, however, and, if the present wet weather should continue, there ought to be no scarcity of this class of food.

A shortage of hay in the Southern Counties is little short of a calamity for London. Few people realise what a number of animals are required for this great city; but the imagination speedily begins to work if one recalls the number of livery stable-keepers, the quantity of cab and hansom horses used, the drays, carts, and carriages of all sorts that have to be hauled by horses, all of which need fodder. And the best of it comes from the Home Counties. As a rule it is carted, in many cases from farms lying at a radius of forty miles from Whitechapel. The men take two, and sometimes three, days to make the journey, often travelling by night when the roads are clear, and resting by day at the wayside hostelry. They are dangerous customers on the road, for as often as not the driver is sound asleep in his cart, while the horses jog on, trusting to their own knowledge of the way. The people are not very particular about lights, and the accident of running into a haycart is by no means an uncommon one. Those who rely on this trade for an important part of their livelihood must greatly feel the scarcity, and the people who have horses to feed will not by any means find it agreeable to pay for the carriage. And the worst of it is that hay is a commodity which at a price can be supplied from abroad. No sooner will it be ascertained definitely that our supply is short than farmers on the Continent will begin to fix their eyes on our market, though for the present it should be borne in mind that the same weather has prevailed all over Europe.

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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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THE INTERNATIONAL . . . INSTITUTE OF AGRICULTURE.

A SCHEME that may turn out to be of great importance to all who are directly or indirectly attached to the landed interests has for some time past been engaging a great deal of quiet attention. The conference of agriculture that met at Rome on the invitation of the King of Italy, has made a very practical recommendation, which is that there should be established a permanent institute of agriculture at Rome. The inception of the idea, we believe, was due to a citizen of the United States named Mr. Lubin, but the King of Italy took it up with great zeal and showed in a very practical way his anxiety for its success. Out of his privy purse he has devoted a sum of £12,000 to meet the expenses connected with this new institution. The estimate for the total cost is £34,000, so that £22,000 still remains to be obtained by other contributions. The plan in favour is that each State should send so many representatives to the institute, and that its number of votes should be dependent on its contributions, the maximum of £960 having been fixed. This is not a great sum for a nation to pay, and it would be worth while to ask what return is likely to be obtained from it. The first design of the international institute does not go very far in the direction of interference. On the contrary, it is proposed at present to confine the work to the collection and distribution of information. In this the scope is very wide indeed, because members of the institution would be in a position to obtain the most valuable education not otherwise easily procurable. The economic advantage is that it would enable people to see at a glance what countries can produce and how cheaply they can do so. In order to do this it would be necessary to collect certain facts, which for this country have been already collected. The elements in the production of food—which is the end of all agriculture—are easily definable. In the first place, there is the question of rent. It would be most serviceable to have these collected and tabulated for all the different countries of the world, showing not only what was paid to the landlord, whoever that might be, either the State or a private individual, but also payments such as land-tax, tithe, rates, and Imperial taxes which fall on the occupier of the soil and have the same effect as rent upon the cost of the article he produces. How far do these differ first in Continental countries where, as a rule, the land systems have been long established, and, second, in regard to those new countries where the land is only at present being brought into cultivation, and the agrarian system is in its infancy? Not only would this knowledge be useful at the moment, but it might serve as some guide to the direction in which development may be expected. That a country like Canada, where every new settler may have some 160 acres or so allotted to him on condition that he brings them under cultivation, must evolve a very different system of land tenure from that which grew up in the feudal countries of Europe, where the land theoretically belonged to the king and was granted on certain conditions to his barons and other noblemen. Many of the observances and customs connected with the origin of our landed system still obtain in this country, whereas in our dependencies, such as Australia, India, and Canada, we cannot imagine that they will ever come into being.

The next item of importance is the labour bill that has to be incurred by those who cultivate the soil. And here, too, it will be possible to point out vast and important differences. The wages paid to agricultural labourers in various parts of the world vary not only in degree, but in kind. Where feudalism existed during the Middle Ages the lord of the manor stood somewhat in the character of a paternal protector of the workers on the farm. Money in those days was scarce, and it was not usual to pay the whole of the labourer's wages in it, but part was given in corn, meat, and other produce. To this day this method of payment is common enough in our rural districts, where as often as not wages are paid partly in money and partly in produce. The fact makes comparison difficult between one labour bill and another, because even when the employer has deducted the full value of the food he gives to his labourer, it may be that by giving it he is saving something. Still, the only possible means of making comparisons is by collecting information at first hand and getting it into tabular form. So, too, the actual expense of cultivation varies extremely with the geography of the place, the climate, and the character of the soil. For a long time our Colonies were able to raise wheat at the very cheapest possible rate, because, having unlimited land at their disposal, they could crop the virgin soil once, and go on to another patch the next year. As it were, the earth was scratched and gave forth her increase, whereas in an old agricultural country—England—the land may almost be said to form only a part of the plant or machinery. It would be utterly exhausted were it not for the skill and knowledge with which the farmer puts back in the shape of manure whatever has been extracted as food, either in the form of cereals, or beef and mutton. All his feeding and cropping and general work must be done in view of the principle that nothing is taken away in one form which will not be returned in another, a consideration which obviously need not apply to young countries.

Another important class of work that can be done by members of the international institute is connected with insect pests. As we have grown more cosmopolitan in our habits the effect of these visitations, as old-fashioned people used to call them, has been much more apparent than used to be the case. Scarcely a year passes in which several countries do not import an insect pest from some other, and in France, for instance, very great expense has been involved by the precautions which have to be taken against the introduction of phylloxera. Nor is our knowledge in regard to the best way to get rid of these minute robbers at all complete. Methods have been changed very much during the last few years. It used to be thought sufficient protection against the ravages of moths and other insects to place a greased band round the stem of the fruit tree, so that the wingless females might be trapped as they were making their way upward to the buds in which they would deposit their eggs to the ruin of the fruit. The fashion recently has all been in favour of spraying; but there is much to be known yet concerning the pests and the best way to get clear of them. Nor can there be any doubt that to study the question thoroughly it must be attacked from an international point of view, as no other can possibly be of much use. These circumstances go to show that there is plenty of work for the international institute to attack; but perhaps the most important thing about it is that it calls into being an agency which will be valuable for purposes other than any that have been premeditated.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Victor and Doris, children of the Honourable Mrs. Charles Harbord of 47, Pont Street.

AFTER long waiting, the lovers of peace have at last received tidings that may at least inspire hope. At the suggestion of President Roosevelt, to whom the thanks of the civilised world are due for his tactful and well-timed intervention, Russia and Japan have agreed to send delegates for the purpose of discussing the terms on which peace can be made. Were any other nation than Russia placed in this position, the fullest confidence might be felt in the result, because in diplomacy the mere consent to enter into negotiations implies an agreement on fundamentals. But the ways of Russian statesmen have long been tortuous and lacking in straightforward candour, so that it can be no cause for wonder that in Japan itself there exists a considerable amount of suspicion as to the *bona fides* of the Ministers of the Czar. At any rate, their opponents feel that it would be indiscreet to relax their efforts on account of negotiations that, for all they know, may be put forward as a sham, and be utterly lacking in sincerity. Still, the cause of Russia is now so deplorable that we cannot see how the overtures of peace can be disregarded.

During the present week ornithology has been very much to the front in London, on account of the meeting of the international congress, which opened its proceedings on Tuesday, in the rooms of the London University. It drew together students of bird-life from all parts of the world, and many of them came laden with information of the very greatest interest. It would be no compliment to the most distinguished ornithologists in Europe to write hurriedly on their proceedings before these have been quite completed; but we hope next week to devote more attention to the subject. In the meantime, it will be sufficient to direct the notice of our readers to the excellent and suggestive papers on migration that were read, and the instructive discussion which was evoked by them. Mr. T. Digby Pigott had a splendid subject, which few could have utilised so well—the present state of the law for the protection of birds in Great Britain and Ireland. Another most interesting theme was that of Dr. Igali Svetozár on the usefulness of, and the harm done by, the sparrow to agriculturists. It was a fitting pendant to Professor Otto Herman's reports on the investigation of the food of birds since 1900.

The recent rains have thoroughly saturated the soil of the south-eastern half of England, but it is much to be regretted that the wet weather did not come a fortnight earlier, and that it was confined to a very limited area. Its most remarkable feature was not its quantity, although in that respect it has easily beaten every fall since that of the memorable June of 1903, but the persistency with which it refused to visit the more northern counties. Beyond a few desultory showers, which evaporated almost as soon as they touched the parched earth, the country north of the Wash has remained absolutely rainless. On one more point the weather of last week was exceptional; that was in its temperature, which was abnormally low for the time of year. The cold, however, was not an unmixed evil, as it had a most beneficial effect in preventing evaporation, thereby enabling the rain to penetrate much further into the soil than would have been the case if the temperature had been at its normal level, and the atmosphere consequently able to contain a greater amount of moisture.

The nightingale's song is seldom to be heard after the first ten days of June; and for the rest of the summer the chief English singer is altogether silent, except for the unmusical croak of anxiety which it utters when it fears danger for its young from an intruder into its haunts. But now that the nightingale's voice is gone, it is the time to enjoy the songs of the blackcap and garden-warbler. They haunt much the same places as the former, and though their music lacks the nightingale's force and fire, it is fully as sweet in tone, and well worth attention at a time when it is no longer drowned and eclipsed by the greater singer. The two birds are closely akin in song, as in all their ways, but the blackcap's song is livelier and richer in compass, with notes which the garden-warbler cannot reach. The garden-warbler's, on the other hand, is generally better sustained, and lacks the frequency and interrupted character which is a weak point of the blackcap's song, and even more so of the nightingale's. Both birds sing far into the year, and are often to be heard about gardens as late as the middle of July.

Mr. Chaplin was able to give some interesting figures on poultry at the meeting of the National Poultry Organisation Society held last week at Lord Salisbury's house in Arlington Street. Seven millions and a-half, he stated, was the sum that went out of Great Britain last year for the purchase of foreign poultry and eggs. The principal object of the National Poultry Organisation Society is to divert some at least of this large sum into the pockets of British poultry-farmers. It is said to have been "proved" that poultry-farming cannot be made to pay in Great Britain; but the fact that it certainly can be made to pay abroad, in conditions very similar to those prevailing here, induces a widespread scepticism about the value of the "proof." The organisation can certainly claim to have done some good work since its institution, for 3,500,000 eggs were sold last year by the methods of co-operation which it has set on foot in imitation of the method adopted in Denmark.

A WAYSIDE SPOT.

I know a wayside stream
Fair as a maiden's dream,
Where the wild iris tall
Shoots upward, a green wall,
Ere yet frail yellow spear
Of blossom doth appear.

Broad mulleins at the brink
Low babbling waters drink,
And nodding grasses red
O'ertop the plucker's head.
Here wild mint's tiny flower
Half-hidden seems to cower
Mid stalks of meadow-sweet
Born of the summer's heat.

Ah! once again in June
I hear the water's tune,
The soft wind in the reeds
Beside the water weeds,
Stir of live water-things,
The song the skylark sings,
And in the warm June air . . .
June's very heart I share.

EDITH C. M. DART.

The promise of the hops, always a speculative crop, is not good this year in Kent and Sussex. Up to the date of the late and severe frosts all was fairly well with them, but the frost, if it did not actually cut them back, seems to have checked their growth most effectively, and they do not seem to have been able to make a fresh start. The continuous drought following and accompanying the frost left them little chance of recovery for some time to come.

The selection of a scientific staff for the committee on grouse disease is certainly a singularly happy one. Dr. C. G. Seligmann, the pathologist to the Zoological Society, is to serve as bacteriologist to the commission; Mr. A. E. Shipley, the lecturer on advanced morphology of the invertebrata to the University of Cambridge, will undertake the investigation of the internal parasites of grouse; while Dr. Hammond Smith will serve as assistant bacteriologist and field observer. The work already done by Dr. Klein will prove invaluable as a basis for the new investigation, which it is to be hoped will at last meet with success. Many theories have from time to time been propounded by way of explaining these strange outbreaks—overstocking, the destruction of birds of prey, and inoculation by gnats being among the more feasible. A possible clue which should not be lost sight of is the fact that, during the spring epidemic, the cocks are the first to succumb, while the sitting hens escape, only to fall victims, however, after the duties of incubation are over. This suggests that the disease is contracted at a distance from the breeding area, inasmuch as the hens are safe while they remain within these bounds.

On several of the May-fly rivers the May-fly appeared rather early this year, even early enough to justify it in bearing the name it does, whereas generally "June-fly" would be a more accurately descriptive term. But though it appeared betimes, it seems to have been a little capricious in its appearance—to

have been "off and on"—and similarly the trout, though undoubtedly there is an increasing stock in so many streams, have been a little "off and on" in their feeding. The regular and much-written of "carnival" does not seem to have been celebrated generally. The causes may be conjectured, such as a rather severely prolonged drought, followed by a heavy downfall of cold rain. Trout seldom take well when the weather conditions are uncertain, and they have been more than normally changeable during the May-fly season this year.

The modern plan of dealing with almost everything by way of limited liability company or syndicate is being curiously exemplified in Scotland at the present moment. The Scottish mind, hard and realistic as it is on the one side, is sentimental and romantic on the other; and we have proof enough that strange stories, which would be discredited elsewhere, will at times be received by the canny Scotch. One of these tales is that the Admiral of Florence, which was the name of the treasure-ship of the Armada, was blown up in Tobermory Bay after the dispersal of the Spanish fleet. Two years ago search was made in the bay for relics of it, and this resulted in the discovery of a long brass cannon with loaded breech-block, the charge of gunpowder not having been exploded. There were found, in addition, a huge pistol, a cutlass, a ring, and pieces of the timbers of the Admiral of Florence; but it is believed that about £30,000,000 worth of gold was also in the ship, and the present efforts are being made with a view to recover this bullion. In order to facilitate this, photographs are being taken of the ocean floor, and a ship under the command of Captain Burns is making all the preliminary observations. When sufficient material has been obtained to found a probable story upon, the promoters are going to form a company for the purpose of finding this treasure. This will remind many of a hare-brained scheme that cost Scotland any amount of money nearly 200 years ago.

An outbreak of that terrible disease, glanders, has occurred in a London omnibus stable, and is the subject of a dispute, it being alleged that it was brought from Australia. It is no matter for mere wrangling. Except hydrophobia it is the most dreadful disease known. No one ever recovers from it, and no one who has made a regular study of it has long survived the risk; so, at least, it is currently reported among medical men. A well-known and popular Bencher of one of the Inns of Court—an ex-M.P. and a K.C.—was believed to have owed his death to glanders caught in the streets only a few years ago.

No less than two millions of pounds sterling is paid by England each year for early potatoes imported from abroad. A great deal of this might go into the pockets of our farmers, especially in the southern parts of England and Ireland. Of late years a good deal of attention has been given to the matter in Ireland, and the experiments carried out under the auspices of the Department of Agriculture have induced many agriculturists to follow up the planting of early potatoes. In Clonakilty, County Cork, the system of growing potatoes from sprouted seed has been very successfully carried on this season. The small farmers there have devoted themselves with great energy to the business. It is estimated that this year the produce will be from five to six tons per acre, and it is calculated that the potatoes can readily be sold at from £9 to £10 a ton. The outside cost of production is put down at £25 per acre, which should leave at least a margin of £25 profit per acre. Merchants in Glasgow and Manchester have already purchased the Clonakilty crop, to be taken as soon as ready for raising. Experiments carried out in some of the Northern Counties, as well as in Carlow, Tipperary, and Wexford, show that there is a great future before early-grown Irish potatoes.

The Indian Government is to be congratulated on its latest Budget, which, in spite of the depressing influence of the period of plague and famine which the country has been undergoing for ten years past, shows a surplus of more than £2,500,000 over the estimate, and of nearly £3,500,000 in all. It is unquestionably the settled conditions of a firm and well-adjusted administrative system that produce this result, and not excessive taxation. More than half the surplus over estimate is, indeed, to be devoted to the remission of taxes during the coming year. A further large sum is to be laid out in grants to elementary and agricultural education, and in aid of the funds of all the local and district boards throughout India, while irrigation works are still being pushed forward in a way which will change the whole face of regions unproductive in the past. There is every reason to believe that the proportion of India's population which is putting by savings out of its own annual household budget is greater to-day than at any time in the history of the country.

The last few years have seen the introduction of the banana as an article of food among the poorer classes in this country, and it is still impossible to foresee to how great an extent the trade in this most nutritious fruit is likely to develop. Though it was the cheap importation of West Indian bananas which first called into being the great popular demand, the older trade with the Canary Islands has shared equally in the growth of the industry. The market value of land in the large districts where the banana is the staple crop is already estimated to be a hundred times what it was a few years ago, and improvements are still being introduced in the methods of shipment, and the consequent value of the fruit when it reaches its destination. The banana crop is probably the heaviest to the acre of any in the world, being calculated to be 133 times more productive in weight than one of wheat, and 44 times more so than the potato.

The erection of the Marconi wireless telegraphy stations goes on steadily on the outlying islands and the jutting promontories of our coasts. On the islands of Tiree and Barra in the Hebrides, preparations for the construction of these lofty poles with their complicated machinery in the houses below are in various stages of progress, and it is intended that they shall be in communication with each other and also with a station to be established at Tobermory in Mull. At Macrihanish on the Mull of Cantire yet another station is to be established. The most westerly of all our Marconi stations is on St. Mary's Island, one of the Scilly Islands.

PEACE.

I have left the world's sad pleasure, with its rush, and whirl, and riot,
With its days of hollow laughter, and its midnights of unrest,
For a glade of golden silence, and a dell of deep soul-quiet,
Where the skylark falls from heaven, and the linnet builds her nest.

I have found peace on the hilltops, in the lonely wooded places,
In the deep untrammelled meadows, where the wailing plover cries;
I have found rest in the valley far away from human faces,
With a sound of running waters, and a bloom of twilit skies.

I have found joy of the morning from a window trailed with roses,
In an old white straw-thatched cottage that looks across the moor;
I have found sleep of the night time deep as when a babe reposes,
Though my bed is made of rushes, and the wind comes through the door.

I have put away my hunger, and my thirst for this world's praises,
And my soul has ceased its plaining, and my heart has lost its woe;
For I wander through the valleys where the peace of other days is,
Where the nightingale sings loudest, and the winds a-Maying go.

R. G. T. COVENTRY.

Whitsuntide this year was enjoyed under very mixed conditions. Those who had the good luck to go northwards report that the weather was perfectly charming and delightful, while the country, with its acres of gorse in full bloom, or, as the poet hath it, "unprofitably gay," and the hawthorn on the hedges made the old earth as if it had been created for holiday-making. But we less fortunate beings who remained in the South experienced a repetition of the preceding week, on each day of which it rained hard. In spite of all this, however, the railway companies say that the number of holiday-makers who made an exodus from town was quite up to the average, while the town amusements, such as the Cart-horse Parade, one of the pleasantest functions of the early summer, were patronised by large crowds. A malicious reporter, however, makes a note that the police-courts were much more crowded than usual, and suggests that the spectators came in to escape from the inclemency of the weather outside. It is rather singular that just at this moment, when a long drought in the South of England has been succeeded by a spell of rainy weather, on the continent of Europe and in America there should have been a similar downpour. The fact seems to point to the same factor in the climatic conditions.

The American Navy Board has issued an order that no foreign servant is to be permitted on board any of their warships, and the history of this edict shows a curious side of the character of the Japanese, for it was an enterprising citizen of that nation who unwillingly, and it may be unconsciously, caused this order to be promulgated. It seems that for a long time he had served as a servant to a commander on board a United States man-of-war, and had proved himself efficient in all he did, and a most quiet and humble servant; but what was the astonishment of the erstwhile master to find that, when war broke out, his servant left, and soon thereafter appeared as captain of one of the Japanese ironclads. He had been serving his apprenticeship informally in the American Navy, and, no doubt, having brought zeal and patriotism into the business, learnt his task thoroughly. The story is creditable to the Japanese, who evidently will make any sacrifice of pride and comfort if thereby they can be of service to the Fatherland; but we quite freely sympathise also with the United States naval authorities, since it can be by no means a comfortable feeling to know that your foreign servants may be captains in embryo, using their opportunities to learn all they can about gunnery and navigation.

VILLAGE WOMEN.

IN portraying village women either with the pen or the pencil, the temptation is to leave the middle course and go to an extreme. We have had writers like Emile Zola who drew country life in its harshest and most forbidding aspect, concentrating his attention on the hard and difficult struggle that the peasant proprietor has to keep himself alive in France. So strenuous is the battle with circumstances that it inevitably leads to his materialisation; indeed, that is a result wherever man has to devote the whole of his attention to the matter of earning a livelihood. He finds neither time nor opportunity for those amusements and recreations which enliven life, and render it something more than a mere struggle for the right to live. It has been said, without much exaggeration, that some of these people lead a life scarcely different from that of the animals they employ. Every morning sees them at the appointed task at which they have to toil the livelong day. At intervals, just as is the case with the horses and cows, they obtain a certain amount of rest and food, and at night they go to sleep, to wake in the morning and follow the same routine, from year's end to year's end, till the very capacity for thought and feeling becomes torpid in them. Such was the theory of one who called himself a realist, and disdained to make his pictures pleasant and agreeable by idealisation. It may not be true, because life always is a matter of light and shade, never all dark, and never all sunshine. Where there is humanity, there will always be certain developments of esprit and fun which will take away from the purely material aspect; but, on the other hand, the sentimentalist has gone to the opposite extreme, and has delighted in painting an Arcadia that never existed except in the world of dream and illusion. In that happy country, the maidens are sun-tanned, and all wear broad shady hats. Life to them is one long idyll, and if they are portrayed at any task at all, it is one chosen for the purpose of showing how very picturesque they can be. Just in the same way as the painter chooses the outside of a cottage purely for its appearance, and delights in showing the roses that are made to clamber on to the roof, or the fine deep tints of the thatch, quite heedless of the draughts, the damp, and the discomforts that reign within, so many of those pictures of the rural swain are mere snap-shots (we do not mean Kodak snap-shots, but snap-shots of the brain or pencil), done from a single glance at an accidental though effective attitude. The songs and sentiment which legend and tradition have put in the mouths of these rustics belong to them in no degree whatever. Yet between the stern and forbidding realisation of Zola and the sentimental idealisation of the poets there is a medium which is neither one nor the other, and yet is true to

C. E. Walmsley. *A FAMILIAR TASK.* Copyright

C. E. Walmsley. *AT THE SPRING.* Copyright

Nature. Nothing could illustrate it more admirably than the camera, which, whatever may be its advantages or its shortcomings, at least adds nothing to the subject which emanates from the brain of the operator. It deals with the real in a sense unknown to M. Zola. Suppose we take as an example the honest country wife who is seen plucking a duck in the first of our illustrations. Here is no fancifulness, no fantasy, and no poetry. Yet the picture is not a forbidding one simply because the woman, in her own way, is doing the honest and natural work that falls to her fingers; one can see by the very way in which she holds the bird that in her time she has plucked many thousands of ducks and has been taught expertness by long practice. Nevertheless the face has that reflective thoughtfulness which comes to so many peasant women—a thoughtfulness that has nothing of the sentimental about it, but tells simply of motherly and other homely cares with which life has made her familiar; for she is indeed a working peasant. In the second of our pictures we obtain something more akin to idealisation. The two leading features of it will always be beautiful and attractive.

H. Bairstow. *AN IRISH PEASANT WOMAN.* Copyright

One is supplied by the children and the other by the well. It is a beautiful old spring, and a fountain of water always has a charm of its own, while the little children inevitably suggest in themselves also thoughts about the beginning of the source of things. There was an ancient and somewhat peculiar professor who was in the habit of lifting his hat and making a bow whenever brought face to face with an infant, and in his stately and somewhat formal way he would often say to the mother, "I make my obeisance to Hope, madam," and of course that is what we widest of possibilities for the future, and, at any rate, whether for good or evil, the children of to-day will have always see in the face of a little child. It may hold in it the the making of the world to-morrow, and he would be devoid of the feelings natural to humanity who could look on them without some recognition of the fact. In a further picture, as it happens, we have quite a different characteristic emphasised. The mother here, not only in her face, but in her hand, and in every curve and turn of the body, shows that writing which is made by constant and unremitting labour. Wherever, or under whatever circumstances. the woman could be seen, it would be

W. Thomas. *GIVING THEM A TALKING TO.* Copyright

understood that she came from the people, and her children, too, are quite unlike those two babies at the well. They look very much as if the eldest of the three was receiving something of a talking to, and yet not a very severe one. The labouring woman has turned for a moment from the clothes she is washing and hung up to dry, and is evidently correcting some small misdemeanour. We could easily imagine that she was, in her way, invoking a plague to fall upon her torment, and this is only another true side of rustic life — the natural attitude of a woman too much engrossed with the

H. Hill. *WEARY AND OLD AND WORN* Copyright

labours and cares of the cottage to spend her time in coaxing and making much of her children, yet caring for them none the less genuinely because she has neither time nor the education to waste in inventing and using the endearing epithets which are the natural language of mothers in a higher stage of society. The natural contrast to children bearing hope on their chubby faces is old age, prone more to reflect than to anticipate and bearing the marks written by many fleeting years. Anyone who has seen an assembly of ancient rustics must often have been struck with a certain painfulness in their expression; no doubt their features in all essentials have remained the same through life, but the qualities of mind and heart that were naturally indicated in the faces of early youth become emphasised in old age, and rustics oftener, we imagine, than other classes bear towards the end of their days a look of sadness and discontent. Many of them are like the old man in Walt Whitman's poem who has done nothing with his life. At an early stage in his career this thought would be ameliorated by a sort of clinging belief that there was still a future before him; but still, "It is never too late to mend" is a very favourite rural saying, and we have met many venerable rustics who were almost pathetic in their belief about it. One of the quaintest was the late Lord Tennyson's old schoolmaster, who, when he was over ninety, was asked if the old "nobbut" was still in use in England. He said "No," but a few minutes after used the word, and, when this was pointed out, said he knew it, but was trying not to. That, however, was an exception. Long before ninety, long before seventy, the majority of human beings, whether of town or country, have given up trying to learn anything; and, if life has been a failure, it is no wonder that they carry about tokens of the fact. On the other hand, old age is noticeable at least as frequently in the village as in the city, and we see something of it in two of the pictures before us. One is a photograph of a very typical old Irish peasant woman, and the other that of an old woman coming home from market with stick in hand, and with slow, weary steps, the traces of grief and sorrow being only too plainly visible in her expression, which, nevertheless, attains a certain beauty by reason of its fine resignation. After all, these people, like others, get to know that Nature follows her natural course, and that to grumble at it is useless and wasteful. Infancy passes into childhood, childhood into maturity, maturity into middle age, and middle age into old age, with the same steady and quiet persistence that the seasons follow one another in their round. The lower animals raise no protest and give vent to no sorrow or grief. Their brains are not so fully developed as to make them understand anything concerning time and the effect that its flood has on life; they do not consciously accept things, but they go on from day to day, and take what Fate metes out to them unreflectingly; unlike man, they look neither before nor after. A few would like to resemble them wholly in this respect, and yet there is a natural lesson to be drawn from their demeanour. It may be something that we are capable of regretting, and yet regret is one of the most useless, one of the vainest, feelings of the human mind. It is much better cheerfully and manfully to take what the gods send, be it pleasure to share with others, or misfortune to be borne by one's self.

R. Forbes. *WAITING.* Copyright

How pleasant it would be to trace the growth of the village woman from the time when she is a babe "mewling and puking in the nurse's arms," till she becomes a venerable crone, fit for little more than to sit at her cottage door and watch children with that tender interest which old age finds in youth. The village child differs vitally from that of the town. As a babe it is naturally healthier and chubbier, and as it emerges from that stage the boy or girl of the cottage becomes slow, and what a superficial observer might think stupid. But the precocity of town children is no proof whatever of their ability. They learn to say clever things, and to learn what is set them with incredible quickness; too often, however, this is all superficial, and what is learned is as quickly forgotten. The tiny scholars in a village school make slow progress, and yet one would rather retard than hasten them. Our own belief is that children as a rule are unduly pressed onward. They might, with advantage, be allowed to run wild for a few years, during which they would gain the health that belongs to all wild creatures. And the mind need not necessarily be at a standstill all the while. The best of anybody's learning is not gained from books or school teachers, but comes direct from Nature, and a boy who has been allowed to go birds'-nesting and gathering wild flowers and nutting, each at its due season, who has followed the ploughmen in the fields and watched the reapers at work, and ridden to and fro the farmyard in the harvest carts, has been gaining something that will never be lost. While it is equally certain that, given a good constitution, the child that has been allowed to run wild till the age of seven will soon overtake and pass those who have been brought on prematurely, like hothouse flowers. Country children, as a rule, are much too confined in schools. This in theory has been agreed upon. But the Nature teaching that was meant as an antidote for it has not, so far, been much of a success. No sooner was it mooted than publishers began to issue books from which it could be crammed, and so the good effect was done away with. And then the quantity of lessons to be conned is a serious interference with the enjoyment of those hours which should be devoted to games in the open air. Despite all the hardships it had to endure, we know that there was no finer race in Europe than the English peasantry a hundred years ago; but that was mainly because from the very earliest age children were employed out of doors. Now they are shut up in schools, and it is a common experience that they are not anything like so strong and healthy as they should be.

After leaving school, again, the village girls of olden time used either to go to service or to work in the fields; but now their aspirations are all for the town and the shop. Still, there is a remnant who remain in the country, and who probably find the most enjoyable part of their lives to be that period where girlhood and womanhood meet. It is notorious that a country woman of the working-classes often loses the bloom of youth prematurely, mostly, perhaps, because of the hard work which she has to undergo. For, whatever her fate, hard work is sure to be a part of it. And the present system of granting allotments, though most useful in many respects, is by no means an unmixed blessing to the women. A man who is in the habit of toiling in the fields all day does not very readily and on all occasions long to do garden work at night; and so it often happens that the task is left to his women-folk to perform.

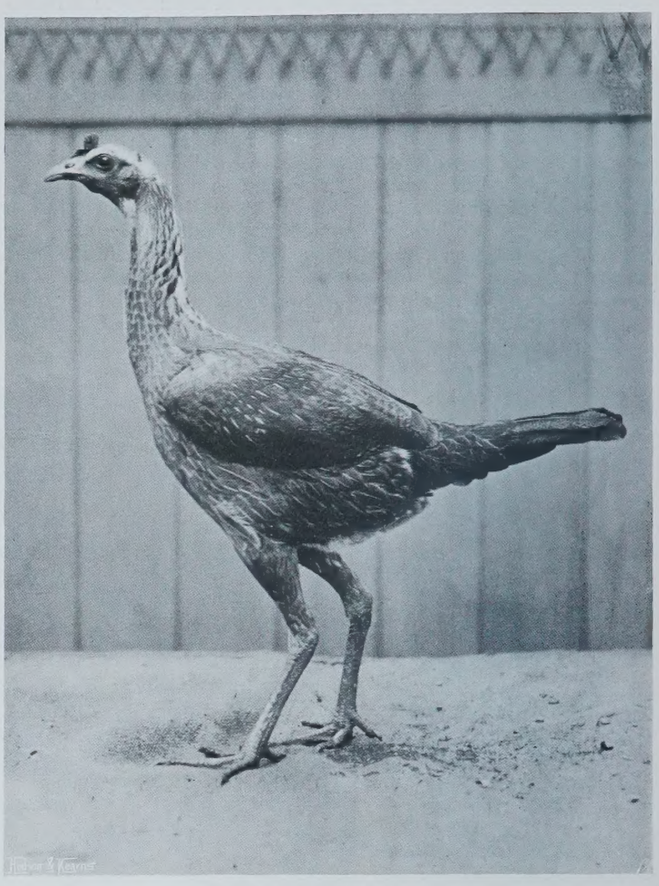
THE MODERN GAME-FOWL.

OF all the breeds of poultry figuring in a modern poultry show, two only are essentially British, and their history is contemporary with that of our country. The Dorking we owe to the Romans, who introduced it, and taught the Britons to breed it for table. But Cæsar and his legions found one breed of poultry already domiciled in the country, imported by even earlier visitors, the Phœnicians. These fowls were kept for pleasure and diversion only, in other words, for cock-fighting, and the birds were what we now call the game-fowl; and the breed was already many centuries old when the Romans discovered us. What a history it has! The Phœnicians and the Greeks knew all about the game-fowl; they drew their knowledge of the sport from the Persians, while in India, a thousand years B.C., the fighting cock fought and flourished even as it does unto this day. For though breeds of poultry are many, the game alone is a fighter; he is, without doubt, the true descendant of the jungle-fowl (Gallus bankiva), from which all modern poultry are evolved.

The game-fowl stands as a symbol of courage; the word game is derived from the Anglo-Saxon gamen, meaning sport. The birds were kept and bred for the diversion of cock-fighting alone; hence, presently, the name applied to the object they were devoted to became gradually transferred to the birds themselves. The name is a synonym for pluck, and the game-fowl is game to the last drop of his blood. The true game-fowl, that is to say, for the modern game is only decorative; his triumphs are gained in the show pen, and of the glories of the cockpit, in which his ancestors won their reputations and lost their lives, he knows nothing.

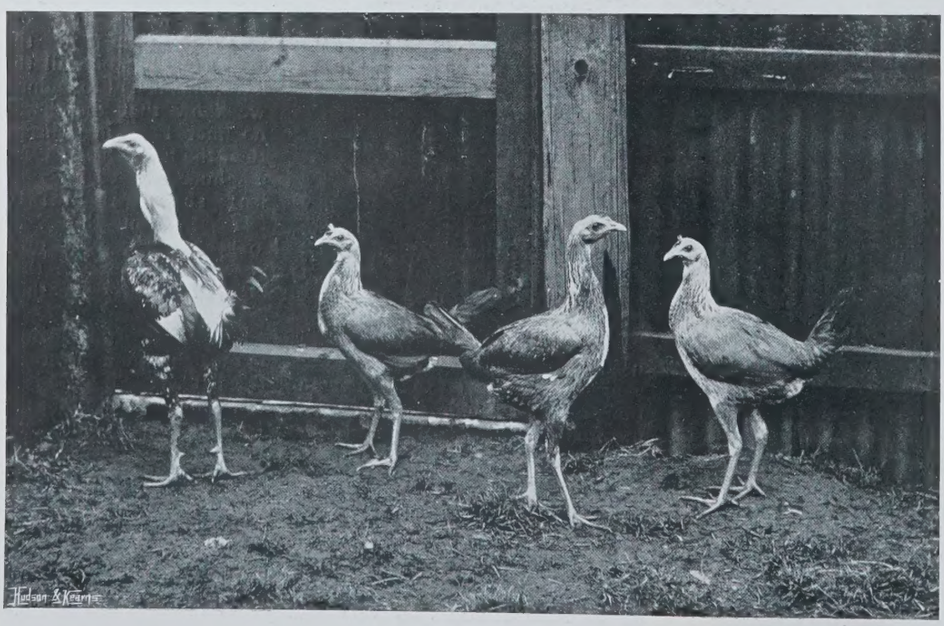
Still, he is their lineal descendant, and in the majority of cases game enough; but if there is any softness in a strain, any tendency towards funk, it cannot be bred out as it used to be, for the modern cock's fighting abilities have to be taken on trust. It was a Royal sport, that of cock-fighting, though now and again edicts against it were promulgated. King Edward III. issued one, and so did Henry VIII., though, somewhat illogically, the latter monarch had a cockpit built in Whitehall, so that he himself might indulge in the pastime. Still, we should be charitable. Perhaps bluff King Hal signed the decree when suffering from the gout. But no edicts could put an end to cock-fighting, and it flourished under the Stuarts, though Cromwell, by the way, prohibited the pastime. There is an interesting record of the sport in the reign of Charles II. Cosmo, Grand Duke of Tuscany, while paying this country a visit, went in state "to the theatre appropriated to cock-fighting, a common amusement of the English, who, even in the public streets, take a delight in seeing such battles, and considerable bets are made on them." This is interesting, but rather vague. What theatre, we wonder, was it that His Highness Duke Cosmo visited; had its patrons been overdosed with "Hamlet," and demanded cock-fights for a change? History is silent on this point.

Cock-fighting reached its zenith early in the last century. Tenants used to walk so many cock for the landlord's subsequent use, just as to-day for the local Hunt they walk puppies. Distinguished visitors were treated by Corporations to a cock-fight instead of fireworks and the local band, and every sporting nobleman had his own strain of game-fowl. The numbers that were "butchered to make a Britons' holiday" were immense. In a single season in one Northern town 1,000 cocks perished. In the Easter week of 1822, in one pit 188 cocks fought each other, and £6,000 changed hands in wagers. A cock was in his fighting prime at two years old, and great was the art of getting him into condition. Here is a recipe for "cock-bread" for feeding a cock four days before fighting; it was made of the flour of millet, rice, barley, vetches, cochineal, the whites and some yolks of eggs, wetted with ale, and baked for four hours. A remarkable mixture! But even after cock-fighting was abolished by law (it exists even to-day, and many a cockerel that wins a prize in the exhibition pen will on his return home be dubbed and have his fighting powers tested in the pit) game were largely bred, for all the poultry shows gave a liberal classification for them, and the competition would be keen. Several birds in the decade before dubbing was forbidden by law changed hands for £100. But a few years ago dubbing was made illegal, and the exhibition game-cock has never recovered from the blow. The peculiar "punishing" appearance of the cock's head is quite ruined if the comb is not removed, and, moreover, it saves him damaging himself in a family scuffle, for he never casually encounters another cock without instantly seeking a solution of the problem "who's best man."



DUCKWING.

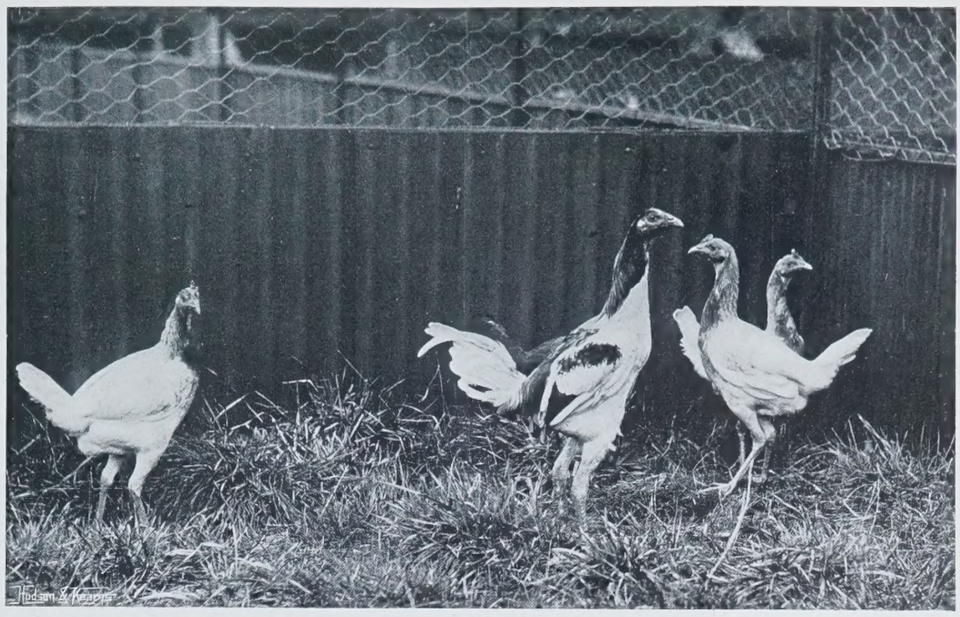
This inveterate pugnacity is rather a drawback to the breeder. Accidents will happen: two males get together, and they never know when they have had enough; other breeds do, but not game-fowl—they fight to the death. The hens, as befits their sex, are more peaceable, but a game-hen with chickens is a veritable terror; she will tackle anything alive in their defence. Had she but a little less ferocity, she would be an ideal mother. As a layer she is fair, as a table fowl excellent, but rather small. There is a fair amount of game blood in the Sussex fowl, the cross giving the chickens hardihood, but the pure game is hardly a utility



DUCKWING GAME.

fowl; it needs plenty of space, and owing to the length of limb in the chickens (a point modern breeders have carried too far) extra care is needed to rear them. They must not be forced, or leg weakness will appear.

There are four varieties of exhibition game—black-reds, brown-reds, piles, and duckwings. The two latter are represented in the accompanying illustrations, which give a very fair idea of the aristocrat of the poultry-yard, for such is the game-fowl.



PILE GAME.

WILD LIFE IN UGANDA.

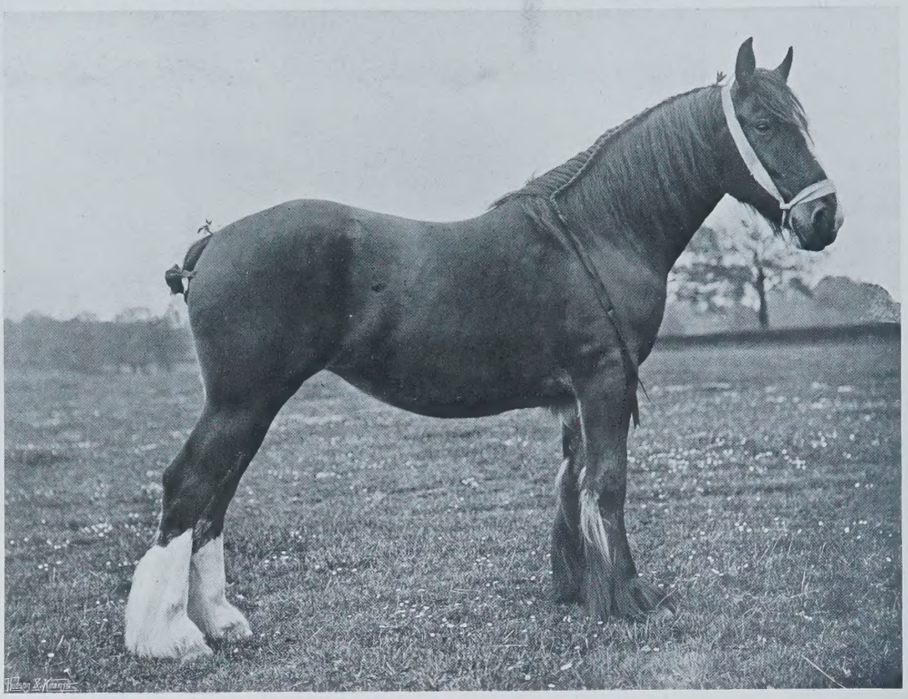
It seems curious to have to use the discriminating adjective "wild" in speaking of anything in connection with a country which but thirty years ago was so wholly wild in all its savage environment; and even now its rapid internal progress towards civilisation is in striking contrast to the state of the country through which the railway approaches it. While in the train a traveller may see wild beasts of the jungle from the safety of his carriage, such as those described by Colonel Delmé Radcliffe at the last session of the Zoological Society on June 6th. The lecturer had been a member of the Uganda Boundary Commisssion, and illustrated his remarks by lantern slides, and a magnificent selection of heads and horns of buffalo, antelopes, lions, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus. Among these trophies there were also some fine elephants' tusks, one pair from an animal shot at Gondokoors weighing 109lb. and 110lb. each. The author believes that the Congo elephant differs from that on the east of the water-line. Some parts of the territory explored, Colonel Radcliffe pointed out, were rendered uninhabitable by man and domesticated animals, owing to the ravages of the tsetse-fly—a pest which would remain so long as eland and buffalo held a footing there. He himself lost a valuable Arab pony from this scourge. It is to be hoped, however, that steps will be taken to prevent zealous pioneers acting on this hint and exterminating these two fine species to prepare the way for settlement. Investigations are in hand directed towards the problem of the tsetse-fly, and until these are completed other remedial measures must wait.

The eland, as is well known, breeds in confinement, and Colonel Radcliffe suggested that it would be worth while to endeavour to add this species to the number of our domesticated animals. Certainly the experiment is worth making, inasmuch as the flesh of this animal is described as excellent, tender, juicy, and partaking of the flavour of "young game-like beef." Young bulls attain a weight of 1,400lb., but the weight is much increased with age; instances indeed are on record of specimens 19½h. high, and weighing as much as 2,000lb. Colonel Radcliffe commented on the inroads into the big-game fauna made by the natives armed with cheap firearms, and proposed a scheme for creating a sanctuary, to be strictly guarded, for the remnant that is left of the herds of antelopes and other game in this region.

K. Gregor. *A DUTCH WINDMILL.* Copyright

FARMING AT BEAR WOOD.

TURNING into the spacious and well-kept farm buildings at Bear Wood, one sees fixed in a conspicuous position a notice, which conveys to all and sundry whom it may concern the practical advice and timely warning that "On Bear Wood Estate there is a place for everything, and everything must be kept in its place, or otherwise you will lose your place." The order, neatness, and perfection of arrangement which prevail in every department of the farm and its surroundings, are in themselves a convincing proof that both the warning and the advice have been thoroughly laid to heart by all connected with the management of the farm. It would be, perhaps, incorrect to describe the Bear Wood farming as being completely up-to-date as regards the latest inventions in agricultural machinery and labour-saving appliances, but it may be taken as thoroughly typical of a large, well-kept, and well-managed English farm. A noticeable feature of the Bear Wood farming is that Mr. Walter does not confine himself to any one particular sort of stock. Red Devons, Berkshire pigs, Southdown sheep, Jersey cattle, and Shire horses are all represented, and in every instance great care and attention are devoted to the breeding and rearing of the stock. There is something very attractive about the old red Devon breed of cattle. They are, perhaps, not quite so hardy as the Shorthorns, but their beautiful colour, dainty muzzles, and blood-like appearance appeal forcibly to the eye; and from the butcher's point of view a good cut off a well-fed Devon is very hard to beat. Bear Wood Pilot, a grand two year old bull, was the first to be led out for inspection, and a pretty picture he made, with his red colouring showing out against the tender green foliage of the trees in the background. Just for a minute he stood with head aloft, ears erect, and challenge in his attitude, a fit model for a Landseer's brush. But a nearer inspection was wanted, and so, with slow and stately gait, the monarch of the herd was led up to be looked over. He is especially good in his head, which is full of character and virile in expression, and his back and thighs leave nothing to be desired. Taken all round he is a very level, symmetrical, and weighty specimen of a good red Devon bull. The best cow of the herd was unfortunately not visible, but her sex was well represented by Violet (8,030), a charming two year old cow, possessing all the characteristics of the breed and quite an individuality of her own. She has plenty of depth and length, and is especially good across the loins. Miss Lyddon (19,436), second at the Royal, and Ringlet (19,772), third at the same show, are both animals of which any breeder might be proud; but the pick of the whole lot, in the opinion of the writer, is that beautiful yearling heifer Belinda VI., by Bear Wood Rival (4,341), her dam Belinda V. (17,694). She has a wonderful back, good length, a fine brisket, marvellous symmetry, and a



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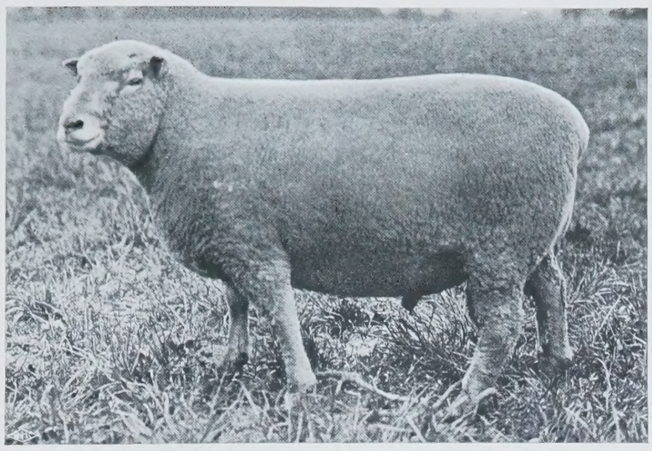
general appearance of blood-like elegance. She is barely twelve months old, and should do great credit in the future to the Bear Wood herd, which, by the way, is full of the famous Belinda blood, and consists of about thirty-three cows and heifers, with eight young bulls.

A contented grunting, which somehow suggests plenty of good food and the lazy contentment which accompanies the process of digestion, reminds us that the famous Berkshire pigs are in the immediate neighbourhood and waiting to be looked at. With many a porcine protest at being so rudely disturbed, Happy Land VIII. is persuaded to sit for a portrait. The short face, deep jowl, and length, the attributes of the race, are none of them wanting; and the four white feet and white-tipped tail proclaim the purity of the breed. Another nice pig is the three year old Manners Admired, who combines weight, length, and depth with plenty of quality. It is difficult, perhaps, to "enthuse" about a pig. There is a shy, wistful look in the eye of a well-bred heifer, there is a certain majesty in a well-grown bull, but the better a pig may be from a judge's standpoint, the more absolutely uninteresting he becomes to most people. However, there are standard points by which a pig is judged, and, such as they are, the Bear Wood Berkshires are undeniably first-class specimens of the breed. Dowles Farm, where the sheep are kept, is some distance from the farm, near Mr. Karslake's residence, where we have been inspecting the Devons and the pigs, and, although a walk would be most enjoyable, time is short, and so we drive there, along a road bordered on both sides with splendidly-grown rhododendrons, so profuse in their growth that they have had to be heavily cut back. They thrive in the peaty soil, and when in full bloom crowds of people come to gaze upon the beauty of the flowers. The air is full of the fragrance of the pine trees, great belts of trees fill up the background, and as the good horse in the shafts trots steadily along, the beauty of the scenery through which we pass makes one quite forget that in an hour or two we shall be back in grimy London. But here are the sheepfolds, and there is Woodley, the shepherd, busily occupied with some mysterious rites connected with the preparation of some sheep that are destined to uphold the honour of the Bear Wood flock in a forthcoming show. We have not much time to spare, but no one can help admiring the three ewes suckling their lambs; they are going to be shown, and, if appearances count for anything, should certainly follow the lead given them last year by the three ewes with their lambs feeding close by, who were the best pen at last year's show at Oxford. A grand two-shear ram comes out for inspection, with a fine masculine head, the shortest of necks, a broad level back, marvellous loins, and the best of thighs. His close silky wool when parted shows the smooth, clear skin beneath; he weighs close on 17st., and is a credit to even such a well-known flock as that at Bear Wood. Also going up to the show are a clean, well-built shearling ram, who is full of class and character, and three first-rate shearling ewes. Another short drive and we are among the Shire horses. No stallion is now kept at Bear Wood, and, well bred as they are, these horses are chiefly kept for the purpose of doing the necessary work on the farm and the estate; but amongst them are some really good types of Shire brood mares, and one or two of the foals look like growing into prize-winners in the future, one in particular, by Hendre Champion out of that nice mare Bear Wood Empress, being especially good, with a short back, well-placed shoulders, good knees and hocks, with capital action all round. If this youngster has a fault, it may be that he is a bit light of bone, but he should improve in this respect, and, if he does do so, he may yet emulate the fame of his sire in the show-ring. Bear Wood Pansy (Vol. 26) is quite a good stamp of mare. She was placed second at Oxford and third at the Royal; her shoulders are very good, she has good joints and strong second thighs, her feet are open and well shaped, and there is a good "feather" of the right texture. That upstanding chestnut mare with a white blaze is Bear Wood Mettle; her bay colt foal, by King George VI., is a very sturdy youngster. Bear Wood Rose has a good-looking filly foal by King George VI., and



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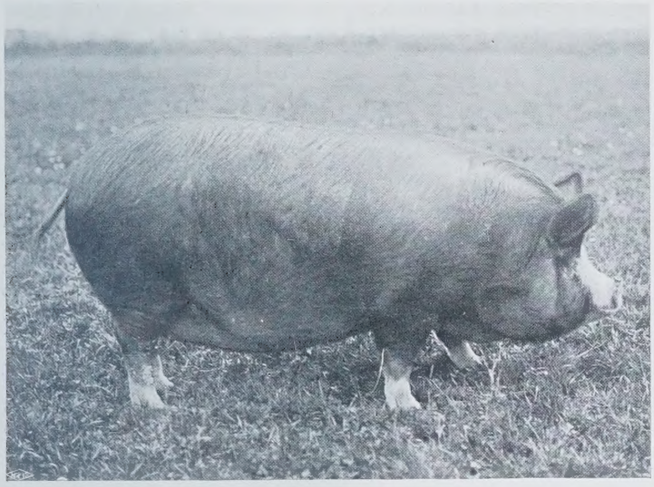

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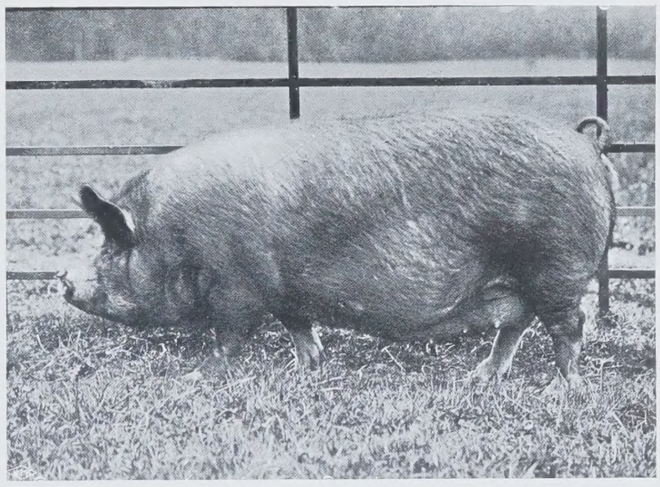

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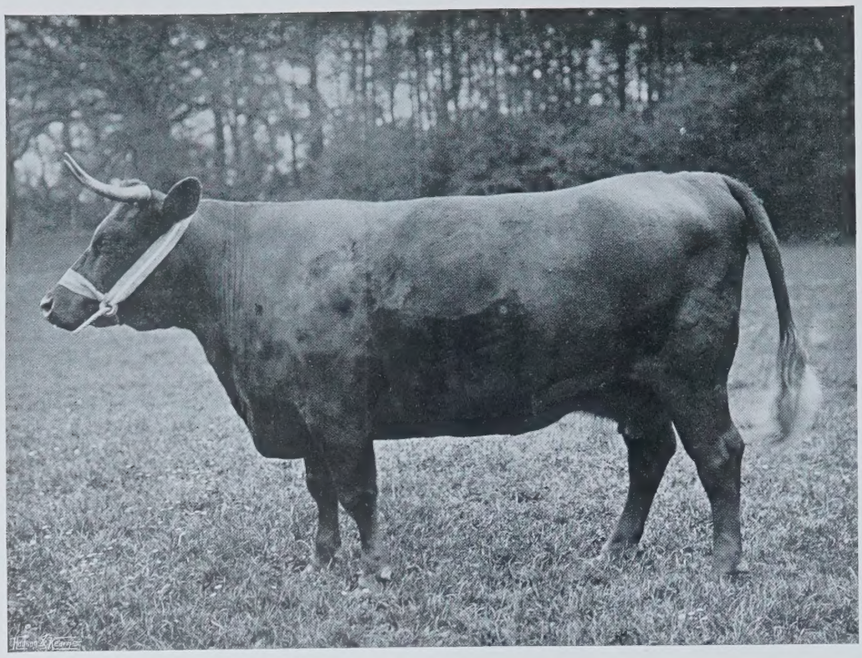

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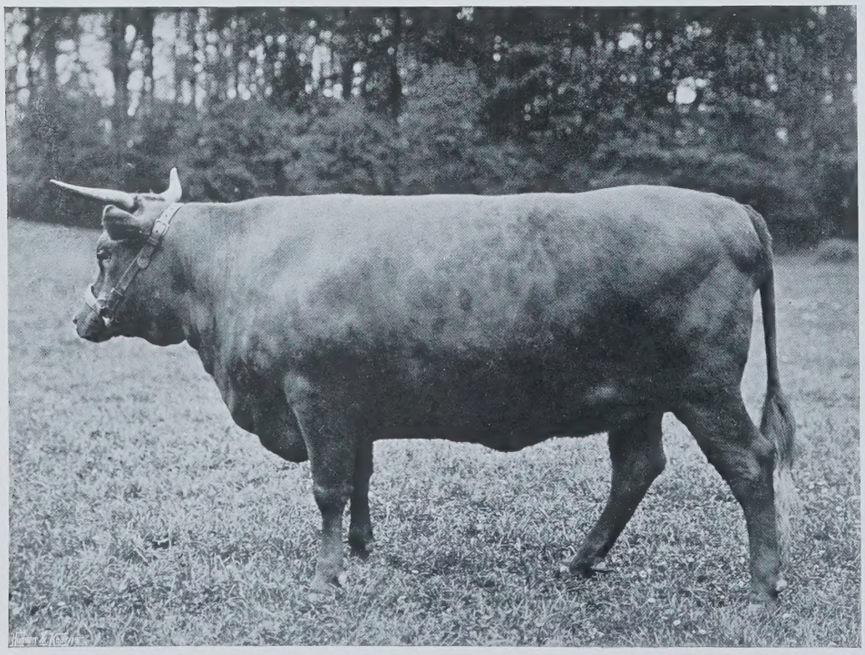

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Bimfield's Pride has a bay colt foal by the same sire, who is also the father of the active chestnut foal which is trotting along by the side of his dam, Danesfield Lively, who is herself a lengthy, roomy type of brood mare. Until this year there were some 1,800 to 2,000 acres in hand at Bear Wood, but some of it has been let off, and, at present, what may be called the Home Farm consists of from 900 to 1,000 acres. The land is somewhat varied in quality, some part of it being light and sandy soil, on which oats and barley are grown; the latter is of good quality, but is hardly to be classed as "malting" barley, and is principally used for feeding purposes. Plenty of feed for the sheep is grown, and both swedes and turnips do well.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Walter has recently let off a farm of 300 acres to the War Office for a remount depôt. There is no doubt whatever that this is an excellent scheme, and the more of these depôts there are throughout the country the better it will be. The want of such a system has long been patent to anyone who has studied the very important question of remounts for the Army, and the plan works splendidly in France in connection with the admirable arrangement of Government *haras* in that country. If the remount depôts are provided in sufficient numbers and properly managed, the saving effected by being able to purchase remounts much younger than is possible at present should more than counterbalance the expenses of rent and keep.

THE LAW OF THE HORSE.—II.

In a previous article on this subject, a few of the legal points to be considered on the purchase of a horse were dealt with, and it is now proposed to give those readers who may be interested in these animals a short outline of the law in connection with their transport or "carrying" from place to place. Most owners of horses—and a good deal of what follows will equally apply to other animals—have occasion at some time or another to convey them from place to place, and are then obliged to entrust their valuable property to the tender mercies of railway companies and other carriers; so that a few notes on this branch of the law may not come amiss.

In the first place, it is necessary to get a clear idea of the definition of a common carrier, who is a person who undertakes for hire to transport from place to place, either by land or water, the goods of such persons as think fit to employ him. It should be borne in mind that a person who carries persons only is not a common carrier. A common carrier is bound to convey to and from the places within which he holds himself out to ply, even if one of those places be without the realm, the goods of anyone who offers to pay his hire unless (1) his carriage is full, or (2) the risk sought to be imposed on him is out of the common, or (3) the goods are of such a kind that he is unable to convey them, or that he is not in the habit of carrying. In the absence of any special arrangement he is not bound to carry the goods within any given time, but only in that period which, having regard to all the circumstances of the case, is reasonable. He is further not responsible for delay arising from causes beyond his control. He must deliver the goods safely, and in the same condition in which he received them, and if he does not he is liable to compensate the owner for any loss or damage which happens while the goods are in his custody, except such as may arise from the Act of God, as storms, or the King's enemies. With regard to the term Act of God, this was held by Baron Martin in the case of Oakley *v.* Portsmouth, etc., Steam Packet Company to mean not merely an accidental circumstance, but something overwhelming, and which, as Lord Justice James put it, in the case of Nugent *v.* Smith, "could

not have been prevented by any amount of foresight and pains and care reasonably to be expected from" the carrier.

The liability of railway companies as the common carriers of animals is also subject to a further exception, for in those cases where the injury or destruction is the result of an inherent vice of the animal carried, and is not due to any negligence on the part of the company, they are not liable.

If, for example, the owner of a horse delivers it to a railway company, to be conveyed to a given destination, and in the course of the journey, but through no negligence on the part of the company, or its servants, it escapes from the truck by its own exertions and efforts, and is killed or maimed, then the company is not liable to the owner, and this principle was laid down in the leading case of Blower *v.* Great Western Railway Company. In such cases it is for the company to prove that it has been guilty of no negligence.

The same rule applies to common carriers by sea, as in the case of Nugent *v.* Smith, where a common carrier, by sea, from London to Aberdeen, received a mare to be carried to the latter place for hire. During the voyage the ship met with rough weather, and the mare was so badly injured that she died. The jury found that the injuries were caused partly by more than ordinarily bad weather, and partly by the struggling of the mare herself owing to fright, and that there was no negligence on the part of the carrier's servants, and the Court held that the carrier was not liable. In the case of Dickson *v.* Great Northern Railway Company, it was decided that railway companies are not bound to carry animals, but can limit their business of carriers in this respect, and may even refuse to carry them at all except under special contract. The carrier must prove that the damage was occasioned by a cause for which he was not responsible, otherwise he is held liable for it.

Railway companies are at common law *primâ facie* liable for any damage which may accrue from defects in their carriages or trucks. A common carrier can, by special contract, modify his common law liabilities, but this is subject to the 7th section of the Railway and Canal Traffic Act, 1854, by which every such company is liable for the loss of or injury to any horses, cattle, or other animals carried by it occasioned by the neglect or default of the company or its servants, "notwithstanding any notice, condition, or declaration made or given by such company contrary thereto, or in anywise limiting such liability," unless such notice, condition, or declaration shall be just or reasonable. The company's liability under this section is limited to £50 for a horse, £15 per head for neat cattle, and £2 per head for sheep and pigs, unless at the time of their delivery to the company the person sending them shall have declared them to be of a higher value, and paid any reasonable percentage on the excess value which the company may demand over and above the ordinary rate. This extra percentage must be publicly notified, and the special contract for the same duly signed by the sender. This Act only applies to traffic on the company's own lines.

It has been held by the House of Lords in the case of Peek *v.* North Staffordshire Railway Company, that a general notice purporting to exempt the company from responsibility for damage, however caused, whether by its own negligence, or by fraud or dishonesty on the part of its servants, is unjust and unreasonable, and therefore bad. So that notice to the effect that the company would not be responsible for any loss or injury to any horses, unless declared or insured according to their value, would not protect the railway company.

In a case where a horse was injured by putting its foot through a hole in the floor of an unsound truck, and the ticket contained a condition to the effect that it was issued subject to the owner's undertaking "all risks of conveyance, loading and unloading whatsoever, as the company will not be responsible for any injury or damage (however caused) occurring to live-stock of any description travelling on their railway or in their vehicles," the company was held liable, as this condition was neither just nor reasonable.

If, however, a general condition is coupled with a lower rate of freightage it would be good, as would also one with a time limit within which to declare the loss. The onus of proof as to the reasonableness of a condition lies on the company. LL. B.

THE CLANS OF THE GRASS.

By Fiona Macleod.

Of all the miracles of the green world none surpasses that of the grass. It has many names, many raiments even, but it is always that wonderful thing which the poets of all time have delighted in calling the green hair of earth. 'Soft green hair of the rocks' says a Breton poet. Another Celtic poet has used the word alike for the mosses which clothe the talons of old trees and for the forests themselves. No fantastic hyperbole this: from a great height forests of pine and oak seem like reaches of sombre grass. To the shrewmouse the tall grasses of June are green woods, and the slim stems of the reddening sorrel are groves of pinetrees. I remember having read somewhere of a lovely name given to the grass by the Arabs of the desert . . . 'the Bride of Mahomet.' What lovelier and more gracious thing in the world, in their eyes, than this soft cool greenness of the oasis, this emerald carpet below the green shadowy roof of waving palms: and as of all women in the world there could be but one, according to the old legend, worthy to be the supreme bride of the Prophet, what poetic name for her so fitting as this exquisite apparition of the desert, so beautiful, so evernew in itself, so welcome for its association with sweet waters and shade and coolness. A Gaelic poet calls the grass the Gift of Christ, literally slender-greenness of Christ (*uaineachd-caol Chriosde*), and another has written of how it came to be called Green-Peace—both from an old tale (one of the many ebbed, forgotten tales of the isles) that, when God had created the world, Christ said "Surely one thing yet lacks, My Father: soft greenness for the barren mountain, soft greenness for rocks and cliffs, soft greenness for stony places and the wilderness, soft greenness for the airidhs of the poor." Whereupon God said "Let thy tenderness be upon these things, O my Son, and thy peace be upon them, and let the green grass be the colour of peace and of home"—and thereafter, says the taleteller, the Eternal Father turned to the Holy Spirit and said of the Son that from that hour He should be named the Prince of Peace, *Prionnsa na Sioth-cainnt canar ris.*

Grass is as universal as dew, as commonplace as light. That which feels the seawind in the loneliest Hebrides is brother to that which lies on Himalaya or is fanned by the hot airs of Asian valleys. That which covers a grey scarp in Iceland is the same as that on Adam's Peak in Ceylon, and that which in myriad is the prairie of the north is in myriad the pampas of the south; that whose multitude covers the Gaelic hills is that whose multitude covers the Russian steppes. It is of all the signature of Nature that which to us is nearest and homeliest. The green grass after long voyaging, the grass of home-valley or hillside after long wayfaring, the green grass of the Psalmist to souls athirst and weary, the grass of El Dorado to the visionary seeking the gold of the spirit, the grass of the Fortunate Isles, of the Hills of Youth, to the poets and dreamers of all lands and times . . . everywhere and ever has this omnipresent herb that withereth and yet is continually reborn, been the eternal symbol of that which passes like a dream, the symbol of everlasting illusion, and yet, too, is the symbol of resurrection, of all the old divine illusion essayed anew, of the inexplicable mystery of life recovered and everlastingly perpetrated.

When we speak of grass we generally mean one thing, the small slim green herb which carpets the familiar earth. But there are many grasses, from the smooth close-set herb of our lawns or the sheep-nibbled downy greenness of mountain-pastures, to the forest-like groves which sway in the torrid winds of the south. Of these alone much might be written. I prefer, however, that name I have placed at the head of this article—taken, if I remember rightly, from a poem by the Gaelic mountain-poet, Duncan Ban Macintyre—and used in the sense of the original. In this sense, the Clans of the Grass are not only the grasses of the pasture, the sand-dune, the windy down, not only the sorrel-red meadow-grass or the delicate quaking-grass, but all the humbler greengrowth which covers the face of the earth. In this company are the bee-loved clover, the trailing vetch, the yellow sea-clover and the sea-pink: the vast tribe of the charlock or wild mustard which on showery days sometimes lights up field or hill-meadow with yellow flame so translucent that one thinks a sudden radiant sunflood burns and abides there. In it too are all the slim peoples of the reed and rush, by streams and pools and lochans; of the yellow iris by the sea-loch and the tall flag by the mountain-tarn: the grey thistle, the sweet-gale, and all the tribe of the bog-cotton or canna (*ceann-bàn-a-mhonaidh*, the white head of the hillside, as we call it in Gaelic), those lovers of the wilderness and boggy places. With these is the bindweed that with the salt bent holds the loose shores. With these are all the shadow-loving clans of the fern, from the bracken, whose April-green lightens the glens and whose autumnal bronze and dull gold make the hillsides so resplendent, to the stonewort on the dykes, the lady-fern in the birch-woods, the maidenhair by springs and falls, the hart's-tongue in caverns, the Royal fern whose broad fronds are the pride of heather-waste and morass. The mosses, too, are from this vast clan of the earth-set, from the velvet-soft edging of the oak-roots or the wandering greenness of the swamp to the ashy tresses which hang on spruce or hemlock or the grey fringes of the rocks by northern seas. And with them are the lichens, that beautiful secret company who love the shadow-side of trees, and make stones like flowers, and transmute the barrenness of rock and boulder with dyes of pale gold and blazing orange, and umber rich as the

brown hearts of tarns, and pearl-grey delicate as a cushat's breast, and saffron as yellow-green as the sunset-light after the clearing of rains. To all these, indeed, should be added the greater grasses which we know as wheat and oats, as rye and maize. Thus do we come to "the waving hair of the ever-wheeling earth," and behold the unresting Mother as in a vision, but with the winds of space for ever blowing her waving tresses in a green gladness, or in a shimmer of summergold, or in the bronze splendour of the autumnal passage.

But the grasses proper, alone: the green grass itself—what a delight to think of these, even if the meaning of the title of this paper be inclusive of them and them only. What variety, here, moreover. The first spring-grass, how welcome it is. What lovely delicacy of green. It is difficult anywhere to match it. Perhaps the first greening of the sallow, that lovely hair hung over ponds and streams or where sloping lawns catch the wandering airs of the south: or the pale green-flame of the awakening larch: or the tips of bursting hawthorn in the hedgerows—perhaps, these are nearest to it in hue. But with noon-light it may become almost the pale-yellow of sheltered primroses, or yellow-green as the cowslip before its faint gold is minted, and in the mellowing afternoon it may often be seen as illuminated (as with hidden delicate flame) as the pale-emerald candelabra of the hellebore. How different is the luxuriant grass in hollows and combes and along watered meadows in June, often dark as pine-green or as sunlit jade, and in shadowy places or in twilight sometimes as lustrously sombre-green as the obsidian, that precious stone of the Caucasus now no longer a rarity among us. How swiftly, too, that changes after the heats of midsummer, often being threaded with grey light before the dog-days are spent. Moreover, at any season there is a difference between down-grass and mountain-grass, between sea-grass and valley-grass, between moor-grass and wood-grass. It may be slight, and not in kind but only in shadowy dissemblances of texture and hue; still one may note the difference. More obvious, of course, is the difference between, say, April-grass and the same grass when May or June suffuses it with the red glow of the seeding sorrel, or between the sea-grass that has had the salt wind upon it since its birth, the bent as it is commonly called, and its brother among the scarps and cliff-edges of the hills, so marvellously soft and hairlike for all that it is not long since the snows have lifted or since sleet and hail have harried the worn faces of boulder and crag. Or, again, between even the most delicate wantonness of the seeding hay, fragrant with white clover and purple vetch, and the light aerial breathfulness, frail as thistledown, of the quaking-grass. How it loves the wood's-edge, this last, or sheltered places by the hedgerows, the dream-hollows of sloping pastures, meadow-edges where the cow-parsley whitens like foam and the meadowsweet floats creamwhite and the white campions hang in clotted froth over the long surge of daisies; or, where, like sloops of the nautilus on tropic seas, curved blossoms of the white wild-rose motionlessly suspend or idly drift, hardly less frail less wantonly errant than the white bloomy dust of the dandelion.

Caran-cheann-air-chrith, 'little friend of the quaking-grass,' is one of the Gaelic names of the wagtail, perhaps given to it because of a like tremulous movement, as though invisible wings of gossamer shook ever in a secret wind. Or given to it, perhaps, because of a legend which puts the common grass, the quaking-grass, the wagtail, the cuckoo, the aspen, and the lichen in one traditional company. In the Garden of Gethsemane, so runs the Gaelic folk-tale as I heard it as a child, all Nature suddenly knew the Sorrow of Christ. The dew whispered it; it was communicated in the dusk; in pale gold and shaken silver it stole from moon and star into the green darkness of cypress and cedar. The grass-blades put all their green lips into one breath, and sighed *Peace, Brother!* Christ smiled in His sorrow, and said, *Peace to you for ever.* But here and there among the grasses, as here and there among the trees, and as here and there among the husht birds, were those who doubted, saying, 'It is but a man who lies here. His sorrow is not our sorrow.' Christ looked at them, and they were shaken with the grief of all grief and the sorrow of all sorrow. And that is why to this day the quaking-grass and the aspen are forever a-tremble, and why the wagtail has no rest but quivers along the earth like a dancing shadow. But to those mosses of Gethsemane which did not give out the sympathy of their kin among the roots of cedar and oak, and to the cuckoo who rang from her nest a low chime of *All's well! All's well!* Christ's sorrowful eyes when He rose at dawn could not be endured. So the cuckoo rose and flew away across the Hill of Calvary, ringing through the morning twilight the bells of sorrow, and from that day was homeless and without power anywhere to make a home of her own. As for the mosses that had refused love, they wandered away to desolate places and hung out forlorn flags of orange-red and pale-yellow and faded-silver along the grey encampments of the rocks.

Often I have thought of this when lying in the mountain-grass beside one of those ancient lichened boulders which strew our hillsides. The lichen is the least of the grasses—and let us use the term in its poetic sense—but how lovely a thing it is: almost as lovely in endless variety of form as the frost-flower. In a sense they are strangely akin, these two: the frost-flower, which is the breath of Beauty itself, lasting a briefer hour than the noontide dew, and the moss-flower which the barren rock sustains through all the changing seasons.

Who is that Artificer who has subtly and diversely hidden the secret of rhythm in the lichen of the rock and in the rock's heart itself: in the frost-flower, so perfect in beauty that a sunbeam breathes it away: in the falling star, a snowflake in the abyss, yet with the miraculous curve in flight which the wave has had, which the bent poplar has had, which the rainbow has had, since the world began? The grey immemorial stone and the vanishing meteor are one. Both are the offspring of the Eternal Passion, and it may be that between the æon of the one and the less than a minute of the other there shall not, in the divine reckoning, be more than the throb of a pulse. For who of us can measure even Time, that the gnat measures as well as we, or the eagle, or the ancient yew, or the mountain whose granite brows are white with ages—much less Eternity, wherein Time is but a vanishing pulse?

SPORT WITH AN ELEMENT OF DANGER.

THIS is a little story, but it is quite a good little story. It has merits, and it has a moral. My own part was a humble one, that of spectator, but of an interested spectator, and, besides, a spectator who had to share what risks there were to take. It all happened in this way. Down in the West Country of England, where the partridge is a rare bird, and ten brace in the day not a bad bag for a couple of guns, over dogs, we were assembled in a country house. Shooting was not the only object of the assembly. It was an assembly for the sake of good-fellowship, rather than for pure sport, and among the guests was one who might be a good fellow some day, who has, perhaps, learnt to be a good fellow since, but was not quite such a good fellow as he ought to have been at the moment of the story's date. Perhaps the incidents of the story gave him a help along the path to good-fellowship. He was young, and that is a vice that is soon mended. He had lately returned from India, and had been talking rather big before the ladies about what he had done, or said he had done, in the way of lion-shooting. Towards the end of dinner, the host asked him whether he would care to go out on the morrow for a little partridge-shooting, explaining that it was not like the partridge-shooting of Norfolk, and so on; to which this young gentleman, inspired by an uncertain quantity of champagne and natural conceit, replied magnificently: "Oh, thanks, no; I really hardly care about sport unless there is a little element of danger." The host looked at the young man in a way that suggested an element of danger rather imminent for him at that very moment, but all he said was, "Well, personally, I rather like a thing that runs or flies away from me when I miss it in preference to a thing that comes and eats me."

Later, when the ladies had gone and the young man thought he had produced the effect he desired on them, he said to his host, "I was only chaffing, really, you know. Of course, I should be very glad to have a little shooting to-morrow."

So, on the morrow, shooting they went, and pursued that *rara avis*, the partridge of Devon, with varying success until luncheon-time. Then the host took the luncheon-basket—they do things in a small way in that country—from the man who had brought it out, and himself led the way to where, in a small plantation, a pleasant spring gave clear fresh water to mingle with the whisky. Presently, the attention of the young guest was attracted by a perpetual firing at a little distance.

"What is that battue about?" he asked.

"Oh, that?" said the host carelessly; "that is only the Volunteers. The recruits are practising to-day."

"Oh," said the young man, with slight interest, "where are the butts?"

"There," said the host, pointing to a raised mound, directly behind which our luncheon camp was pitched. (I had been invited to see the sport, and had accepted, for its sake, such risks as it entailed.)

"There!" repeated the guest, with an interest evidently augmented. "Then where are they shooting from?"

"Oh, just from the other side."

"Then we must be just about in a straight line behind the butts."

"Oh, yes, we are," said the host cheerily, "and they are wildish shooters, too, some of these recruits. But I should hardly think they are likely to miss the butts altogether. Do you?" he asked, turning with much interest to his guest.

But that young man made no response. Never, probably, was a young man known before to eat a luncheon so quickly, or, having previously shown a good appetite, to eat so little of it.

Still, he stuck bravely to his place, with a determination for which I could not but admire him, until our host, after finishing a large and leisurely luncheon, began slowly to fill his pipe and exhibit all intention of sitting there to smoke it. It was more than the youth could bear.

"Well," he exclaimed, "if you think it good enough to sit here while that confounded popping's going on, with a jolly good chance of being shot, I'm blessed if I do. I'm going off. Give me a call when you're ready to begin shooting again."

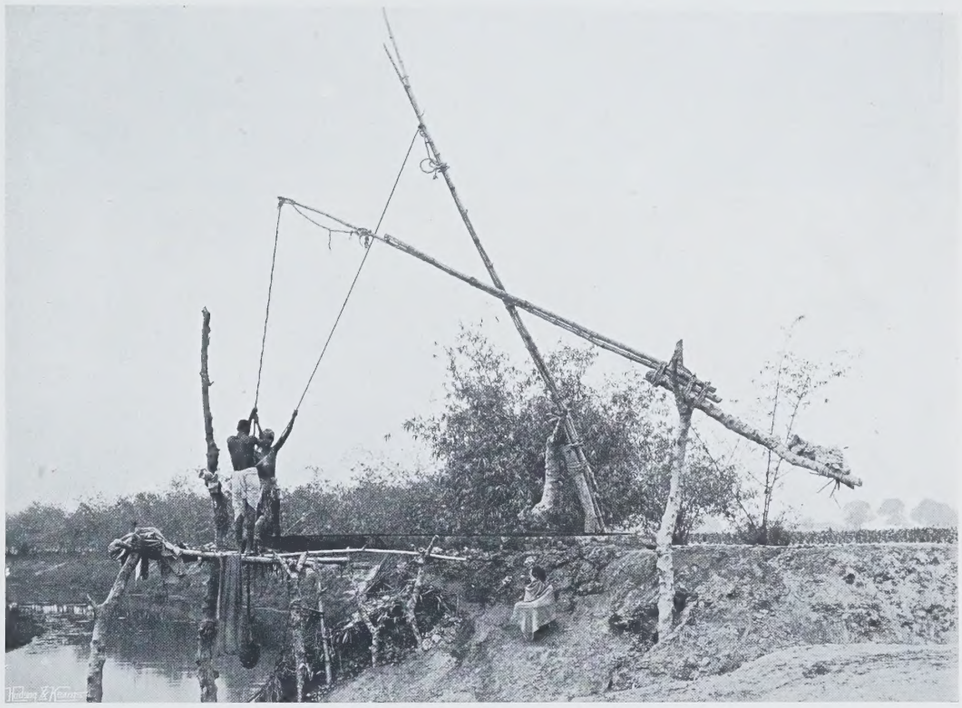
"Well, but, dear me," said his host, calling after him as he was retreating in disorder. "You said you liked sport with an element of danger. I've been trying to give it to you. What's all the trouble?"

But the young man would not stay to answer. His supply of nerve was finished up for the present occasion, and gathering up the luncheon things, our host and I made after him, as glad to retreat to a place of less risk as he was.

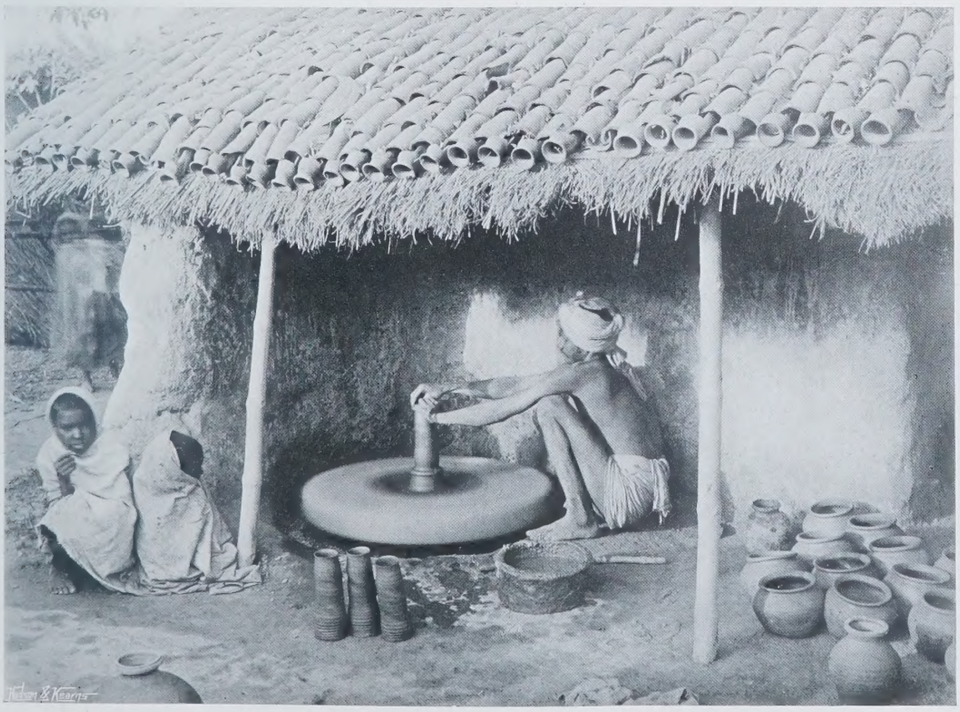
But I know that the lesson had its merits and its moral, as I have claimed for it; for the young man said no more during that visit about his lion-shooting, and other friends of his have been heard to relate that when they noticed in him a recurrence of a certain boasting tendency that was natural to him, it was but necessary to ask him if he liked sport with an element of danger to reduce him to a condition of the most approved humility.

INDIAN NATIVE SCENES.

THOSE who have never been in India are disposed to regard it either as the "glorious East," the home of gorgeous pageant and grand durbar, or to take the opposite extreme and indulge a feeble sympathy for a famine-stricken land, or imagine a vast jungle peopled by tigers and snakes, and natives but little less savage, whose life is so inferior to their own that they never wish to know or understand it. To the Anglo-Indian the country appears in a very different light. He sees it in its workaday life; he knows that there is little that is gorgeous, and much that is commonplace and even sordid, in its life; that the tiger and snake are rarely seen by the ordinary traveller, that the native is neither a bejewelled rajah nor a semi-beast. To the student of Nature India is full of interest and full of surprise, and it ought to possess a very real interest for us English people. A large portion of it is inhabited by an Aryan population, and, however we may disavow the relationship, our grandfathers were common with theirs. Not only so, but we know that, before the horde, whose sons we are, moved westward, a very advanced state of civilisation had been reached. The students of philology inform us that agriculture—milling and ploughing, at any rate—were well known before the great Aryan family separated. But the difference lies here—that, while we of the West, in colder climes and soil less fertile, have advanced in our knowledge and acquired sturdier methods, the Eastern Hindoos have kept to almost the same primitive tools and methods which they must have used in prehistoric times. Take, for instance, their plough, the essential structure of which is, in most cases, a stout beam to form plough-stock and handle; into this is fixed a pole to carry the yoke, while an iron tooth is fixed below to act as a share—a primitive tool, and one serviceable enough when only the surface of the soil needs to be scratched up, but quite useless when deep ploughing is necessary. It is interesting to compare this with the description, given by Virgil, of the plough used by the Roman farmer in his time. Whatever be the exact reconstruction of this Roman plough, the general form of it recalls very closely that in use in India at present. For a harrow a thick beam of wood, drawn by oxen, is used to break the clods and smooth the ground; if additional weight is needed, it is supplied by one or more natives sitting on the beam—not a comfortable seat, one would think, but the Asiatic is proverbially long-suffering.



S. D. Blake. DRAWING WATER FOR IRRIGATION. Copyright



S. D. Blake. POTTER AND WHEEL. Copyright

No large estate is without its own carpenters, joiners, tailors, workers in metal, etc., who can at once repair any of the agricultural implements which get out of order. One may often see in a corner of the factory buildings a plough in course of being mended, or a drill under repair; while any tinwork or ironwork, such as the making of boxes or iron-bound cases, can always be done on the premises, and well done, too, if somewhat roughly finished.

Most of the carting and other agricultural work is done by bullocks, but it is interesting to see sometimes a camel-cart

S. D. Blake. CARPENTERS MENDING DRILL. Copyright

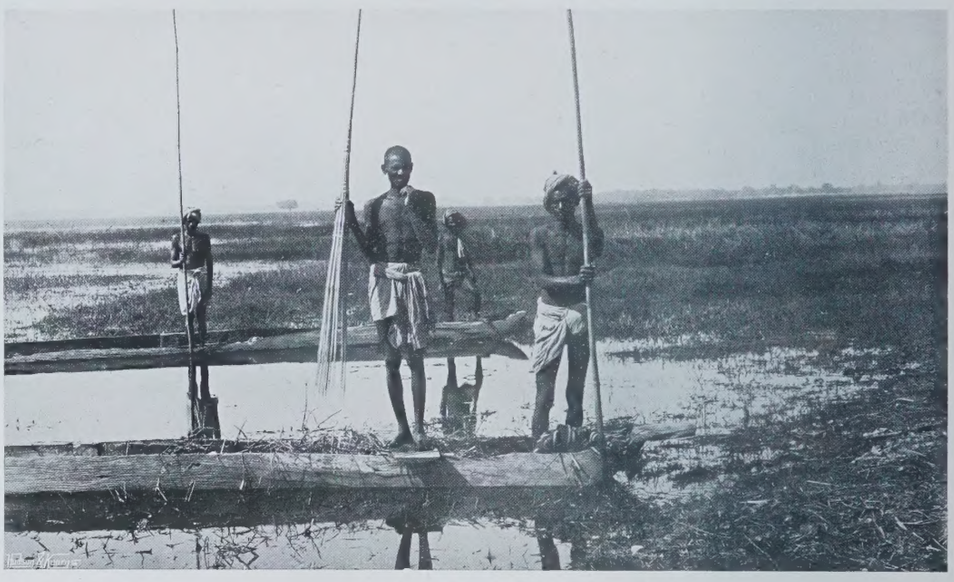
the local omnibus, used by natives mainly for taking servants and luggage to the station. Another instance of local manufacture is to be found in the potter's trade. The potter, a common sight in most villages, is to be seen sitting in the verandah of his house turning lumps of clay into pots of all kinds, or round tiles, by means of a circular stone which he keeps continually moving with one hand, smoothing the outside of the pot when finished with a flat wooden trowel. A scene like this must have been before the mind of Omar Khayyám when he wrote

"but after silence spake,
A vessel of a more ungainly make:
'They sneer at me for leaning all awry;
What! did the Hand, then, of the Potter shake?'"

A curious instance of the magnificence of Eastern ideas and admiration for things that are large is the grain golah, to be seen at Bankipur in Bengal. It was built as a granary in 1783, but never used as such. Its walls are of masonry 12ft. in thickness, and it stands 90ft. high, with a circumference of 430ft. at the base, and would contain about 130,000 tons of grain. Access to the interior is obtained by a staircase on the outside leading to a platform on the top, where there is a stone placed in the centre which can be removed. How many individuals would have to toil up the staircase with their sacks of grain ere that immense granary was full! Now it is, perhaps, the finest whispering-gallery in the world. Not less primitive than their agriculture is their method of irrigation. The water is drawn up from the river below by means of a long bamboo with a vessel attached to one end, the other end being weighted sufficiently to make the raising of the full vessel a fairly easy matter. The water is tipped into a dug-out trough, and thence distributed over the land by means of a small channel. Curiously enough, as exemplifying the universality of these primitive arrangements, a method precisely similar to this is used by the natives of West Africa for purposes of irrigation.

Another of the many uses found for the bamboo is to make a fish-spear. A thick bamboo is split into many separate prongs, which are sharpened, and kept apart by a piece of bamboo in the middle, to which they are also bound to keep them rigid. This forms a most effective fish-spear, and is still more commonly used to throw at wounded birds; and the natives who use them are expert shots with these curious-looking weapons. A tree covered with flying foxes would cause considerable excitement in an English village, but is a fairly common sight in parts of India. To call these animals foxes is really a mistake; they are in fact bats, and are about the size of rabbits. They are the enemies of Indian gardeners, for they live on fruit, and are most destructive to all kinds of fruits when ripe. Perhaps it is these little animals who are referred to in the Song of Solomon: "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines."

J. B.



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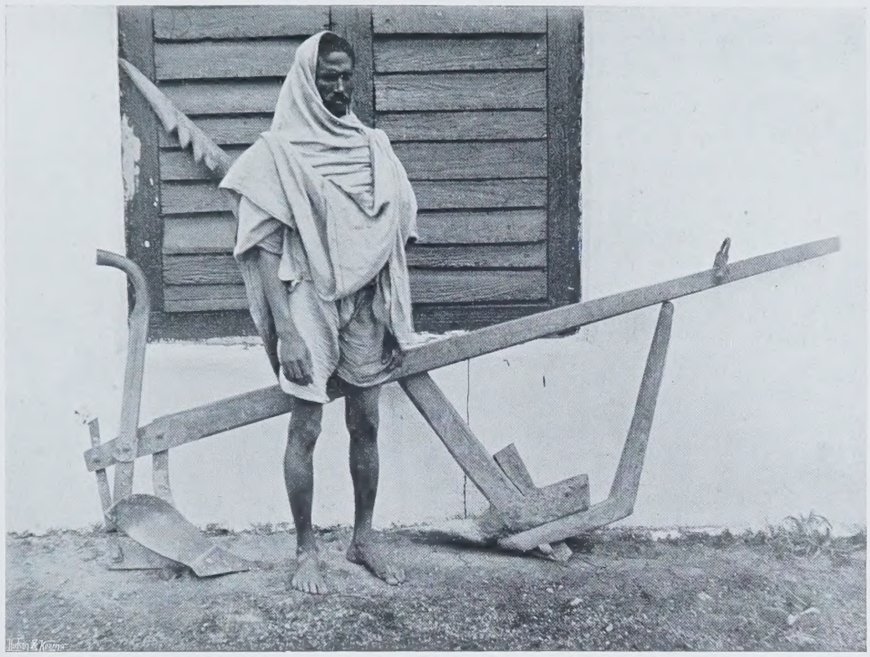
IN THE GARDEN.

The Japanese Primrose.

THE flower of the moment is the Japanese Primrose (Primula japonica), which is quite a different flower to the Primrose of the wayside bank. As the name indicates, it is a native of Japan, and is most at home in the wild garden, where, under the sheltering branches of trees and at the foot of shrubs, it is screened from the hot sun of May and June. This partial shade is useful in another way. In the subdued light the flowers gain in colouring, the crimsons seem

darker, and the ruby reds shine with a greater glow; and, fortunately, the plant is so hardy and strong that it seeds itself freely, with the result that, in the course of a few years, natural groups are formed in the woodland, and the plant becomes quite naturalised. The Japanese Primrose has enormous leaves for the size of the plant, especially when it is planted in suitable places —that is, in moist, loamy soil, and in half shade. The flowers are in tiers on a tall, straight stem, and their colouring is charmingly varied from the purest white to the darkest blood red, the shades embracing the tenderest tints, and sometimes the colour is confined only to the centre of the flower, the remainder being pure white. A few varieties have received distinct names, but, unless the flower has some special merit, the giving of names is a mistake when from seed so many beautiful forms may be derived. We have seen many masses of it lately, but nowhere more beautiful than under trees in the Royal gardens, Kew, and in the garden of the Royal Horticultural Society at Wisley. It is a Primrose to plant where the English wilding succeeds, and comes into bloom shortly afterwards. Mr. Wilson, who has been collecting in China, has brought home many interesting varieties of this Primrose, which have been shown before the Royal Horticultural Society. It is probable that they will make as good growth in our climate as the type, of which one cannot have too much in May and June.



S. D. Blake. THE PLOUGH OF THE COUNTRY. Copyright

FLOWERS IN WESTERN CHINA.

China and Japan have enriched our gardens with their most beautiful flowers, the Japanese Primrose mentioned in the foregoing note being one of a large throng. It was therefore of great interest to listen recently at the Horticultural Club to a lecture by Mr. E. H. Wilson, who has recently returned from Western China, upon the trees and flowers he discovered in that beautiful region. The following information shows the remarkable wealth of the flora in this part of the great Empire: "As in the Himalayas, so in Western China, Rhododendrons are a special feature. They begin about 5,000ft., but do not get really abundant until a height of 8,000ft. is reached, and extend up to 14,000ft., the limit of ligneous vegetation. They vary in size from trees 50ft. in height to alpine plants only a few inches from the ground. Their flowers are of all sizes and colours. Rhododendrons are gregarious plants, and nearly every species has a well-defined altitudinal limit. In June the mountains are a mass of colour, and no finer sight can be imagined than miles and miles of these mountain-sides covered with Rhododendrons in flower. There is no Heather in China, its place being taken by dwarf tiny-leaved species of Rhododendron. At 12,000ft. and upwards we get amongst alpine meadows with their wealth of herbs. Meconopsis integrifolia occurs in countless numbers, and with its large clear yellow flowers presents a sight not easily forgotten. Meconopsis punicea, with large dark scarlet flowers, and M. principis, with dark purple flowers, are quite as beautiful and abundant. Cypripedium tibeticum, with large dark crimson flowers, Incarvillea principis, with bright red flowers, and Rheum nobile, with its pyramidal towers of pale yellow bracts, form another gorgeous trio. Of Primulas I have collected over fifty species in these regions. Primula sikkimensis is one of the commonest, and covers the meadows and marshes like the Cowslip of our own land. It is a botanical paradise. Large areas are covered with Senecios, Gentians, and dwarf Aconites. 'Sixteen thousand feet is practically the limit of vegetation." Visitors to the fortnightly shows of the Royal Horticultural Society will have seen some of the plants Mr. Wilson has brought home. Meconopsis integrifolia we have recently described, and we saw it in flower lately at Kew, where it is growing in a shady recess in the rock garden in moist peaty soil. If it only flowers in the same abundant way as on its native hills, there will be few gardens in England in which it is not grown.

THE ROSE DELL IN KEW GARDENS.

When the time of Roses is with us there is no place in the Royal gardens at Kew more beautiful than the dell of Roses near the pagoda. It is quite hidden away, and not easily discovered except in the evening of a warm day, when one wonders from whence comes a strong fragrance of Roses, when none is to be seen. The Rose dell was once a gravel-pit, and is planted in a delightfully free way with the old garden Roses and a few of the newer rambling varieties, which tumble over bush and tree stump in wonderful profusion. The massing of Crimson Rambler is remarkable, and when the thousands of flowers are open it is a blaze of colour, and worth a long journey to see. Paul's Carmine is another Rose of beautiful colouring, and the plant at the time of our visit was a mass of blossom. The Rugosa Roses Blanc de Courbet and Mme. Georges Bruant, the Austrian Yellow, and many others were either in flower or approaching that stage. Such a garden as this is quite easily made, and it is the place to show off the Rambler Roses to perfection. This is the dell for the beautiful new Rose Lady Gay, which was shown so finely at the recent Temple exhibition by Messrs. William Paul of Waltham Cross. A mass of this would create a sensation. It is very vigorous in growth, even more so than Dorothy Perkins, which it resembles in many ways, and the flowers are a clear, bright rose colour. We do not know whether it flowers over so long a season as Dorothy Perkins, but probably it will do so. Raisers of new Roses should endeavour to obtain varieties of the same vigour in other colourings.

RANDOM NOTES.

Biennial Flowers for Next Year.—The biennial flower is a sheet anchor to the beginner in gardening, and to those who have only a small garden which must be maintained at the smallest possible outlay. The reason is that the plants are very easily raised from seed, which, sown at this season, will give flowering plants next year. Among the more important groups of biennials may be named the Canterbury Bell, Foxglove, and Antirrhinum, or Snapdragon. These are the three most showy biennials, especially the Canterbury Bell and Antirrhinum, which keep the garden gay in the height of summer. Sow the seed thinly outdoors in a prepared piece of ground, and when the seedlings are of a sufficient size to handle with comfort transfer them elsewhere, and finally plant where they are intended to remain in the following autumn. There is wisdom in buying the finest seed procurable, although the price may appear somewhat exorbitant, but it is only seed saved from the most beautiful flowers that will give satisfactory results. A group of Canterbury Bells is pleasant to see if the flowers are of normal size. The big tea cup and saucer flowers, coarse, ugly, and vulgar, are distortions, and nothing else. Flowers of average size, clean and pure in colour, and with the "cup" in proportion to the basal segments, are the more desirable.

A Beautiful Bramble.—There are few shrubs more beautiful than the Bramble of the Rocky Mountains (Rubus deliciosus), which is in flower during late May and early June. It is not unlike some lovely single Rose, the gracefully bent shoots carrying an abundance of large pure white flowers, which give the impression of snow when the shrub is seen from a distance. It fortunately has no spines, and may, therefore, be cut in comfort, the flower-laden shoots having an exquisite appearance in a tall simply-designed glass. The best place for it is on the lawn, where it is unfettered by neighbouring things. In such a position its gracefulness is well seen.

Sowing Seed of Wallflowers.—A well-known gardener writes: "The time to sow Wallflower seed is early in May, as the plants require quite ten months' growth. Fairly good ground is necessary, and it should be made firm before taking out the shallow drills, which should be 12in. apart, and the seed scattered thinly and lightly covered. Where space can be devoted to it, better results are to be had if the plants are left where the seed was sown, merely pulling out a few if at all crowded. The seedlings lift with far better balls of soil in October than those that are transplanted in July. I find the latter form very few roots by lifting them, whereas, treated as suggested, the plants have plenty of fibrous roots, and take readily to their new quarters in the autumn if carefully planted. Any that show a tendency to make a straggling growth should have their points pinched out, except the double varieties, which should be left to develop the central spike. During growth, keep the soil frequently stirred with the hoe. This promotes growth, besides killing seedling weeds, and the plants in the row should have from 4in. to 6in. given them, when sturdy plants will result. With regard to varieties, few are better than the Old Blood-red and Belvoir Castle, yellow, although many prefer the newer shades, such as Salmon Queen, Fairie Queen, Ruby Gem, etc., while Vulcan is decidedly a good variety, the large flowers being of a beautiful velvety crimson colour. The double German is a good strain, and should it be desired to increase any of the best forms, cuttings may be taken and put in under hand-lights in a shady corner, where roots are soon formed, and can then be transplanted in the open garden. Old plants, especially of the single varieties, will go on for several years if periodically cut back after flowering, but by sowing annually much dwarfer plants, as well as finer flowers, are obtained. The amount of bloom a well-grown plant will furnish is surprising, and a few grown in pots and brought on quietly under cool treatment prove very useful in the greenhouse during March."

Polyantha Roses for Edging Borders.—Sometimes the vigour of these Roses defeats one's object when planted as an edging to Rose-beds or garden walks, but their growth can be confined within certain limits. Simply to cut the plants down to the ground every year would at least ensure dwarfer plants than if they were simply tipped, as is so often advised. When the bushes become very large at the base, which will not happen for some years, the cheap price of the plants will enable the grower to replace with young ones the older bushes, which can be transferred to the reserve garden, for no other type of Rose is more useful for sprays or button-holes than the Polyantha. What a charming selection we have now, ranging from pure white to cream, golden, apricot and orange, pink (light and deep), and red, with various intermediate tints. These Roses make beautiful little dwarf trees when budded on 18in. stems. Such varieties as Perle d'Or quickly develop into really pretty plants, and are always in bloom.

IN . . . ENGLISH HOMES.

HOLLAND HOUSE, KENSINGTON,

A SEAT OF . . .

THE EARL OF ILCHESTER.

A GREAT part of the English race has perforce to dwell under the chimney-pots of our cities. Yet Englishmen love before all things the green grass and the shade of the bough, and of all London houses those are most to be envied from whose windows the sight of a few trees or a stunted lawn brings the open country to mind. When the map of London is spread the green spaces of the parks catch the eye at once, the dearest possessions of the London people. Here is the great oblong of Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park, here is the triangle of the Green Park, and here St. James's Park, the broad border of a pond. One of the least of these green places marks the gardens of the Royal palace, and it is with something of surprise that the stranger sees by the map that one subject lives in London more magnificently harboured than the King himself.

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The omnibuses which carry us past Kensington High Street towards the Hammersmith Road pass the walls of a park, into which the people of London, which has broken into the Royal parks one by one, has not yet gained an entry. The crests upon the gates and lodges are those of a private family, and there, a quarter of a mile away up amongst the trees, lies the most beautiful of all London houses.

The history of Holland House is not a long one, as the histories of old English homes go. Kensington is of ancient settlement. Aubrey de Vere, as every antiquary knows, held Chenisitun when Domesday Book was made up, and his descendants, the Earls of Oxford, held the manor until Henry VIII.'s time, when it was carried away by the female co-heirs. But Holland House, from its foundations, was begun by Walter Cope, who acquired the manor in 1610. Some years before that time, the ancient manor house not being in his hands, he laid the first stone of the palace, which looks over modern Kensington, Cope Castle being its first name.

Sir Walter Cope, knight, master of the court of wards and gentleman of the bed chamber to James I. built a house, but begat no son to succeed him in it. Isabel, his only child, carried it to her husband, Sir Henry Rich, captain

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of the yeomen of the guard. The Rich family came from London citizens, and was set up by Richard Rich, the lord chancellor. This Richard was he who brought Sir Thomas More and Fisher to the block, and racked Anne Askew. He was a persecutor of friars and reformers under Henry VIII., and of Essex heretics under Mary. He deserted Somerset in his hour of need, proclaimed the Lady Jane Grey, and declared for Mary in the same month. One of the most heartily hated men in an age when evil passions ran high, his foot never slipped. Henry VIII. made him an executor of his will. Edward VI. created him Lord Rich of Leighs and lord chancellor. He sat in Mary's council, and had honourable employments under Elizabeth. Treacherous time-serving, an unerring backer of the winning side, he died in his bed, and was buried in a fair tomb. This worthy ancestor and house-founder was grandfather to Isabel Cope's husband, the second lord of Holland House.

Henry Rich was a second son with his career to make. His beautiful features gave him his first advancement in the court of the shambling Solomon, who loved to see handsome faces—Carrs, Villierses, and Copes—about him. He was captain of the yeomen of the guard, and after his marriage had given him an estate he was created Lord Kensington. He made love to Henriette Marie as proxy for his prince, and his subserviency to Buckingham made him an earl with that title of Holland, which

THE WHITE PARLOUR.

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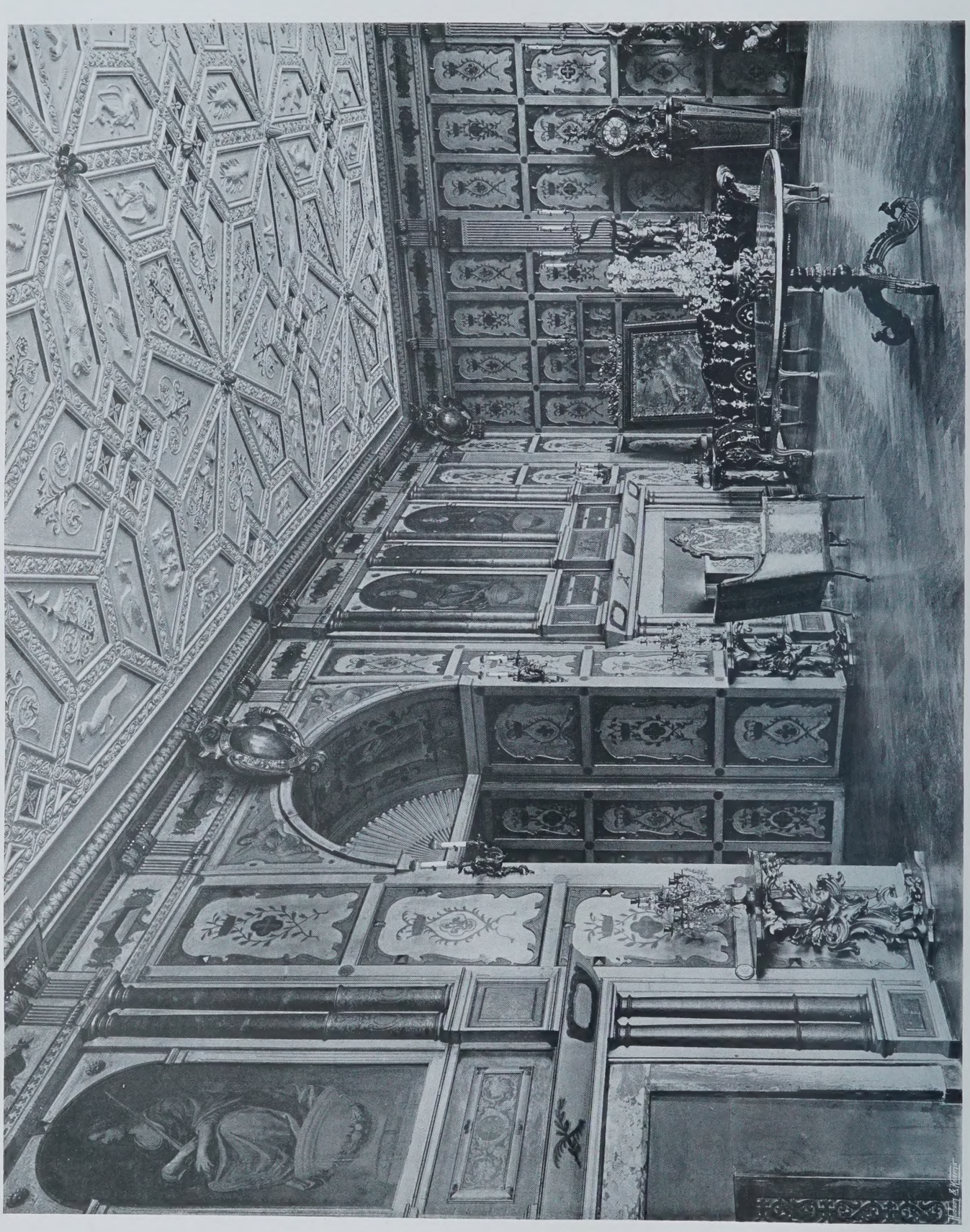
gives this house its name. When the bad times came on the Earl of Holland showed that he had all his grandfather's treachery without his ability to steer to safe harbourage. He ratted between King and Parliament, greedy for the main chance, obtaining commands which he could not lead to success, and places and monopolies which his hands could not hold safely. The Parliament laid him at last by the heels, and, as one who had helped plunge his country in the second Civil War, he died by the axe in the good company of Duke Hamilton and Lord Capel, dressed out for the spectacle in white satin and silver lace. Of this lord of Holland House Clarendon has the only good word which might be said, that "he was a very well-bred man, and a fine gentleman in good times."

Holland House came to the hands of the Parliament. Fairfax lived here a while, and Lambert had his headquarters here; whilst a legend of the place tells how the great Protector himself walked the open fields of Holland House in order that he might safely shout high affairs of state into the deaf ear of his son-in-law Ireton. But at the last the countess widow was allowed to return, and when the playhouses were shut up there was play-acting in Holland House, fitting obsequies for its dead lord.

Robert, the second Earl of Holland, son of Henry Rich and Isabel Cope, ruled in his turn at Holland House, which came nigh to changing its name again, for in 1673, by the death of a cousin, the second Earl of Holland became fifth Earl of Warwick. His son Edward married Charlotte Middleton, a lady who, after her lord's death, brought Holland House its first association with literature by taking Joseph Addison for a second husband. He



THE GILT ROOM.

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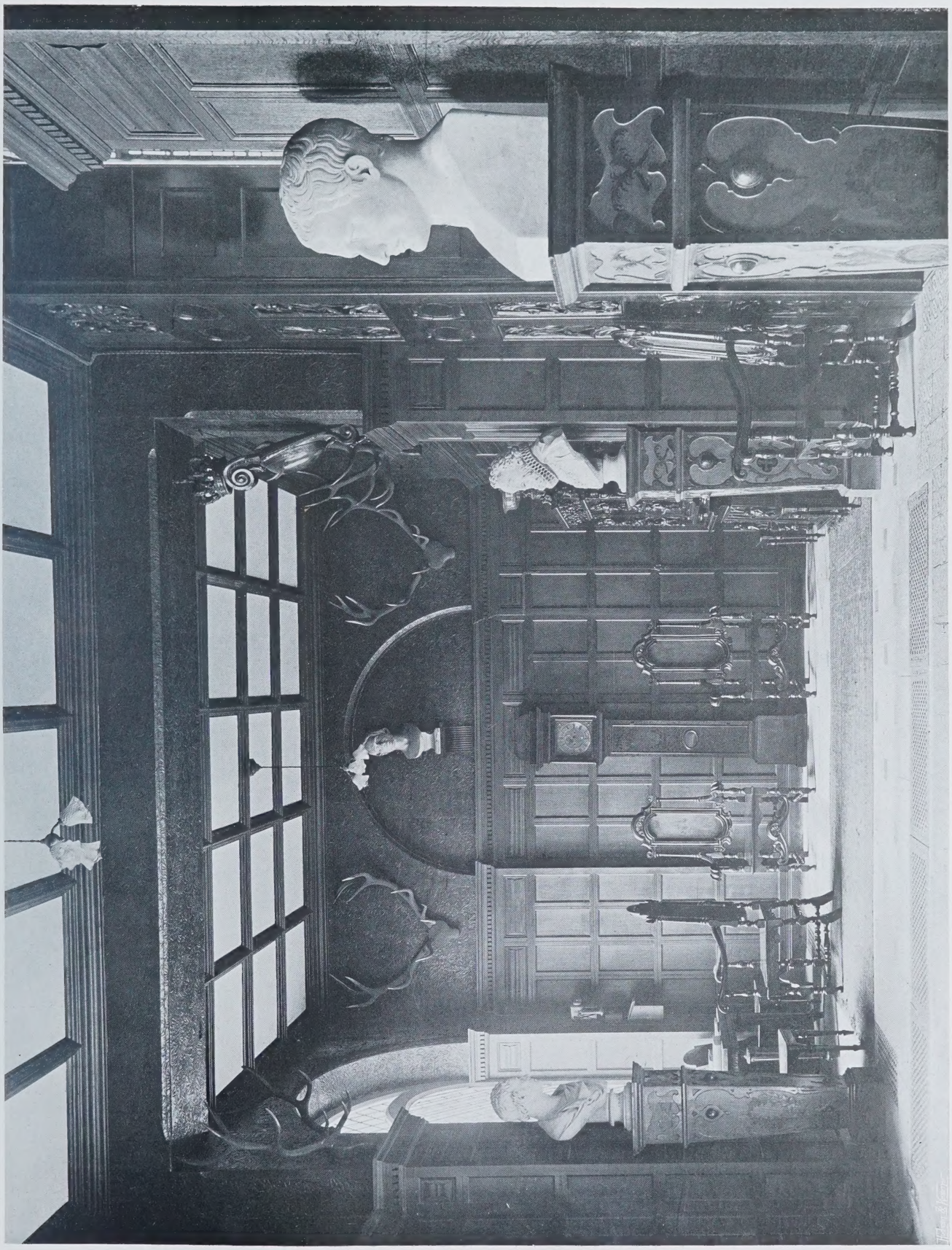

ENTRANCE HALL.

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died in 1719 in the great house "which could not contain Mr. Addison, the Countess of Warwick, and one guest, Peace." Holland House has more memories of him than of the earls of Warwick and Holland. Here is the ink-stained table, at which he worked in his Temple days, now standing in the room in which he paced to and fro between bottle and bottle. In the dining-room he died, and the eighteenth century moralists handed from one to the other the tale that he sent in his last moments for the young earl, that he might "see in what peace a Christian can die.' "Unluckily," chuckled Mr. Horace Walpole, as he met the anecdote in its career, "he died of brandy."

The earl who was thus called to his stepfather's deathbed, lay on his own two years later, and William Edwardes inherited the Holland estates, which carried him to an Irish peerage as Lord Kensington. Edwardes Square, the daintiest of London squares, will commemorate his name until the tide of towering flats shall have swept over it. And in his time Holland House was for the first time bought and sold.

The great mansion had harboured many tenants beside its owners and the Roundhead general who sat in their seat. Sir John Chardin, the traveller, a Frenchman by birth and an English knight, lived here. His name is little remembered; but he earned a grave in Westminster Abbey, and his book of travels in Persia and the East Indies is still a classic with those who read the old voyagers. Bishop Atterbury's daughter kept her father's library at Holland House; and the "Downright Skipper," a once-famous Parliament man, whom history has beckoned to a more modest place than he held when living, must be reckoned amongst the passing tenants of Holland House.

In 1749 Henry Fox, the secretary for war, had a lease of Holland House at a rent of £182 16s. 9d. The sum will serve as a text for the economist who would discourse on the changing value of money. In 1905 a flat of half-a-dozen rooms which can boast of a distant view of the lawns of Holland House, will easily command such a rental. In 1767, the old Holland title having been revived for him in a new barony, the leaseholder bought Holland House, which has ever since descended in his family.

The new lord was a younger son of old Sir Stephen Fox, Charles II.'s paymaster-general. Sir Stephen had come from a singing boy with a handsome face and a thorough grounding in the art of bookkeeping to be a useful servant to the king in exile in the low countries, and one of that king's richest subjects after his majesty's restoration. In his seventy-seventh year the old knight "being of a vegete and hale constitution" took a second wife, and begat two sons to inherit his great estate. He was born in 1627, and had been employed during the Civil War in England. His son Henry lived to see a soldier son leave England for the campaign against the revolting colonists of America, dying at Holland House in 1774. This first Lord Holland of the new house was a political adventurer, whose social joviality made him many friends at his table, but the great public which had not dined with him hated "the public defaulter of unaccounted millions" more bitterly than any other minister of his time, and the profits of his offices could never buy the earldom he coveted. Yet it may be said of him that he ran away with a duke's daughter in most admirable fashion, and that from this runaway match came Charles James Fox.

Before all things Holland House is a shrine of Charles James Fox. He was not born here, but many of his young days were passed in the old house, in whose gardens his indulgent father once built up a demolished wall in order that it might be pulled down again to delight Charles, who had missed its first crash. The child, spoiled and caressed by his parents, lived to be spoiled and caressed by his friends and his party. Even the nation, which may be forgiven for its slow forgiveness of the friend of the ogre Boney, came at last to love the lovable statesman whom it could never trust.

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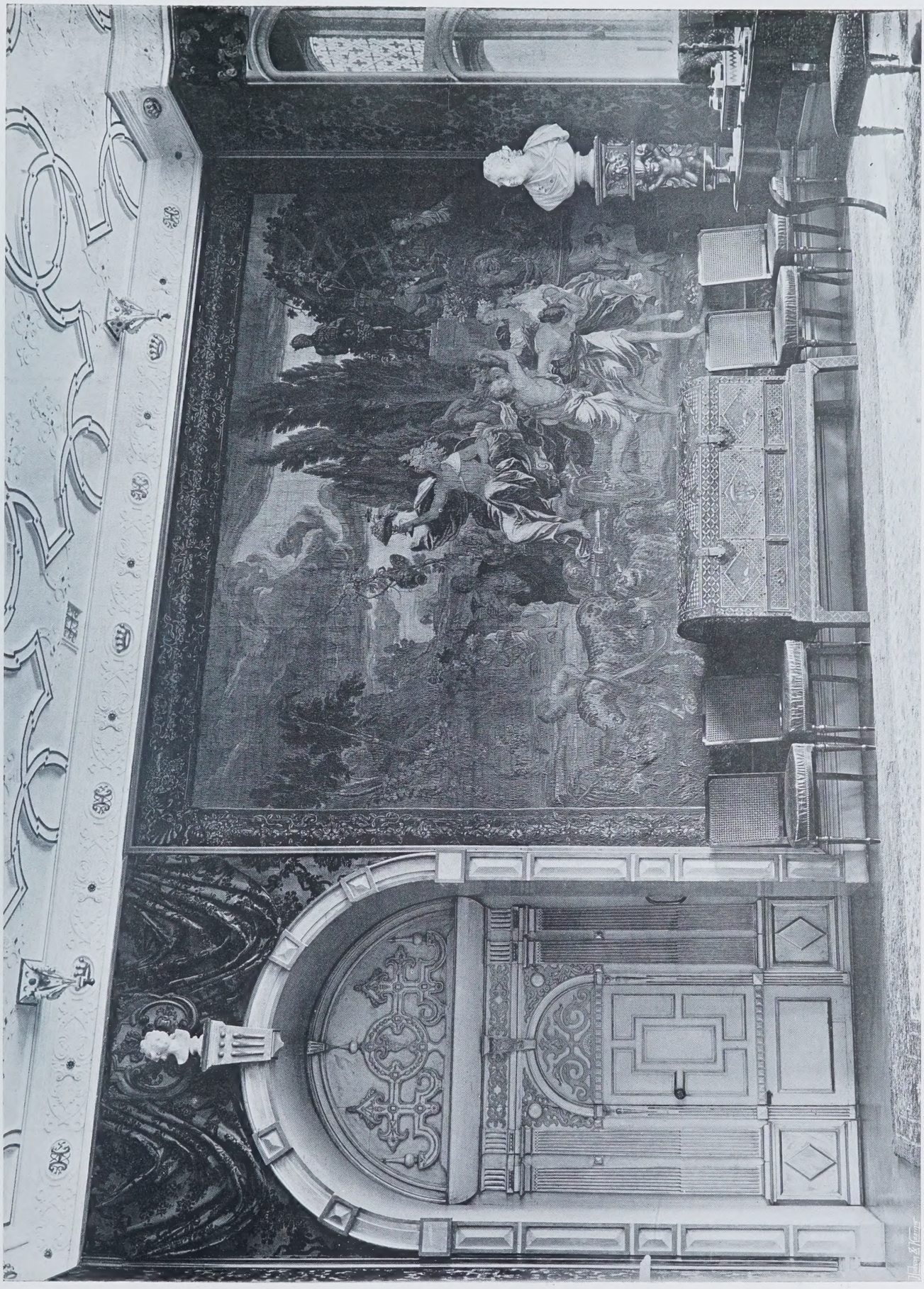
Here in the Holland House smoking-room are his crutch-handled walking-stick, the Sword of Prudence, "presented to the Rt. Hon. Cs. Js. Fox, with the warmest respect, by a Briton," and the fowling-piece and pistols given him by Catherine of Russia. His watch and seals, his pen, pencil-case, and fruit-knife are in the yellow drawing-room. His statue is in the garden walk, his bust in the entrance hall and breakfast-room, his portrait in oil, in pastel, in miniature, looks from the walls. He died at Chiswick; but one of the last acts of his life was to visit Holland House, walking about it and within it to call to mind bygone days.

In his time and after him the great Lady Holland was keeping her circle in Holland House. These were, indeed, the house's great days. Lord Holland had restored it, and Lady Holland



EAST END OF SALOON. TAPESTRY: THE TRIUMPH OF BACCHUS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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filled it with wits and authors, statesmen and travellers, who elbowed for places at her uncomfortable dinners and suffered their imperious hostess in her most fretful moods with a meekness which was better understood by their own generation than it can ever be by ours. Thus to the house in which Addison died came Sheridan and the precise Macaulay, Doctor Parr and Byron, four Lord Chancellors—Thurlow, Eldon, Brougham, and Lyndhurst—Canova, and Sir Humphrey Davy, Napoleon's Montholon and Bertrand, Talleyrand and Metternich, the Humboldts and Tom Moore, Grattan and Curran. Forty years of literature, art, science, and politics breakfasted and dined in Sir Walter Cope's old house at Kensington.

Our picture of the south front of this famous house shows the middle block of Sir Walter Cope's brick building, early Jacobean work full of colour and character. The wings and covered arcades are later work, and the house in its last state takes the form of a capital E with a short middle stroke. The entrance hall is in the east wing. Our illustration shows it, a panelled room with antlers upon the walls. The two busts on the right are those of Henri Quatre and Napoleon.

The head of the stairway from the inner hall is hung with a Flemish tapestry of Isaac blessing Jacob, a subject appropriate enough in a house which has been ruled again and again by a fortunate younger son.

Two of our illustrations show the Gilt Room, which is on the first floor, its windows showing themselves to left and right of the central porch. The middle window lights a curious recess, a room within a room. The walls of the gilt chamber are covered with panels which bear alternately the crosslet of Rich and the fleur-de-lis from the arms of Fox, and have remained untouched since the days when the room was decorated for a fête to Charles I. and Henrietta Maria. Their medallions are on the chimney-pieces—which were originally by Francis Cleyn, but they were restored under the hand and direction of Watts, the painter, who lived so long in a relation to the Holland family, which recalls the position of an Italian artist under the patronage of some great Italian house of the Renaissance. This splendid chamber has a long tradition of balls and gatherings from the days of Henry Rich to our own time.

The White Parlour has its oak wainscot painted in white and gold. The two great chests studded with nail-heads, which are seen on either side of the fireplace, are, on the authority of legend, the chests in which old Sir Stephen Fox hoarded his great wealth. Legend has here more truth than might be guessed, for the chests are indeed those of Sir Stephen, who used them for the safe keeping of documents relating to his office of paymaster-general.

Of the China Room, so-called from its collection of rare porcelain, we give the rich chimney-piece and hearth. The walls are covered with leather in the Spanish-Dutch style. The great Breakfast Room, hung with Genoese velvet, is remarkable for its tapestries, of which the Triumph of Bacchus and Love and the Arts are illustrated by us. H. B.

PHOTOGRAPHING MAMMALS AND BIRDS.

WITHIN the last ten years the photographic art has grown to wonderful proportions, and to-day animal photography is attracting considerable attention. With the exception, however, of photographing certain birds, birds' nests, and the young, this class of work is largely confined to the parks and zoological gardens, for it seldom happens that the expert operator of the camera knows the habits and ways of our wild mammals and birds. To photograph a wild animal one requires more than simply a knowledge of where it lives; besides knowing the habitat of the creature it is necessary to know its favourite food, where it is accustomed to take its sun bath, or some other well-defined habit.

THE WOODCHUCK ENJOYING A SUN BATH.

One learns after studying wild animals for a time that they can be tempted, just as Father Adam was tempted, by something good to eat. Food carefully arranged will entice the wary ones within the range of even the camera's eye. Of course, the photographer must have some means by which the lens shutter may be worked at a distance, such as a tube and pump, an electrical attachment or some other device, and he himself must keep carefully out of sight. The working out of these details requires a considerable amount of time and patience, which may simply count for naught at the end of days or even weeks of work. Few but enthusiasts would care to undertake the photographing of a wild red fox, marsh-hawk, great blue heron, woodchuck, raccoon, or "hen hawk"; but even these animals may be photographed if the desire is strong enough to overcome years of difficulties. Perhaps I can better explain to the reader, and to those who would like to attempt photographing our common wild animals, some of the problems to be encountered, by taking a few illustrations from my own experience and speaking of the difficulties as they appear, and showing how they may be overcome. Among the animals just mentioned the woodchuck is the most easily photographed. To do this successfully the months of July and August are to be preferred, for at this season of the year the woodchuck frequently indulges in long sun baths about ten o'clock in the morning. In the open meadow he takes his sunning at the entrance of the burrow, but here the photographic effect is not artistic, and then, too, the concealing of the camera is a difficult problem. The chances of success will be very much increased by locating burrows near old rail fences, walls, or stone heaps, that are partially concealed by bushes. These are ideal locations for the woodchucks, and the sunning-places are readily located by the fine dust which the animals leave on fence, stump, or stone pile. Having found a spot of this kind that has the appearance of being frequently used, the position of the sun at about the time the woodchuck will be enjoying his morning siesta must be calculated. Next the camera must be located in reference to the subject to be photographed, with the sun in the rear of the lens. If a bush is not in the desired location for concealing the camera, a little forestry may be practised if the farmer does not object. This is a task demanding skill, for most wild animals look with suspicion upon any object that changes the appearance of the landscape near by, and unless great care be exercised, the woodchuck may be frightened away from his sunning-place for two or three days, while in extreme cases he may change his location altogether. The operator must next look for a place of concealment for himself, some eighty or more feet away, from which he may work the release of the shutter, but it must command a good view of the place where the woodchuck is to be photographed. This in a general way answers to the preliminary preparation for the photographing of the woodchuck, or any other wild animal that is to come into a certain position, either from some desire of his own, or from being coaxed there by means of food.

I will now outline somewhat in detail the photographing of the woodchuck on the fence shown in the accompanying illustration. On August 2nd, the preliminaries being completed, I took my place in concealment to wait and watch, as it was an ideal woodchuck morning, the sun being partially clouded, and a light breeze blowing from the west. Hour after hour passed away, however, and noon finally came, but I saw nothing of the woodchuck that had appeared there on several occasions before. There being but a slight chance of his taking a sun bath in the afternoon, I suspended

operations until eight o'clock the following morning. This time I had better success, for he appeared at the entrance of his burrow and carefully surveyed the surroundings. When convinced that all was well he moved about in the grass, nibbling the tender portions until satisfied, then climbed the fence, taking a very comfortable reclining position in front of the camera, but with his tail toward it. There he dozed away for an hour, when, hearing some noise, he clambered off, never

AT THE ENTRANCE.

once turning his face toward the lens. The next morning I was again in my place of concealment, and about nine o'clock the woodchuck appeared, ate a hearty breakfast, then took a sun bath at the entrance of his burrow for half-an-hour, and finally lazily crawled into his hole—and that was the last seen of him for that day. On the fourth day, about ten o'clock, he mounted the fence, and I made an exposure, but for some reason the shutter did not close, so the plate was spoiled by an over-exposure. On the two succeeding days the woodchuck did not appear at all, but on the morning of the seventh he appeared at about half-past nine. After a hearty breakfast, followed by a frolic with a neighbouring woodchuck, he mounted the fence, tail toward the lens; but in half-an-hour he took a new position, this time very considerately facing the camera, and I "snapped"

IN AN UGLY MOOD.

him. The slight noise made by the shutter did not frighten him, but after a few minutes I whistled, and he hustled from the fence into his burrow. Upon developing the plate I was well pleased with the picture, and in a few days, using the same method, I succeeded in making the photograph of the woodchuck shown in the other illustration. This was made on the second day, being less difficult to secure, as it was at the entrance of the burrow.

On one of the afternoons, after a fruitless morning at woodchuck photography, I was tramping through the woods looking for stray "snap-shots," when I came across a beech tree that I had noticed several times before. I had been interested in this tree on account of some suspicious-looking scratches on the bark, and a large hole in the trunk some 30ft. from the ground, giving it very much the appearance of being the snug retreat of some animal. Having my "climbers" with me, I ascended the tree. To my gratification and delight the cavity contained a raccoon. But how was he to be photographed? The only large tree that stood near the beech was a maple, and if I could induce him to leave his retreat he probably would sit long enough on one or the other of the trees for me to make an exposure. After some rather vigorous prodding on my part the coon showed himself, and ran from the beech into the maple at once, finally seating himself on a large dead limb, and looking across the way at me with a decidedly vexed expression on his face.

I descended the beech and, taking the camera on my back, climbed the maple. The raccoon never budged as I seated myself on a limb opposite him, and proceeded to unfold my apparatus, but several times he displayed a beautiful set of pearly white teeth, and once or twice gave a decided growl of dissatisfaction. I waited some time for him to "look pleasant," but as he absolutely declined to accommodate me, I photographed him in an ugly mood, as the accompanying reproduction illustrates.

My success must have turned my head, for immediately upon "snapping" the animal I lost my balance and fell backward from the limb. But the "ruling passion" was still strong within me, for, utterly unmindful of my own anatomy, I held my pet camera high above my head, and saved it intact. As soon as my somewhat jarred nerves would allow, I picked myself up and looked for the raccoon. There he sat, looking at me over the side of the limb with a queer, puzzled expression on his face. His countenance had so changed since my disgraceful performance on the horizontal limb, that I decided I must have another "shot" at him. Laboriously, and with many misgivings, I again ascended the tree to the former position, and secured several more negatives of my new acquaintance. As I descended the tree and passed out of his sight, I imagined that Mr. Coon was still wondering and smiling at my clumsy attempts in climbing and the very sudden method of descent.

It was several years after I had taken these animal photographs that I was enabled to gratify a long-felt desire to secure some pictures of the "hen hawk." I was tramping through a marshy place in a piece of woods on a hill in Central New York State, when I accidentally surprised a red-tailed hawk, which was probably hunting for frogs or other food. Only a few days before I had seen a hawk of this species within a short distance of where I had surprised this one. On the day that I saw the second hawk, in a clearing on the edge of the swamp I came upon a boy setting some traps by a stump, and scattering about them the waste parts of a fowl, and also a woodchuck that had been dissected. I was interested to know what his object was in doing this, and he told me that skunks from the woods near by were troubling his chickens. I enquired of him if he had seen any hawks about, and why he had believed it was skunks and not hawks that had caught his chickens. He answered by saying that they were taken only at night, and for this reason it could not be the work of hawks, although these birds were plentiful in the swamp.

From what I had seen of the hawks in this vicinity, and having good reasons for believing that some young had been reared there in the spring, this bountiful supply of bait suggested an idea. I had seen, but a few days before, a whole family of red-tails about a woodchuck that had been shot and left by its burrow near a fence. It is seldom that the old hawks feed

upon carrion, but many times they will come and sit close by if there are convenient perches for them. The young may be tempted to eat of it, for they are not skilled in hunting, and cannot so readily catch their prey as the older and more experienced hawks. It is the young that sometimes come to the poultry-yard, for they can catch a chicken more easily than they can catch a mouse. I enquired of the boy if he would be busy for the next few days, and being answered in the negative, I employed him to do a little bird watching for me. Near the stump where he was setting the traps lay a small tree, and we placed one end upon the stump, while the other rested upon the ground. Just in the rear was the swamp where the hawks had been seen. The duty of the boy was to rise early in the morning, and from a secluded spot watch the tree that we had placed upon the stump. The first morning he saw nothing, but the second he saw two of the birds perched upon the tree, with a third near by, none of them venturing nearer the bait.

COAXED INTO POSITION.

It was now time for me to watch. With my camera placed in a concealed position the night before, I was on hand before daybreak, the slide of the plate-holder drawn, and the release to the shutter ready to operate if the hawks appeared. They did not come on that morning, nor the next, so it seemed necessary to try to coax them to come. The traps and bait intended for the skunks were removed, then a fowl was killed and parts of it put about the swamp upon stakes 5ft. or 6ft. high. These parts were taken by something in the morning and late afternoon, probably by the hawks, but owls may have secured some pieces that were not taken before dark. This feeding process was kept up for four days, the food being renewed several times in some cases, and then all remaining bait was removed from the stakes. Again fresh bait was placed by the stump as the boy had it in the beginning.

The camera was placed in position as before, and long before daylight I was in my place of concealment, with the release apparatus adjusted ready to photograph. The grey appeared in the east; then followed the beautiful colouring that sometimes appears just before sunrise; but no visitors came. The morning slowly wore on until ten o'clock, and, if the hawks had not breakfasted, they must have been hungry indeed, judging from my own feelings. I had now been working ten days, and had not made a single exposure. It was rather discouraging; but, recalling other photographs for which I had waited years, and worked steadily for days at a time, I was not warranted in giving this one up. The following morning was spent in useless waiting, as also was the next. Then followed another brief baiting period from the stakes, and an early morning watch. It was nearly eight o'clock, and I was ready to give up, to try another morning, when, as if from the sky, a beautiful red-tailed hawk dropped gracefully upon the perch arranged for him. He folded his wings, stood at his full height, with his neck outstretched and head slightly turned, and seemed to eye the bait suspiciously. Quickly I opened and closed the shutter, the

BLUE HERON.

snap-shot was made, and a moment later he was sailing over the treetops, seemingly whistling back to me, "Kee-e-e-kee-e-e." In due time the negative was developed, and before it was dry it was named "Looking the Situation Over."

In the days that followed two other negatives were made, and one, a particularly fine one, was called "Coaxed into Position by Means of Food." Those were pleasant days spent with the "hen hawks," and I learned many interesting and instructive things, but my ingenuity and patience were taxed to the utmost to outwit those wary wild birds. Many of the shore and water birds are comparatively easy to photograph, but the great blue heron is an exception, being fully as difficult to coax into a pose as the "hen hawk." I can recall many fruitless attempts to stalk this bird with the camera, even when the young were near by. The accompanying illustration is the product of about three weeks of continual work. This includes the days spent in coaxing and feeding at an artificial pond.

On a point of land extending into the water were several tall evergreens. In one of these trees a pair of great blue herons had constructed a nest in which to rear their young. Quite frequently I had noticed the parent birds fishing along the river, and one of their favourite feeding grounds was carefully noted on one bank.

After some preliminary experiments I decided that the only way promising anything like success was to induce the birds, if possible, to fish at a certain point. Accordingly, I constructed an artificial pond, about 2ft. by 3ft., at the point of land mentioned above, by scooping out the sand from amongst the scattered weeds until the bottom was a little lower than the level of the river. This kept a fairly constant water-level, excepting when it rained hard. When the pond was completed I stocked it with frogs and fish, but it was difficult to keep a good supply, on account of thieving animals. The question may arise as to how I kept frogs confined in such a small pond. This was quite a simple matter. A string was fastened to the hind leg of each frog, and these strings were then tied to stakes set up for that purpose. The strings were of different lengths, to allow some of the frogs to escape, for the time being, under flat stones when danger threatened. This arrangement kept up a more constant supply of food, for—the number in the pond being limited to about ten frogs—one hungry heron would have otherwise taken them all at one standing. The camera was placed in position by the artificial pond, and the release of the shutter was taken to the opposite shore of the stream, where from a slightly elevated position I commanded an excellent view of my little territory. I was on duty now from two to six hours per day, and several times I nearly succeeded in making a picture, but the birds refused to come into position for me to get even one shot. Finally, after I had worked in this way for nine days with absolutely no results, a beautiful bird alighted at one end of the little pond, stretched himself to his full height in the attitude which the heron always seems to take at first, and remained perfectly motionless for a minute or more carefully surveying the immediate vicinity for enemies before feeding, and in this characteristic position I "snapped" him.

It is conclusive from the above sketches that the photographing of our common wild animals is not so very difficult provided the undertaking is conducted on carefully-formulated plans. The pleasure of the work also far outweighs the pains, and the profit is very considerable, for I can say without hesitation that the best I have learned about "our friends in fur and feathers" has not been found in books, but has been gained by an intimate acquaintance with them through the instrumentality of the camera. S. A. LOTHRIDGE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

MR. GILBERT K. CHESTERTON may fairly be described as one of the literary sports who have sprung up in these times. The first of the order was Mr. Bernard Shaw, and since those old days when his paradoxes began to attract attention, the example has been followed by many others, who possess something of his eccentricity but little of his wit. In Mr. Bernard Shaw what we seem to miss is the solid foundation of conviction and good sense on which his brilliance should rest. Sometimes we are almost led to believe in the existence of this substructure, till just at the critical moment he discovers his cynicism by a jest or a jibe. Mr. Chesterton is spoiled by quite another cause. It appears to us that at bottom he is extremely serious, full of an earnestness that ten years ago would have spelt "yearnestness," and that his somewhat elephantine attempts at playfulness are of the nature of a put-up character—they do not really belong to the man himself. His only claim to popularity is that he deals exclusively with the men and the questions of the moment. In such a writer we do not look for anything in the shape of dignity, and, therefore, it were a waste of words to point out how unbecoming it is for a writer who makes any serious appeal to our attention to spend most of his time in criticising his contemporaries. Here in the latest book from his pen, *Heretics* (John Lane), we have him holding forth with great volubility upon Mr. Rudyard Kipling, whom he does not really understand in the slightest; upon Mr. Bernard Shaw, whom, as a disciple, he naturally exalts. Mr. Shaw, if he reads the following eulogy, must do so with an amazement tempered by amusement:

"If he dislikes the fever of patriotism, he dislikes it in Boers and Irishmen as well as in Englishmen. If he dislikes the vows and bonds of marriage, he dislikes still more the fiercer bonds and wilder vows that are made by lawless love. If he laughs at the authority of priests, he laughs louder at the pomposity of men of science. If he condemns the irresponsibility of faith, he condemns with a sane consistency the equal irresponsibility of art. He has pleased all the bohemians by saying that women are equal to men; but he has infuriated them by suggesting that men are equal to women. He is almost mechanically just; he has something of the terrible quality of a machine."

The passage serves the double purpose of showing where Mr. Chesterton's homage is paid, and also his total lack of understanding. In an equal number of words no other writer could have given such a complete misrepresentation. Mr. Chesterton has entirely failed to grasp the key to his subject. His exhortation of Mr. H. G. Wells is equally uninteresting. It is, however, noteworthy that when Mr. Chesterton gives some trace of genuine power it is in the treatment of one who was infinitely greater than these, viz., Omar Khayyám. He says:

"For more than thirty years the shadow and glory of a great Eastern figure has lain upon our English literature. FitzGerald's translation of Omar Khayyám concentrated into an immortal poignancy all the dark and drifting hedonism of cur time. Of the literary splendour of that work it would be merely banal to speak; in few other of the books of men has there been anything so combining the gay pugnacity of an epigram with the vague sadness of a song. But of its philosophical, ethical, and religious influence, which has been almost as great as its brilliancy, I should like to say a word, and that word, I confess, one of uncompromising hostility."

Now this is well thought and well said, and if we must have moralisation, the drift of the writer's inferences cannot be described as other than correct. Edward FitzGerald, who loved and translated the work of the great Persian, was not himself one of those who have faced the world with courage and determination. In spite of all his ample qualities, it has to be recorded that he never did what he was capable of doing, and has left behind him no work that corresponds with the greatness of his ability; and if the philosophy expounded in the famous poem were carried out to the letter, it would inevitably check and injure human progress. There is none of that incentive to action which humanity ever has needed. The command "Quit ye like men" is the very opposite of that which Omar Khayyám uttered, and all the splendour with which his doctrine of inaction is clothed will not conceal the fact that it is an injunction to be sensual, idle, and luxurious. There is someting like commonsense in the conclusion drawn by Mr. Chesterton:

"Omar's (or FitzGerald's) effect upon the other world we may let go, his hand upon this world has been heavy and paralyzing. The Puritans, as I have said, are far jollier than he. The new ascetics who follow Thoreau or Tolstoy are much livelier company; for, though the surrender of strong drink and such luxuries may strike us as an idle negation, it may leave a man with innumerable natural pleasures, and, above all, with man's natural power of happiness. Thoreau could enjoy the sunrise without a cup of coffee. If Tolstoy cannot admire marriage, at least he is healthy enough to admire mud. Nature can be enjoyed without even the most natural luxuries. A good bush needs no wine."

Of the other essays, that have no personal bearing upon contemporary writers, the most suggestive is one called "Science and the Savages." Whether meant to be heretical or orthodox we can scarcely make out; but that a great deal of this is true to triteness is hardly open to dispute. Where Mr. Chesterton falls short is in failing to realise, not that the savage and the civilised man are in relationship, but that they are in very close connection. Much of what we call refinement, education, and so forth form only a very thin veneer upon savage instincts, and history has shown over and over again that the most advanced communities can, on little provocation, throw aside their civilisation and deport themselves with a brutality which no savage tribe could exceed. In the heart of England it is no paradox to say that savage customs, savage superstitions, linger and even prosper to this day. We do not think much of the parallel Mr. Chesterton draws between the pagan habit of burying food with the dead and our custom of covering a coffin with flowers. The latter is a mere remnant of the time when it was usual to strew the graves with garments, not because the ceremony had any deep or mystical meaning, but because it was a manner of expressing grief and regret. People now send flowers to a funeral for the most part because it is fashionable, and out of politeness to the friends of the dead. It may be also to pay the homage of regret, but the usage has long ceased to have any meaning at all. The theme has more in it than Mr. Chesterton has discovered, and he goes wandering off irrelevantly to talk of what

he calls the transmigration of stories—a subject with which he deals somewhat unfruitfully.

Many of the other essays read as though they had been thrown off in a hurry to meet the demand of some periodical. They are mostly of a kind that show a certain smallness in the mind of the writer, combined with a great deal of activity exerted within its compass. Whether his themes be great or trivial he generally manages to treat them in a little manner, and it is easy to see from the way in which he exaggerates the importance of men who really are of no great standing, that his sense of mental perspective is an extremely deficient one. Probably it would be of little use to ask him to try to say what he has to say with more simplicity and fewer fireworks. The fireworks, so to speak, are of the very essence of the contract. Without them there would be nothing to fall back upon, and, probably, if Mr. Chesterton were to put himself and his thoughts in the simplest possible manner, even the newspaper reader might begin to think that they in themselves are not very significant, after all. We may fittingly close our extracts from his book with the following confession of faith:

"There are no rationalists. We all believe fairy tales, and live in them. Some, with a sumptuous literary turn, believe in the existence of the lady clothed with the sun. Some, with a more rustic, elvish instinct, like Mr. McCabe, believe merely in the impossible sun itself. Some hold the undemonstrable dogma of the existence of God; some the equally undemonstrable dogma of the existence of the man next door."

In conclusion, we should like to apologise for appearing to take Mr. Chesterton too seriously. He is, as a matter of fact, a very harmless sport, who may safely follow in the footsteps of his master Mr. Bernard Shaw, and side by side with that other disciple Mr. Max Beerbohm. It is true they disappoint those who are in search of genuine and great talent, and who are able to distinguish between the brilliance of fireworks and the brilliance of a star. The manufacture of paradox is really one of the simplest processes conceivable, and no man of letters who is worth consideration at all could possibly fail if he cared to embark upon it, particularly if he were of that smug, self-satisfied temperament which is the characteristic shared in common by the writers we have mentioned. But it is to be hoped that those who are coming on will not follow such ill examples. Let them be brilliant by all means if they can, but the soundest and sanest advice that can be given them is that they should cultivate in the first place the saving grace of common-sense, so that whatever be the airy structure built upon it, the foundation will be good and secure. Nothing lasting, nothing enduring, nothing capable of wider appeal than to the members of a tea-table circle is possible for those who follow in the path that Mr. Chesterton has pursued.

FROM THE FARMS.

The Royal Counties Show.

THIS show opened at Bournemouth on Thursday, and showed a very marked improvement on the one held ten years ago in the same town. The most distinguished prize-winner was the King, who was awarded no fewer than seven first prizes, three seconds, and five reserve cards. The feature of the show, as usual, was the number of sheep, the principal prizes falling to Mr. James Flower, Mr. Cary Coles, Mr. H. C. Stephens, Sir W. G. Pearce, Mr. T. F. Buxton, and Mr. R. L. Ovey. The Shires were not very numerous, but were of first-rate quality. The champion prize went to Mr. Leopold Salomons' beautiful stallion, Norbury Menestrel. In mares and fillies, Sir Alexander Henderson carried off the championship with Poole Duchess. Not many light horses were shown, but the hackneys were a very interesting class. In shorthorns Mr. Dean Willis was, as usual, well to the front with his Doynton Grave Archer, Orphan's Chief, and Matchless Diamond, all of which took first prizes, while the championship went to the first-mentioned. The King's old bull, Reiver, from the Royal farms at Windsor, took second, and Rupert was reserve. His Majesty's Sylph was first in the cow class, Sapphire first for three year old heifers, Madeleine first for two year old heifers, and Sybil first for yearling heifers. In the dairy class for shorthorns, Lord Calthorpe's cow, Sweetheart, was first. Mr. J. J. Cridlan carried off the honours in Aberdeen-Angus cattle, with Mr. R. W. Hudson, G. A. Cooper, and Mrs. Macpherson following. Mr. Cridlan's representative was that splendid bull Wizard of Maisemore, perhaps the finest sample of the breed now in existence. As usual, the King's Herefords did very well, Fire King securing first in his class and Emperor a similar honour. Lord Rothschild took a first for Jerseys with his cow Day Star, and Lady de Rothschild—whose herd we illustrated in our last week's issue—was equally successful with Coral. The Blythwood Bowl was carried off by Lady de Rothschild for her Golden Moss. His Royal Highness Prince Christian sent some Berkshire pigs from Cumberland Lodge, and took a reserve in one of the classes, Mr. Jefferson, Lord Calthorpe, Mr. Inman, and Mr. R. W. Hudson being amongst the prize-winners. It was in every respect an excellent show, and the entertainment provided daily seemed to give immense pleasure to the considerable number of people who attended.

The Flail.

This once universal implement of such simple construction is now rarely seen except in the most rural districts. Yet even now it might often be used to advantage, especially by the small holder whose little corn is hardly worth the employment of a cumbrous modern threshing-machine and engine. The flail is also employed by the larger farmers for small lots of choice grain or seed which they do not wish to get mixed in any way. Not so many years ago it was in general use, and some of the older labourers still tell of the many winters they have spent at this work, it then being the custom to thresh out the corn, as the straw was wanted for the feeding of stock. Although those days are gone, never to come back again, many of these men have a flail stowed away in their hovel somewhere, together with other interesting relics of a great and glorious past. It is frequently mentioned in the Bible and in Ruth ii., verse 17, we read, "she gleaned in the field, . . . and beat out that she had," presumably with a flail or some instrument of similar construction. And, again, in Isaiah xxviii., verse 27, "but the fitches are beaten out with a staff and the cummin with a rod." It would, therefore, appear that in ancient times it was merely a rod, or at most a whip, with two or more lashes, and as such it was introduced into Britain by the Romans. Indeed, we are told by one authority that the flail with movable beater was still unknown at the time of the Norman Conquest. Going back again into Biblical times, we find that there were two methods for the threshing of corn, one, already mentioned, by the flail or rod, and the other by the sledge, weighted with stone and drawn by oxen. Generally speaking, the former method prevailed in the Northern countries, while the use of the sledge was correspondingly prevalent in Southern climes and hotter countries. The reason for this is not far to seek—the hotter the climate the more easily does the grain separate from the straw, and up to comparatively recent times it has been necessary for the husbandman to use the flail for the separation of barley and other bearded corns which adhere strongly to the straw. With very little alteration the flail was employed pretty nearly exclusively in this country till about the beginning of the eighteenth century, when numerous experiments were made by persons, both public and private, with a view to evolving some kind of machine which would lessen in some degree the enormous amount of labour necessary for this operation. In 1758 the first satisfactorily working threshing-machine was invented, and worked first by hand and then by water or horse power. For many years the early inventors made very little progress, as they one and all tried to adapt the principle of the flail to that of the machine. And it was not until they broke away from this idea, and the "drum" or revolving motion was substituted, that the great progress made in the construction of the threshing-machine began. The flail itself is made of two short staves or sticks, one, the "hand-staff" or handle, being a trifle the longer; the movable portion or beater—sometimes known, too, as the "swiple"—being slightly thickened and, perhaps, weighted at the free end, to enable the operator to swing it over his head with greater ease. It then falls of its own weight on to the sheaves of corn, which are placed upon a low kind of platform made of hurdles or similar articles, allowing the corn to drop through the spaces on to the floor, where it is winnowed up into "best," "seconds," and "tail." Altogether it is an operation most interesting to the looker-on.

FLOWERS IN A BERKSHIRE GARDEN.

OF the many beautiful little gardens in Berkshire, it is safe to write that few, if any, excel in charm and interest the garden shown in the accompanying illustrations. Hundreds of gardens are like one another in their wearisome monotony, and the only desire induced is to get away from them, into the field, or wood, or wayside—each a better garden, in the sense of a place of repose to mind and eye, than the one where there is no definite or clear intention.

The garden depicted in the illustrations was made about five years ago, and owing to its excellent position it was not long before it had the appearance of maturity, roses, flowers on the wall, and the plants in the border growing with remarkable rapidity. It is a garden in the truest sense of the word, fragrant, restful, and cleverly conceived—a perfect setting to a beautiful house, and providing many helpful gardening lessons.

A glance at the largest illustration will show that roses and plants on the walls are conspicuous features, and no garden which we have yet entered is more complete in arrangement. Surrounding the house are borders of rosemary and lavender,

grouped with Marie van Houtte, Mme. Laurette Messimy, and the most beautiful of hybrid tea and China roses—a happy marriage of flowers that form a background to the more formal beds of roses, one variety to each bed, with rockfoils and stonecrops hiding the bare soil. Over the pergola which runs by the side of this charming little rose garden are the most beautiful of climbing roses, clematises, jasmines, and the many rambling plants that are best placed against brick pillars and oaken cross beams.

There are roses everywhere, and in dewy mornings, before the sun shines full upon this grouping of flowers, a delicate fragrance fills the air, poured from a hundred expanding and open blooms, and the many flowers which fill the adjacent borders. Roses are a complete success, and this is the result of a sunny position and a well-made soil. A good foundation was laid at the beginning, and no expense spared to produce the strongest growth and finest blooms. We have never seen finer flowers of Marie van Houtte, which continue to open in perfect colouring from the early summer until the late autumn, when the sun seems to dye them with deeper shades.

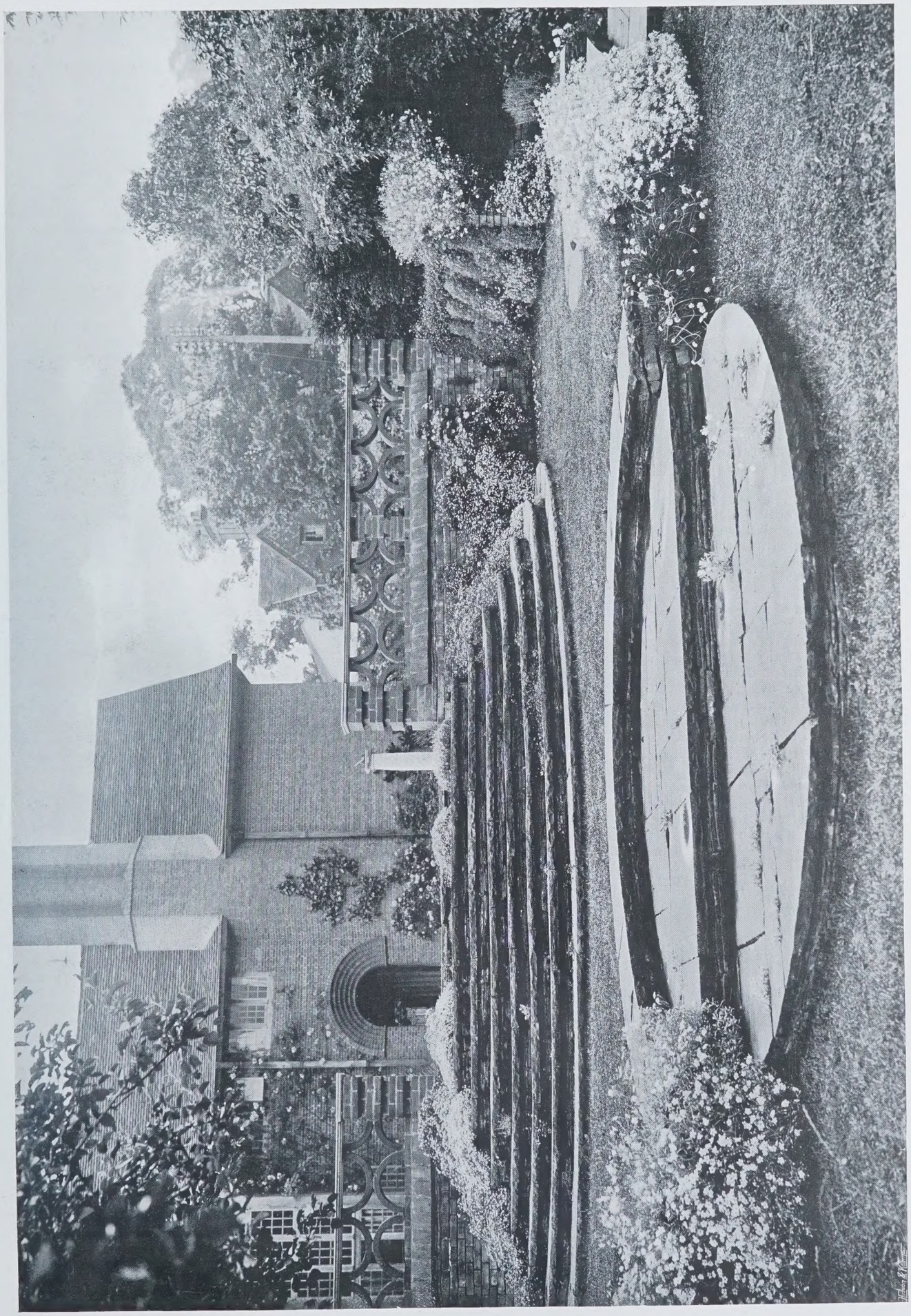
ROSES AND LAVENDER.

On the left of the garden entrance a vigorous plant is shown trailing its way to the eaves, and it will surprise even the learned rosarian when he is told that the rose is Fortune's Yellow. It is on a south aspect, and was planted a little over three years ago; during this period it has succeeded in covering a space of 20ft. Hundreds of flowers are open at the time of writing. The beautiful shades of apricot and rose have made this one of the longed-for plants of the garden or greenhouse, in which it is usually planted. There must be many gardens in England in which Fortune's Yellow rose would succeed as well as in this favoured corner, and relieve the monotony of jasmine, clematis, and wistaria. It is necessary, as we have written before, to begin well, giving for Fortune's rose a soil composed of yellow loam and well-decayed cow-manure, with plenty of brick rubble to allow superfluous moisture to escape.

One of the charms of the modern garden is the planting of roses against tree stems, and where an old orchard exists of which the fruit is accounted of little consequence, no more beautiful way could be devised of growing the vigorous climbing varieties—Bennett's Seedling, Carmine Pillar, Crimson Rambler, Electra, Dundee Rambler, Paul's White, Mme. Alfred Carrière, and the lovely Penzance Briars, Amy Robsart and Anne of Geierstein, with foliage as fragrant as the common sweet briar. There is an old orchard of this description in the garden of which we are now thinking, and so successful has been the planting that it may be instructive to give the following hints: Before planting take out a hole on the best side of the tree about 3ft. square and 2ft. deep and fill it with good loam, some well-decayed manure, and road sand to lighten the soil. The soil round the plant should be slightly lower than the surroundings to prevent moisture from escaping, as without this precaution the roses would probably die. An orchard of roses is a fairyland of flowers, trails of bloom hanging from the leafy branches and lighting up the trees with a galaxy of colouring. Perhaps the rose may be the Crimson Rambler, and then is the tree aglow with the most vivid colour the rose can reveal. It is possible, with reasonable attention to pruning and watering, to achieve this result in three or four years.

The rose is grown in almost every conceivable way in this little garden—it is not more than one and a-half acres—and no picture is fairer in June than the Garland rose draping a sunny terrace wall. The warm white flower clusters are suggestive of a snow-drift; but to see the rose in perfect beauty one must be early astir in the garden, and catch the shell-pink colouring on the opening buds, which disappears as the sun expands them at midday. It is an old garden rose, but not eclipsed in effect by the newer kinds of recent years.

It is needful to live in this garden to catch the flowers of the seasons, from the opening of the first daffodils in the grass beneath the apple trees, to the misty blues of starwort late in September, and no other garden which we have yet visited has shown so well the charm of growing flowers in the wall. The wall gardens here, for such they may be called, are a paradise of little alpines from the mountains of Europe, and the experiments made with things usually confined to borders have proved most interesting and instructive. Early in the year the aubrietia and the alyssum are drifts of blue and yellow, and looking through the orchard to the walls, peeps of brilliant colouring break in here and there, sometimes amongst colonies of saxifrages, wild pinks, and stonecrops, which are as green as the grass in spring while winter still lingers. It is all very natural and inspiring, and we wish everyone with dreary wall spaces, without even a homely snapdragon to give them life, could see these walls of flowers, and



IN A BERKSHIRE GARDEN.

the astonishing beauty that the wise planting of the best kinds can give. Most of the plants were from seed and seedlings raised in a cold frame. The seed is mixed with soil, which is rammed into chinks and crevices in the wall, and sometimes a brick or stone may be removed here and there to let in the plant, but always make the roots perfectly secure in plenty of good soil to hasten fresh growth. A hundred rock and garden plants are grown in the terrace walls, and it is surely surprising that this means of growing certain flowers was not thought of generations ago. Object-lessons are provided on many a castle keep, where the wild carnation, and the crimson valerian hang in drifts from the crumbling stones.

Experimenting with plants in walls brings many surprises. The dainty little violetta pansy that we plant in the crevices of stone paving and as an edging to formal beds is quite happy in the wall, and the same may be written of the ordinary sweet violet, which grows with so great a vigour that severe restriction is necessary after the first year. Where the surrounding walls have to be considered it is frequently possible to grow the less rampant of the rambler roses, and to bring into use the foxglove, mullein, phlomis, and plants of larger growth than the little violas of the Alps. The enthusiastic gardener is generally the most successful, but in wall gardening enthusiasm is likely to lead to serious mistakes. Overplanting or grouping things of modest and vigorous growth does not always make for success, the stronger strangling the weaker. Week by week the wall gardens should be thoroughly inspected to discover whether the smaller plants, which are frequently the most beautiful, are undisturbed or weeds have found a foothold. Nothing will run more quickly to neglect than the wall garden, but nothing is more beautiful when in the hands of an intelligent gardener, who will in the evenings of hot days send a gentle spray of water over the plants to prevent scorching from the sun.

This, the first of the most interesting hardy flower gardens we hope to describe, is so complete, that not only are the borders arranged in the most beautiful harmonies of colour, but the small water space available is filled with the hybrid water-lilies, whose flowers, like floating jewels, open throughout the summer months, flowers of crimson, yellow, white, and lurid purplish hues which seem to glow in the midday sun. Gardening such as this presents few difficulties. The roses must be chosen with care, and in just the right colourings, so that no harsh or unpleasant association is possible; and when the rose-beds have pansies as an undergrowth, the closest attention must be paid to the selection, if an unhappy mixture is to be avoided. Think out the intended planting thoroughly, choose the best plants, give them a good start, and care for them afterwards—then will gardening not prove "love's labour lost."

GOLF: THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP.

THERE was a keen easterly wind which grew stronger, unlike most of its kind, towards the end of the day, and the greens, too, were very keen and slippery; still, it seems as if on that first day of the open championship some one or other of all the notable men in that very large field ought to have gone round the St. Andrews course, which all the critics have told us has grown easier and is so lacking in side hazards, in less than eighty strokes. Nobody did so. Obviously Taylor ought to have done it. His approach to the seventeenth hole, which he pitched (and thereby violated all the traditions which demand that this approach shall be run, and not pitched), was a shade too hard and went into the road. He took two to get out, took seven to the hole, and missed a putt on the last green. Therewith he was 80, and at that tied with Harry Vardon, who also missed a putt at the last hole, and with Herd and Walter Toogood. There were several at 81, including Braid, Massey, Sherlock, and young Reid from La Boulie. The best of the amateurs, by a long way, was Mr. Graham, at 82. The amateur champion was 90. So far none of these who were likely to be "in it" had done anything to put themselves out of it, nor were any of the best appreciably ahead of the others. The result was just as open as when the first shot was fired. One of the less famous of the players, whose score for the first round was 81, was Rowland Jones, professional to the Wimbledon Park Club, whose chief claim to fame is that he beat Taylor in the Walton Heath tournament a while ago There were only three men who could get round under 80 on the second day —Rowland Jones, who did 77; Braid with 78; and Kinnell, whose first round had been 82, with 79. The wind still blew keenly from the east, and the greens grew more and more keen and tricky. So Jones led at the end of the second round with a total of 158. Braid was next at 159. Massey, who had done 81 and 80, was equal third with Kinnell at 161. Of the four leaders at 80 on the first day, Vardon and Herd scored 82 each at their second venture, Toogood 83, and Taylor 85. Thomson was equal with the two former at 162, Gray equalled Toogood at 163, and Park, Williamson, and Sherlock were level with Taylor at 165. This was the position of the leaders at the beginning of the third day's play, when two rounds had to be played for the final decision. And of the amateurs only one was left even nominally in the running—within, that is to say, fifteen strokes of the leading man. This was Mr. Graham with a total of 167. It was a bad record for the amateurs, and a worse one than they ought to have made; but doubtless the conditions of play were very difficult. One begins to permit one's self just a suspicion of wonder whether on a very keen green there is so much virtue, after all, in the rubber-cored

DAVID CUTHBERT ON THE WAY TO THE 15th.

A DRIVE BY BRAID, THE WINNER.

ball. How would the old "Eclipse" have served the players under the circumstances? These, however, are but vain speculations.

The scores at this point rather indicated the ultimate result. Fine player as Jones is, one hardly expects, from a man of comparatively little experience in these big competitions, the unwearying steadiness that alone can lead to victory, and it was failure to keep absolutely steady, a visit to a bunker, with its result of slight demoralisation, that lost him the first place. His first round on the final day was 87, and it was much to his credit that with a round so bad as this in his score he could yet take equal second place with Taylor. His last round of 78 was a fine effort. Taylor, as has been seen, had put himself so far behind, by his 85 for his second round, that unless the leaders did something disastrous it was morally impossible for him to be first. He layed fine golf on the final day, but one of the leaders avoided disaster, so Taylor could not get near him, and James Braid for the second time is champion, and won with four strokes to spare. His first round on the last day, which was a better one for golf than its forerunners, put him into a very sound position. He finished in 78. In his last round he started poorly, with two fives, and had two bad holes at the fifteenth and sixteenth, visiting the railway at both, and taking six to each of them. With that exception his game was both far and sure, and a total of 81 made him an easy winner. It was a win well deserved and very popular. He was in his own county of Fife, for he learned the first lessons of his great game at Elie in the south of that so-called kingdom. It is his second win, for he was first at Muirfield in 1901. The score of 318 does not look well in comparison with Taylor's winning score of 309, when the championship was last played at St. Andrews; but the course was stretched to its very utmost, the east wind blew keenly and made putting on the greens, which were very fast after a long spell of dry weather, exceedingly "kittle" work, as the Scot calls it. Lovers of St. Andrews will be pleased that their course was not made to look too simple by a number of returns in the neighbourhood of 70, which had often been forecasted, and the forecast might not have been wrong had the weather conditions been different. As it is, the event shows that even in these days of golfing accuracy there is still a blessed element of uncertainty remaining in the game, even as played by the best.

Other prize winners were J. Kinnell with 324, and Massey and Gray with 325. Harry Vardon was 329, and White, last year's champion, 335; and not a single amateur returned a card for the total of the four rounds. It is a sad affair. Mr. John Ball, it is true, was not playing, but he seems to be hardly at his best, and his presence might have made no difference, for he is not a lover of the keen and "kittle" green. HORACE HUTCHINSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE COLOUR OF BIRDS' EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In course of the correspondence on this interesting subject in your paper, one of the writers, signing himself "L. G.," mentions that he has often found nests in which one egg has been of distinctly paler hue than the others of the same clutch. This fact he has noticed in the clutches of several quite different species, and adds that it would be interesting to know whether this paler egg was the last or the first laid, if, indeed, any order was to be observed. It is a fact that I have not noticed, but have little doubt that further observation, which might easily be given, would show that the paler egg was the last laid, if any regular order at all was kept. And I infer this for this reason, that if you go on taking the eggs of any bird judiciously, so that it does not desert but continues to lay, the eggs become gradually paler and paler, as if the pigment cells were gradually exhausted. Of many species—the great spotted woodpecker is one—it is confidently asserted that the eggs of a second clutch, often laid in the same hole after the first has been taken, are always smaller than the first. With regard to the colour of cuckoo's eggs, the reason of the variation seems impossible to discover. All suggested hypotheses fail. It is the exception rather than the rule, in this country at least, that the egg has any resemblance to that of the bird in whose nest it is laid. Perhaps the most singular fact of all is that whereas hedge-sparrows' and redstarts' nests are about the most favourite resorts for the cuckoo to lay its eggs in, and whereas the eggs of both these kinds are blue, and of a very similar blue, the cuckoo's egg found in a redstart's nest is almost always of the same colour as that of the native eggs; but the cuckoo's egg in a hedge-sparrow's nest is hardly ever blue. In Southern Europe, where the nest of the Orphean warbler is, perhaps, the most favoured by the cuckoo, the egg of the interloper is almost always a copy, on a little larger scale, of that of the rightful owner. I am aware that Seebohm threw some doubt on these cuckoo's eggs in the Orphean warbler's nest, suggesting the possibility that they were a larger variety of the egg of the warbler itself; but I think the commonly-accepted view now is that they really are genuine cuckoo's eggs. Neither the "colour sensitiveness" theory nor the "protective colouring" theory suffices to account for the vagaries of the colour of cuckoo's eggs. It is not, indeed, clear that they give a very adequate account of the colouring of any eggs. The "protective colouring" theory means, of course, that the trend of natural selection tends to eliminate those birds that do not lay eggs that harmonise with their surroundings, so as to be inconspicuous. The "colour sensitiveness" theory is based on the idea that a bird that sees blue —*i.e.*, the blue sky overhead—while it is laying, will lay blue eggs; if spotty leaves intervene, then blue eggs with spots; if crossed twigs, then blue eggs with streaks; if it lays in the dark, then eggs with an absence of colour, *i.e.*, white eggs; and so on. It is supported by the experiments that show that animals which naturally change colour to match their surroundings, do not do so nearly as quickly when their eyes are covered as when they are open. But neither hypothesis is quite satisfactory. I may add that in the opinion of a very able naturalist indeed, the late Mr. Fergusson of Nairn, who had taken a vast amount of knowledge of oology at first hand from Nature, a certain disease of the ovary resulted in the laying of a blue egg by every kind of bird, no matter what the normal colour of its egg might be.—HORACE HUTCHINSON.

ARRIVAL OF THE MIGRANTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having seen the letter of "Lichen Grey" in your issue of May 20th, *re* arrival of the swallow, I am sending you a list of dates, kept since 1891, with the exception of 1898, when I was abroad, and 1899, when I was travelling. The last six years were all in Berkshire, the previous ones being divided between Yorkshire and Somerset:

	Swallow.		*Cuckoo.*		*Swallow.*		*Cuckoo.*
1891.	April 26	...	April 23	1900.	April 28	...	April 21
1892.	,, 25	...	,, 26	1901.	,, 19	...	,, 10
1893.	,, 25	...	,, 24	1902.	,, 13	...	,, 16
1894.	,, 26	...	,, 9	1903.	May 2	...	,, 28
1895.	,, 25	...	,, 26	1904.	,, 3	...	,, 16
1896.	,, 18	...	,, 21	1905.	April 12	...	,, 11
1897.	,, 26	...	,, 20				

You will observe that in most instances the cuckoo was in advance of the swallow, but the majority of my dates are later than those of your correspondent.—C. M. W.

NATURE NOTES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following notes and remarks may be of interest. With reference to your paper on May 27th *re* the falling off in number of migrants, certainly in my neighbourhood of South Wales there is a great scarcity this year of spotted fly-catchers and redstarts, but such birds as chiffchaffs, willow, wood, grasshopper, and blackcap warblers are at least as plentiful as usual. Cuckoos and nightjars are also quite normal in number. Now as regards slugs. During this spring, on a small rockery 10yds. long and 8ft. high, over 350 were captured in a short time by means of half potatoes, hollowed out, and placed near the favourite food-plants, such as Iris pumila, Silene shafta, etc. Soot I find practically useless, as the first shower washes it away. To the list of birds mentioned (June 3rd) which feed upon slugs should be added the wood-pigeon. I have seen one of these birds on a lawn heavy with dew pick up over four dozen slugs. When examining the potatoes in the morning, a good and clean way of destroying the slugs is to drop them into a jug containing a strong solution of salt or permanganate of potash and water; in fact, I use the latter mixture for watering certain plants occasionally; it kills slugs, earthworms, etc., and cures the Iris family of its fungoid diseases in a short time. When destroying slugs, care should be taken not to kill those which have a small flat oval shell near their tails, these being carnivorous and not vegetarian, feeding upon earthworms, or, failing them, other slugs. This spring a wren, having just completed and lined with feathers her nest, was effectually evicted by a humble bee which took and kept possession. There have been a remarkable number of albino plants noticed this year, including Scilla nutans, Pedicularis sylvatica, Ajuga reptens, Vicia sepium, Veronica chamædrys and montana, Orchis mascula, maculata, morio, and others.—HORTIS.

BIRDS AT THE SCILLY ISLANDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I be allowed to add a word or two to your interesting notes in the Summer Number of COUNTRY LIFE on the birds in the Scilly Islands? The gannet is mentioned there as a doubtful breeder on the islands. There can, I think, be no doubt whatever that the gannet does not breed there. Its most southerly breeding-place, I think, is Lundy Island, although in the winter it wanders down as far south as the Canary Islands, and is often in great numbers about Madeira. The frequency of the Great Northern diver off the islands of Scilly might have been mentioned. It is hardly possible at any time—except in their breeding season, when they are away in the North—to cross over from St. Mary's Island to Tresco without seeing several of these fine birds. A singular fact of bird-habit is to be observed any evening after the arrival of the shearwaters—that is to say, about Easter of this year. All along the Channel north of Annet Island they may be seen in very large numbers, all following each other in a single line of flight from south-east to north-west. Not a bird is ever to be seen moving in the opposite direction. Perhaps they are all making for some known roosting-place out in the sea, and perhaps at dawn they might be seen winging their way in the opposite direction; but the evening flight is watched more conveniently. The most notable ornithological finds ever made at Scilly are a specimen of the Kildeer plover and of the American bittern. Of the identity of these birds there is no question. Mr. Dorrien-Smith has both specimens stuffed at Tresco Abbey.—H.

THE RING-OUSEL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It would be interesting to know whether any observers have noticed a decrease of ring-ousels nesting this season. To-day I went over a favourite nesting-ground of theirs, where usually many pairs are to be met with, and saw no signs of a single bird. I noted the ring-ousels for the first time this year on April 3rd. A few days after there was a snowstorm almost unprecedented for the time of year, and so I am afraid this must have killed large numbers of the mountain blackbird.—SETON P. GORDON, F.Z.S.

BLACKBIRDS.

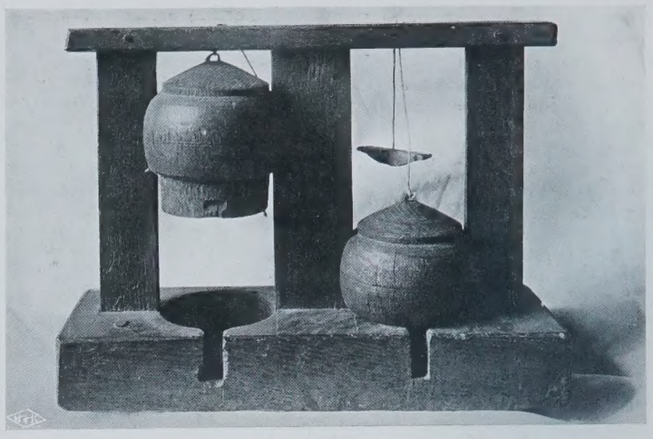
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I notice a correspondent, "W. L.," in your issue of May 6th, mentions that it is unusual for a blackbird to return to the same nest two years following. I only know of one instance, but that, I think, is sufficiently remarkable to be worth recording. A blackbird reared three broods in the same nest last year in the honeysuckle on one side of our house, and is now sitting on the third clutch of eggs this season in the old nest. I have noticed that after bringing each brood out into the world, she devotes herself to them for five or six days, after which she commences to lay the next batch, and the cock bird is left in charge of the young family. This year the second family left the nest on Monday, May 15th. The first egg of No. 3 was laid on Saturday, the 20th. She began to sit on Saturday, the 27th. At this rate there is time for four, or even five, broods this season.—Z. H. B., Bedford.

A CURIOUS MOUSE-TRAP.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

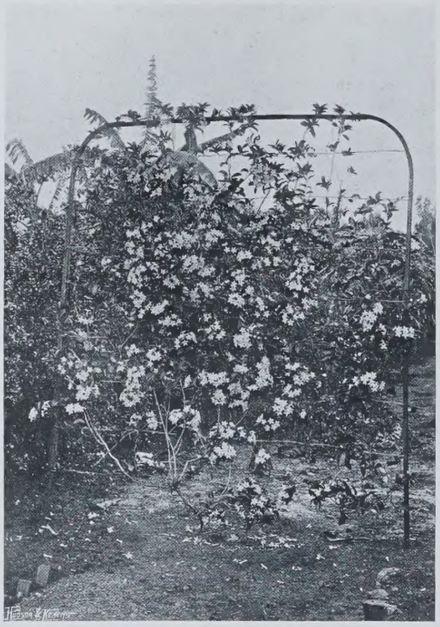
Sir,—This strange machine was bought at the sale of an old woman's belongings who was leaving the cottage, in an out-of-the-way village, where she and her ancestors, to the third and fourth generation, had lived their lives—lives uneventful as far as the world was concerned, but no doubt as full of interest to themselves as those of statesmen or travellers. The cottage contained some antique treasures, sufficient to attract quite a number of bidders, but few of them seemed to attach much importance to the roughly-made curiosity shown in the photograph, and, as far as the writer knows, it is unique. The former owner declares it was her grandmother's, and was always called "the mouse-trap," but that it had not been used for a very long time. If any of your readers can make out how such an apparently-simple device for the destruction of these household pests is set, first to entice, and secondly to capture, they will be more clever than—E. Broughton.



LANDRAILS SHAMMING DEAD.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

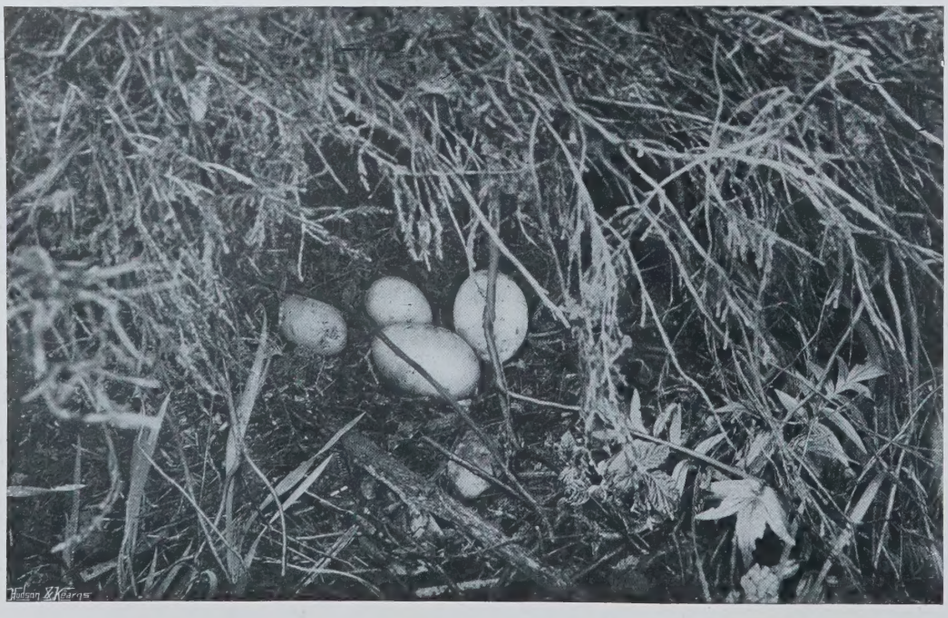
Sir,—There must be very good grounds for the repetition of the belief that the landrail, when frightened, feigns death. It appears in many books and is generally believed, but personally I have not met anyone who has seen them do this, unless perhaps on one occasion. We were shooting over dogs in Devonshire in September, in a field where patches of clover were left, though the field was partly mown. A setter was "roading" about, evidently after a landrail, and one of the guns presently stooped and picked the bird up, saying that he "saw it squatting." Perhaps it was shamming dead. Feigning death, though not uncommon among certain mammals, such as the American opossum, a small fox of the pampas in the Argentine, is rarely seen among birds, though instances have been known in which the bittern has done this, or something very like it, and been picked up for dead when only slightly wounded. Both the landrail and the water-rail, on the other hand, are very odd birds in another way. Instances are known showing that when captured they become tame in a few minutes and will feed readily. A few years ago a landrail was picked up in the road apparently injured. It was in reality suffering from paralysis of the legs, but seemed otherwise well. It was offered a fly when held in the hand, and readily took it. Later it was carried about and stretching out its neck would pick daddy-longs off the mown grass. It showed no fear at all, but died on the third day. Mr. G. Stevenson quotes a rather similar story about a water-rail taken by Mr. A. Newton at Elvedon in midwinter. Some soaked bread was put into its bill, and in a few minutes it began to pick bits of bread from his fingers. On his setting it down on the floor, with the saucer before it, it went fairly to work, and then soon made itself at home, running about the room, and showing great inquisitiveness. It examined every corner, tried to scramble into all sorts of impossible places, perched on the cross-rails of chairs, jumped up to the windows—when, of course, it was much surprised by the nature of glass—finishing every tour of inspection by a visit to the saucer, and now and then walking deliberately to the fireplace, where it shook its feathers and dozed, in evident enjoyment of the warmth. With all this, it only lived a short time.—Crex.



VEGETATION IN SOUTH RHODESIA.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—South Rhodesia lies between the parallels of 16deg. and 22deg. in the Southern Hemisphere, and one would expect that the vegetation would correspond to that of India or the West Indies in the Northern Hemisphere. It is to be remembered, however, that the altitude of this country is about 4,000ft., and nowhere approaches the sea within 100 miles, so that the vegetation has more the characteristics of a subtropical region. In the lower lying portions of the country, it is true, one finds palms and plantains and forests with their interwined monkey ropes, which remind one of a more tropical region, as is the case at Umitali and South Melsetter on the Eastern boundary, and along the rivers which empty themselves into the Zambesi on the North. For the most part, however, the country is a breezy upland, with miles of grass-clad acres, dotted with trees of no great stature. It is in striking contrast to the Karoo veldt, where there are few trees and little vegetation beyond the Karoo bush, and it seems an ideal country for sheep pasture. The grasses are many and varied, and have already been collected to the number of seventy or eighty. When the long grass is kept down, a short and rapidly-spreading grass takes its place, and fine lawns, which would be the envy of any other colony in South Africa, are the result. But this note is written more with a view to showing what plants which have been introduced into the country have flourished. The native flowers which come up in such profusion at the end of the long spell of seven months' dry weather indicate that bulbous roots are common, and these are characteristic of the greatest part of the plants here. They take advantage of the succeeding five months of rain, either to form new bulbs or to increase the bulk of the old ones. In time some of the bulbs assume enormous proportions. One would expect that foreign bulbous plants would succeed here, and this is so. Dahlias, for example, grow exceedingly well, and it is common to see old rubbish-heaps that have been thrown out of gardens covered with dahlia blooms. Gladioli, too, of which there are one or two native specimens, grow in great luxuriance, and so also do gloxinias, begonias, liliums, and many others. Cannas can be grown in any quantity and to any state of perfection, and would produce seed sufficient for the whole of the gardens of Britain. Some foreign flowers have become veritable weeds. Cosmos, which succeeds only partially in the Colonies further south, is in full bloom in Salisbury in the present month (March), and grows all along the ditches, and over vacant stands, delighting the eye everywhere. The convolvulus, of which there are many native varieties, has become rather a nuisance, and the zinnia and tobacco plant are hard to keep under. This last fact indicates how tobacco grows in Rhodesia, and how likely it is soon to be a most valuable asset of the country. Rhodesian tobacco is finding favour all over South Africa. Very careful attention is paid to its culture, and good curing has already produced most valuable specimens, so that in a short time Rhodesian tobacco will appear on the London market.—Rhodesian.



THE GOOSANDER.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—I am enclosing a photograph which, I think, will be of interest to your readers. It is a goosander's nest, which is very rarely found in Great Britain. The extraordinary thing about it is that there were two goosanders' eggs in it, one fresh, and the other probably last year's, and there were also two pheasants' eggs in it, which appeared fairly fresh. I found several old nests near by. When their haunt is visited at this season, the hen goosanders fly to and fro in large circles, uttering a soft quacking note. The favourite nesting site seems to be under a small clump of long overhanging heather, as I found several old nests in such situations. The goosander is an extremely quick flier.—Seton P. Gordon.

COUNTRY LIFE

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MISS MARGARET IRBY.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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THE . . . . FOURTH INTERNATIONAL . ORNITHOLOGICAL CONGRESS.

THERE be some who are inclined to look askance at Congresses, regarding them as a snare and a delusion: an excuse for junketings, and a rallying-place for amateurs and dilettanti. We do not share these views; on the contrary, we feel sure that they perform a great service in bringing together workers who have hitherto known one another only by proxy, so to speak—through the medium of scientific journals, or by personal correspondence. Certainly this is true of the Fourth International Ornithological Congress, which has just finished its session in London. Canada, America, France, Germany, Italy, Sweden, Hungary, Holland, and Belgium were all represented; and besides these, workers from all parts of the British Islands were brought together to renew old friendships and to form new. This in itself is a good thing, but many came who brought able papers for the kindly criticism of those who, feeling diffident as to their own work, were content to become good listeners.

First of all we must refer to the address of the President, Dr. R. Bowdler Sharpe. As this was of considerable length, he wisely refrained from reading it *in extenso;* instead, he gave a brief outline of its contents, which embraced two widely different topics—the birth and growth of the British Museum, with especial reference to the natural history department, and the question of geographical distribution, in so far as it concerns birds. The original collection in our State Museum contained some 1,100 specimens, not one of which now remained, for owing to the imperfect methods of preservation in vogue in those days, every single bird had fallen in pieces. From this small nucleus, Dr. Sharpe told us, the collection had steadily grown, till to-day it reached a number something over 400,000. This grand total, he pointed out, was the result largely of the generosity of private collectors, among whom the late Lord Tweeddale and Dr. F. P. Godman held foremost place. This address promises, when read in its entirety, to prove both extremely entertaining and a historical document of lasting importance. It is, we think, a matter for regret that more papers were not submitted on the work of museums with relation to ornithology. Dr. Dwight of New York contributed two extremely interesting papers on peculiarly difficult subjects—"The Significance of Sequence in Moults and Plumages," and "Some Phases of Wear in Feathers." These are subjects which promise to yield a rich harvest to the patient investigator, yet in this country they have received but scant attention, though many of our commonest native birds illustrate some of the more remarkable exceptions to the general rule of moults and the phases of immature dress. How many, for example, of our field ornithologists could describe the phases of plumage which the gannet alone passes through before attaining maturity? Yet there are persons who often indulge in the cheap amusement of sneering at what they are pleased to call the "Closet naturalist"!

Mr. J. E. Bonhote gave an admirable summary of the experiments he is conducting on the hybridisation of ducks, illustrated by lantern slides. Though too complex for the majority of his hearers to follow, when presented with the facts in the necessarily rapid survey he was compelled to give, yet all agreed that these experiments had yielded very substantial results. It now remains for Mr. Bonhote to bring his work into line with the recently-conducted experiments in "Mendelism." Or rather, perhaps, we should say, it remains to be seen how far Mr. Bonhote's work will support Mendel's theory, about which we shall have something to say shortly. The present writer also endeavoured to show the importance of the study of nestling birds with regard to the question of the evolution of this group. Bird protection very properly came in for its share of attention. This very difficult problem was discussed from many points of view. Mr. Frank Lemon gave a lucid summary of the ridiculous anomalies to be found in our present systems of legislation in his paper on "The Rationale of Bird Protection," which gave rise to considerable discussion. The very last act of the Congress, indeed, was concerned with this question of protection, inasmuch as the whole Congress, just before being dismissed, passed a resolution that a telegram should be sent to the Commonwealth of Australia urging that the nefarious traffic in penguin oil should at once be stopped. Not only are the petrels and penguins of the Auckland and Macquarie Islands in danger of being exterminated, but it has come to light that they are being done to death under circumstances of the most devilish cruelty, of a nature that seems too horrible to record in cold print. It is to be hoped that speedy measures will be taken to remedy the evil. For the first time, we believe, in the history of the Ornithological Congress "Aviculture" found a place in its deliberations, Mr. D. Seth Smith reading a most useful and instructive paper on "The Importance of Aviculture as an Aid to the Study of Ornithology." This was undoubtedly a valuable contribution to a most neglected subject. We are, indeed, thanks to the labours of a few ornithologists in this country, such as Mr. Seth Smith himself, Mr. Bonhote, Mr. Meade Waldo, and Drs. Butler and Creswell, slowly beginning to realise how much is to be learned by a careful study of birds in captivity. But, perhaps, the great feature of the Congress was the lecture by the Hon. Walter Rothschild on "Extinct and Vanishing Birds." This will long be remembered as a masterly exposition of a very difficult subject, illustrated in a manner absolutely unique in the history of ornithology. To hear this lecture the whole Congress was conveyed, by the generosity of Mr. Rothschild, by special train to his museum at Tring Park. Here, in a large hall, were gathered together a vast collection of birds either already extinct or on the way to become so, and these were inspected at the conclusion of the lecture. Among the more remarkable of these exhibits were skeletons of the Dinornis and Œpyornis, and stuffed examples of the rare Labrador duck, the black emu, and the starling of Reunion (Fregilupus), both of which have become extinct within recent times. The disappearance of the Labrador duck is involved in mystery. A few years ago it was a common bird in the American markets—so common that, of the few specimens preserved in the American Museum of Natural History, only one was obtained from a source other than this. Suddenly the market supply ceased, and enquiry showed that this fact was due to the very good and sufficient reason that there were no more Labrador ducks to be had! Of the dwarf black emu only two skins are known. The Californian condor and the ivory-billed woodpecker and laughing owl (Sceloglaux) were also represented here. If these birds have not ceased to exist, they are very near their end. The number of birds in danger of extermination is unfortunately a large one, and this was brought home with a painful suddenness by the specimens displayed here.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Miss Margaret Irby, daughter of the late Colonel Howard and Mrs. Irby. Miss Irby is engaged to be married to Sir Morgan Crofton, Bart., of Mohill Castle, Leitrim, who is at present serving in the 2nd Life Guards.

COUNTRY NOTES

IT is not possible to read an utterance of the Czar of Russia without feeling as if one had been listening to a voice from the Middle Ages—a voice sounding in a world where all else had grown discordant with it. "My will is the sovereign and unalterable will," he says with sublime egotism, to the deputation which waited on him to ask that a national assembly should be called. Yet in his condescension he is willing that this wish of the people, which has been carried out in every other civilised country, "the admission," he goes on to say, "of elected representatives to the works of the State will be regularly accomplished," and he was good enough to add "I watch every day and devote myself to this work." The Czar, as a matter of fact, is something in the nature of a puzzle to Christendom. At times he has shown himself capable of the most generous impulses, and has almost seemed a fitted potentate to lead a humanitarian crusade in Europe, but at other times the traditions of his office seem to overwhelm him, and he is unable to conceive of any limitation to his power. One would have thought that the experience gained during the war with Japan would have opened his eyes and those of his great officers of State. If these events do not succeed in producing such an effect just now, it may be taken for certain that they will accomplish something of the kind in the next generation. Russians of the future could not possibly grow up in the old childish belief in the omnipotence of the Czar and the untarnished superiority of the Russian arms.

The question above all others that has beaten scientific enquiry is that of the origin of life. Over and over again philosophers seem to be on the point of discovering it, only to find that they had been on the wrong tack, and that their labours had all to be begun over again. Of late there have been three possible theories. One was that life was a supernatural gift to the world, the objection to it being not that the supernatural was impossible, but that the divine force which ruled the world had in every other way worked by natural and intelligible means. The second theory was that of spontaneous generation, it being held that as the earth cooled it would gradually approach the condition in which life would come naturally. The objection to this was that chemistry, or science of any kind, had been unable to reproduce such conditions of heat and moisture as would lead to the appearance of the phenomenon of life. The third view, which was accepted by Lord Kelvin, was that life had been accidentally carried to this planet by some meteorite—a theory equally incapable of proof or disproof. This, roughly speaking, was the condition of the controversy with which the names of Tyndall, Huxley, Pasteur, Weismann, and others are inseparably associated.

Only the other day, however, a newspaper came out with the startling announcement—not conveyed in a casual paragraph, but in several columns of matter—that the origin of life had been actually discovered, sub-headings to the main title being "Momentous Discovery by an English Scientist" and "Spontaneous Generation." On examining the grounds on which this remarkable statement was made the enquirer was bound to be a little disappointed. It appears that Mr. John Butler Burke has been for some time engaged in experiments at the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, and that by means of radium and sterilised bouillon placed together in a test tube he has succeeded in getting cultures "which present many of the appearances of vitality, such as growth and subdivision." We are afraid that the journalists who are responsible for this statement have exaggerated the position taken up by Mr. Burke himself, who, although he has obtained some remarkable results, does not draw such a very sweeping inference from them. In his own words, he says, "What has been done has suggested vitality. I do not put it higher than that." His idea is that from the point which has now been reached workers in the future may carry on the investigations, and may at some time—it may be a century or it may be thousands of years hence—find out the secret of how life came to the earth. It is a modest hope not by any means impossible of fulfilment, and it has the advantage of opening up a long vista to scientific investigators, at the end of which they may in imagination see the solution of the greatest mystery that exists at the present moment. But to go further than this would be rash indeed.

ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

The grey-green seas, the winds that blow
On misty cliffs and silted sand,
The English coast-line, bleak and low,
We quitted for a southern land.

For large white caps, straw-filled sabots,
Where blue seas break on a Breton strand;
For moated towns, and old chateaux
That over gleaming rivers stand.

For fishing fleets, the argosies
Of village wealth, that come and go,
Brown-sailed, before the sunset breeze;
For ox teams, pacing soft and slow.

And if you ask me which should please
The better, truth I scarce do know,
The misty cliffs, the grey-green seas,
Or foreign streets and old chateaux.

G. M. G.

Mr. Rider Haggard's report on the Salvation Army colonies in the United States is a document of the utmost importance to all who have the welfare of the country at heart. It will be remembered that the well-known novelist, who is also an acknowledged expert on the land question, was commissioned by Mr. Lyttelton on January 21st to "Report on the Salvation Army colonies in the United States and at Hadleigh, England, with Scheme of National Land Settlement." Before saying anything about Mr. Haggard's recommendations it may be as well to glance for a moment at his diagnosis of the disease which the State has attempted to cure. He has a dislike, almost amounting to horror, of the great towns that have swollen so enormously during the last quarter of a century. The poverty, sickness, and vices rampant in urban communities have impressed themselves indelibly on his mind. Corresponding with the aversion with which they filled him is his recognition of the fact that the English rural labourers are constantly migrating to towns. The reason he gives for this is that in a majority of cases village-born folk come to cities, and in many instances remain in them because they can find no opportunity to succeed upon the land.

In all this the commissioner is animated by the very sentiment that animated Sir Thomas Bernard and Mr. Wilberforce when, in the last half of the eighteenth century, they advocated the principle of allotments on the ground laid down by a witness before the House of Commons that "It keeps the cottagers buoyant and makes them industrious." Mr. Haggard's point, if we understand him rightly, is that the conditions of the present day render the cottager hopeless and despairing. He sees no outlet on the land, and therefore is ever ready to seize the first occasion to go to the city. In this, no doubt, there is a certain amount of truth, and on it is founded the desire for the creation of the small holdings and the multiplication of the allotments in Great Britain. But it is not an exhaustive statement. Owing to the modern education which is given not only by schools, but by facilities for cheap travel, the rustic has become much more intolerant of dulness than were his predecessors, and it is useless to deny that there are many thousands of them who would see no allurement in the country whatsoever the economic conditions might be. There is, however, a residue who would gladly escape from the sordid struggle of the towns, and it is for their benefit that Mr. Rider Haggard has outlined a scheme which we hope will find favour with the English people and their Government, as it has already received acceptance from President Roosevelt in the United States and from Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

This is a scheme for the emigration and establishment of the English indigent poor in our Colonies. As far as Canada is concerned it is evident that the utmost facilities will be afforded. The experiment has this in its favour, that on the whole it has proved a success in the United States, where three land colonies have been established by the Salvation Army, one at Fort Romie in California, one at Fort Amity in Colorado, and the third at Fort Herrick in Ohio. Mr. Haggard does not conceal the fact that certain mistakes have been made, as was inevitably to be expected, but he sees no reason for a

repetition of these if, with the benefit of the United States' experiment behind us, we should try the same thing in Canada. The slight financial drawback has been overcome, and at Fort Amity emigrants are flourishing now who were in indigence a few years ago. Mr. Haggard also states that the experiments "demonstrate in the case of Fort Romie that indigent people of the agricultural labouring class can be settled upon land and there do well, and in the case of Fort Amity that such persons can even be taken there at once and yet prosper."

Thus the ground would seem to be cleared for the commencement of the plan which Mr. Rider Haggard advocates. It should be mentioned that he puts it forward as a suggestion, and that it will no doubt be modified on examination and discussion. Indeed, the matter will require much closer investigation than he has yet been able to give it, as success will depend upon elements which are still undefinable. One of them is the situation of the land which the Canadian Government is willing to grant, and dependent upon this will be the cost of transportation from Great Britain to it. Then the price to be paid will have to be taken into account, and also the attitude of the municipalities, from whom Mr. Rider Haggard seems to expect a grant per head for carrying out the scheme. He would not confine its operation to Canada, or to any one colony, but is equally warm in his recommendation of Rhodesia and South Africa generally. As he farmed in that part of the world himself, and has a knowledge of the conditions that is almost unique, his recommendation in this respect is most valuable. But, as we have already hinted, the scheme will require to be put into concrete terms and placed before Parliament as a Bill to be debated by practical men before it can assume a workable shape. This we say in full recognition of the excellent work that has been accomplished by Mr. Rider Haggard. The country is very greatly indebted to him for the energy and business-like aptitude with which he has attacked this question and placed it so clearly before the British public.

Lord Westbury, speaking from the chair at the annual meeting of the Field Sports Protection and Encouragement Association, dwelt largely on the necessity of better legislation in the interest of the game preserver, and stated that the association was in communication with the Home Office with a view to the amendment of the law in this respect. The association works with the Game Egg Guild in strenuous effort to prevent the sale of stolen eggs, but the stealing is often difficult to prove. In a case, not mentioned at the meeting, of an offender recently caught with a large number of eggs in his cart, his defence was that all were taken from his own land; and though the statement implied an abnormal prodigality in laying of the partridges it was a difficult defence to rebut. We mention this as indicative of the trouble of getting convictions against clever offenders. It is well known that English eggs are sometimes transported across the Channel and reshipped to be sold as foreign eggs. That more extended right of search into consignments of eggs and game should be given the police is one of the desirable amendments to which the association is turning its attention.

The brook garden, or pond garden, through which the waters of the Serpentine run before they disappear underground on their way to the Buckingham Palace lake, is the prettiest and freshest piece of outdoor scenery in London at the present moment. The heavy rains have freshened up the water, and have done no harm to the fine water-side plants, whose tall stems and bold leaves and flowers fringe the margin, while the slope of turf behind is like bright green velvet, only greener. There is a cascade at the top, and all the length of the pool is in gentle motion; but that does not prevent a generous growth of water-weeds, especially duckweed, and green confervæ, such as gold-fish and other carp and little wild ducks and young water-hens love. Water-lilies abound there, too, and by the banks grow clumps of Osmunda fern and yellow iris, and giant hemlock, foxglove, and campanula, while at the back are bushes of wild rose.

On the waters within this fresh and beautiful setting are several broods of young wildfowl of different growths, which may be watched on their native element behaving as confidently as if on the remotest Norfolk mere. A mother wild duck, with a family of ten ducklings only a few weeks old, has evidently not quite lost her misgivings that they can be too much in evidence. As a rule she sets a good example by coasting along near the bank, under the tunnel made by drooping Osmunda and giant leaves of hemlocks and butter-burrs. But the tiny flock of downy infants are so intent on foraging and so active that they dash out in all directions over the water, catching flies and dabbling in the weeds. A water-lily leaf often serves them in place of a raft, on which they stand and preen their down, for not one has a feather. At least two broods of little black water-hens, also still covered with down, are to be seen, and it is said that some dabchicks are also there. The water-hens do not keep together like the ducklings, but scatter over the pool, where they feed and dive independently. The old birds are so tame that they even settle down to wash their feathers in public. On Monday last a young turtle-dove was flying round the pool. Possibly another such garden might be made near the old spring below Kensington Palace.

Midsummmer is by far the best time of year for finding the various kinds of wild orchis, which are as quaint and beautiful in their way as any of the exotic species. They are chiefly to be found in hayfields and among the short natural hay crop of the hills and downs, especially on a chalk or limestone soil. But some of them, like the fantastic butterfly, prefer a shady though open woodland, and the curious fleshy Bird's-nest grows on the bare earth under beeches. The sweetest-scented species are the butterfly and the graceful purple fragrant orchis, the latter being found in hayfields, often in company with the queer green frog. But chalk downs are the best place of all, and very many of the most distinctive, as well as the rarest, species are to be found among their late June flora. They range from the pyramidal, with its stiff Dutch growth, to the beautiful bee, which so remarkably resembles a spike of pink star-like blossoms with a brown bumble-bee settled upon each. It was the bee orchis which drew from Darwin the wish that he could live for a few thousand years in order to see whether, as he believed likely, the flower would eventually die out. For the blossoms are self-fertilised, instead of being cross-fertilised by insects, which method of reproduction has been proved by the great majority of kindred species to be the most successful method in the struggle for existence.

CAMBRIDGE.

There is a city growing very old,
Yet always full of voices very young
A city whose grey glories are wide-flung
Against a sky all silver, blue and gold.
Not half this city's history is told,
Not half her pride and beauty have been sung—
The river, by its silver spans o'erhung,
Knows more than speech or writing can unfold.

The noisy clamours beat against her peace,
But cannot break it; it is held too dear
By hearts across the desert and the deep;
And when the careless voices lightly cease,
Beneath the Gate of Honour one can hear
The dusty centuries whisper in their sleep.

H. PEARL HUMPHRY.

We are now in a position to form a fairly accurate estimate of the fruit crop of the year, and it is matter for regret that nothing but a low one is possible. The extreme cold in the early part of spring, followed as it was by the drought, that brought with it heat by day and a chill at night, have proved inimical to most kinds of English fruit, while the rain arrived somewhat too late to remedy the defect. That favourite fruit the strawberry has perhaps suffered less than others, though, if we are to judge by the prices obtained for the first large consignments from Kent to Covent Garden Market, it does not promise to be cheap this year. The early gooseberries and other bush products, both in quality and in quantity, are rather below the average. If we take the fruit-growing counties in detail we shall find these general conclusions admirably borne out. In Kent the strawberries are plentiful, but they are the only fairly good crop. Almost the same report comes from Hampshire. In Herefordshire, the great cider county, apples are going to be scarce, and plums are below the average, while nearly all the bush fruits are poor. In Cambridgeshire not more than a half crop is promised, and here, as in other parts of East Anglia, the London population of fruit-pickers appears likely to lose its employment this year, though the railway companies had made arrangements to run special trains from the large towns in the neighbourhood, so that there would be no need to accommodate the casual labour as usual. In Worcestershire plums are expected to be a short crop, and plums, we need scarcely say, are the speciality of that county. Apples and pears in Somersetshire were very much injured by the early frosts, but the smaller fruits have done very much better than in some of the other counties. From Scotland we hear very bad reports, cold and drought having practically ruined the crop.

The experiment of opening for some hours on Sunday the New Art Galleries at Glasgow has now had two Sabbath days' trials, and it appears that the really rather courageous step of the Town Council is assured of popular favour. It may be said that the direction of the wind of popular opinion in this regard had been already tested by taking a plebescite of the municipality, but some ultra-Conservatives ventured to express much doubt whether it represented correctly the feeling of the town. Even at

the first opening, however, the gallery quickly became filled by an appreciative assembly, and the second Sabbath opening proved that the novelty was not the only attraction. This Sunday opening is in very large measure due to the efforts, continued for the last quarter of a century and only now crowned with success, of a society instituted in Glasgow with this special object. It is not at all wonderful that it met with much opposition, and, indeed, the surprise perhaps is rather that in a city where the Sabbath is observed with so great a strictness, a majority should favour the opening of the galleries. It is a sign of the times at which the liberal-minded will rejoice, for even those of the strictest sect must admit that some hours of the best of days may be spent in worse places than picture galleries.

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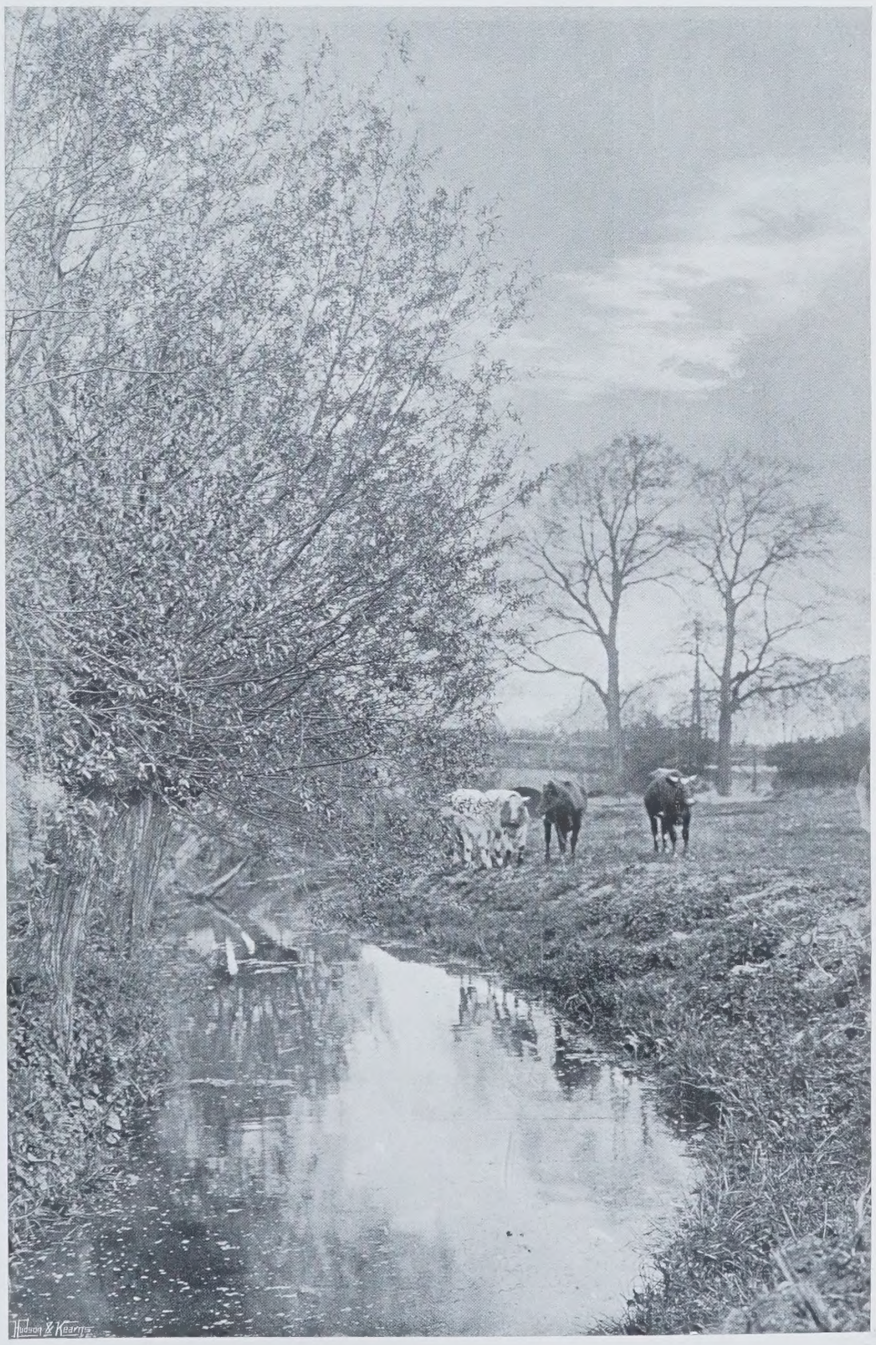
Lord Roberts has made an appeal, through the columns of a contemporary, for some form of compulsory national education in rifle-shooting, and amongst other interesting letters that it has elicited is one from Sir A. Conan Doyle, which has, with other merits, that of making a practical suggestion as to a way in which the result might be attained without hurting the sensibilities of those who may be tempted to see in the proposal the first germs of compulsory service. After giving high testimony, from personal experience, to the value of training at miniature rifle ranges, Sir A. Conan Doyle goes on to propose the virtual reinstitution of the parish "butts," in form of a miniature rifle range, which it shall be legally compulsory on each parish council to establish for its own parishioners, and puts forward the further tentative suggestion that it shall be made compulsory for each adult to practise at the butts with the 200 rounds a head which he proposes shall be provided at the public cost. This, as he justly says, "is surely the very smallest demand that any country in Europe makes on its citizens."

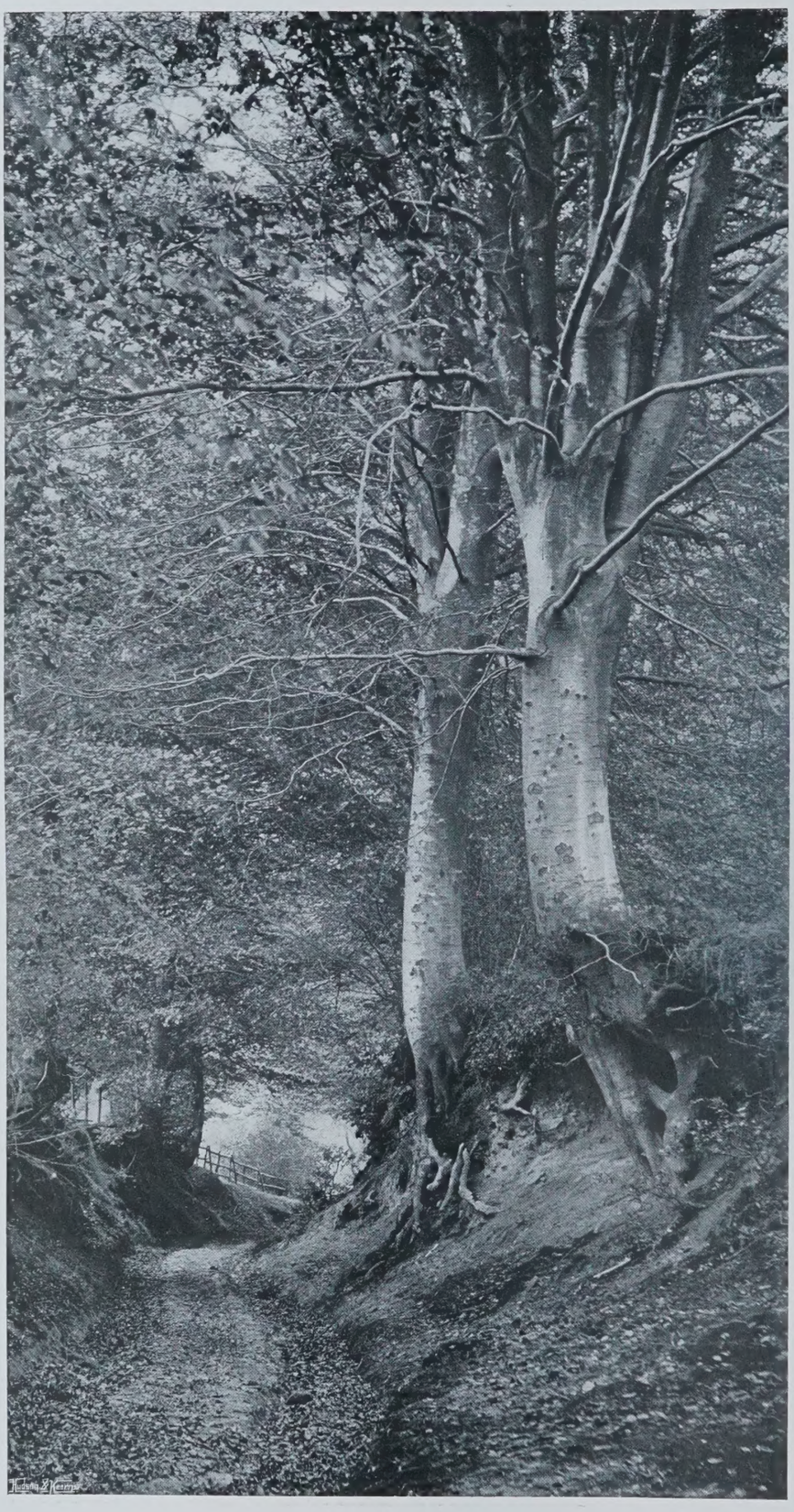
UNWRITTEN COUNTRY MEMORIALS.

ANYONE who is very familiar with the country-side must have noticed a thousand things that are not written down in any guide-book or history, but which seem to give suggestive hints of the previous generations who inhabited the districts. For example, there is a river in the North with which the writer is very familiar, and at one point in it, on a fine summer day when the water is clear, may be seen a row of great stones stretching from one bank to the other, showing certainly that it was once upon a time crossed by a bridge; yet no memorial of the structure has been discovered, although on the further bank of the stream there is still in the midst of a grass field an avenue of elms leading to the ruins of an ancient castle, which shows that at one time there must have been a high-road from the river. Yet every vestige of it on the hither side has disappeared. The ground has been dug up in search of some traces of the foundations of a road, but nothing has been discovered. It is as though the avenue led simply to the river and across the bridge and everything ended. Of course it did not end there. Probably there was some rough track leading to the great Roman road, the nearest point of which is only a couple of miles away. On the same stream there are at frequent intervals bits of wall that evidently belonged to old mills; yet the mills have all been destroyed, and nothing is left to tell the tale. One especially is approachable only by a bridle-path, and must have been in use at the time when it was customary to convey corn to the mill on horseback. It could not have been of much use later, because the bank of the river at that place is so wild and rocky that we cannot imagine that carts ever got near it. Here, then, we have evidences of activity that has long given place to stillness. Here, no doubt, in bygone ages, the miller in his dusty white clothes received the corn from the various small holders who lived in the neighbourhood, and took for his payment the multure or moutter, as it was locally called, which in some cases was what the Scotch call a "gowpen," or as much as he could hold in his hand, and this reminds us of the many evidences to be found of the tiny steadings that once were scattered all over the country: little houses with a stable and a byre attached, set in the midst of a piece of land or a garden, where successive yeomen sowed and reaped and harvested, mended their roofs and drained their fields till, in the words of an epitaph that was copied by Bewick, "Good times, bad times, and all times were got over." Even the last remnant of the walls of these houses has, in nearly every case, now disappeared, and only a snowdrop or a crocus coming out in spring tells where the garden once was. But often in deep ploughing or digging, the husbandman will strike what were the foundations of the house, and a little investigation is then sufficient to show what the old place was like. Many thousands of these holdings must have disappeared during the last 100 years—practically speaking, as soon as the Enclosure Acts were passed and that right of free pasture which made living possible for them was forfeited. It is very curious, for in several of these houses, now vanished, people of consequence died, and their names are to be found in histories, though only the locality where they lived can be given. These evidences point to the fact that a much greater population used to subsist in the villages than they are now capable of supporting, and this is fully borne out by the amount of church accommodation, which has evidently been provided on a scale that would seem extravagant



Copyright WILLOWS BY THE WATER. "COUNTRY LIFE."

to the inhabitants to-day. Here and there, too, we come across the ruins of a church in the country that has been wholly disused. One small structure of this kind we know of in Gloucestershire, where in summer the churchyard and all that surrounds it are smothered by weeds bearing brilliant flowers and almost as high as a man's waist. Only in winter can you see mouldering heaps where the rustics of long ago were buried. The roof of the church has fallen in, and only the bare walls remain to tell where the House of God once resounded every Sunday to the voices of the choir and the musical instruments of the band. These memorials, however, are so bold and strong that none could mistake them. There are others which it requires far more skill and care to read. For example, we take such common objects of the country as trees. Frequently the owner of a house will take a visitor into his grounds, and show with pride some uncommonly tall and stately oak that is the glory of the estate. He may attribute its uncommon height and size to the goodness of his land, or to some other cause of the same kind. But in forestry we know for certain, first, that if a tree is left to grow by itself it tends to make a short stem and a great broad spherical head; second, that if crowded by other trees which shut out the sun, it will climb upward towards the light, and thus form a long straight stem. Therefore, the existence of such a tree standing by itself affords proof positive that at one time it was part of a woodland, which was probably cut down to facilitate some builders' operations. The existence of pollarded trees in many of our forests points to one of two things in the past. Either those who possessed the rights of common were entitled to lop the trees for firewood, or the place was the haunt of predatory gipsies, who were in the habit of maiming the trees in order to make fuel for their tents. We see sometimes, too, proofs of old systems of forestry. One of these was in use with beeches, and it was to cut down the trees at intervals and leave only one or two mother trees, from whose produce sprung up seedlings which reafforested the land again. Of course this practice is against all that modern forestry teaches, but in some cases the mother trees have been left to show what used to be done in former times. Trees, again, often grew in places where we should not naturally expect them, as where rows of them are to be found across a meadow. These point unmistakably to the fact that at the place where they are there must have been a boundary fence, and the discovery of this has more than once proved useful in cases of litigation. And this brings us to another branch of the subject—namely, the many curious remains that exist to show where roadways were that have long been disused. Sometimes they now take the form of a long, narrow meadow, and the little blades of grass, which conquer all things if they have time, have destroyed all vestige of the road-maker's art, and left the place like a meadow, though the hedges on either side, the stiles at the end, and the right of way through the narrow field point an unerring finger to a time when it was one of the common high roads of the country. Some of these highways were no doubt deliberately put aside in favour of more direct or more even tracks, but some have passed into oblivion from mere disuse, and in the latter class we place the famous tracks and roads of the Romans and ancient Britons, such as that beautiful road which still traverses the Berkshire Downs, leading all the way from Bristol to Reading. Along these the early Briton probably passed in his war chariot, and fat beeves were driven for the Roman soldiery, while Dane and Saxon and Norman made use of them later, because in those old times, when drainage was scarcely known, the crests of the hills provided a dry foothold. Our early forefathers, by the by, seem to have had a romantic interest in the summits of the high hills, for on so many of them are to be found great cairns or piles of stones that must have been gathered and put into position in days of yore. Indeed, in the majority of cases, some practical purpose was served, such as that of providing a place for a beacon or a signalling station, while it is just possible that high and remote places of this kind were chosen of old by Druid priests for their places of worship. That was very likely to be the case when the legions of Rome had obtained the supremacy, and the ancient inhabitants of this country were only allowed on sufferance. We find it difficult, even with all the discoveries of recent times, to realise for how many generations the Romans made of England a place of residence. Yet, if we take such a place as Chedworth Villa in Gloucestershire we can find curious proof of the length of their stay. It is a very perfect example of a Roman villa, and contains, amongst other things, a complete bath, the stone leading down to which is deeply worn by the tread of bare feet.



S. Vacher. *A SUNKEN ROAD.* Copyright

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R. Stockdale. FOREST TREES. Copyright

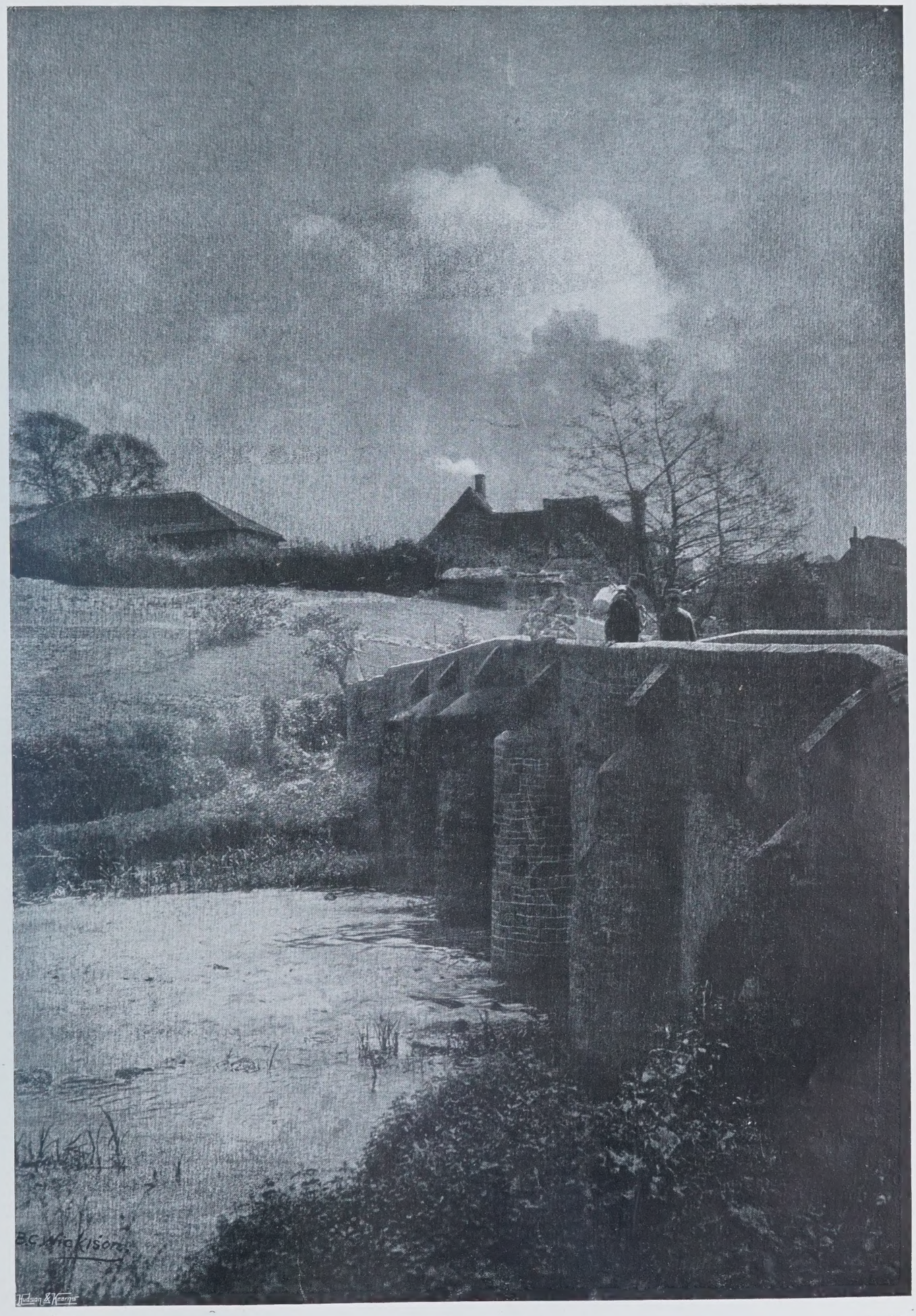
How many generations must have bathed there before the stone could be worn away! and there is something of pathos and romance in the reflection that for several hundreds of years the place was buried by the grains of sand and blades of grass. It was only discovered accidentally during the last century, owing to the fact that a man who was ferreting rabbits lost his ferret, and in digging came across the stones of this unique building. And if we take life after the Roman period in Great Britain, it is most interesting to study the country memorials of that Feudal System which was established later. We find traces of it in the very names which prevail in some districts. Northfield and Eastfield, and Waste and Common—these, and many others, are terms of frequent use in the manorial system, and where they are in existence the observer may soon trace out for himself the evidences of Outfield and Infield, and the other arrangements of the time. He can identify them with the more certainty because the system endured in many places to a very late date indeed, and near to London land is still cultivated on it, so that the living present may be compared with the memorials of the past, and a mental picture formed of the rural England which has passed away.

The previous history of agriculture can, to a great extent, be deciphered from a study of the land. We take, for instance, the furrow marks that still can be seen on what has long relapsed into wild downland, which the farmer of to-day would no more think of ploughing than of attempting to fly to the moon. The length of time that furrow marks will endure has long been a subject of controversy. There are parts of Salisbury Plain which still show furrows, and which are said not to have been ploughed for at least a thousand years. But we do not need to go so far into antiquity to account for the furrows on downs. Most of them were made during the Peninsular War, when the prices of cereals were extraordinarily high, and a kind of wheat fever seized upon the estate-owners and farmers of Great Britain. In those days they cultivated every bit of land which could possibly be utilised for the growing of wheat, and the waste was stubbed, the marsh drained, and the very hilltops ploughed to increase the acreage of that crop. After a time, of course, the inflated prices went down, and on account of the small harvests obtainable from these places which had been hastily reclaimed it was not found profitable to go to the expense of tilling them, so that gradually and quietly the land relapsed once more into mere waste and moorland, and some of it into permanent pasture. But the furrows remain to this day to show those who can read it in them the story of the time of the great wheat fever. These were the days, too, when the great tithe-barns, of which we have often shown photographs in these pages, were in full use; but, which, after the Commutation Act was passed, in 1837, began to be devoted to other purposes, and the barn of to-day does not in the slightest degree resemble that of our forefathers, any more than the home-teads built in the twentieth century resemble those which were scattered over England when the stage-coaches were running. Travellers tell us that the little steadings were nearly all thatched, and very different they must have looked. But the enclosure of the commons rendered the life of the small farmer unendurable, and the tiny holdings gradually lapsed into the great estates.

It is a great jump from the hilltop to the seaside, but in various parts of the country memorials of a state of things which has long ceased to prevail are still existing. The enormous caves will serve as an example. A considerable proportion of them are natural, and were utilised just as they stood; but those who were engaged in the exciting business of defrauding the revenue often found it to their interest to devote a great deal of time and labour to the widening, extending, and improving of these caves. In one place that we know of, on the coast of Berwickshire, a passage has been excavated through the solid rock into a maze of caves, where the smuggler used to ply his trade during the last century. Tradition says that the kegs of spirit, when a descent was made by the revenue officers, were very often carried out to sea and sunk, with a small float to locate them, so that apprehension was almost impossible. We remember once while walking on the Ochil Hills in the South of Scotland coming across a rabbit-hole, the sides of which were covered with soot like a chimney. On investigation this proved to be the outlet to a secret still where whisky had been illicitly manufactured, and sold in secret to the rustics.

THE BARTON BY THE RIVER.

Such are a few brief hints as to the records of the past that may be read by observant eyes in rural England. But it should not be forgotten that every district has its own peculiar history, and what is true of one place need not necessarily be true of another. What we are sure of, however, is that many and diverse have been the generations that have lived and passed over English land, and finally gone down to the dust. It is a pathetic task to try to bring them back to life again by force of the imagination, yet nothing could possibly be more interesting, even though it carries with it the mournful reflection that in a little time we, too, who with curious eyes look before and after, will follow our fathers and take our place in that oblivion which is the ultimate lot of us all.



B. C. Wickison. NATURE'S WRITING. Copyright

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

FOR some little time past there has been a considerable amount of chatter in the newspapers about what is called the simple life. Not everyone who reads is aware that the cry is one which has been reiterated from time to time since ever the civilisation of man came into history. The hermits and recluses of the Early and Middle Ages, by their action, offered a silent protest against the complexity and the luxuries of the life of their times; and religious teachers of various forms of thought have again and again formulated doctrines enjoining simplicity on their followers. Towards the middle of the last century there was a very notable development of this taste for simplicity. It found remarkable expression in the philansterists who started a colony in America where every man was supposed to do his own work and lead a simple and uncomplicated life. Even the highest intellects of the time were infected by enthusiasm over this idea. At one period Thomas Carlyle and Froude meditated a project for carrying an axe to the backwoods of America and living as working men. Ruskin gave fantastic expression to the same notion when he induced the Oxford undergraduates to go out road-making. Of those who have preached the doctrine of simplicity with most success it is undoubted that Thoreau takes the first place, and he was not only a preacher, but a practiser of his own teachings, and in the woods of Walden did really lead a simple life. Whether it was altogether good or not is, however, a matter of dispute. Robert Lewis Stevenson, who can scarcely be called an unsympathetic student of Thoreau, came to the conclusion that he was a skulker, that is, one who shirked the hard fight of the world. For it is very often forgotten that, after all, simplicity is not an object in itself. Living is the real object, simplicity only the method. This consideration does not seem to have been present in the mind of Mr. Charles Wagner, whose book, *The Simple Life* (Isbister and Co.), is responsible for much of the present discussion. He is an Alsatian who is described as a shepherd from the hill country, his birthplace being a hamlet of the Vosges, between the rich fields of Burgundy and the fertile plains of Lorraine. But we are less concerned with the man himself than with the form of doctrine he sets forth, and while by no means agreeing fully with what he says, we readily admit that much is worthy of the closest attention. The real difficulty is to separate the practicable from the impracticable. There is scarcely one man in 10,000 who would not readily admit, if put to the question, that modern life is too complex, that is to say, he would admit it in an abstract and general manner. But if the enquirer took the individual and particular life, and suggested changes that might be made in it, he would probably meet with a very different response. Mr. Wagner begins his sermons by a dissertation on what he calls "The Essence of Simplicity," and rightly enough says "Simplicity is a state of mind." For our own part, we hold that simplicity, if it does not depend upon clearness, is closely associated with that quality. As soon as anything can be seen lucidly it can also be dealt with simply. But suppose we apply this axiom to thought, we at once find ourselves confronted by complications. Our author says, "Have confidence and hope; be kind," but the difficulty arises when we ask, as ask we must, in what shall we have confidence, wherein lies our hope, what result will be achieved by kindness? These are the considerations that set a man brooding over the mysteries of existence, and complicate his thinking in spite of himself, and to preach to such an one simplicity seems to us a vain and useless thing. His thinking does not depend on his will, but on his mind. No one can will to think that six and four make eleven; his mind would say ten, despite his will, and so it is with the innumerable facts that face us in existence. The mind arrives at a conclusion in regard to them by its own action, and no exercise of will-power on our part can possibly make the slightest difference. Simplicity of speech must, to a large extent, depend on lucidity of thought. Expression is really dependent, for the most part, upon mastery. A problem that has been thoroughly mastered can generally be stated in simple terms; it is while we are groping in the midst of difficulties that we are tempted to fall into complexity of speech, and few will agree with our author that habits of public and private speech and writing are tending to exaggeration. On the contrary, in every department of life, whatever is pompous and ceremonious is repugnant to the modern temperament, and so far as speech goes, we are undoubtedly progressing towards simplicity.

Ooccasionally the author only repeats at greater lengths truths that were thundered out by Carlyle, as in the following instance. The passage we quote might be taken as a kind of paraphrase of the well-known saying of Carlyle: "Do that duty which lies nearest to thee; the second will become nearer doabler":

"Again, the plain duty is the near duty. A very common weakness keeps many people from finding what is near them interesting; they see that only on its paltry side. The distant, on the contrary, draws and fascinates them. In this way a fabulous amount of goodwill is wasted. People burn with ardour for humanity, for the public good, for righting distant wrongs; they walk through life, their eyes fixed on marvellous sights along the horizon, treading meanwhile on the feet of passers-by, or jostling them without being aware of their existence."

We come to something more practical when we approach the question of eating, sleeping, drinking, and clothing. Mr. Wagner speaks from a high mountain-top as it were; but suppose he were to descend, it would be found that he can address his fellows with much common-sense and persuasion. Over-eating as much as, and perhaps even more than, over-drinking is a frequent cause of misery, and to put it on no higher ground, the material happiness of many of us would be increased if we resolved to confine our food to certain plain and simple dishes—of that there can scarcely be any doubt. So in regard to sleep. There is no luxury that gives satisfaction and pleasure equal to a sound sleep, yet anyone who overdoes it will soon find that the bitterest hours are those he spends in bed. It is more rational to take only the amount of sleep required, and to prepare the body for it by a moderate diet and wholesome exercise. There can be no disagreement with our author when he writes as follows:

"He who lives to eat, drink, sleep, dress, take his walk—in short, pamper himself all that he can—be it the courtier basking in the sun, the drunken labourer, the commoner serving his belly, the woman absorbed in her toilettes, the profligate of low estate or high, or simply the ordinary pleasure-lover, a 'good fellow,' but too obedient to material needs—that man or woman is on the downward way of desire, and the descent is fatal."

With his declamation against the mercenary spirit of the age we are always in agreement, though he leaves out of consideration that the love of doing good work—the spirit of the artist—is the counterbalance to this evil. It is not good that a man should do work merely for money, though when he does work for love of it it is only just that he should obtain a due reward. And in regard to notoriety and subjects of that kind, the only objection we can take to Mr. Wagner is that he deals somewhat strenuously with the obvious. Few intelligent human beings would attempt to defend the love of notoriety.

THE WYE IN MAY.

THE valley of the Wye and the forest of Dean are quite at their loveliest now, for the trees are just in their first beauty. The oaks and the elms are not in their full foliage yet, but who can describe the tender tint of the yellow and green of the half-unfolded leaves, only partly veiling the mossy and gnarled trunks? Under the Wyndcliff and along all the wooded curves of the Wye the delicate sheeny foliage of the beeches shines out against the background of dark fir. Here and there a copper beech glows rich in the May sunshine. In a few days the chestnuts will be holding up their snowy fingers. The wild cherries have not yet dropped all their bloom, and in the orchards of great houses and in the humbler gardens the apple and pear trees show a wealth of white and pink.

Old May Day could be a very feast of flowers. Park and field are yellow with cowslips and buttercups, wood and holt gay with bluebells and anemones, the hedgerow banks full of primroses, ragged robin, herb-robert, and wild onion, which, if malodorous, is yet sweet to look at, and the luxuriant wallflowers brightly decorate the grey stones of many a castle ruin and church wall.

From Hereford to Chepstow the world seems full of cuckoos, that answer one another from field to field, the deep trill of the nightingale wells forth all day long from thicket after thicket, the plovers scream loudly over the Golden Valley, the magpies make merry in the roofless nave of Tintere.

All day long for a week now the bright sun has shone down, well pleased, on all this loveliness, and the cool breeze from the north-east blows fresh and strong. Clear light and keen air give a distinctness to the view and a freshness to the atmosphere that seem to make one understand how all this border-land beneath the Black Mountains was once the home of Keltic poetry. The bard of the Mabinogion was nothing if not clear-sighted and fresh of soul. He must see the imaged vision distinctly in all its brightness, he must distinguish the colours, he must name them, he must feel the breeze, and taste the salt of the sea and the flavour of the mead. His heroine's hair must be "yellow as the broom," and her skin fairer than the blossoms of the wood-anemone beside the spray of the fountain. Coal-black horses, brindled white-breasted greyhounds sporting like sea-swallows, spears of an edge to wound the wind, swords of the hue of the lightning of heaven, robes of flame-coloured silk, "arms of speckled yellow, variegated with Spanish laton!" Such are the furniture of the ancient bard. The imagination runs riot through fairyland. The tale-teller revels in miracle. One is surfeited with wonders. Yet there is nothing confused or indistinct. Men, women, palaces, animals stand out clear, and having dismissed from our mind the ordinary canons of probability, we may accept the things of fairyland, and visualise them as things in our own streets. "The left shoulder of the horse was of bright red, and its right leg from the chest to the hollow of the hoof was pure white." Could anything be more exact? Could a horse-dealer be more explicit? Surely it was this clear springtide air, this fresh luxuriance of natural beauty pouring itself forth in such a varied flood of colour and life that were responsible for something of this spirit of the Kelt, just as the lonely mountains and stony fastnesses were for the sadder and more melancholy side of his poetry.

I am writing with the Severn and the Wye both in view, and there is something very striking in the contrast between the broad majestic flow of the one

and ever-curving rapidity of the other. They were, no doubt, lover and beloved in old legend, the eternal contrast between male and female, the slow deep purpose of man, the variety, the impulsiveness, the loveliness of woman. The two little runnels that come forth from the flanks of Plynlimmon part asunder so widely, encircle so many acres, and at last draw together again, and mingle in one stream by St. Tecla's hermitage—do you not see what they symbolise? A romance indeed. "Two children in two neighbour villages." They pass their childhood side by side, perhaps they dream of a long life together; but it is not to be, for that would not be romance. No! there is the sad parting, and they go their several ways through the world, and as years pass on their footsteps ever grow closer again—he, grandly magnificent, bends slowly round towards her; she, ready to do the wooing—with a certain coyness, of course—keeps coming almost into his path, and then with a graceful curtsy hastes away again only to return. And so for week after week, month after month, until at last after one more feint she rushes right into his arms—at St. Tecla's Church—and they are made one in the Indian summer, and together journey on through a broader, nobler life; so onwards to the sea. It is a pretty fancy, and no doubt is to be found at full length in some West Country poet or Welsh bard. The outline of it given will show the influence of the Wye country on the imagination, and the power of the springtime. Rivers, forests, meadows, and gardens are beseeching the town-dweller to leave his toil and see visions and dream dreams. Ruined castle and abbey are still and deserted, inhabited only of their own spirit. The Border country speaks more eloquently to us when we do not come in crowds. And she is never so fair of speech as in the month of May.

W. J. FERRAR.

GOAT-FARMING: A NEW INDUSTRY.

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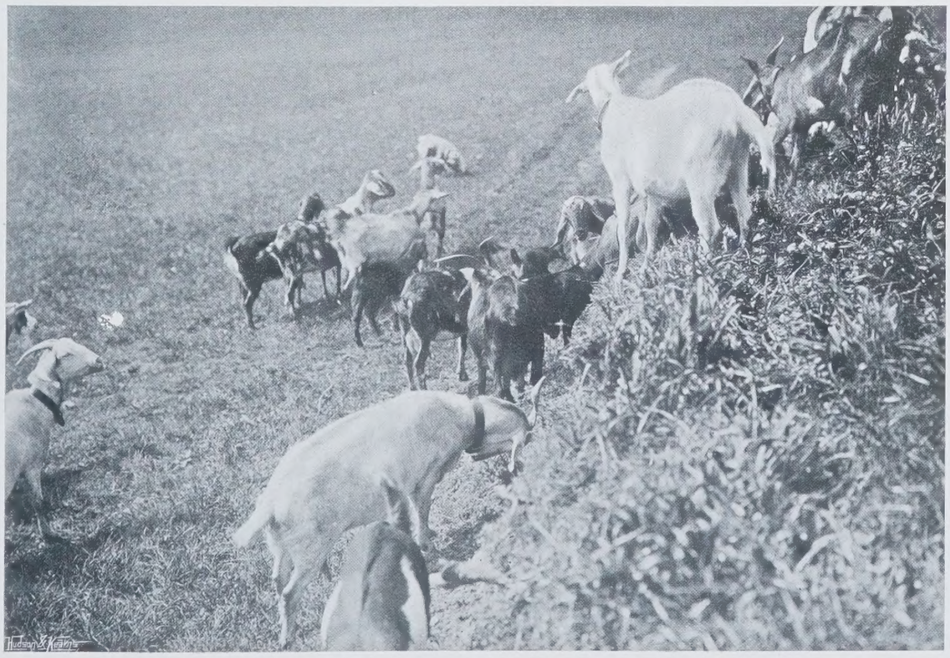
IT is a constant source of wonder to the few amateur goat-breeders in England that such a profitable industry as goat-farming has never been taken up on a large scale in agricultural districts. The Encyclopædia Britannica, under the head of "Goats," states: "Comparatively few are kept in England, because the advantages of goat-keeping are very imperfectly known." In this, therefore, as in many other cases, ignorance and prejudice seem responsible for the small attention paid to this interesting and productive little animal up to the present. The fact that goats' milk stands alone in being absolutely free from tuberculosis ought to be sufficient to attract the attention of all civilised countries, especially when cows' milk is known to be so full of tubercles that at the Pasteur Institute in Paris, December, 1900, Dr. Henri de Rothschild declared that, out of 450,000 quarts of milk consumed daily, 431,250 were found to be contaminated.

Goats are traced as far back as the history of the world, and in mythology this animal played a very important part. In the Greek legend the goat is Jupiter's nurse, her hair is used to weave the curtain of the temple, and she has a place in astronomy. Up to about twenty-five years ago the goat, commonly called "the poor man's cow," seems to have fallen absolutely beneath contempt, and was only kept by poor villagers in mountainous districts, who never took the slightest care of them, let them inbreed at their own free will, and so some beautiful varieties are now almost extinct. During the last quarter of a century some special efforts to bring forth the merits of these animals have been started in almost every part of the world. The Société Nationale d'Acclimatation de France was founded some twenty-seven years ago, and was quickly followed by the British Goat Society, which has done so much good in endeavouring to bring before the public the value of goat-keeping; still, goat-farming as an English industry is not practised on the same lines and to the same extent as by our American neighbours. To give one example only, we will mention California, practically a new country, which, having in 1897 200,000 goats, has now increased that number to such an extent that in 1903 she had as many goats as sheep. In America the goats are not only valued for the milk, butter, and cheese they produce, but also for their skins, which to the number of 60,000,000, and the value of £5,000,000, are annually exported by the Americans. Without here going into statistics, or the study of the different breeds, we will try to point out how a



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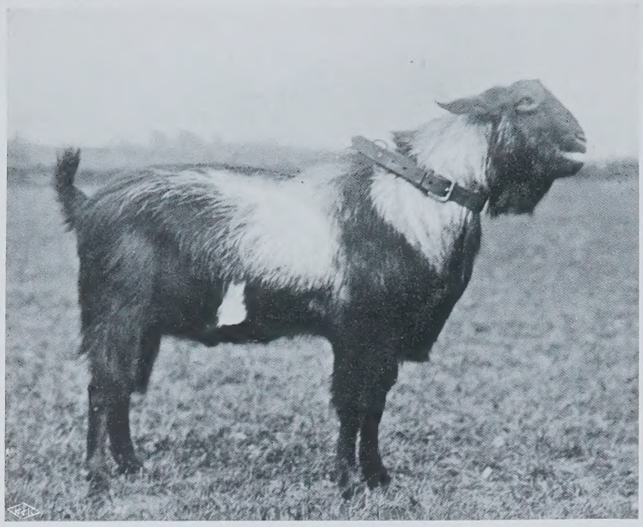

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Copyright *SEDGEMERE LOUISE.* "C.L."

goat-farm can be started and worked to show a clear return of at least 100 per cent.

It is generally believed that goats thrive only in the open; this, however, is an error. Goats kept in complete confinement do better than others for which pasture has been provided. In the centre of Paris, M. Crepin has succeeded in breeding and collecting the finest herd of goats ever brought together; and Mr. Holmes-Pegler, in his clever book on goats, tells us that they are far more healthy when kept indoors, and yield a greater quantity of milk.

When starting goat-farming it would be wise to obtain the advice of an expert, as some breeds are much better milkers than others. The Alpine or Swiss breed is the very best for this purpose, but the Spanish Murciennes are also excellent, giving, in their own country, as much as four quarts daily on very scanty food. Unfortunately, these are difficult to get in this country; but some English breed, or the Anglo-Nubian, can be obtained which will give a very fair result. Cold and rain are prejudicial to the health of the goats; they must be kept very clean, and if in confinement ought to be groomed every day with a hard brush. Stabling for goats is constructed on the same principle as that for horses, but on a very reduced scale. It has been the privilege of the writer to visit the model establishment of Mr. Ravenscroft at St. Albans and to see there to what perfection it is possible to bring goat-keeping; in fact, one would easily imagine one's self at a show of large toy stables such as are sold at our big Christmas bazaars, or viewing a miniature representation of some princely breeding establishments for race-horses.

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Goats will eat almost anything—hay, corn, maize, bran, cabbage, roots of all kinds, etc. They must be fed regularly, three times a day in winter, four times in summer. They should always have a supply of rock-salt, to which they must have free access, and water ought to be offered night and morning, oftener if required. This is a very important item in goat-keeping, as it tends greatly to increase the yield of milk. The milking

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should be done very regularly, and it is not advisable to commence this before the kids are about a fortnight old. The qualities of goats' milk are as numerous as they are unknown compared with cows' milk. It is more digestible, richer in cream and in nutritive substances; its chemical composition is nearly the same as human milk, with the exceptions, which are in its favour, that it contains more phosphates, and its density is somewhat greater.

The butter obtained from goats' milk is a great delicacy; so also is the cheese, which, in a part of France called the Mont d'Or, is the principal industry of the country for miles round. The flesh of the kid is equal to lamb in every way; it can be prepared to suit all tastes, salted it will last for months, and in the mountains is a great resource.

Two distinguished Frenchwomen have been successful in goat-breeding on a large scale. Mme. la Comtesse de la Boullaye, who has a very large herd, has created the industry of goat butter-making in Brittany; and the demand for this article has increased to such an extent that she cannot supply it in sufficient quantity to satisfy the market. Mme. Lepelletier, wife of the Deputy of Paris, has a unique herd of magnificent animals.

It is difficult to give an exact account of the profits to be derived from this enterprise; but the following figures, based on actual results, will give a very fair idea of the return to be expected:

Loss.	£	s.	d.
Interest on cost of goat-house—£60 at 5 per cent.	3	0	0
Interest on cost of 24 she-goats and 1 he-goat, about £2 per head—£50 at 5 per cent. ...	2	10	0
Food at £4 per head per annum	100	0	0
Wages	25	0	0
Veterinary attention at 2s. a head	2	10	0
Straw bedding	2	0	0
	£135	0	0

Profit.	£	s.	d.
24 goats will give 2 kids each; at 5 months old will fetch 10s. each	24	0	0
Goats yield on an average 2 quarts a day for about 10 months, at 6d. a quart...	360	0	0
Manure from 25 goats at 10s. a head	12	10	0
	£396	10	0

The above estimate is extremely low, 1s. per quart being the very lowest price at which goats' milk can be obtained in London, and over 10s. can always be got for kids of four or five months.

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A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE snow had ceased to fall. A few last flakes yet floated in the pale light of the winter sun. The narrow country road winding on before me at last lifted and passed over the crest of the hill. And here, solitary, overlooking the valley, stood the dark, snowy tower of a country churchyard. A robin began to sing as I turned aside and entered by the old lich-gate. Else, not a sound broke the beautiful wintry stillness; not a figure, man nor beast, moved across these far-stretching reaches of new-fallen snow. Pale light and faintest-coloured shadow played in hollow and ripple, and every tree stood burdened, bough above bough, beneath the sky.

One may speak of "solitude" in such a place; and yet was there ever solitude that seemed so thick with witnesses? The very air, cold and clear, and soon to be darkened, seemed full of sounds and shapes beyond the human senses to reveal. The graves were old; many of them recorded only how patiently Time labours, and the rain gnaws. Many of them lichen and moss had patterned over, and their tale was gone. But, for the rest, scarcely one was there that did not bear its epitaph—shrewd old doggerel, whimsical, tender, and with here and there a line or verse of a curious beauty and brevity:

"Stranger, a light I pray!
Not that I pine for day—
Only one beam of light
To shew me Night!"

It was a naïf appeal to a "stranger" come, like myself, but to rest a little while before winter darkness should fall.

A few paces on stood a large oval stone, encircled with leaves of myrtle and clasped by two grotesque hands, as if he who held it knelt behind in hiding.

"Here sleeps, childless, friendless, a Widow,
Mrs. Rebecca Shore.
I was afraid,
Death still'd my fears:
In sorrow I went,
Death dried my tears:
Solitary too,
Death came; and I
Shall no more want for company."

But melancholy and foreboding were rare in these old legends. It is not the being dead that matters, but the having lived. It was bitterly cold in spite of the quiet air. Yet who could forbear brushing the bright snow away to read, bejewelled with rime, poor Tom Logge's candid summing-up?

"Here lies Thomas Logge . A rascally Dogge
A poor useless creature . By choice as by nature
Who never served God . For kindness nor rod
Who never did any . For pleasure nor Penny
Work in his life . But to marry a Wife
And live aye in strife:
And all this he says . At the end of his days
Lest some fine canting pen . Should be at him again."

That "pen," I am afraid, is still extant, a plume of the Phœnix; though this "rascally dogge" seems to have been in no great danger from it here. His near neighbours are Peter Vole and a sexton, who have, perhaps, by now, outslept all qualms of their company. They *seem* at peace.

"The Grave of Peter Vole:
Aged 96 yrs. 5 mos. 30 days
And expired with the Memorable Year 1805.
Here 's a pleasant Tale to tell
Of one ' lived long & lived right well.
Nigh an hundred year he were when he
Looked, and his double Death did see.
Privy and low says He to him,
''Tis Peter Penn or my eyes wax dim!'
So very softly in summer weather
Death took his hand, and they went together."

And on the other side lies the sexton, who, if his date be what it seems, may even have helped make easy here this very old man's grandfather:

"Here be the ashes of Jacob Todd
Sexton now in the Land of Nod.
Lonely he lived, lonely died,
With his mattock and spade and nought beside.
Ofttimes of evening here he'd sit
Watching the pretty Robins flit:
Now sleepeth e'en as deep as they
He bedded for the Judgement Day."

A rose and a little smiling head are perishing at each corner of a small sarcophagus that stands close under the overshadowing tower. The name at the foot is all but illegible:

"My mother bore me:
My father rejoiced in me:
The good priest blessed me:
All people loved me.
But Death coveted me
And free'd my body
Of its youthful soul."

Not a petal of the wide-open roses but held its little store of snow. I wandered on, stooping to read at random; here an old

wooden cross leaning crookedly over its one word "Peace"; here the great, flat, seventeenth century vault of Abraham Devoyage, "who was of France, and now, please God, is of Paradise"; and then Ann Poverty's narrow stone a pace or two beyond him:

"Stranger, here lies
Ann Poverty;
Such was my name
And such was I.
Spinster I was,
Angel shall be,
If Jesu pity
Poverty."

Nothing less, too, than a valiant knight's fine sepulchre rises here beneath its little grove of cypresses. What his office was, and what gown is referred to I know not, unless it be the night-gear of his Worship of Drowsytown:

"These be the bones of Sir Thomas Dill
That did in life High Office fill.
There never was a knight in his gown
That could with brass stare Sir Thomas down.
There never rid a Knight whose Sword
So valeted his bonded word.
Never on bier was laid a Corse
Fretted its eight hale Bearers worse.
And never to Eternal Day
Hath better Knight yet passed away."

Whose could have been the skill, and whose the pen that laboured so diligently for these pleasant people when nothing else remained to do them service? It was a wit, plain spoken at any rate, and had small respect for fine sentiment and flattery. The miser's shall prove it. I could make nothing else of the name:

"Asrafel Holt
May 1. 1700.
Here's buried a Miser:
Had he been wiser,
He had not come bare
Where Heavn's garmented are.
He'd have spent him a penny
To buy a wax Taper;
And of water a sprinkle
To still the poor Sleeper.
He'd have cried on his soul,
'O my soul, moth & rust!—
What treasure can profit thee
Now thou art dust?'
'Mene, Tekel, Upharsin!'
God grant, in those Scales,
His Mercy avail us
When all Earth's else fails!"

Here, too, the shrew:

"Here lies my wife,
Susannah Prout;
She was a Shrew
I don't misdoubt:
Yet all I have
I'd give, if she
Might but one hour
Come back to me."

She has for neighbour two brothers, "Robert and William Beau, Englishmen of this Parish":

"Robert & William, as in life,
Sleep here together without strife.
Children they were of one dear Mother
And did 'yond thought so love each other,
That like two fruits o' the selfsame tree
Each grew his brother's Effigy:
Till Rob would oft for Will be ta'en;
And Will's own self for Rob again.
But (windfall'n apples on one stem,)
Death blew, & Love hath buried them."

LUNGING.

Winter twilight is brief. Frost had already kindled his countless sparks along the snow. The moon was up, silvery against the sun's last red. The last robin was flown to his crevice. Here was the same old unanswerable question confronting the traveller in spite of all these gentle voices. "I have no tongue," cried one from his corner, "and ye no ears." I turned to go, and happened on Mistress Hew's, her roses ran to wood, in turning:

"Sleep sound Mistress Hew!
Birds sing over you;
The sweet flowers flourish
Your own hands did nourish;
And many's the child
By their beauty beguiled;—
They prattle and play
Till night call 'em away,
In shadow and dew:
Sleep sound Mistress Hew!"

Birds, flowers, children, all had forsaken the kind heart; all perhaps would return with April. Two epitaphs yet remained—John Sheeves', and one on a cracked and dateless stone beside the tottering gate:

"Here lies an honest Man
John Sheeves the Publican.
Ay, but a sinner too
Penitent thro' and thro'."

And the other, in whose lofty tree, I imagine, many a thrush must perch to sing of evening:

"Here lies poor Nat Vole
Fast asleep now poor Soul!
'Twas aye one of his whims
To be telling his dreams,
Of the lands therein seen
And the journeys he'd been!—
La, if now he'd speak
He'd not listeners seek!"

The old tower echoed to some shrill far-away cry, brooding hooded and solitary over its charges. And darkness made all illegible; for the moon was only at her halves, and in chase of dawn.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

HORSE-BREAKING.

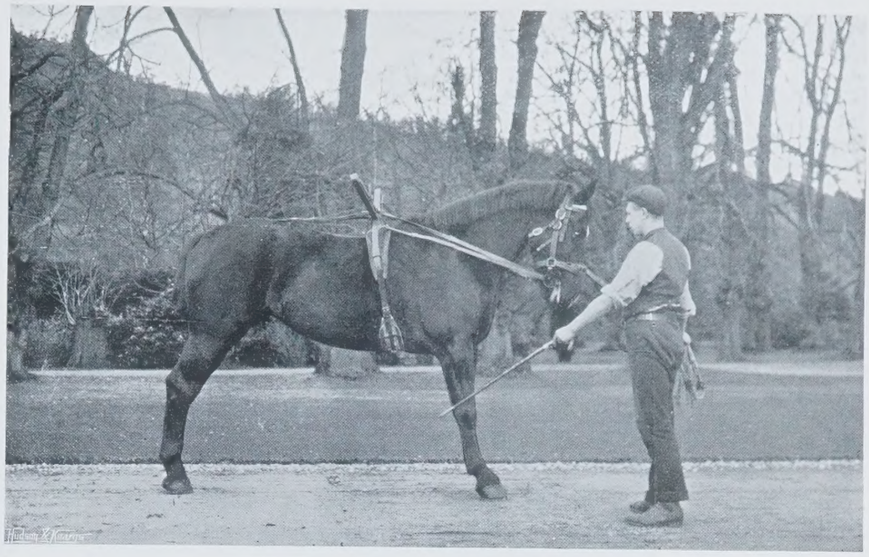
BY THE MARCHIONESS OF BREADALBANE.

THESE notes on making and breaking young horses are not intended to compete with the experience and knowledge of the professional or practised horse-breaker. They have been compiled by an amateur for practical work in a private stable where the hands are inexperienced, and the most has to be made of any sort of horse or pony which happens to be produced by the breeding-stud, either for sale or for personal use.

When the horse has first to be handled, it should be ascertained whether he has ever been tied up. If not, he should be tied in a stall during the day only, a cloth put round the head-collar to prevent friction to the ears, and put into a box at night without head-collar or any rugging. I have known young horses get cast, even when loose in a box, by entangling their hind feet in the head-collar, in their efforts to scratch it off. The young horse should be stood in a stall as nearly as possible facing the stable door, as at first it is well to avoid turning and twisting round corners and doorways, especially with the dumb jockey on, which projects on each side of the back, and is apt to catch against the stable walls and doorways in leading in and out.

Next the horse is firmly fastened with pillar-reins to the head-collar. (It is a source of great expense to use leather pillar-reins with young horses, as they break them by the dozen, chucking their heads about when first they are put on in the stall.) Gently coax a bit into his mouth, strapping it loosely to the head-collar. The best bits for this purpose are those specially intended for use with the dumb jockey, furnished with droppers, which act as a sort of plaything, and occupy the horse's attention. Great care should be taken that the bit is wide enough for the mouth, or it will very soon cut the edges and set up a bad sore. I once saw a groom trying to "bit" a horse for the first time with a pony bit, the rings of it acting as a vice, causing intense pain and terror to the horse. After a few days a dumb jockey should be placed on the horse. Let the horse see and smell the strange-looking object before it is suddenly clapped on his back, with buckles and straps touching and tickling him in a dozen different places. Let him once satisfy himself that it is not an infernal machine, and half the difficulty is overcome. Leave the reins very slack, and do not attempt to put on

the crupper at first. After the crupper is adjusted care must be taken always that the reins are not too tight, as if a young horse's head is constantly kept in a wrong position, serious injury to windpipe and breathing organs may ensue. After the horse has become thoroughly used to the dumb jockey in the stable, he should be led out in the cavesson bridle and taught to walk, back, and turn without difficulty or effort. The dumb jockey should never be kept on a horse too long at a time, or it is likely to make him hang on the bit and acquire a dull mouth. The horse should then be taught to "stretch" himself, or "stand out." It is wonderful how quickly a horse understands his lessons, and how willingly he falls into them. I consider a horse properly "mannered" to be worth an additional £20.



TEACHING TO STAND OUT.

While I am on the subject of showing horses, a word as to the knack of "running" a horse. This should always be done with a very loose rein, full scope being given to the horse to show his paces. The man running should try to keep up with the horse, not hang on to his head and be dragged along. If the man has tight hold close to the bridle, the horse's head is pulled all to one side, and his paces are entirely spoilt. There is as much to be learnt in running a horse well by the man as by the horse.

The next step in the life of a three year old is lunging with the long rein. Many horses are very stupid at this at first, but, after being led off once or twice, generally take to it. Now comes driving with the long reins, with a man at the horse's head to start him and keep control, and a man behind driving, who, keeping clear of his heels, teaches him to answer to the bit, turn, twist, go forward or backward as required. After a time or two, he will go quite naturally without being led, and will thus learn to answer to the bit before being put in harness. An active groom will take a youngster out on the long reins for an hour at a time, even running with him, and teaching him to pass carriages or other traffic.

DRIVING WITH LONG REINS.

The last lesson is driving with the log on the grass. Here it may be well to give a short description of the log. The size and weight of it should be judged by the size and weight of the horse. It must be remembered that the log is a dead weight on grass, and, if not carefully selected, may be the means of teaching a horse to jib. Roughly speaking, for a horse of 15h., the length of the log should be from 8ft. to 10ft., and the diameter from 6in. to 8in. Light wood, such as larch or spruce, should be used. A hook is fixed at the end of the log, and a bar attached (an old team leader-bar serves the purpose); to it are hooked the chains by which the horse is to draw—harrow-chains from the nearest farm are generally available. A suitable collar has been tried and left on for a time the day before, hames are strapped on, and the horse is led to the log, where the chains are already attached to the bar. He is backed to the proper position, the chains are hooked to the hames (to the buckles of the short ends of a pair of old traces), and away he goes, a man at his head with the cavesson bridle, and the man with the long reins driving from behind. Before taking him out, turn him about and let the chains touch him everywhere, so that he becomes thoroughly used to them. After the above-described treatment has been continued for about six weeks, the three year old is released from the schoolroom and sent back to his brother babies at the stud farm.

From an economical point of view, I have always broken young horses in the winter, when of necessity they have to be artificially fed in any case. If taken up for breaking in the summer, it means artificial feeding at a season when they are able to shift for themselves on natural food. For some time I have fed the three year olds, while being handled, on "mixed grains" instead of oats. The horses eat this with appetite, and the cost is considerably less. I also use turnips to a great extent. Such items, small in themselves, help to lessen the forage bill where there are a good many youngsters to feed and break.

A year has passed; the four year old is now shod, groomed every morning, and well fed, for the work to be done will soon, in his grass-fed condition, run him down unless this is attended to. It is well when first commencing with a four year old, after a year's rest, to keep him for a week or so at what he has done before—lunging, long reins, and the single log. After which he can be put in double harness on the log for about a week, with an old horse alongside to teach him to work with a neighbour. Any extra old coaching bars will suit the log for this purpose.

Now comes double harness in the brake with an old horse to keep him straight. In putting a horse into harness for the first time, all adjusting of tackle should have been done the day before. It is a capital plan to take the horse so

DRAWING THE LOG DOUBLE.

harnessed out on the lunge, and trot him round with breeching dangling about his legs. The day he is first harnessed he should be got ready some time before, fed, and allowed to stand quietly with harness on, then walked quickly to the trap and put to with as little delay as possible. In leading horses out of the stable it is always best to hold them by the nose-band and not the bit, as horses with sensitive mouths are easily upset by a jar to the mouth. Putting young horses to a carriage for the first time should never be done in the stable-yard, but on the roadway outside, as serious damage may arise from a fall in plunging about at starting on the stones of the yard.

THE FINISHED ARTICLE.

Where possible, the first few turns in harness should be given in a flat grass field, with a man at the young horse's head, and another with the loose rein (as afterwards described) beside the driver. In this way he gets thoroughly used to the harness and trap before going on the roads. I would always recommend taking a youngster up to a carriage for days before harnessing, rubbing the shafts or pole about him, and giving him a pinch of corn at the time, so that he may become thoroughly used to the look and feel of it before having to drag it. I consider double harness the best for starting a young horse, if he is not suspected of being a kicker. A good old brake horse drags him on and pushes him about without much mercy. If the youngster looks like giving trouble it is best to put him in single harness, as the driver has more control over one horse than two. After the horse has been driven in double harness a few times he can be tried in single, or, if he starts badly in double, he should be put in single harness at once.

There is just a word or two to add about safe and proper harness to use for breaking purposes. One hears it said any old harness will do, but any old harness will not do. Harness used for breaking purposes should be quite trustworthy—never mind how common or country made; let it be sound and safe. I always use a kicking-strap in double harness made of two long straps crossed over the back, screwed to the pad by the terret-rings, and attached to the bar with leather tugs. This gives the driver a sense of security in handling the horse, and he can keep him up to his work by moderate use of the whip without the risk of an accident from kicking. In single harness I always use a rope kicking-strap as well as the leather one. It is impossible to say where leather may give way with a sudden jerk, whereas rope, being more pliable, will hold a kicker far more securely. I also use an extra or "loose rein" when breaking in all harness. This is a long single rein buckled to a hames' strap, and fastened to the middle or lower bar of bit across from side to side. The rein is held loosely by a man or boy sitting beside the driver. It gives absolute control over the horse, so that should an accident occur and the driver be thrown out, the man with the loose rein, no matter what happens, has still hold of the horse, and so prevents the fatal result of a young horse "getting away." It will be readily understood that the driver's reins through the terrets are useless in such an emergency. The loose rein should be held very slack, as the leverage is very severe and the slightest touch checks the horse. Knee-caps should invariably be used in breaking horses. Half-an-hour a day increased up to five miles is about the amount a young horse should be required to do in harness.

Three or four months of this sort of work should make him safe and trustworthy, but I would never recommend taking a horse into regular work under five years old. If given just this much more time he will repay his extra keep in the end.

[We publish the Marchioness of Breadalbane's interesting communication with pleasure, though without quite agreeing with her as to the best and most expeditious methods of breaking a horse to harness.—ED.]

IN THE GARDEN.

THE WHITE AND OTHER PINKS.

JUNE is the month for Pinks, and nothing is more welcome at this time than the deliciously sweet white flower which is now in full bloom. Though it is in most gardens, it is not nearly enough used in the best ways. Because it is a useful border plant is no reason why it should not also be used in the rock or wall garden, where it is quite in place. In rocky drifts, or crowning stony masses, or nestling at the rock foot, its neat tufts are always delightful, while its sun-baked fragrance, here and elsewhere, is one of the charms of early June. No flowering plant is better as a garden edging, and it should not be forgotten how excellent is its foliage in winter, for then is it in perfection. Mrs. Sinkins is one of the most popular of white Pinks, but the flowers burst badly in wet weather, and the same fault must be urged against the variety Her Majesty. The Pink that has always behaved itself in the writer's garden is Albino. The flower is not large, but there is a roundness and fulness in the petals which are commendable traits, and the calyx seldom bursts to let out the fragrant florets. Mrs. Welsh is a fine sort, Snowflake is another good white, but in thinking of the white Pinks it must be remembered that the old fringed white is as pretty and as fragrant as any, though in the thirst for novelties it is likely to be neglected. There are several

Mule or Hybrid Pinks are of much beauty, and the way to increase these is by cuttings or by layers. The more important are the following: Dianthus Alice Lee, a double white flower, its best place being the rock garden; D. Atkinsoni is a beautiful mule pink, named after Mrs. Atkinson, who raised it in 1845. We have frequently stopped to admire the beautiful crimson colouring of the flowers, which are poised on slender stems. Unfortunately, the mule Pinks are very troublesome to increase, but that excellent gardener the late Captain C. Nelson, brother of the late Rev. J. G. Nelson of Narcissus fame, had a good plan for the renewal of these Pinks that was of special use in the case of D. Atkinsoni, which often blooms itself to death. He simply removed all the flowers from some of the plants; these, by autumn, were fine spreading tufts that could be divided. By this means he secured a yearly supply of flowering plants. D. Lady Dixon is said to have resulted from crossing the Sweet William and Clove Carnation. There is something of both parents in the mule; the flowers are reddish crimson in colour, and are very fragrant. It is a good garden plant. D. Marie Parè is well known to Pink enthusiasts. The flowers are pure white, and make a brave show in the garden. D. Grievei, we well remember, grew many years ago on the rock garden at Kew. It was raised by the Scotch grower Mr. James Grieve, who crossed a Sweet William and single laced Pink, with this result. The colouring varies from white to rosy pink, and in the same clusters this difference in shade is noticeable. The leaves are like those of the Sweet William. D. Michael Foster is a double-flowered hybrid, and very showy. One of the most striking of all the hybrid Pinks is called Napoleon III. The flowers are deep crimson, and borne in great profusion, but, unhappily, it is difficult to grow. D. Spencer Bickham is a cross between D. cæsius and D. deltoides, the pretty little Maiden Pink. It is a plant of quite dwarf growth, not more than a few inches high, and is for that reason a Pink for the rock garden. The colour of the flower is crimson, with a shade of rose in it. D. superbus has very sweetly-scented flowers, double, crimson in colour, and it remains in bloom over a long season.

The Carnation Maggot.—We have received several Carnation plants lately which have succumbed to the attacks of this terrible pest to the Carnation. The Carnation maggot is the larva of a fly known as Hylemyia nigrescens. It bears a great resemblance to the common house-fly, but is not a pest to trifle with, although it is insignificant and apparently harmless. Few of the enemies of the Carnation are capable of greater mischief, and the plants in the borders suffer most severely, especially seedlings and layers; but layers under glass escape. The flies may be seen busy among the plants in April and later. They deposit their eggs at the base of the leaves, and a small maggot is hatched out which eats its way down the leaves into the very heart of the plant; it works its way down the leaf under the membrane, a whitish line showing the path it has taken. If this track is followed the maggot may

be captured, and if its presence in the centre of the plant is discovered, pick out the pest with a needle and destroy it. It may be found in the form of a small white maggot, or in the chrysalis state, when it is of a brown colour. The centre leaves are often quite eaten through at the base, and when pulled out there is the chrysalis or maggot. The Carnation is generally killed; but destroy the maggot at all cost, as the chrysalis may speedily develop another fly, which in its turn may be the parent of a fresh brood of maggots to work destruction in autumn and winter. There is no other way of dealing with the Carnation maggot except by hunting it out in the way suggested. The grubs are about one-eighth of an inch in length, legless, and white with dark heads.

Random Notes.

Work in the Garden.—The blessed rains of early June have worked wonders in the garden, and wholesale failure of Sweet Peas and many vegetable crops has been averted. July is frequently dry and wet, and it is a mixture of both that is most desirable. One of the chief duties in the flower garden from this time until quite autumn is the removal of seed-pods, which have the effect of quickly stopping the opening of fresh flowers. A plant is unable to bear the double burden of seed bearing and flower production. When the weather is very dry resort to mulching, which keeps the roots cool, and prevents moisture escaping from the soil. Dahlia stakes must be seen to, and the shoots thinned out where these are very thick. Take cuttings of Pinks, which strike very easily under a handlight in prepared soil in the open garden. One can hardly have too many white Pinks. They may be used as edgings in the kitchen garden, and the flowers are useful for cutting. Mrs. Sinkins, Her Majesty, and Albino are three of the most popular; the first named is as cheap as any. It will soon be time to layer Strawberries, and the wise gardener always has a fresh bed yearly. Plants after the second and third year are rarely a success, as the fruit is scanty and small. Plants and young trees also benefit greatly by gently syringing in the evening of a hot and dusty day. It freshens the foliage, and is of some assistance to the fruit.

The White Judas Tree.—The Judas Tree (Cercis siliquastrum) is well known, but the white variety, alba, we have only seen on one or two occasions, the last being in the arboretum of the Royal Gardens, Kew. The species is known by its pretty purple clusterings of flowers, which are attached to the old wood, and seem scarlet on the dark-coloured bark. It comes from the Mediterranean region, where it attains a height of about 20ft., and enjoys for soil a sandy loam, with full exposure to the sun and air. The white Judas Tree is a charming tree, and we hope it will not long remain in obscurity. It blooms with even greater freedom than the type; the flowers are larger and more numerous, and they are snow white, so clear and distinct that the tree is conspicuous from a long distance. One wonders what the white-flowered shrub can be that stands out from its fellows, until, of course, it is seen close at hand. The Judas Tree is frequently grown against a wall; but it also makes a very handsome shrub or low-growing tree, in which form it may be seen in the Royal Gardens.

The Double Wistaria and W. multijuga.—Many shrubs or trees have flowered this year which have not done so with the same profusion before, and the double Wistaria and the long-racemed W. multijuga are illustrations of this. The double variety is quite double—no false description, as is frequently the case with plants so labelled. Each bloom is almost a rosette, and the flowers hang in graceful racemes, as in the ordinary Wistaria which we know so well. The colouring is somewhat darker, however, and more effective. It seems to have a warmer shade of blue, which is peculiarly beautiful when the plant is allowed to ramble into some neighbouring tree or mingle with Virginian Creeper, as Mr. Waterer allows it to do in his Knap Hill Nursery, near Woking. The double Wistaria should not, however, be planted in quantity. Our experience of it is that it is only once in many years that the racemes are produced in profusion, and that it has none of the free-flowering qualities of the old kind. W. multijuga was very beautiful a few days ago at Kew. This has the longest racemes of its family, these having a length of between 2ft. and 3ft., and the colouring is very soft and unusual. The tree made quite a fairy picture.

The White Rose Frau Karl Druschki.—This new Rose became immediately popular, although it belongs to the much-neglected Hybrid Perpetual class; but the reason is not far to seek. The flowers are very large, but with a certain refinement, and dead white, without a trace of colouring. It is the whitest Rose in existence, sweetly perfumed, and very free. A combination of such virtues as this easily accounts for its many friends. We notice that in the Royal Gardens, Kew, the plants are pegged down, and the strong shoots are now bearing many of the fine handsome flowers. It is not only a good Rose for the garden, but the exhibition also, and we well remember how frequently it occurred in the prize boxes at last year's Rose shows. It was first brought to the notice of the public in 1901, and was raised, we believe, by Mr. Peter Lambert.

Rose Prince de Bulgarie.—This is one of the loveliest of all the Hybrid Tea Roses, and has been shown on several occasions this year in the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall at Westminster. The flowers were, of course, from plants in pots, but we have seen plants in the open garden which were quite as clean and refined in colouring. Rose-growers should watch for this hybrid at the exhibitions during the next few weeks, and if the colour is admired it may well be added to their collections, the plants being very free and strong in growth. The petals are broad and of delicate shades of colour, rose, salmon, and apricot mingling together, and then passing to quite an apricot colour towards the base of the petals. As the name suggests, it is a French-raised Rose, and Pernet-Ducher, who has given us so many beautiful Roses, is responsible for it.

Day Lilies and Ferns.—A fernery, or even a wild bit of the garden where Ferns are left to themselves, offers many opportunities of making pretty pictures. Bluebells, or Poet's Narcissus, mixed with Ferns, are very fresh and charming in spring, and when these have faded Day Lilies will take their place. We have such a corner in the garden. The Day Lilies have been planted five years, and have become thoroughly established. The yellow colouring of the flowers is very rich, and the scent sweet and powerful. Day Lilies seem to grow anywhere, even at the foot of a Yew hedge.

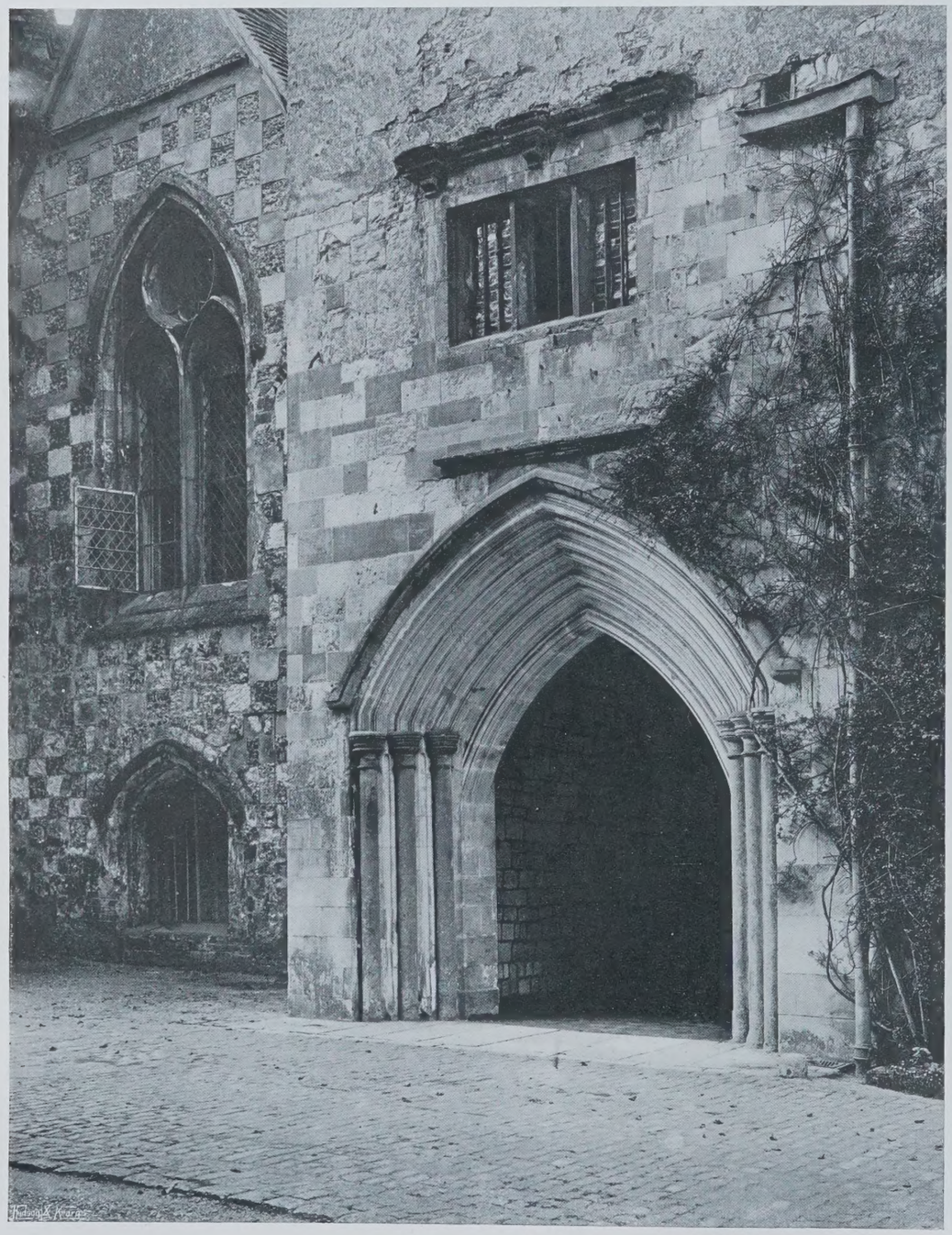
G. R. Balance. THROUGH THE OLIVES. Copyright

BISHAM ABBEY, BERKSHIRE,

THE SEAT OF SIR HENRY VANSITTART NEALE.

OF the many houses on Thames bank it is, perhaps, Bisham Abbey which is most sure of homage from the oarsman who goes by. The crow-stepped gables and the battled turrets show through the trees in a picture so gravely beautiful that oars must be shipped as the boat drifts past it. The house in Cliveden Woods as a palace, is magnificent, but an old house of rambling shape, patchworked with centuries, calls at once to the sentiment of those English who, in spite of their long laughter at the phrase, do truly take their pleasures sadly.

Bisham, a Berkshire village on the Thames, between Marlow and Temple Mills, is one of those villages which, having been famous in their day, have fallen upon untroubled sleep. Its fame came to it by reason of those religious communities, who chose it out, as they chose many another pleasant site amongst the trees at the edge of the broad water.



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First of all came the soldier monks, the knights of the Temple, whose name remains to this day in the Temple Mills hard by. The Templars had a preceptory here as early as the twelfth century, and here they kept house until the Order was driven from all its houses here and abroad. The humble order of dervish soldiers whose seals of two knights riding upon the one horse spoke of their earlier poverty and humility, had become rich and proud, violent—and obsolete. Their haughty seclusion and the close comradeship within the Order bred angry whisperings, which grew louder and louder until Europe screamed curses at them, showering strange accusations of wizardries and shameful mysteries. They had worshipped the goat and the cat, they had a black image before which they bowed. They had fouled the crucifix with a ritual of insult, and men who had been blithe as birds before they became Templars went ever after pale-faced and heavy with the thought of the secret sins of the Order. So the Order of the Temple went down, never to be set up again, and Bisham passed from it with many another house and manor.

William de Montagu, the first Earl of Salisbury, set up the second religious house at Bisham, where he founded a priory of Austin friars, which flourished under the patronage of his descendants, Montagus and Nevills, of whom a long line were buried here, beginning with the founder, whose body was brought to Bisham with the bruises of a Windsor tournament upon it. The priory endured until 1536, when Henry VIII. set in the prior's place a mitred abbot with thirteen monks of the Benedictine rule. But the new abbey was founded in the last days of abbeys and priories. Two years saw the end of it, and Bisham passed to the crown. The last of its priors who held

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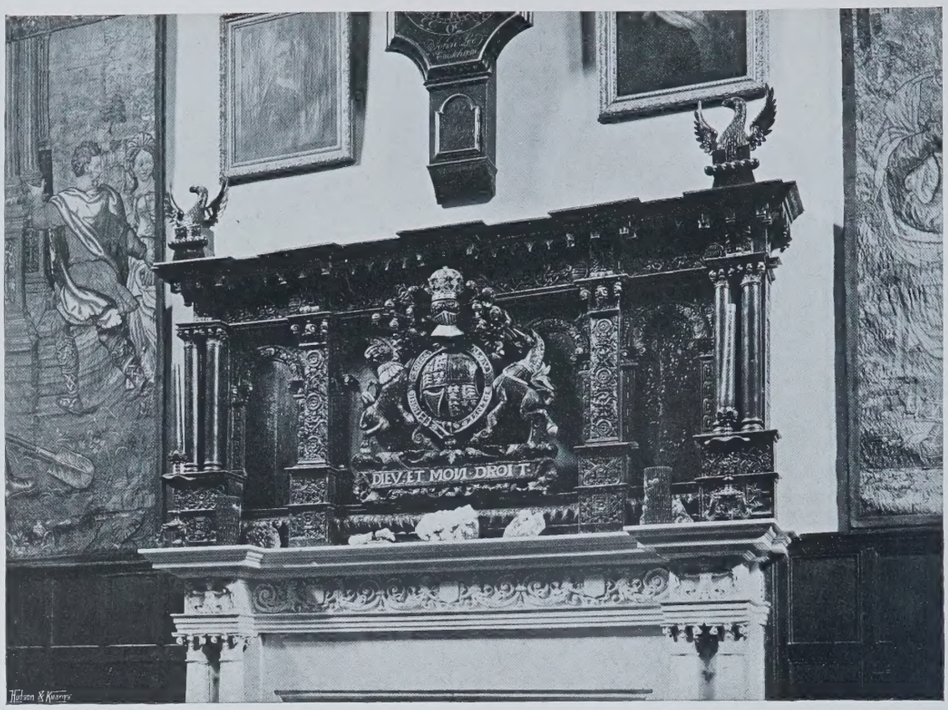
office for less than a year has a name which should be recorded amongst the worthies or, let us rather say, the celebrities of Bisham annals, for he was one William Barlow, a remarkable figure amongst the reformation prelates. Whilst serving the King on an embassy to Scotland he was elected Bishop of St. Asaph, and within the next thirty years he had progressed from St. Asaph to St. David's, from St. David's to Bath and Wells, and from Bath and Wells to Chichester. By religion he was a flabbily enthusiastic person, and by calling a place-hunting churchman of a bad type, eager to buy interest and advancement by gifts of that which he held in trust. Not the least of his achievements was his marrying of his five daughters to five bishops. Anne he gave to the diocese of Hereford, Margaret to Lichfield, and Frances to York, whilst Elizabeth and Antonia each in her turn ruled a bishop of Winchester.



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Bisham ceasing to be a house of religion, became a manor of the crown, and was part of the royal settlement which was to console the flouted charms of the substantial Lady Anne of Cleves. Under Edward VI. she petitioned for leave to exchange Bisham for certain Kentish lands with Sir Philip Hoby, the Master of the Ordnance, and with the interest of Cecil the exchange was effected, although in a letter of 1552 Sir Philip remarks the dissatisfaction of the Lady Anne, who had, no doubt, been persuaded into a one-sided bargain.

Sir Philip Hoby may be taken as a type of those new men who swam well in the troubled waters of the Tudor age. He was son to a Leominster gentleman descended out of a Radnorshire family. He began in the King's household service, and by that way came the Cecils and Russells to power and estate. We hear of him first as a gentleman of the privy chamber despatched on such services as were the common task of those about a Tudor King as they would be to-day of those in the household of an eastern prince. Thus we find Philip Hoby on a mission to apprehend certain foreigners under suspicion of being Jews who were venturing their persons in a land which had for ages closed its ports against the race. These men are examined before Master Hoby, who sends their depositions to London with an inventory of their goods.

Very early in reformation times Philip Hoby made his choice for the doctrine of the reformers, as is seen by his committal to the Fleet Prison for having maintained, or hidden away, a clergyman who had "evil opinions" of the sacrament of the altar, but six days of durance purged his misdemeanour and soon the time came when persons of Master Hoby's way of thinking

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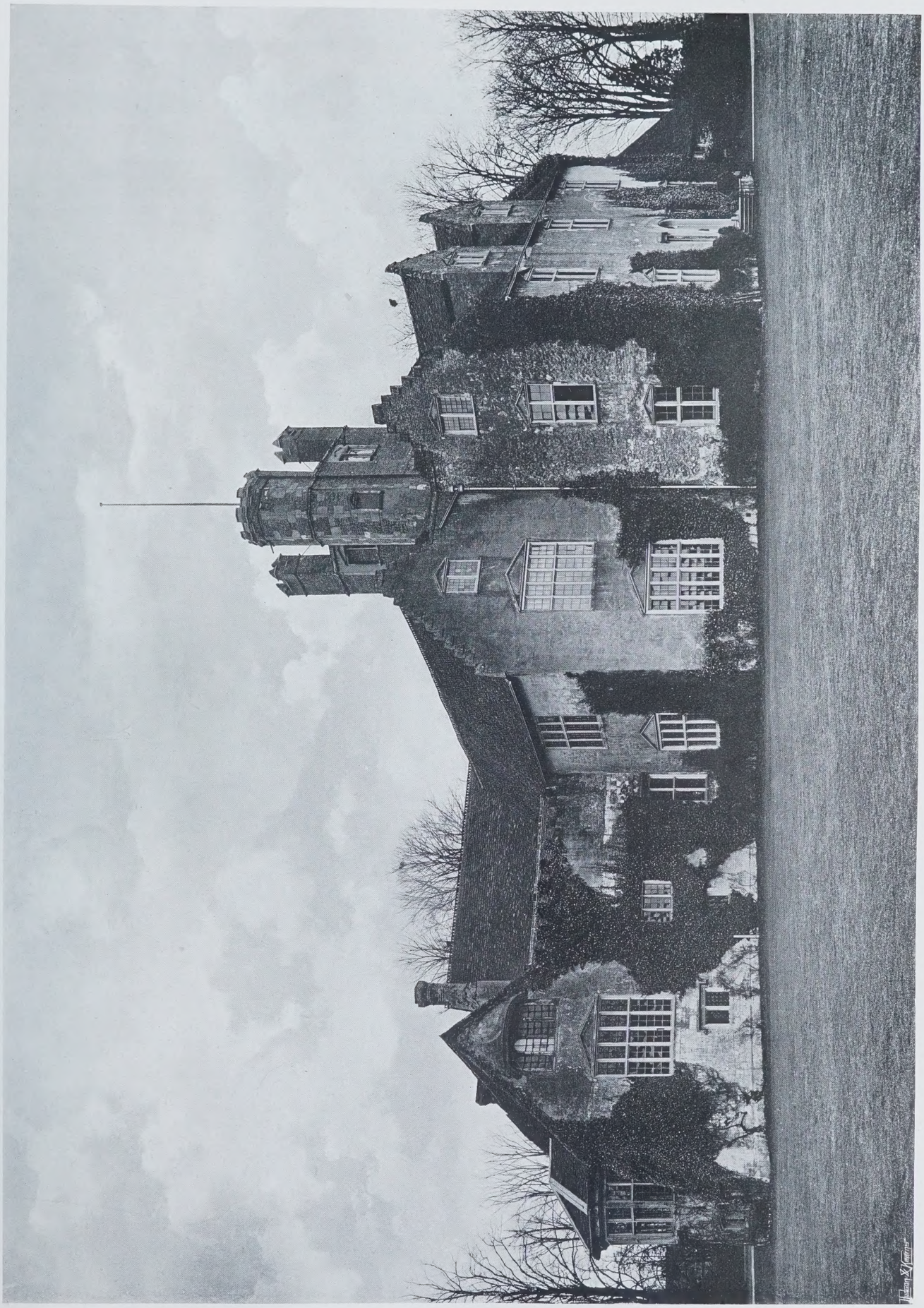

BISHAM ABBEY FROM THE LAWN.

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went in no danger of the tipstaff. When monks and friars went out he was one of those who came in; as the King's diligent servant he had his full share of the spoils, and the rapid ending of the house of the grantee of Evesham Abbey has pointed a moral for the author of the "History of Sacrilege." In 1554 Philip Hoby was in arms at the winning of Boulogne, and was made knight after the siege.

The servants of King Henry did not want for change of employment, and in 1548 Sir Philip began his career as diplomatist by going as ambassador resident to the court of the Emperor Charles V. In the next reign he was sent to Paris, with the Marquess of Northampton and others, to treat for the King's marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of Henry II. Our young King notes in his own diary the brave show of Sir Philip Hoby as he set out followed by ten gentlemen of his own in new velvet coats and chains of gold. His next service carried him to Antwerp, and at this time Bisham came into his hands and the office of Master of the Ordnance. He was one of the ambassadors resident in Flanders during the nine days' reign of the Lady Jane, and one of that poor lady's few state papers was an order to him and his fellow, to continue in their place. With the pliancy of their century they saluted the new dynasty, and replied with a message in which the Lord Guilford Dudley, her husband, is styled "King." Having such a letter upon the table it is small wonder that Queen Mary's council recalled Philip Hoby from Flanders; but in the next year he had made his peace, was back again in favour and engaged at Brussels upon his last embassy. He came home at last in broken health, and dying in 1558 at his house in the Blackfriars, was buried here at Bisham.

The figure of Sir Thomas Hoby lies in marble beside Sir Philip. Several years younger than his half-brother, he was thrust forward early in his career by his brother's prosperity. A brilliant scholar, speaking many tongues, he travelled in France and Italy, and was knighted at Greenwich before going as Queen Elizabeth's ambassador to the court of France. Rumour has it that his loyalty to his Sovereign made him enemies in high place, and his death at Paris was set down by many of his countrymen to the sudden disease to which ambassadors in the sixteenth century were strangely subject. Men had many such stories in their minds, and even if London were silent we cannot doubt that Bisham spoke its mind when Sir Thomas Hoby was brought home, dead in his prime, to lie beside his brother.

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This Hoby, a true son of a house of liberal learning, left some memorial behind him in his translation of that famous book, "The Courtier of Castiglione." As he loved books, so he may be said to have married amongst them, his wife being a notable daughter of a family of blue-stockings, the Cookes of Gidea Hall. Of the daughters, whom Sir Anthony Cooke had nourished upon Latin and Greek, Mildred the eldest was wife to the great Lord Burleigh, and Anne, the wife of Lord Keeper Bacon, was mother to Francis Bacon. Elizabeth, the youngest, was left a widow at the death of Sir Thomas Hoby. She loved funerals, the armories and banners, the black hoods and sombre hangings, the grave processions which followed death in good houses. At Bisham she set herself to the congenial work of building a chapel for the tombs of the Hobys, the chapel in which they stand to-day. The body of the elder Hoby was taken up from its grave and laid in the new tomb beside his brother. Over them both she set up this noble monument upon which the stately brothers lie side by side in their harness, sleeping with their heads propped upon their helmets. Their armour is a fair picture of the rich trappings of the day, enriched over breastplates, long tassets and bauldrons, from the rim of the gorget to the square toes, with broad bands of guilloche work. Each catch and hinge, each strap and buckle, may be studied as though the full suit were before us in steel, and at the edge of the plates we mark the slit edges of the leather of the padded linings. The birds at the feet of the two knights are the hobby-hawks, a play upon their name of Hoby. In one of two panels of the face of the tomb is the great shield of the Hobys with its quarterings of illustrious Welsh houses—the first coat having the strange bearing of three weavers' shuttles—and in a second panel a shield of seven quarters for Cooke of Gidea Hall. Above and about are verses and inscriptions in English and Latin from the pen of the learned widow. The elegiacs may be left to their repose, but the English verses of the midmost panel will bear repeating as a sample of Dame Hoby's work:

"Two worthye Knightes and Hobies bothe by name
Enclosed within this marble stone do rest
Philip the fyrst in Cæsar's court hathe fame
Such as tofore fewe legates like possest
A diepe discoursing head a noble brest
A courtier passing and a curteis knight
Zeious to God whos gospel he profest
When gretest stormes can dym the sacred light
A happie man whom death hath nowe redeemd
From care to love that can not be esteemd

Thomas in Fraunce possest the legates place
And with such wisdome grew to guide the same
As had increst great honour to his race
If sodein fate had not envied his fame
Firme in God's truth gentle a faitheful frend
Wel lernd and languaged nature besyde
Gave comely shape which made awful his end
Sins in his floure in Paris towne he died
Leaving with child behind his woful wief
In forein land opprest with heapes of grief
From part of which when she discharged was
By fall of teares that faithful wiefes do shead
The corps with honour brought she to this place
Perfourming here all due unto the dead
That doon this noble tombe she caused to make
And both thes brethern closed within the same
A memory left here for vertues sake
In spite of death to honour them with fame
Thus live they dead and we lerne wel therby
That ye and we and all the world must dye."

Dame Hoby, however, was to plan for herself funerals more splendid than those which custom accorded to the widow of a knight. After eight years of mourning she gave her hand to John, Lord Russell, son to the Earl of Bedford, and this husband also having the good fortune to die in her lifetime had, like Sir Thomas Hoby, an epitaph of her making in Westminster Abbey, where he lies. She herself lived on to an age of eighty years and more before she came to plan her own funeral and design her last and most splendid tomb. From her very deathbed she wrote to Sir William Dethick for an expert's advice concerning her hearse and burial offerings, asking what hangings of the church, what attendance of the heralds, what banners and scutcheons, and what number of mourners should be meet for the obsequies of one of her rank and estate. Upon her tomb she kneels at her prayer desk, with a coronet perched over the pleats of her strange and ample coif. Behind her kneel three daughters, and behind these her two sons, Edward Hoby and that Thomas Posthumus Hoby, whose birth after his father's death gave him the double Christian name which made him remarkable in a time when a bare half-dozen Englishmen were thus distinguished. The lady on her knees before her in the full ruff and the robes of a peeress has, like her, a coronet behind that high roll of hair which stands stiffly above the forehead. This can be no other than Anne, her daughter by the second marriage, whom she had married to Henry, Lord Herbert, the Earl of Worcester's son. A dozen scutcheons with many-quartered blazonries in the armorial taste of the day speak of the ancestral honours of the Cookes of Gidea Hall, the Hobys, the Russells, and the Fitzwilliams, the panel to the left having the shield of the marriage of Lord Burghley with Mildred Cooke. We cannot leave the pedant dame without retelling the story of her whipping to death her little son who blotted his copy-books. History does not say whether the child was of the Hoby or the Russell marriage, but the lady's ghost wandering in her galleries and vainly washing her guilty hands with invisible water was proof sufficient for the Bisham legend, until a pile of blotted copy-books were dug out from rubble below the hall floor to stablish beyond question the chronicle of the Bisham ghost.

The tomb is surrounded with a railing, amongst whose spikes rise painted banners of iron or tin. This railing, and much else, by the courteous permission of the rector of Bisham, was removed for a time to allow this most successful photograph to be taken.

Sir Edward Hoby, the elder son of this old lady of splendid sorrows, was the last of the three famous Hobys of Bisham. He was born here in 1560, and to the advantages which his birth as Burghley's nephew would give him, he added by marriage with Margaret Cary, daughter of the Lord Hunsdon, the Queen's own cousin. Like his father and uncle, he was a diplomatist, and in his first mission to Scotland earned such popularity at the Scottish court that he pleaded an ague in order to save himself from the resentment of his jealous sovereign lady. He was knighted at his wedding. In 1592 Queen Elizabeth honoured his house of Bisham with her presence, and in 1597 he was given the constableship of Queenborough Castle, where he diverted himself with theological controversy and the making of such tracts as "A Countersnarl for Ishmael Rabshacheh" and a "Currycombe for a Coxecombe," sallies which drew furious answers yet more strangely title-paged. His generation hailed him a worthy scholar, and the learned Camden in his "Britannia" has a grateful word for this ingenious knight. The urn-capped pyramid at whose base sit four Cary swans, commemorates his noble lady by whom he left no issue, but one Katharine Pinkney bore to him, out of wedlock, a son, Peregrine Hoby, whom he made heir of Bisham. These new Hobys were baronets in the year of the plague and the fire, and the last of them died Dean of Ardfert in 1766, devising Bisham to his cousin Sir John Mill, whose widow sold Bisham to the Vansittarts, who hold

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it to-day. Other and statelier tombs should be at Bisham, for Bisham was the burying-place of greater folk than these scholar-ambassadors. Somewhere in Bisham is the dust of Montagu, Earl of Salisbury, who took Mortimer from the queen's arms, and Montagus and Nevills, who came after him, had their graves here. To Bisham they carried the slashed body of Warwick the king-maker; in Bisham was laid the head and trunk of Edward of Warwick, the last heir male of the line of the Conqueror. In place of such as these the Hobys keep their funeral state, and the wise antiquary who lands at this river-side church will be grateful that at least the curious devices of Elizabeth Cooke remain to greet him.

George Vansittart or van Sittart, who bought Bisham from the widow of Sir John Mill-Hoby, was grandson of Peter van Sittart, who was born at Dantzic, a merchant who settled in England under Charles II. The family took its name from Sittard in Limburg, and before settling in Dantzic it had given many citizens to Jülich, near Aix la Chapelle. Peter van Sittart was a governor of the Russia Company and a director of the East India Company. His argosies sailed in the Baltic trade and to the East Indies and the South Seas. In the second generation the Vansittarts were rich country folk in Berkshire; and this grave house of merchants, favourers of the reformed religion, had become so light-heartedly English that no less than three of Peter van Sittart's grandsons were members of that community at Medmenham which our shuddering forefathers knew as the Hell Fire Club. It was Henry van Sittart who sent from India to the care of his brother Robert the ape to which Sir Francis Dashwood was wont to administer the sacrament during the brotherhood's wicked rites. But the van Sittarts kept the sound abilities which had advanced the Baltic trade. Robert van Sittart became Regius Professor of Civil Law, Henry was Governor of Bengal and father of Nicholas, Lord Bexley, a Chancellor of the Exchequer, who did in some sort endeavour

to wipe out the memory of his father's Medmenham follies by sitting as president of the British and Foreign Bible Mission. The eldest son of the purchaser of Bisham was a general in the army, and the colours of a battalion, of which he had the colonelcy, are those which our picture shows hanging in the hall at Bisham. The general's younger brother, Vice-Admiral Henry van Sittart, was with Nelson at that siege of Calvi which cost the hero an eye. Edward van Sittart-Neale, the last squire of Bisham, was a father of the great co-operative movement and a promoter of the annual congress of co-operators. His son, Sir Henry van Sittart-Neale, the present lord of Bisham, has been a distinguished civil servant, and gained a K.C.B. as Assistant-Secretary to the Admiralty.

The house of Bisham Abbey as it stands to-day is a puzzle, which the architect-antiquary has not yet worked out. In the ground about it lie the ruined foundations of the ancient priory of whose buildings it must have been a part. Our picture of the great entry shows the ancient work of the house. The porch is of the age of Edward I., and has a beautiful groined vaulting with moulded ribs and shafts with capitals. The fair window seen to the left of the entry has two lights, with a rose light above them, and cannot be later than the end of the thirteenth century. It lights a long solar chamber behind the hall gallery. The mass of the building is, however, of Tudor brickwork. The hall is a stately room whose ribbed roof has been restored to it, and has a gallery and a buttery hatch. The fine fireplace of carved stone, with carved oak above, was brought here from Wiltshire. The arms are those of the Stuart kings: the eagle crests of the van Sittarts which decorate the corners of the shelf are, of course, later additions. The handsome bay window of the drawing-room is said to have been thrown out when Elizabeth was a guest at Bisham, and there is no doubt that the present house is for the most part the work of the earlier Hobys, although even so modern a work as Mr. Cooper King's "History

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of Berkshire" perpetuates the ignorant tale that the tower with much else is the work of the templars under King Stephen.

The beauty of Bisham is something beyond all dispute of antiquary and architect. The old house seen across the broad river amongst its ancient trees was the beloved of De Wint and the old landscape painters, and the camera takes it a score of times a day in the season of water-parties. But those who have once lain on their oars to look upon it will carry its picture with them without need of other memorial.

Copyright DAME MARGARET HOBY'S TOMB. "COUNTRY LIFE."

GEESE.

WHAT is a goose? That this question should bring us face to face with an unsolved problem is a fact which will probably surprise not a few. Nevertheless, such is the case; inasmuch as it is impossible, in the present state of our knowledge, at any rate, to frame any definition of these birds which shall completely exclude the ducks on the one hand, and the swans on the other.

To those who are familiar only with our British geese this statement may seem somewhat strange, for there can, indeed, be no great difficulty in distinguishing between the geese, ducks, and swans of Great Britain. It is only when we come to extend our survey that cut-and-dried definitions break down. As a rule, it appears to be a tradition among the geese, as with the swans, that both sexes should wear the same livery, which is renewed but once a year. From the swans they differ mainly in their shorter necks, from the ducks in their larger size and longer legs. But even in these particulars there are so many exceptions that to draw any hard-and-fast line dividing the three great groups is impossible. In the matter of size, for instance, we find the pigmy "cotton-teal"—an indubitable goose—dwarfed by one of our smallest ducks, the common teal. In the coloration of the sexes we find the kelp geese of America (Cloephaga) breaking through the rule, in that the male and female differ conspicuously in plumage. The snow goose (Chen hyperboreus) has a plumage identical with that of the Coscoroba swan, whose livery is white, relieved by black flight-feathers. The short, stout beak, characteristic of the typical goose, is by no means a universal family feature; neither are long legs their peculiar birth-mark, for we meet with the same in the long-legged tree-ducks (Dendrocygna). To make a long story short, the geese are a weariness of the flesh to the systematist, but a delight to the sportsman-naturalist and the evolutionist.

Since the evolutionist and the field-naturalist have more in common than the mere systematist, we may well leave the niceties of classification to those whom it may concern, and settle down to a brief survey of the contributions to our knowledge of these birds which the workers from these two standpoints have made.

As to the evolution question. All the evidence seems to show that the geese are the ancestral stock from which the swans on the one hand and the ducks on the other have been derived. We may, indeed, by a really beautiful series of links, trace out the gradual development of these types. First of all come the curious, ungoose-like, and ponderous screamers of South America. These are essentially land-birds, with a fondness for water, having the beak of a gallinaceous bird and the foot of a water-hen. From time immemorial they have lived on the leaves, roots, and seeds of aquatic plants; and hence it is that they differ so much from the typical geese and ducks in the form of the beak. In course of time, as the descendants of these strange birds became more and more aquatic in their habits, the characteristic features of the goose tribe came into being. The first change appears to have been the development of horny tooth-like processes along the edges of the beak, and the development of a fleshy tongue, bordered by a fringe, such as we find in the modern geese. These characters are still more exaggerated in the swans, but reach their highest perfection in the ducks. Every possible gradation can be found, indeed, between the "teeth" of the geese and the marvellously delicate fringe of the shovellers. As a lesson in adaptation it would be impossible to find a more instructive theme than the bills of these birds. The screamers "pick up" their food after the fashion of fowls, and hence have similar beaks; the typical geese pluck short grass, seaweed, and other aquatic vegetation; the ducks have adopted a more varied diet. Many live largely on minute organisms, animal and vegetable, which are captured by taking water rapidly into the mouth, and expelling it by means of the tongue through the fringe along the edges

of the beak, leaving the solid matter in the mouth; just as baleen whales feed, in fact. Others feed solely on fish and shell-fish, and in them the beak is either long and narrow, as in the fish-eaters, and armed with recurved "teeth," or broad and flat, as in the scoters, which live largely on molluscs.

Simultaneously with the changes in the beak, brought about by the adoption of an aquatic life, the feet underwent a change, gradually increasing the size of the membrane connecting the toes at the base, until we got the half-webbed foot of the black-and-white goose Anseranas, and the cereopsis goose, and, finally, the enormous fully-webbed feet of the wholly aquatic diving ducks. The spur-winged goose (Plectropterus) and the screamers alone among the goose tribe—using this term in a wide sense—have developed offensive weapons in the shape of spurs in the wings. These are really formidable, and occur nowhere else save among certain plovers.

Among the geese we meet for the first time with certain peculiar bladder-like, but bony, expansions of the lower end of the windpipe, which, among the ducks, have become still further elaborated, reaching their maximum of development among the diving ducks. Indeed, in these birds there can be no doubt that it has become so hypertrophied as to be on the decadent scale. Anseranas struck out an original line, and coiled the windpipe in long coils under the skin of the breast! The swans have found a more excellent way of disposing of similar coils, inasmuch as they are stowed neatly away within the keel of the breast-bone! It is among the geese that we find the most primitive coloration of the nestling, inasmuch as in the cereopsis goose the young are conspicuously striped, as in the archaic ostriches and the gallinaceous birds.

So much, and a great deal more, which we may be permitted on a future occasion to recount, has the evolutionist managed to piece together of this, to the systematist, tangle of negations. What has the field-naturalist contributed? The record of his labours is no inglorious one; on the contrary, it is a story of hardship and privation, of dogged purpose and keen observation and resourcefulness. Nowhere, perhaps, have these facts been more admirably illustrated than in the monograph by Sergius Alphéraky, a translation of which has just been issued by Rowland Ward and Co. This is, perhaps, the most important contribution to our knowledge of these birds yet made. Herein the geese of Asia and Europe are described with a minuteness and care that leaves no point unnoticed, in so far as specific characters are concerned; while over and above this will be found most valuable observations in the life histories of these birds, penned, for the most part, from a first-hand acquaintance. It would be well, indeed, if some ornithologists we wot of could be induced to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest some passages in the introduction to this volume, especially those relative to the variations to be met with in the matter of the colours of soft parts, size of the beak, and so on, characters which the author shows in the most convincing manner are due to age, and even, occasionally, to the condition of the bird.

Commenting on the mental attributes of geese, the author remarks that the prevailing notion as to their stupidity is based on the observation of domesticated birds, and that, as a matter of fact, geese are unusually intelligent. Some of his descriptions of wild geese, however, hardly bear out his contention. For example, he tells us that the snow goose (chen) falls an easy victim to his arch-enemy, man, by a very simple ruse. In the country watered by the Kolyma and neighbouring rivers, the hunters kill vast numbers during the time when these birds are moulting, and consequently flightless. "In the spots to which the geese most resort are built huts with open doors. In the evening the hunter puts on a white shirt, or shuba, and, having stolen upon the flock, shows himself, and then creeps into the hut, upon which all the geese follow, and enter the hut, while the hunter, having passed through, closes the door, and, running to the other side, kills all the geese in the hut." Again, on the authority of Naumann, he relates a strange trait in the habits of the grey-lag, "namely, that sometimes (they) will fly off with their offspring from a large sheet of water to a smaller one, and back again, without visible cause, but with extraordinary persistence and obstinacy. When they have decided to abandon any particular water, they carry out their intention at any cost, even if all the goslings should perish in doing so. The feeble young in down when hardly two weeks old are transferred by their parents to other waters lying within a two or three hours' march across open fields or along country roads, past mills, and even through settlements, so that . . . the young often perish from the assaults of foes, or simply from the hardships of the journey." The author suggests that there is method in this madness, inasmuch as the birds are prompted by a desire to find safer and less accessible spots for moulting.

The geese and their allies, it is hardly necessary to remark here—like the flamingoes and some of the rail tribe—moult all the quill feathers at once, and thus for a season are absolutely flightless. During the period of helplessness countless thousands fall victims to man's rapacity.

That geese are expert divers on occasion is a fact that will probably come as a surprise to many, yet such is the case; and it is interesting to note that we owe to one of our own countrymen, Mr. A. O. Hume, the first observations on this head. In describing the habits of the grey-lag, from his observations on these birds in India, he remarks that these birds when hard pressed dive fairly well. Later, Mr. Trevor-Battye discovered that the gosling at least of the white-fronted goose dived well; the only specimen, indeed, which he appears to have met with was captured by a dog after repeated dives to escape capture. Professor Menzbier remarks of the bean goose that it is an extremely cautious bird, and to escape danger will resort to diving. The author of the monograph now before us relates an instance of a bean goose, which he had slightly wounded, diving and reappearing in a few seconds some 200 paces off. "Having dived again it reappeared on the shore of the lake 400 paces off, and hid in the sedge." Similarly in the case of the swan goose (Cygnopsis cygnoides), we are told that, when threatened with danger, the old birds leave their young to themselves, which promptly escape by diving. While moulting, however, the old birds when pursued make for the water, and sink their bodies till only the head remains exposed, and where this is not sufficient they dive.

The loss of life inflicted by man on some species is appalling; either by nets or guns they are slain in thousands. As a consequence the breeding area of the grey-lag, for example, is contracting annually. The reclamation of land is another contributory cause to this war of extermination. According to Alphéraky this bird no longer breeds in Poland, the Tula province, and the Moscow province; in the latter it is no longer met with even on migration, and "there are many other places in European Russia where this bird has ceased to breed."

The white-fronted goose and bernicle goose are taken by the Samoyeds in thousands; this is done by driving the birds into nets while moulting. In a way there seems some sort of justification for this war of extermination, inasmuch as the victims furnish their captors with food for the whole year. In many cases, however, the down and feathers only are sought for. The red-breasted goose, for example (Rufiventra ruficollis), appears on migration in tens of thousands in the Transcaspian province. A Cossack officer describes an instance coming within his own experience on the Attrek, where hordes of these birds were shot down for the sake of their down and feathers only.

W. P. Pycraft.

HEDGEROW TIMBER.

SINCE the popularisation of motor-cars became an accomplished fact, certain proposals have been put forward tentatively for the purpose of removing the trees that line our hedgerows. The excuse generally made is that they overshadow the road, and produce a dampness which is bad for travelling. We doubt, however, if there are many people who would accept this as a valid reason for the destruction of one of the most beautiful and interesting features of the English landscape, one, too, which is quite different from anything to be seen on the continent of Europe. An article, showing the value of hedgerow timber, which appears in the new number of a contemporary, comes at a very timely moment. The writer, Mr. A. C. Forbes, naturally begins by showing the origin of this kind of timber. He says, "Many of the older writers assume, or imply, that it was planted, and give copious directions for the operation." Probably some of them were planted, but most of the trees were, no doubt, self-sown. Our hedgerows themselves were formed about 200 years ago, when the wastes of the manor, or commons, were to such a large extent enclosed. Some of these wastes grew a considerable amount of timber, which was claimed by the lord of the manor. Mr. Forbes says:

"When the constant encroachments upon these wastes were made by the copyholders of the manor, such trees would be preserved in a general way, and as these encroachments usually took the form of long narrow strips or patches of ground, not exceeding an acre or so in extent, it is easily seen that a large number of trees must have stood in the line of the rough bank which separated the copyhold from the waste of the manor, and which thenceforth became hedgerow trees. In some cases, perhaps, trees may have been planted, or specially retained as boundary marks, and as such were regarded as permanent landmarks."

If we want to understand how these trees were kept up we have to remember that

"The close, neatly-trimmed thorn or beech hedge is a very different thing to the old-fashioned bank and ditch, surmounted by a row of dead branches, thorns, or bushes, out of which was gradually evolved the 'stake and edder' fence, or the quickset hedge. Occasionally, especially along the boundary line of two neighbouring farms or estates, a narrow strip of ground was enclosed by a bank and ditch on either side, and was reserved for growing hazel, thorn, or other growth which could be used for 'setting' the banks from time to time. The tops of these banks formed, and still form to this day, more or less suitable seed-beds for the seeds of most indigenous forest trees, while species such as English elm and poplar, which produce root-suckers, will soon fill up such banks with a thick crop of saplings if left alone."

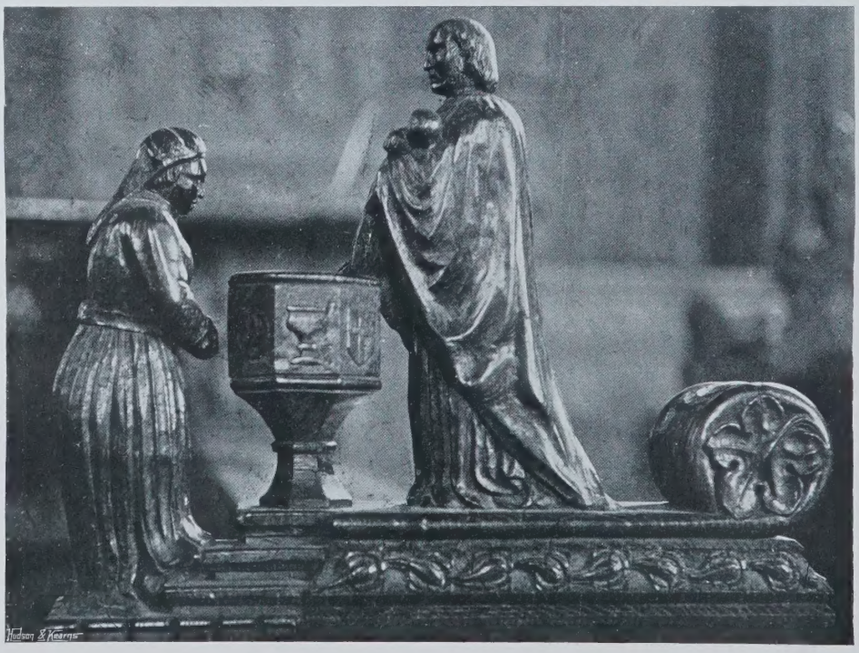
For many years the custom prevailed on the estate to pay hedge-cutters one penny for every sapling that was saved. As shelter it is difficult to estimate exactly the value of wayside trees. Where sheep and dairy farming are pursued to a large extent there can be no doubt at all that the livestock derive great benefit from the shade of the trees; but, on the other hand, if the timber be not well chosen, it will draw an amount of support from the arable land that will scarcely be paid for by the value of the timber. Mr. Forbes holds, and rightly, that the value of hedgerow trees as producers of timber depends very much upon the species, and he is very much in favour of the English elm; for, though the specific value of the timber is not high, its tall, straight, and well-shaped bole, its comparatively small crown, and the rapidity of its growth are very advantageous, while it propagates itself rapidly from suckers. Hedges also do very well under it—much better than under oaks, and, of course, beech is fatal to them.

BENCH-ENDS, OLD AND NEW.

THE wood-carvings of the choir-stalls in the cathedrals of Chester and Manchester have hardly hitherto received the attention that they undoubtedly deserve. In common with most other arts of the later Middle Ages, that of wood-carving in England has suffered, generally, from neglect and misrepresentation. The assertion is still too frequently made that we owe all the best work of this kind to alien artists, a generalisation based on two or three fairly authentic cases which have formed the common stock of writers on the subject. But a more reasonable view of the question shows that this theory is by no means tenable. The number of ecclesiastical buildings fitted with fine woodwork throughout the country during the fifteenth century was so great, that nothing but a national school of sculpture could have satisfied the large, widespread, and nearly simultaneous demand for the quaint but admirable devices which adorned the stalls and miserere seats of almost every monastic church of importance. This can only be realised adequately by an examination, wider than heretofore, of surviving specimens, such as those now before us; a comparison of them with other examples of contemporary arts; and especially the making of a careful record—photographic, accompanied by measurements, for choice—of every fragment of old work still in existence. From this point of view the carvings of Chester and Manchester offer a peculiarly inviting field to the student. Their proximity to each other, the excellence of the work in both cases, as well as the known connection of certain great families with the making of it, would seem to give great promise of fruitful results to such an enquiry. The Chester carvings are the earlier in date, having been, in all probability, executed at the order of Simon Ripley, the twenty-third abbot, who died in 1492. In their time they have suffered many indignities, all of which have, doubtless, been laid to the charge of Cromwell's soldiers. These fanatics certainly did much damage, but that they are not to be held responsible for everything the following evidence will prove. In the report of a commission on the state of Chester Cathedral, held by order of the Archbishop of York, and dated August 27th, 1633, we find the condition of the cathedral set forth in no doubtful terms: "The said church was very undecent and unsemely, the stalls thereof being patched and peeced, and some broken, and some higher than other." With one exception—at the end of the seventeenth century—no serious attempt at a maintenance of the fabric in a state of common decency was made until 1818; and it was only in the course of the final restoration, inaugurated in 1868, that the stalls were cleansed, repaired, and set in their present excellent order. The new work, it may be remarked, has been done with unusual sympathy and respect for the old. The subjects of the bench-ends and of the miserere seats are of the prevailing types—grotesque, often symbolical, often humorous, and always essentially decorative. A rare and remarkable example is the Tree of Jesse, which is very seldom found in this form. The seated figure at the elbow appears to be a pilgrim, but its interest lies in the typically English, one might say North Country, face, with its clean-shaven upper lip, and look of strong character and determination. This, at least, hardly suggests foreign workmanship. At Manchester the

THE CHOIR, CHESTER CATHEDRAL

THE TREE OF JESSE.



H. Walker. CHANCEL, TIDESWELL CHURCH. Copyright

bench-carvings are somewhat later, and their history is fairly well known, at all events so far as the facts that those on the north side were erected by Richard Beck, a merchant of the city, and bear his initials; while the opposite range of stalls was due to the generosity of Bishop Stanley, third son of Thomas Stanley, created Earl of Derby in 1485. Bishop Stanley was Warden of Manchester in 1481, and succeeded to the bishopric of Ely in 1506, so we may assume the stalls to have been made between those dates. He died at Manchester on March 22nd, 1515. The elbow ornaments and panels suggest a connection with this family in several ways. The subject of a relief on the Dean's stall is the old crest which the Stanleys derived from the Lathams of Latham, County Lancashire—the so-called "bird and bantling"—concerning which it is related in an old Visitation of Lancashire, now in the College of Arms, that a child having been found in an eagle's nest, and adopted by a Latham, the incident gave rise to the famous badge. The panel depicts the whole scene, with the people looking upwards at the eagle, who for this purpose has conveniently built an unusual nest in a tree-top. Other stalls have the Stanley supporters—a griffin on one, and a mutilated figure of the stag, "ducally collared with line reflexed over the back," on the other.

A notable piece of good heraldic treatment is exhibited in a panel with the old arms of Delawarr displayed on a shield—not Cantilupe, as stated by some writers on the subject. The dragon above is unusually good. The lion, whose head has also suffered severe mutilation, is probably another instance of heraldic suggestion, a source of this kind of imagery which has been too much neglected by those who have been desirous of placing it in its correct period. The carving of the late fifteenth century generally displays a very considerable technical skill. The wood is used in good broad masses, and boldly worked with due regard for its nature and growth. Subjects chosen are almost always treated conventionally, if with a certain crudeness. The so-called satires on monastic habits had probably far less force in their own day than they appear, to our greater sensitiveness, to possess. The wit and humour of periods later than the

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Reformation would be accounted mere vulgar abuse nowadays; and if a similar allowance be made for the miserere carvings, we need consider them as merely the fashionable joke of the period. The grotesque birds and beasts are derived in some degree from the old "Bestiaries," or Books of Beasts, but they occur very frequently in the decorations of illuminated service-books and Bibles. No monastic institution was without an equipment of this kind, generally rich enough in decoration to furnish themes for all the craftsmen who were employed about their churches; and it is pretty certain that this means of obtaining patterns was in common use for a considerable time before the Reformation, and that the carvers of the later Perpendicular period were, however skilful of hand, frequently indebted to earlier work for their ideas.

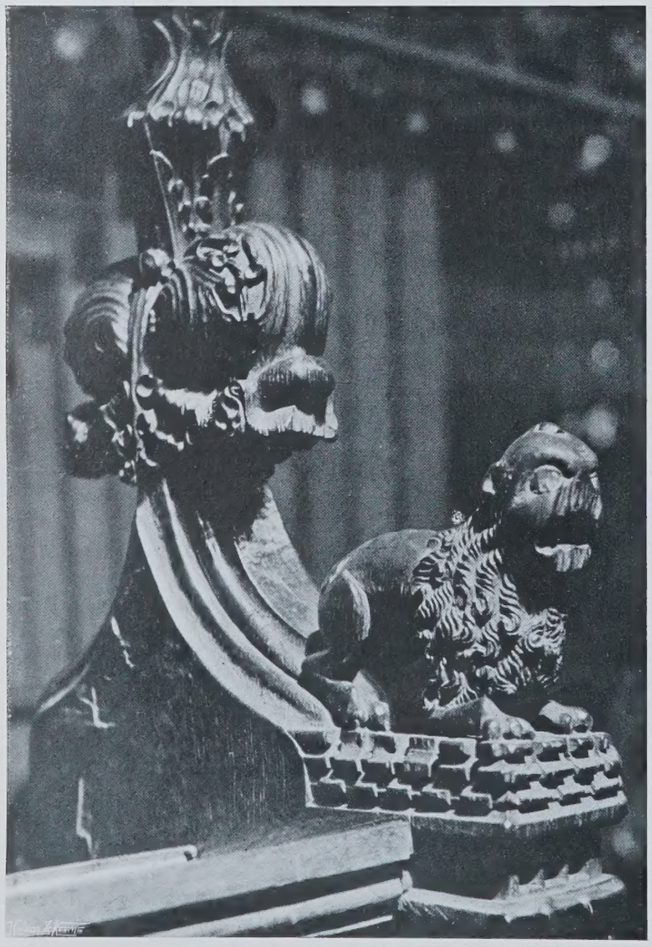
It is very interesting to compare the work of a modern carver with examples such as those which illustrate this article. In the beautiful Decorated church of Tideswell, Derbyshire, are a number of bench-ends by a local sculptor, Mr. Advent Hunstone, which may be said to be exercises in a style nearly akin to that of the Manchester and Chester stalls. It would be somewhat unfair to judge them by that standard, nevertheless; for the causes that produced the characteristics of fifteenth century style can hardly have been operative in the modern version of it. But Mr. Hunstone has succeeded in giving us simple, effective figures, well posed and reverently pictured. His drapery is skilfully dealt with, and the only fault that can be suggested is in the over-decoration of the finials. How far he has followed old models we have not been informed, but in any case, it would have been better to have omitted the little scene of the "Annunciation" from the poppy-head, here reproduced. It looks somewhat too insignificant in comparison with the really fine figure beside it. One would wish, in conclusion, to take this opportunity to make an appeal to all lovers of mediæval art to cherish every fragment they possess of the real old work. We hear stories of restorations—when the ancient carving either disappears, or is "given away" to private persons. Under no circumstances should any of it be alienated entirely from public us . If it cannot be preserved in the church of its origin, there are yet many museums. And, again, there is the necessity of making records of the beautiful craftsmanship of our forefathers. Every stall, every bench-end, every miserere seat should be measured, photographed, described, and the result deposited in one of our national museums. Only by systematic work of this kind can material be accumulated for a real study of the older arts of Great Britain—a subject better worthy of labour than many critics have yet imagined for a carving, such as that in the first

illustration, of the drunkard lifting a tankard, which the devil below is pushing up to his lips, is a conception that throws light alike on the mind and age in which it was conceived, and on the simple minds which it was intended to influence. To these the sermon of the rude woodwork would appeal as no eloquence from the pulpit could, and the artist may have succeeded where the preacher failed. EDWARD F. STRANGE.

MIDSUMMER CHATTER.

WAKING about dawn this morning (the day is Friday, June 9th), I heard the half whisper, half hiss of steady rain, while a distant roaring sound from a fir wood on the hilltop, and a fitful blustering in the garden trees, told all too well that the cold north-east wind of Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday had returned. It was disappointing, because there had been enough rain; and the sunshine we wanted had seemed promised by the tolerable brightness of Thursday afternoon. The promise was too evidently broken. Here this morning was the cold splashing wet once more.

By a pleasant coincidence, as it proved, reading some hours later in Pepys's Diary for 1663 I came to the following entry: "July 1st—This morning it rained so hard (though it was fair yesterday and we thereupon in hopes of having some fair weather, which we have wanted this three months) that it wakened Creed, who lay with me last night, and me, and so we up. . . ." I read so far and paused, smitten by the reality of the thing. There were discrepancies, it is true, and great ones, but there was also a most lifelike resemblance between my morning and Pepys's. It was as if I was living in his time, or he in mine. How well I was able to picture—for the very thing was happening now—that pouring July morning to which England, and not Pepys alone, woke nearly two centuries and a-half ago! For though his London was a different place, his England would not be so unimaginable. To adopt an expression of his own, "at the very moment while he was writing those words," here in West Surrey drenched trees would be shivering in the wind, turning up the pale under-side of their tossed foliage, just as now when I write; larks would be singing, lost to view up in the grey rain, and irrepressible thrushes whistling in the hedges, and sparrows fussily chirping under cottage eaves. And through all villages and country towns the disgusted people would be telling one another, as Pepys doubtless told many and still tells us, how the rain woke them up, and how they really had hoped, after yesterday's



BENCH ENDS, MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

H. Walker. *BENCH ENDS, TIDESWELL* Copyright

sunshine, to get some nice, kind weather at last. It was a stimulating, and presently it became an impressive, fancy, as I realised how, underneath all the so-called important things we write about and read about, another and quieter, altogether more vast and unchangeable, stream of interests has continuously occupied us in England, filling out our life and making it really worth living.

Then a most vain wish came—that Pepys had found time to record not only his own and Mr. Creed's share in this living under-current, but that of others, the ordinary, common people up and down the country. I would have had him say how they bore themselves that wet morning. But the wish gave way to speculation. Looking forward another 240 years or so, to some wet and chilly June morning, will there not be found an Englishman, reading, it may be, of the King of Spain's visit, who will wistfully regret that nobody at this time thought worth while to record how the common people, not kings or State secretaries, were affected by this rainy week? How, for example, did the villagers in this parish take it? The great under-current that fills out life is going on here to-day, and is as well worth noting as in 1663. How people live, and not how they are disturbed in living, is the important thing; and if but a week, or even a single day, of the ordinary village existence could be truly set down, it would have more fascination than the records of exceptional events for a twelvemonth, because it would be so much more vividly alive.

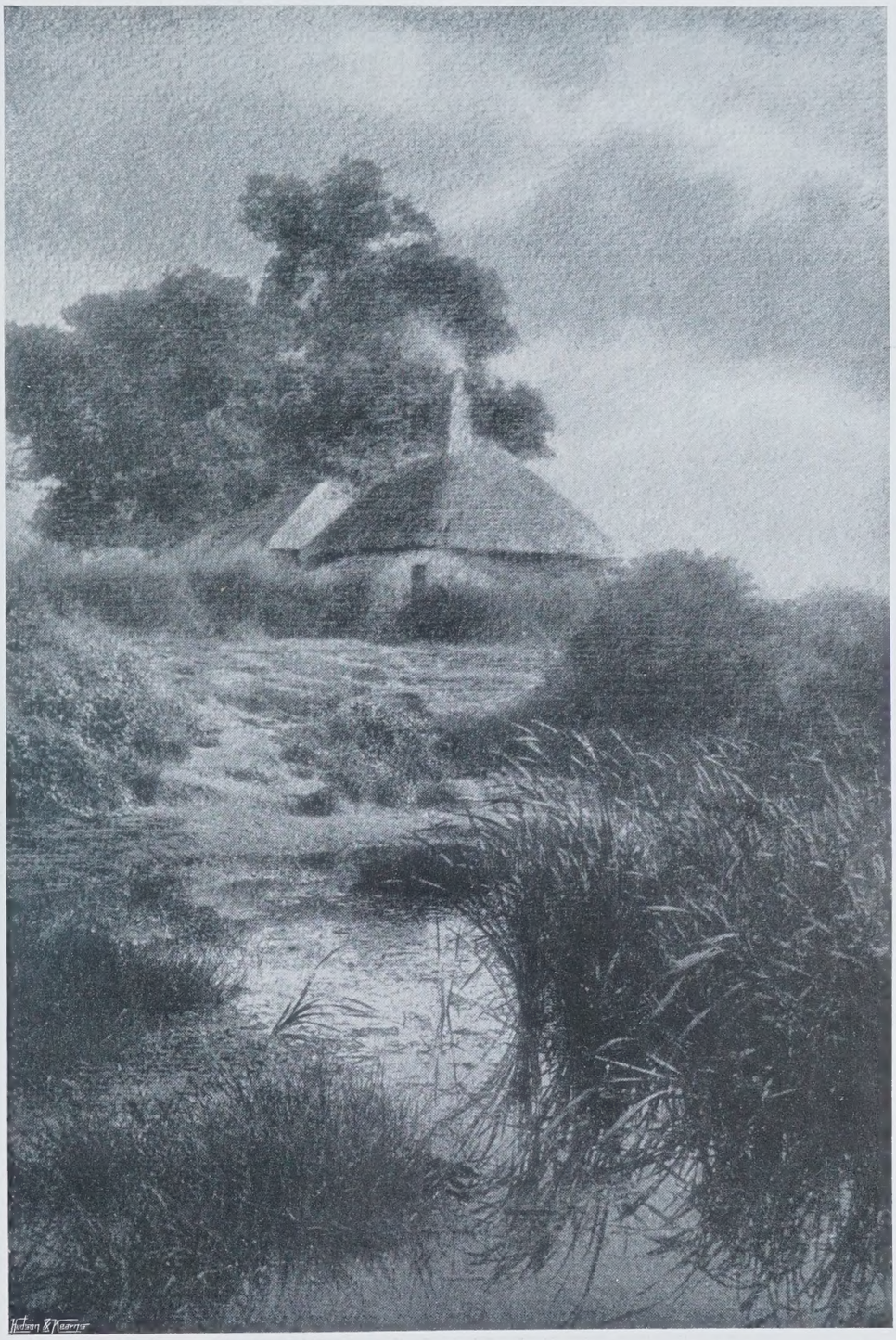
It needed but this to bring back to memory with a new significance some of yesterday's almost unheeded talk. In the uncertain sunshine of the afternoon, farmers at the town market had spoken of the three preceding wet days. In their grudging way they reckoned that the rain had come too late to make much improvement in the hay crop. Still, the rain was welcome, and—well, their opinions and the tone of their voices became in the memory invigorating, being so intrinsic a part of the endless life of England's country districts.

Not less so afterwards was the quiet, innocent prattle of an old villager hobbling homewards very slowly because "his feet was so bad." "What a beautiful rain we've had," he said, in purring, soft voice: "it come so steady, without any runse." (Without washing out channels in the garden ground, he meant.) "And now if we gets some warm sunshine, won't the things go ahead! Did that frost touch ye much, in the end of May?" I fell in with his humour, which was, like the early evening, trying to be sunny in a tired fashion, and said, "No, not much; you see, I lie so sheltered." "That's a good job. It cut off all my taters and runner beans, and I fetched 'em all up the next evenin' and sowed again. . . . No, not the taters; only the beans. Last year I sowed my beans in April, and I was pickin' early in

July. Comin' so nice and for'ard I got fo'pence a pound for 'em, and that made it worth while, 'cause 'twarn't no trouble to put three or four pound into my basket and take into the town when I went to work o' mornin's. But if you be late plantin', then the autumn frostis comes and nips 'em off. I be late this year; still, this rain 'll help 'em. 'Twas a beautiful rain. The Lord very soon answered the prayers. I s'pose there was prayers put up all over the country for it Sunday, and 'twas sent o' Monday."

"All over the country," at any rate, one might imagine this same grateful talk going up, as a most intimate part of English country life; not often, I think, with so much avowed piety—for that struck a note I seldom hear—but with no less cordial appreciation. And when from the hilltop one saw, later in the evening, enormous storm-clouds pillaring up again in the north-east, drifting gloomily overhead, obscuring the blue and mingling with grey vapour and scud, one felt that all over the country rustic people were anxiously watching the sky, and, like this one I heard, protesting that what we want now is some nice warm weather.

It did not come, any more than when Pepys desired it. And so, in the cold wet rain before noon a man I saw over a garden hedge hilling potatoes straightened himself, looked fretful, and remarked, "It's very cold for June. The wind keeps here so," and he motioned towards the north-east. "If please Gawd we could get her round in that quarter" (he pointed south-westwards), "that 'd be what we wants now—nice warm summer weather." He spoke of peas, and learning that mine were almost ready for picking, asked their sort, and was told "Gem of the Season." "'Gem?'" he queried; "what, then? Be they a shrivelled pea? Years ago I had a 'Gem,' and they come in a fortnight earlier than any others. Such a little low-growin' pea! Well, nine inches would be a tall one among 'em. They growed in clumps, all bushy, with pods stickin' out all over the top. But it's years since I seen any of 'em." That was this morning. In the afternoon the man in my own garden said, "I thought you'd ha' had peas to pick for Whit-Sunday. And so you would if there'd come sun yesterday and to-day. It wanted that rain, but it wanted the sunshine now. As 'tis there won't hardly be a cookin'." Later still, the poor old man Bettesworth, whom I saw as he lay in bed, asked, among other things, relative to the garden he will hardly see again, "Have ye picked any peas yet, sir? Not yet? Oh, I thought p'rhaps you would. So-and-so picked some last week, they says. But the weather is so onkind, with this rain every day . . . but there, sure, we shouldn't ha' got nothing at all without it."



B. C. Wickison. *MORNING IN MIDSUMMER.* Copyright.

Did the country people talk so in Pepys's time? He has not told. But so they talk in the villages to-day. And monotonous though it is—like the twittering of sparrows—yet what were the country without all this simple chatter? The quickset hedgerows, and the grassy banks beneath them, are monotonous too—and pleasant. And even as they imperceptibly change while the summer goes over them, drenching them with rain or parching them with drought, so the average village talk changes and keeps step in the procession of the year. What English country people say normally is, in fact, not one man's idea in particular, nor another's; it is a sort of national crop, which indicates by its progress the season that is passing. And it is strange how true to its time it comes. Looking back through my journal, I find it noted that on June 13th, 1899, old Bettesworth was talking of his peas fit to pick, and was wishing for a shower. On June 10th, 1903, the first rain had fallen of what afterwards proved such a disastrous summer; snails were coming out from the hedgerows, and men on the roads were saying to one another (as probably they did in the earlier downfalls of 1663), "Nice rain!" On the same day, Bettesworth, hilling potatoes, showed me his old-fashioned hand-made beck, and told how it used to belong to his wife's grandfather. I turn on to 1904: June 20th is the date of the nearest entry, where it is related how Bettesworth, hilling potatoes, discoursed of the beck he was using, which his wife's old grandfather had once owned. I had forgotten, and so had he, that he had spoken of this a year previously, just as one forgets the very existence of certain flowers until a day comes and there they are. The season brings them out, and these country observations too, every one at its appointed time.

When Pepys's date comes—July 1st by the old style, or July 11th (is it?) by the new—about what shall we be talking? Of the weather, of course; more happily, we will hope, than in 1663; but besides the weather, of what else should we chatter, save of "broad" or "garden" beans? It is as certain to come as the scritching of the grasshoppers; and I know as well what will be said on or about July 11th, by rustics all over the Southern Counties, as if their voices were already audible. They

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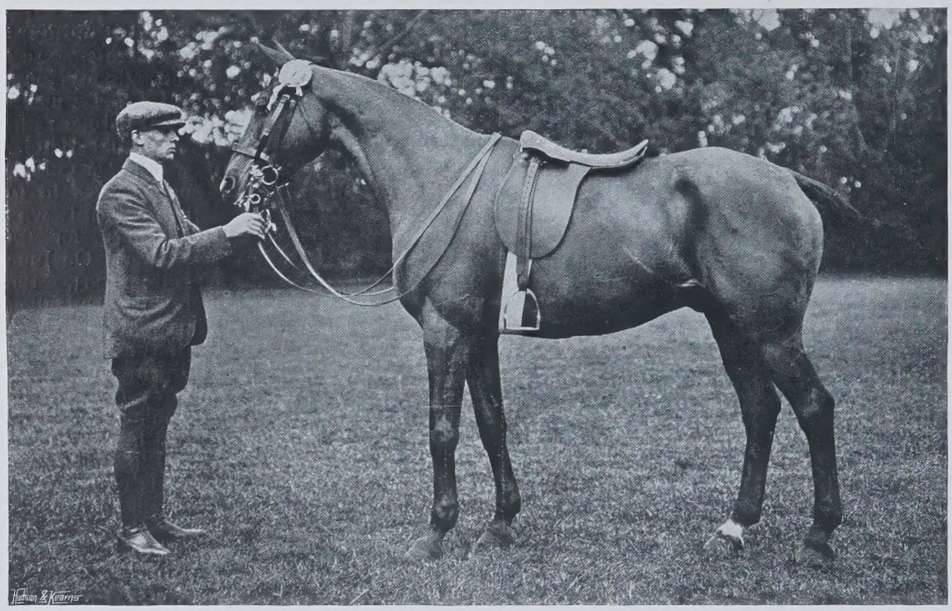

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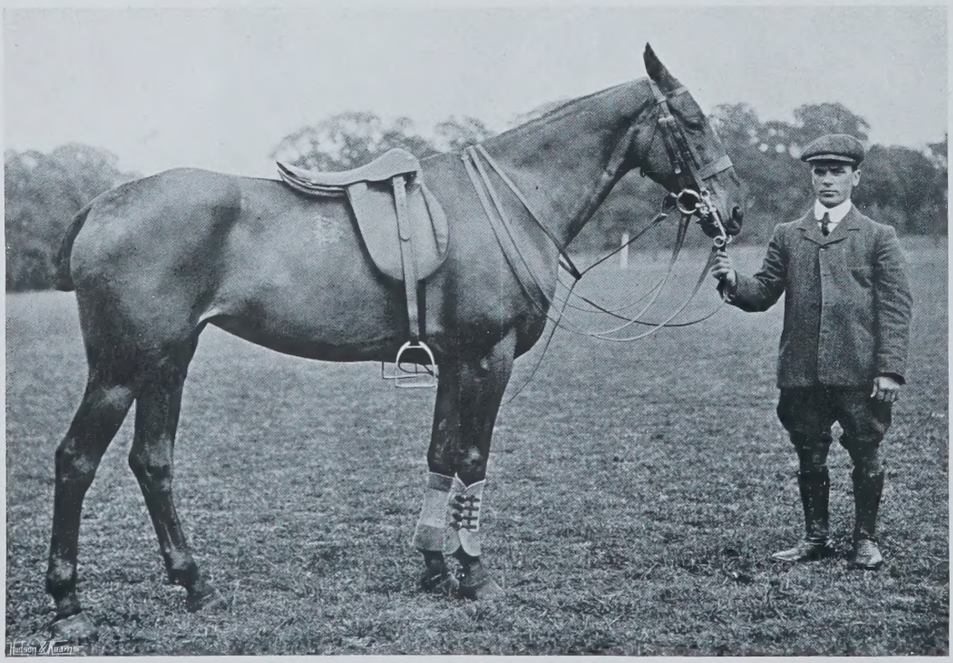


W. A. Rouch. MESSRS. MILLER'S BAYLEAF. Copyright.

will affirm, "I likes to have one mess o' beans, and then I don't want no more." That is the normal expression, the proper seasonable opinion; and though you may have heard it in previous summers over and over again, still, if you have a genuine delight in English country life, you will not find it tedious, but welcome. You will be glad to hear it again. It belongs to the country. It comes in with the roses. GEORGE BOURNE.

POLO PONIES OF THE DAY.

THE polo ponies which are most in favour at the present time are those of the hunter stamp. Picture to yourself the horse you would like to ride across Leicestershire or Northamptonshire on. Reduce it from 16·1 to 14·2, Hurlingham measurement, and you have the polo pony of 1905. Let us take, for example, Worcester, whose photograph illustrates this article. She is not only of hunter type, but hunter-bred. We do not believe that she has any pony blood in her, though, of course, this is always possible, but it would be difficult to find an animal that fills the eye more as a polo pony. The perfect forehand will be noted, and if one might desire a little more power behind the saddle, there must always be something to criticise. But the proof of the polo pony is in the game, and this pony's present owner, Captain Miller, has said that no better polo pony in a game can be. Better even than Matchbox; but that famous mare was not quite everybody's mount, and, perhaps, if we class the Hurlingham first prize winner with Luna, or Syren, or My Girl, whom we have seen in the Champion Cup, we have said enough. Sceptre is another pony well known for good deeds, and she looks equal to any reasonable weight in any game. Bayleaf is a very nice pony, though I have the bad taste to prefer Mr. G. A. Miller's Bunny Rabbit, which seems to me to be very much what a polo pony should be. If you want looks, scope, and manners, there is Mr. Garland's Dr. Horace, a little old now, but none the worse for that, since many playing ponies rather ripen with age. In the first ties of the Champion Cup did we not see Rugby, when hard pressed by the Magpies, turn to the old and tried friends, and the game pulled, as it were, out of the fire by their aid? When Rugby—Mr. W. Jones, Mr. G. A. Miller, Captain Miller, and Mr. C. D. Miller—met the Magpies—Captain Jenner, Mr. Thynne, Mr. H. M. Brassey, and the Duke of Roxburghe—it seemed as if the latter team were only courting defeat. What chance could they have? As a matter of fact, whether or no Rugby were below their form, it was really luck that helped them to a victory. A ball striking a goal-post, the eye of an umpire discerning two very obvious offsides—these three chances might have changed the fate of the Champion Cup. As it was, Rugby just got home by a single goal, after a match of which, on the whole, they had not the best. But to have ponies so well tried as they have, is an advantage; the very sight of old Luna's square head is enough to cheer a friend or dispirit an adversary. Mr. Charles Miller himself would be the first to tell you that when he rides

My Girl he feels himself able to repel any attack on his goal. There were some new ponies. Mr. G. A. Miller, who has usually favoured the short, compact, handy, sharp ponies, was riding a chestnut with a bang tail, of the type we are rather accustomed to associate with Lord Shrewsbury, and apparently getting on well with it. He went back in the next ten to a pony of the Nipcat stamp. I could not see that Mr. George Miller was much less effective than he used to be, though his accident must be a handicap. But the best pony we saw during the afternoon was Mr. C. T. Garland's Buckingham. It was lent to Mr. Cecil Nickalls, and whether it was the pony, or whether the player was in form, he hit no less than three successive goals, all notable enough, from its back. This pony Buckingham is a whole-coloured light bay, an animal with a beautifully laid shoulder, a very deep girth, excellent back, loins, and quarters, and would be notable in any class of polo ponies. Roehampton, with the help of Mr. C. Nickalls and Buckingham, played a good game against Mr. Grenfell's team. It seems a commonplace to say that it was a better game than the score indicates. Yet I think that those who saw it at Hurlingham on Monday will agree that in this case this is something more than a phrase inserted to save the feelings of the defeated team. Captain Courage played a fine game, and it was no fault of his or of Mr. E. B. Sheppard that their team did not make a better show in scoring. The fact was they were meeting Roehampton, who seem to be the best team of this season, on their day. Very little behind the Roehampton men came the Magpies, who played a wonderful game, Captain Jenner and the Duke of Roxburghe being brilliant. Mr. Brassey was very unlucky in having to leave the team at critical moments, but when he settled down to his white pony he played well, some of his back-handers being wonderful in their force and accuracy.

So far as I have seen, and that is as far as the Champion Cup and the shows have revealed them, we have a most noteworthy entry of good ponies this year, besides the old-established tournament ponies. The polo pony does not soon grow old or stale, and Buckingham, Worcester, Ragman, Bunny Rabbit, and one or two more remain in one's mind as being worthy to stand side by side with such old-time celebrities as Charlton, Matchbox, Black Bella, and others whom there is no space to mention. If anything, our polo ponies do somewhat improve each year, even among the best, while the next class tread much more closely on their heels than they used to do five or ten seasons ago. We shall look forward to the Ranelagh Show, coming, as it does, next Saturday, at the height of the season, to show us what more cracks there are yet to come. X.

SEA-BIRDS IN JUNE.

SINCE the publication of our article on this subject in the Summer Number, several additional letters have come to hand, from which we select for publication a few that we think will have special interest for our readers. The first is a brief note from St. Kilda, that islet "set far amid the melancholy main." It is from the postmaster, and he says that, so far as his experience goes, there is no decrease in the number of birds brooding, but that the fulmar is increasing in numbers. Since going to the island, he has not noticed much change in the avifauna, though the gannet has been more abundant during the last few years, and some eagles have lately visited the island. He adds, although this subject does not directly appertain to sea-birds, that in the summer swallows come to St. Kilda every year.

Wyles. *HOVERING OVER THEIR FOOD.* Copyright

From the almost equally-distant Orkneys, Mr. Thomas Kent, whose photographs have often appeared in COUNTRY LIFE, sends the following note:

"Referring to your enquiry about sea-birds in this neighbourhood, I have pleasure in answering same and reporting as follows: 1. There has been no diminution in their numbers this year. On the contrary, puffins, cormorants, terns, and gulls are plentiful, and in the case of the last-mentioned there has been a considerable (and regrettable) increase. Mr. D. J. Robertson, solicitor, Kirkwall, who is a keen observer, says that he has noticed the puffins arriving at the island of Hoy in the spring and remaining for three or four days. Then they all disappear for a week, and return to commence nesting. He thinks that the first arrivals are the male birds, who make arrangements for and return with their partners. 2. There have been no appreciable changes in times of arrival, nesting, or departure. The terns arrived about May 13th this year—the usual time. 3. The only new species of sea-bird noticed in Orkney is the fulmar petrel, which is nesting in Hoy this year, and arrived here three (perhaps four) years ago."

We have had another valuable contribution from Scotland, which also comes from one with whose photographs and articles our readers are familiar, viz., Mr. Seton Gordon, who writes from Auchintoul, Aboyne, N.B.:

"I regret that your letter *re* the sea-birds has so long remained unanswered, but you see I am over thirty miles from the seacoast, so it takes some time to make reliable observations. Yesterday I visited what is probably the largest colony of terns in this county, and found that, if anything, the common tern has increased since last season, and this notwithstanding that most of the eggs are harried. I found fifteen lesser terns' nests, and should think there were thirty or forty pairs nesting. They are very confiding, and return to the nest even though you may be watching them. The black-headed gull is also breeding with the terns on the sand-dunes, which is, I think, unusual. I found four nests of the eider-duck. I found a nest of what was probably a roseate tern, which is seldom met with so far North. . . . I have also visited a favourite nesting site of the razor-bill, guillemot, puffin, and kittiwake. There seemed to be a slight decrease of the kittiwake and puffin, but the razor-bills and guillemots were, if possible, more numerous than ever, as were also the herring-gulls. As regards the land-birds, there is a slight decrease of the willow-warbler, and a marked decrease of the ring-ousel. The curlews arrived on the moors about March 15th, together with the golden plover and redshank; but numbers were killed by the severe storm of April, when the roads on Upper Donside were for a week almost impassable owing to the huge snow-wreaths. The curlews, redshanks, golden plovers, lapwings, etc., suffered terrible privations, and were at the end of the storm so weak that they could scarcely call at all. They were all in large flocks. The sandpipers arrived about April 18th in about the same numbers as usual. The oyster-catchers also are breeding on the river Dee in large numbers, but do not seem to call so frequently as usual. I have noticed also that the missel-thrush sang less frequently than is ordinarily the case, and I have not heard him in song since May 29th. The cuckoo is also, I think, less abundant than formerly, and I have not seen so many nesting woodcock as during last season. I hope these notes may prove of interest to readers of COUNTRY LIFE."

While another contributor, who is also a well-known naturalist, adds something to our knowledge. His special domain is Lundy Island, but, as will be seen, he was in the Farne Islands when our note arrived. Mr. A. J. R. Roberts writes:

"Last year was the first that the gannet failed to lay an egg on the island (Lundy). About fourteen birds came in, and four or five pairs began

to build, but were disturbed continually and finally left. The watcher placed on the island was practically useless; twenty would scarcely be sufficient. During the last five years I have noticed no decrease at Lundy in the numbers of birds nesting, but some people say, 'the birds are nothing to what they used to be.' There always are people like that, and I do not suppose there can really be much difference. Practically no guillemots' eggs were gathered there last season, but that probably will not affect the numbers, as the bird is capable of laying several times. I have been visiting the Farnes for the last fortnight, and stayed with the watchers on the various islands. The birds there are distinctly 'late,' and the small colony of Arctic tern on the 'Brownsman' is only commencing to lay now. I saw a solitary ivory gull there, and a good number of turnstone (non-breeders), and the remnant of a flock of purple sandpiper."

Gibson. AT CLOSE QUARTERS. *Penzance.*

To what we said before on the Scilly Islands the following two letters will prove interesting additions:

"There is not much difference to be noticed here amongst the sea-birds, nor in their usual habits. If anything, the kittiwake gulls are not so numerous; but, on the other hand, puffins, shearwaters, and razor-bills seem to have increased in number. Guillemots have also apparently decreased."—W. TREVELLICK.

"In answer to your letter of enquiry concerning the birds here, I have been on the islands twenty-two years, and as far as I can judge the sea-birds are much as usual, with the exception of two classes: (1) the common tern (Sterna fluviatilis), which does not breed so freely on the islands as formerly, and one only sees a few pairs in the breeding season, though it used to be plentiful and breed freely, and (2) the shag (Phalacrocorax graculus) are rapidly increasing, and are very numerous. There are two other classes, yearly visitors, hoopoe and golden oriole. The first I have not seen for three years, and only one or two orioles in a season now."—J. A. WHITE.

In conclusion we have to thank our correspondents for their interesting and valuable communications.

FROM THE FARMS.

HAND AND MACHINE SHEEP-SHEARING.

SOME little time ago an interesting contest took place at Bentham between two North Country clippers and a shearing-machine against which they were pitted. Frequenters of agricultural shows know the operation of the mechanical process very well, and no doubt opinions differ as to its efficacy. For our own part, we have always somewhat objected to the use of the machine, because it involved a certain amount of cruelty. Possibly enough means will be found to avert this in future, and it may be that the writer has been somewhat unfortunate in the examples he has witnessed; but he can only attest what he has seen with his own eyes, and that was that the sheep were somewhat mauled about by the clipper In the time test referred to the hand-shearers won easily, completing their score of sheep before the machine had finished its seventh, the time of the two men averaging, respectively, 4min. 51sec. and 5min. 3sec., while the machine had to be allowed time for readjustment now and again. Expedition was in this case the only test, and, as regards that, the hand beat the machine hollow; nor did the operators accomplish their feat in record time either, as a sheep has been shorn in 2½min. The sheep used in this contest were twenty Scotch wether hoggs and twenty half-breds, the latter being crosses of Scotch black-faced ewes and Wensleydales. It was put forward as an excuse that a novice had been employed to turn the handle of the machine, and on this account 20 per cent. of the time actually employed was wasted. It was admitted that the shearing of the machine was closer than that by hand, but that was the only thing that could be said in its favour.

FAT AND THE MILKING INTERVAL.

In the Wisconsin experiment station a herd of about thirty-eight cows and five bulls has been maintained for the last six years for the purpose of investigating the composition of milk, butter, and cheese. They have found out many things of practical use to the farmer. One is the vast difference in the quantity of food needed by different cows for the production of a unit of milk or of butter fat. Roughly speaking, the cows of the Wisconsin herd could be divided into three classes, of which one group produced 28lb. of milk, the second 23lb., and the third 18lb. of milk per day. It was found that on an average each group consumed very nearly the same quantity of food; the best cows produced 100lb. of milk on food containing 89lb. of dry matter, while the cows giving medium and low yields consumed for the same result 105lb. and 125lb. of dry matter. It is therefore obvious that cows giving the largest yield were by far the most profitable. The proportion of butter fat was not found to vary to any considerable extent by the style of feeding, but seemed to be determined by the inbred characteristics of the cow. Supplementary to this we may refer to the experiments made in the laboratory of the Agricultural College at Reading, which proved that a long interval between milkings leads to a diminution of fat, and this is supported by what has been ascertained at the Yorkshire College. It has always been a difficulty with dairy farmers that the morning's milk was poorer in quality than that obtained in the evening, and Dr. Crowther of the Yorkshire College holds that this can be amended by equalising the periods between successive milkings.

WHERE EGGS COME FROM.

Many people would probably be surprised to know from what different and distant countries the eggs come which are used in English households. Siberia exports enormous quantities of both eggs and butter to Western Europe, and the name of Egypt is probably even more unfamiliar as an egg-producing country for the English market. Yet during the last twelve months the export of eggs from Egypt very nearly amounted to the enormous total of 60,000,000, and of these only a seventh part were sent to other European countries than our own. The trade, moreover, is undergoing a period of depression at present, owing to the prevalence of chicken cholera on the Egyptian holdings, and the unwillingness of the fellaheen to take any preventive measures. On the other hand, these Egyptian eggs now fetch more than double the price they did seven or eight years ago.

VILLAGE BANKS IN ENGLAND.

According to the latest information that we have at hand nine village co-operative credit societies have now been established in England. Their object, as we need scarcely say, is to enable small cultivators such as market gardeners or allotment holders to obtain advances at a low rate of interest. The occasions when money is wanted are usually for the purchase of cows, sheep, and pigs, the paying of working expenses on small holdings and allotments, the repairing of tomato and cucumber houses, and the purchase of seeds and manure. The rate of interest varies, but is not allowed to exceed 6 per cent., or one shilling per month on £10. There are three Lincolnshire societies, at Scawby, Spalding, and Friskney; one at Hedge End in Hampshire, and one at Wigginhall in Norfolk, one at Freeby in Leicestershire, one at Clophill in Bedfordshire, and two in Worcestershire. The Scawby society was established in 1894, and in the first ten years of its existence lent out £1,032 in 38 loans. Last year it had 29 members and a reserve fund of £35. Its history is very typical of that of the others, and some good work has been placed to the credit even of those which were started only in the course of last year.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A CURIOUS MOUSE-TRAP.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—The mouse-trap figured in Country Life of the 17th inst. is similar to one we always used in the forties and fifties of the last century, with the exception that the blocks were square and not round. The reason "E. Broughton" cannot set the trap is that the treadle is missing. It should be a round, thin piece of wood, with a projecting piece that will play up and down in the slit. There must be a notch cut across into which one end of the piece of wood on the string seen in the picture goes. The other end is placed in the notch which is visible near the bottom of the suspended block. Its weight will hold up the treadle A little meal should be put on the treadle; the mouse will enter, and its weight release the treadle. Death by flattening will be the result.—A. C.

NATURE NOTES.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—Under one of your headings on shooting notes in your issue of Saturday, June 10th, you speak of nine stoats being caught in a trap in a hollow tree, one after the other; but I am inclined to think you ascribe the fact to the wrong reason. I do not think there is any special attraction for birds to nest or for vermin to frequent hollow trees, and I would ascribe the real reason to two facts which most gamekeepers know, or should, namely, that there is no bait for the weasel race like the dead body of a comrade, which they will come very long distances in search of, and that they are very easily snared. The nest of the magpie is, in my experience, nearly always in a deciduous tree, near the top, and has two entrances, one at each side, the nest being covered over on the top. This, no doubt, is to hide the eggs from passing crows, as well as to prevent the necessity of turning in the nest, which would injure the bird's long and handsome tail In your article on sea-birds in June, you say that the eider-ducks sit very close, even allowing one to lift them and count their eggs; but many birds will do this, it depending on how near the chicks are to leaving the shell. I lifted a sitting grouse once in the same way, but I found the eggs were all chipped.—Naturalist.

SEA-BIRDS NESTING INLAND.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—My letter of the other day is not, I think, quite as plain as it might be. Of course it is no new thing for redshanks to nest inland, any more than for ringed plovers, dunlins, and oyster-catchers; but it seems to me interesting to find them seeking out new localities inland, especially those near London. It is, I think, rather an interesting fact that Middlesex should be found a locality for nesting of ringed plovers and redshanks, and also that sewage farms are proving so attractive to shore birds at all seasons of the year.—R. B. Lodge.

"DOWNRIGHT SHIPPEN."

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

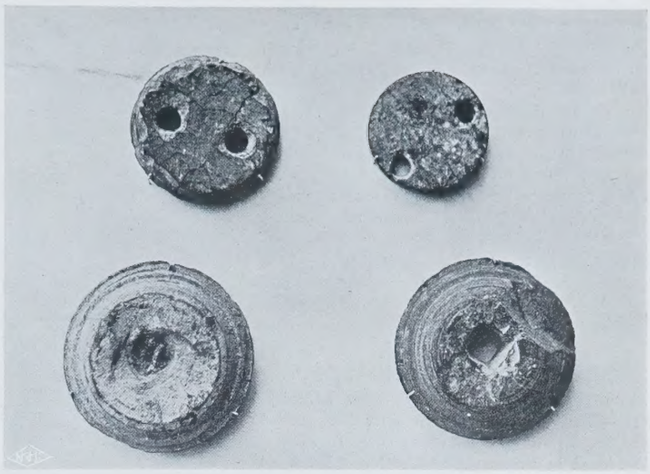
Sir,—In the admirably-illustrated account of Holland House which appears in the current number of Country Life, there is reference made to the "Downright Skipper." Pope has made us acquainted with "Downright Shippen," but who was the "Downright Skipper"?—Rutland.

[We are afraid that His Grace the Duke of Rutland must add one more to the long tale of printers' errors. "William Shippen," who was sent to the Tower in 1718, used to say of himself and Sir Robert Walpole: "Robin and I are two honest men; though he is for King George and I am for King James."—Ed.]

KIMMERIDGE COAL MONEY.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—Except those with antiquarian instincts, probably few people beyond the confines of Wessex are familiar with these curious relics of a bygone age. To local tradition, which has so often handed down to us events of unwritten history, we owe the suggestion of the probable use of these interesting little discs. On the Dorset Coast, in the Isle of Purbeck, to the west of St. Alban's Head, an outcrop occurs of bituminous shale, which extends more or less for some miles. As a source of fuel this shale, or coal, has been worked from very early times, and is, to the present day, used by the cottagers of Kimmeridge, its chief drawbacks being an unpleasant odour and a smoke heavily charged with soot. Some of this shale is of so compact a texture that it is capable of being worked into ornamental articles, taking a



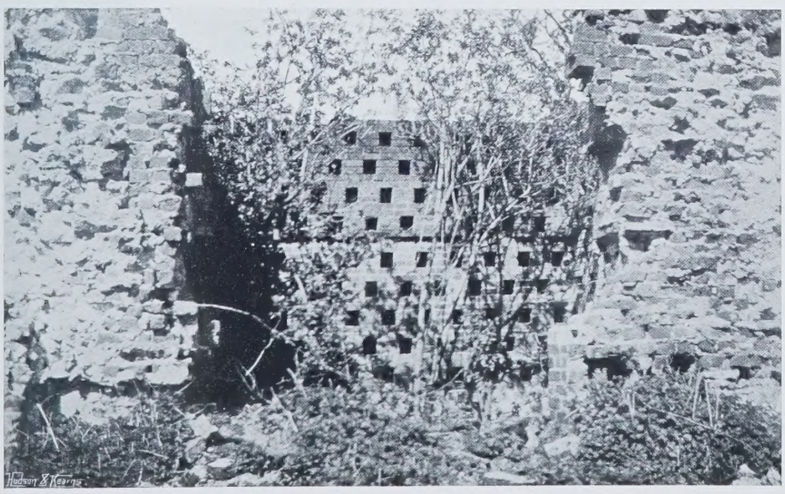
high polish similar to jet. The Romans, when occupying this part of Dorset, discovered not only the properties of this deposit as a fuel, but also its capabilities of being turned in a lathe into rings, beads, and armlets, which were, no doubt, readily purchased by the ladies in the important town of Durnovaria (Dorchester), a few miles distant. Some estimate may be formed of the magnitude of this industry by the number of discs which have been discovered from time to time in the neighbourhood, as they are, without doubt, the cores or centres left after turning articles of ornament. These discarded discs have been invariably found, carefully hidden away under the surface of the ground, at a depth of some 2ft., sometimes with or in Roman pottery, and sometimes between two flat stones, placed on edge, covered with a third stone at the top. That they were carefully stored and hidden away is beyond question, hence they must have represented some value to the possessor. It would appear reasonable to conclude that they were used by the Ancient Britons as tallies, or money. The turning lathe of the enlightened Roman was an instrument unknown in Britain, and these waste discs, bearing the tool marks of the turner, would have been as impossible to counterfeit by the savage Briton as a minted coin. That they have been known from early times as coal money is well authenticated. As many as 600 have been found together in one place, but always protected by covering stones, or pottery. In size varying from 1¾in. to 2½in. in diameter, and about ½in. in thickness, with holes to secure them to the mandril of the lathe, they are all strikingly similar in appearance.—Arthur D. Moullin.

A CHANGE IN THE LANDSCAPE.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—I must compliment you on the possession of a delightfully imaginative paragraph composer. To write that "on very many of the Argyllshire hills the bracken is gaining on the heather and grass to a degree that quite changes the look of the landscape" may be poetic fancy, but like many other poetic fancies is diametrically opposed to hard fact. Perhaps your friend will give one instance out of the "very many." That bracken is increasing in some places, though not so much on the hills as in the glens, and especially where the land has at one time been under plough, is true; but the cause of the increase is the same cause that leads to the increase of thistles and other weeds, viz., the want of elbow-grease on the part of the farmer. The cattle theory is all nonsense. When does your friend suppose that sheep were substituted for cattle? If brackens are cut three or four times in May, June, and July for about four years, they gradually weaken and die down; but, as in the case of all weeds, they want to be attacked regularly. They are quite useless for every purpose except for sheltering a few early home-bred woodcock.—An Old Oxonian, Argyllshire.

[The kindly critic pays too high a compliment to the prosaic writer of the paragraph in crediting him with "poetic fancy" in saying that the aspect of the landscape in parts of Argyllshire is changed by the increase of bracken on the hills. The increase is virtually admitted by the critic himself, and it is no "poetic fancy," but mere "hard fact," that this increase changes the aspect of Nature as the green, and later the russet, of the bracken gains. As to the cause of the increase, the theory that the very great decrease of the cattle is largely responsible may be, indeed, "all nonsense" to the critic, but it is a form of "nonsense" that is preferred as an explanation, perhaps naturally, by many of the local people to that which this critic suggests. With his other remarks as to the mode of killing bracken and its practical inutility there can be no dispute.—Ed.]



AN OLD PIGEON-HOUSE.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—I believe that pigeon-houses of the kind of which I send a photographare rare. Perhaps you may care to insert the enclosed in your paper; it was taken near Charlton, Wiltshire.—B. Ashton Warner.

AN UNEXPECTED BLESSING.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—Five-and-twenty years ago I commenced bee-keeping with a stock sent me by that first-rate apiarist, my friend Miss Gayton of Much Hadham. I hived it in one of Abbott's large combination hives in the garden of this house. For many years I was supposed to be the only bee-master in this parish. I was too busy to attend to them with much care, and my hive became dirty, and on all sides I was advised to treat my old stock to a new

hive. This I did in the spring of 1903. They lived happily through that summer and winter, but early last summer they dwindled and failed. On inspection I found the hive absolutely empty, no bees living or dead. I was about to write and obtain a fresh swarm, when yesterday (fitting anniversary—it was Restoration Day !) I found my hive inhabited by a busy colony ! What has happened ? Did my old stock desert their hive, find a new resting-place, and send forth a colony who took possession of the forsaken home, or what has happened ? I do not know of any hive in the neighbourhood.—JOHN WILLIAM HAWKINS, Kensington.

BROWN-PAPER DRYING SHED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps you may consider the accompanying photograph of sufficient interest to record in the pages of COUNTRY LIFE. I was reminded of the subject by the windmills in last week's paper. The buildings are two out of four or five in Mounton Valley, near Chepstow, and were built and used for the purpose of brown-paper drying, a process now out of date.—F. H. WORSLEY-BENISON.

YOUNG THRUSHES IN CAPTIVITY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am much interested in bird-life, and, as a constant reader of your paper, wish to ask if it is a common occurrence for parent birds, if able to reach them, to poison their young in captivity. A case has recently come under my notice of a young thrush caught and placed in a cage outside the house in which I am staying. The bird fed well, and was apparently in the best of health, till found by one of the parent birds, which was shortly seen to give it something through the bars of the cage. In half-an-hour the captive was dead. Local opinion says the parent administers a poisonous herb, preferring to see its young one dead rather than a prisoner. I should be glad to know if this is the case.—E. G.

[We consider that the idea of a bird poisoning its young is absurd.—ED.]

ANTS IN CAPTIVITY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I notice so many correspondents writing to you on the above subject, complaining that their pets have run away, and speculating on the reason and the manner, that perhaps, as a keeper of ants before they became fashionable pets, I may be able to say a word or two of enlightenment. One correspondent writes that the ants ran away, and indicates some doubt of the reason of their dissatisfaction, also adding, though apparently without attaching the right significance to the observation, that the earth in the nest had grown very dry. The ants will not stay if the earth gets too dry. There are many ways of keeping it moist. I find the simplest to be to squirt in, with an ordinary ear-syringe, a teaspoonful or so of water when the earth begins to look dried up. This is easily seen by its assuming a light colour. It does not need to be all of a dark colour. If portions of it are darkened by the incoming water, it is enough. There need be no fear of drowning the ants ; it requires very prolonged immersion to kill them, and even if they have been immersed so long as to seem quite dead, they will often recover and be none the worse. Then, as to the manner of escape. One correspondent says that "Gamage's Entomologist" said that the ants which escaped were "yellow ants, not red." Probably they were the Lasius flavus, which is the kind generally sold. This is a very small kind of ant, and when the correspondent goes on to say that there was a gap through which an envelope could be passed at the window, the means of adequate egress is indicated at once, although the writer seems disposed to consider it insufficient. The writer is also disposed to question the ants' power to transport their cocoons up and down perpendicular surfaces for the space of some feet ; but I can assure the writer that I have seen a small worker of Lasius niger carry one of the big green cocoons in its mandibles for a distance of 1½ft. while it walked on the lower surface of a horizontal board, thus supporting, by the grip of its feet on the horizontal surface, not only its own weight, but also that of a body several times its own weight which it held in its jaws. Their power is marvellous. As for the departure of all the members of the nest at once, this is the regular way of ants' moving their quarters. A whole nest of my Myrmica nuginodis, which I had allowed to get too dry, decamped with all their cocoons, larvæ, etc., in a single night last summer, and must have travelled some 10ft. at least to effect their disappearance. In summer ants must be fed every week or so with some moistened sugar or honey. A drop or two at a time is enough for a large nest.—HORACE HUTCHINSON.

OUR BIRDS.

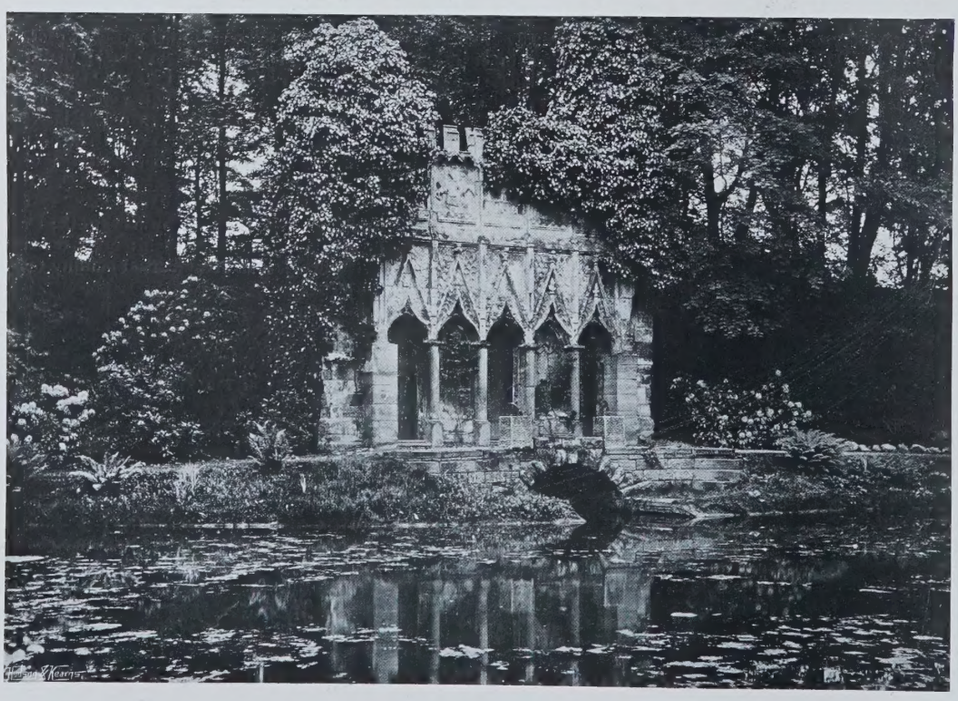
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your number for May 27th, on various birds, a subject that is always of very great interest to me, I notice your correspondent regretting the growing scarcity of house-martins. Now, I must tell you this year we have a very large number. As many as twenty-six rose together from the stable-yard one morning lately where the carriage had been washed. Also cuckoos this year are quite remarkable for their number, whereas last year both these birds were conspicuous by their absence here.—CHANDOS B. LU DAMER, Hereford.

KITTENS HATCHING OUT A CHICKEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We found to-day a chicken of about two days' growth lying between two kittens three weeks old. The hens lay about in our old stables, where there are seven cats, none of whom, though wild enough, ever touch a chicken, big or little. I conclude that the heat of the kittens hatched the little, brown, short-legged beggar, whom we have removed under a hen whose eggs are breaking. The orphan is a sturdy chap, and I have made a scissors-cut on its poll to continue the identification. The case seems uncommon.—J. C. COOPER.



CHANTRY CHAPEL, WAKEFIELD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have pleasure in sending to you a photograph which is perhaps of more than merely local interest. It is the original façade of the Chantry Chapel, erected, in all probability, during the reign of Edward III., which stands on the bridge crossing the river Calder at Wakefield. Because of the ravages that time had effected on the structure generally, this façade was removed in 1847 to the private grounds of Kettlethorpe Park, two and a-half miles south, and replaced by a new façade designed by Sir Gilbert Scott. The deteriorating atmospheric influences have, however, acted so prejudicially on the later erection that it is by now in perhaps a worse state of decay than the original one.—ALEX. G. PATERSON.

COUNTRY LIFE

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LADY BERTHA EGERTON AND CHILD.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE FRUIT COMMITTEE'S . . RECOMMENDATIONS.

THE report submitted by the Fruit Committee appointed by Lord Onslow to enquire into the present condition of fruit-growing in Great Britain is a document of the utmost importance to all those who are engaged in the tilling of the soil. It may be hoped that some at least of the recommendations which it puts forward will speedily be passed into law, and be made practically effective. The most important of them is that a sub-department of the Board of Agriculture should be formed for the purpose of dealing with the subjects connected with fruit-farming. This they would have divided into two branches, one of them being a bureau of information and the other an experimental fruit farm. The main work of the sub-department would be to keep a vigilant eye upon the importation of fruit and nursery stock. This is a matter which receives the very greatest attention in France and other continental countries, and it ought not to be neglected here. Of course, the situation which has just arisen, and which gives point to the suggestion, is that owing to the cheapness of sugar we have become the great jam manufacturers of the world, and the co-operative societies of the Continent send us in large quantities of fruit and pulp to be made into jam and then distributed over the whole of the world. The trade is an immense and growing one, and Parliament will probably take care that in providing against adulteration and fraud nothing shall be done to check its legitimate development. Another proposal of the Committee is that horticulture should be taught in elementary schools in the country, and we fancy this recommendation will be generally accepted. It is the most practical form in which the new ideas of Nature teaching have found expression, and already in a considerable number of schools plots of ground have been found whereon the scholars exercise themselves in the rudimentary part of horticulture. The main thing is to keep this practical. It is of little use to teach such a subject as gardening merely by books and theory. Unless actual ground is available for the purpose it is impossible to imagine that much good will ever result from the teaching. And as a corollary horticulture ought to be made a subject in the training colleges, as it is well known to those who have practical experience that the greatest obstacle to Nature teaching and all kindred instruction in elementary schools, is that so few of the teachers themselves are sufficiently proficient to impart useful information to others. Obviously, if horticulture is to be efficiently taught in elementary schools, steps must be taken to prepare the country schoolmasters for teaching these subjects. The Committee also find that the present returns made by growers for land under fruit are deficient, and they desire that they should be improved and amplified. They would also like estimates of home and foreign crops to be published, together with forecasts of the probable date of arrival of imports. In fact, they desire the same figures in regard to fruit culture as Major Craigie gives in regard to the cultivation of cereal crops.

On the thorny question of legislation the Committee appear to have arrived at very distinct conclusions. Undoubtedly the most advantageous way of growing fruit is by occupants who own the holdings, as a long time must elapse before the planting of fruit trees can give a return which will pay for the initial outlay. It is the one case in which security of tenure is an absolute necessity to effective improvement; and security of tenure is no doubt best attained by proprietorship. The idea of the Committee is that a measure for the acquisition of small holdings should be brought into Parliament on lines similar to that of the Bill introduced by Mr. Collings in 1894. But a retrospective glance at the various attempts that have been made for the establishment of small holdings shows that none of them has been a real and permanent success, and the common impression amongst country people is that the provisions are too hard and stringent. Whoever brings in a Bill, therefore, ought to see that the financial proposals are sufficiently easy and attractive to induce industrious workingmen to invest their savings in small holdings. The Committee recommend that the various Agricultural Holdings Acts should be consolidated into a single measure with clear and simple provisions, and that the Market Gardeners' Compensation Acts should be amended by making Section IV. retrospective. This is one of the more controversial clauses of the Committee's suggestions, and it will probably give rise to a good deal of argument before a settlement is arrived at as to the actual steps to be taken.

The vexed question of valuation for the assessment of local and Imperial taxes is also very boldly dealt with. One of the grievances is that the assessment is usually raised immediately after planting. The recommendation is that in the assessing of agricultural holdings for local rates five years should be allowed to elapse after planting in the case of small fruit, seven where the plantations are mixed, and twelve in the case of orchards. In regard to the glass houses, it is proposed that the allowance of one-sixth should be increased to one-third. Another very important matter touched upon by the report is that of railway rates. The Committee suggest that a simpler and more uniform system for the transit should be made by the railways throughout the United Kingdom. We cannot think, however, that this recommendation will have any practical effect unless it is accompanied by a movement on the part of the fruit-farmers to regularise their supplies. In France, fruit is collected and marketed on a great co-operative system, which well might be copied in this country. By so doing the fruit-farmers in combination could send a regular supply, and it would be all the better if they agreed upon a particular type of box in which to despatch it. There is nothing in which the foreign fruit-grower shows to more advantage, in comparison with the English fruit-grower, than in the care and trouble he bestows on the package and despatch of his fruit. If our people would learn this from the foreigner, and also join together in order to send a regular supply, they would be in a position to demand from the railway companies much better terms than now are accorded them.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Bertha Egerton and her child. Lady Bertha is a daughter of the third Earl of Lichfield, and married in 1902 the Hon. Thomas Henry Egerton, third son of the Earl of Ellesmere.

COUNTRY NOTES

IN extending a hearty welcome to Prince and Princess Arisugawa London is showing hospitality to one who is very familiar with it. The Prince is emphatically a modern product of Japan. From his seventeenth year he served as a midshipman in the Iron Duke, and afterwards was a lieutenant in the Channel Fleet, so that it was in the service of this country that he picked up that knowledge of naval matters which served his country so well during the war with China, and also in the conflict which has not yet ended. He is a very typical representative of his country, combining the freshness and force of the Orient with the knowledge that has been amassed during the centuries of Western culture. When the one is added to the other you get a race such as the Japanese have proved themselves to be.

The negotiations that have peace for their object drag along with somewhat weary footsteps. It would seem likely that in the end they will be successful; but meanwhile war is being waged with as much severity as though the idea of peace had never entered into the minds of the combatants, and unless Russia is able to make terms with her adversary quickly, it appears by no means improbable that the great army now in Manchuria will suffer defeat equal to that of her fleet. In saying all this it is, of course, quite clearly understood that peace could not be arranged at a day's notice. The issues at stake are very high, and it must be a very great humiliation for a country like Russia, which till this war broke out appeared so strong and was so proud, to yield to Japan, and, moreover, to pay an indemnity. There is every reason to believe that the finances of the Czar have been strained to their utmost, and, probably, there is more than a sentimental objection to paying the indemnity.

Except the Inland Revenue authorities, we cannot see how anyone is likely to be pleased with the report of the Departmental Committee appointed to enquire into the assessment and collection of the income tax. In their report it is said that the income tax appears on the whole to be levied with a minimum of friction and a maximum of result. We have not the evidence before us on which this sweeping statement is based; but it will be news to most people that this tax is collected with a minimum of friction. It is the most inconvenient and distressing of all the burdens that are placed on the shoulders of the middle classes. The man with an income of, say, £500 a year, who has to educate his children and keep up a certain position, usually about Christmas-time finds it sufficiently difficult to pay all the bills that come in; and it is just at that inconvenient moment that the Inland Revenue authorities begin to press for income tax. It would be felt much more lightly if it could be paid quarterly. As it is, the tax is quite a heavy burden, and has begotten more discontent than any other levy made on the citizen by the State.

In regard to the question of evasion, no doubt the Committee will meet with a certain amount of support. If a tax is to be levied by Government, every reasonable means should be taken to see that one citizen pays his share in the same way as the others, and nothing can possibly be more unpatriotic than to take any dishonest or questionable means to shirk this plain duty. At the same time, the Inland Revenue authorities ought to be cautioned against introducing anything that is too inquisitorial into their methods. Perhaps in the great towns this is less resented than it is in the provinces, where, very often, the person responsible for collecting the tax is in a position of equality with those who have to pay, and in some cases it is very far from pleasant to have to disclose one's affairs to a neighbour. Cases happen more frequently than might be thought when an income is actually exaggerated for the purpose of deceiving the too curious eye, and as politicians have openly promised over and over again the abolition of this tax, which in its inception was meant only to meet the expenses during the time of war, it would be ill-advised to adopt the somewhat harsh measures proposed by the Committee.

Occasionally even a Blue Book is interesting, and the annual abstract of the labour statistics just issued by the Board of Trade contains, in the shape of a list of figures, a most interesting indication of the conditions of English life. We refer to the part in which a comparison is made of the number of domestic servants kept in various parts of the country. It will be remembered that Carlyle defined respectability, in sarcasm, as ability to keep a gig; but if he had said to keep a domestic servant, he would have been nearer the truth. In Hampstead 81 per cent. of the families keep domestics, and in Kensington about 80 per cent.; but there are only four boroughs in London where over 50 per cent. of the families have reached that dignity—Westminster, Chelsea, Marylebone, and Paddington. In Stepney, Finsbury, Poplar, Southwark, Bermondsey, Bethnal Green, and Shoreditch only from five to eight families out of 100 are able to keep servants. The provinces, judged by this test, are much poorer than the capital; except at a few resorts of rich people, such as Bournemouth and Eastbourne, there are no provincial towns in which the percentage rises above 25. In Birmingham it is only 11, Manchester 10, Sheffield 13, Cardiff 14. Newcastle appears to be one of the very well-to-do provincial towns, for 17·4 per cent. of the householders keep servants, while Burnley, by the same token, is the poorest.

THE BROOK.

Hastens the laughing brook
With current fleet,
As does the joyful heart
Its fate to meet:
The streamlet seeks the mighty river's breast,
The heart an ocean broad of love and rest.
Lightly are lovers' thoughts,
As rippling waves
Lost for a moment's space
In darksome caves,
Shrouded in sadness, to emerge again,
Dance in the sunlight and forget the pain.
Swiftly a flower droops
'Neath darkened skies,
When sunbeams cease to kiss,
And slowly dies.
So must the heart its sweet affection give,
Or, ceasing once to love, must cease to live.

BERNARD MALCOLM RAMSAY.

On another page will be found some account of the opening of the Royal Agricultural Show at Park Royal. For once its meeting has begun in good weather, and we trust that the fair skies will be an omen of better fortune with regard to the exhibition. Much as we may occasionally criticise the conduct of the Royal Agricultural Society, everybody knows that the show of livestock which it gets up annually is not only the best of its kind in England, but the best in the whole world, and whoever has a taste for what is finest in agriculture would never like to miss its show. The only reason for its not being so successful as some of the other societies is that those who manage it have hitherto disdained to cater for the masses They have, as it were, played to the most fastidious tastes only, and the penalty of their having done so has been a certain dulness that the general public will not abide. But perhaps after this year visitors will try to be more appreciative, and the Royal, on its part, will try to combine an undiminished excellence with a certain gaiety that is always required in the management of a crowd.

A well-deserved tribute was on Tuesday night paid to the well-known auctioneer, Mr. John Thornton, who has for more than a generation presided over the more important cattle sales of the kingdom, and whose name is especially associated with the breeding of shorthorns. The King only expressed the general opinion when, through Sir Dighton Probyn, he sent a message to say how satisfied he had been "with the way Mr. Thornton has always conducted the many sales he has had charge of both at Sandringham and Windsor for many years past." Mr. Thornton's address contained so many interesting reminiscences that it makes us wish the speaker, in the leisure which we understand he now proposes to enjoy, would amuse himself by writing his memoirs, which should cast a brilliant light upon the history of stock-breeding during the last generation.

There are in France at the present moment twenty-two Government studs, distributed among which are 4,000 sires, all of them pedigree horses of the highest class—Arabs, Anglo-

Arabs, trotters, hackneys, along with Suffolks, Clydesdales, Shires, Percherons, and other breeds suitable for purposes of draught. Each of these is connected with a number of smaller establishments, to which at the proper season a certain number of sires, adapted to the wants of the district, are sent, and by this means a network of studs, containing absolutely sound sires, is established throughout the country. Every inducement is given to farmers and breeders to avail themselves of the services of these stallions, and the fees demanded for their services are extremely small; the owner of a thorough-bred mare, for instance, can obtain the services of a sire of the class of a winner of the Derby for from £4 to £12.

A paragraph which appeared in the papers last week described the age of agricultural labourers in Huntingdonshire as being abnormal. At a show in the district prizes were taken by a man of sixty-five who had worked on the same farm since he was ten, and by another man of seventy-eight who has been for forty-five years in the same service. A writer in one of our daily contemporaries seems to think that this affords proof of the labourer being too dependent on his employer. If it had been otherwise, he argues, the men would long ago have tried to better themselves; but the wages paid in Huntingdonshire during the period that these men have been at work have been only about 12s. a week, and this would have been insufficient to afford them a livelihood but for certain indirect advantages which they draw from the farm and which they could not give up. We do not believe very much in the force of this argument. In many parts of the country agricultural labourers move annually, and it is only where there is an exceptionally good understanding between master and man that long service is possible, and in this case there is something more than a mere cash relationship between them—there is loyalty on one side and protection on the other.

The discovery has been made by the Swiss Topographical Department that the accepted altitudes of all the mountains in Switzerland are incorrect by about 10ft. These altitudes were officially calculated from the level of the block of stone in the Lake of Geneva, believed to have been used in Roman times as an altar, and known as the Pierre à Niton, on which, in 1820, a bronze tablet was placed, recording what was believed to be its exact height above the sea, to serve as the standard for all national surveys. Now it has been discovered that, owing to an error in calculation, the height of the stone above sea-level was made 3·26 mètres too much, and the officially registered altitude of every point in the country is thrown out accordingly. Though the difference is small, it is enough to bring certain peaks of the second and third ranks in the French, Italian, and Austrian Alps above others in Switzerland hitherto believed to be the higher.

The spell of wet weather seems to have done much good to the hops. They have come on as if with the intention of making up for the time lost and the check caused by the severe frost of the late spring. In the centre and east of Kent they appear in better case than in the west of the county and across the Sussex border. Cherries, on the other hand, which seemed a promising crop in West Kent, have not come on as they should during the last week or so, perhaps for lack of sunshine. They, unlike the hops, seem to be better as one goes west.

The very singular behaviour of the barometer during some recent changes of weather has been very remarkable. The remarkable point is that while the weather has changed very considerably the glass has changed so very little. During all the prolonged spell of dry weather the glass was relatively low—low considering the drought and the easterly direction of the wind. Then came a change, in the Southern and Eastern Counties more marked than elsewhere, to a continuance of heavy rain. The barometer fell very little at the commencement of this, and through it all remained extraordinarily stationary. Now, at the time of writing, the weather is inclined to mend its ways, and the barometer has at length consented to overcome its inertness and is rising slowly.

Some interesting facts and figures are given in the last general report on mines and quarries in the United Kingdom, which has just been published as a Blue Book. Mines that are worked under the Coal Mines' Act amount to the curious number of 3,333, employing between 800,000 and 900,000 workers, of whom a little over 80 per cent. occupy their business underground. Between 5,000 and 6,000 women are employed in surface work connected with the coal mines. Comparatively a small number of workers—between 29,000 and 30,000—are engaged in the other mines, and in quarries between 97,000 and 98,000. The total output of coal was just about 232,500,000 tons, and of other minerals about 3,250,000 tons. These are figures that may somewhat assist the mind in the scarcely-possible task of forming a conception of the proportions of this immense industry.

One of the measures to which we were exhorted at matriculation to the Universities was to "abandon the proud habit of wearing boots," a measure originally framed with reference to the high boots of the cavaliers, as we were told. The undergraduate of the present day appears to have abandoned in large degree the proud habit of wearing hats or caps or any kind of headwear. Whether the object of this is to keep his head cool or his hair on, it is likely that it may have some useful effect in both directions. Hatlessness in the country is becoming quite a feature of men's attire to-day. The Prime Minister hardly ever wears a hat at golf. It will be interesting to see whether the growth of this fashion will produce appreciable results on the general growth of hair. At present the tendency seems rather towards an early baldness, which would have been considered very premature by our robust and hirsute forefathers.

A substantial step has been taken towards the realisation of a canal scheme of European importance by the action of the Würtemberg Diet in voting a grant for the canalisation of the Neckar from Mannheim, where it joins the Rhine, as far as Heilbron. This is a considerable section of the entire Rhine and Danube canal, which, when completed, will provide a means of inland navigation all the way from Rotterdam to the Black Sea, and will probably promote the interests of British as well as German commerce by providing easier access to Central Germany and an alternative route to the Danubian and Black Sea ports. At the same time, the Prussian Landtag has finally authorised an immense programme of canal construction which covers almost the whole of Northern Germany, and is estimated to cost more than twelve millions sterling.

THE MALVERN HILLS.

Hills of my heart, dear native hills,
And all ye meadows, woods, and rills,
From whose fair scenes my mind hath caught
A tone of sweet poetic thought;
I would before my voice is dumb,
Ere yet the silent hour is come,
That I in flowers of song might dress
Each turf with everlastingness,
And shed on every herb and tree
The dew of immortality.

For here, here only have I found
A charm that never tires, a sound
That keeps its music, here have heard
The Incommunicable Word
The soul doth to itself express
When touched with Nature's loveliness;
And here have known those deeper moods
That haunt old wandering solitudes,
Until their calm and peace have grown
To be my heart's prevailing tone.

And so I want to leave behind
A song stirred ever with the wind,
And golden with the light that fills
Your airy paths, beloved hills—
A thing of living breath and bloom
To cheer the close and narrow room,
To fill the empty hands with flowers,
To fall on weary hearts in showers,
And lead them on by summer streams
To higher thoughts, and purer dreams.

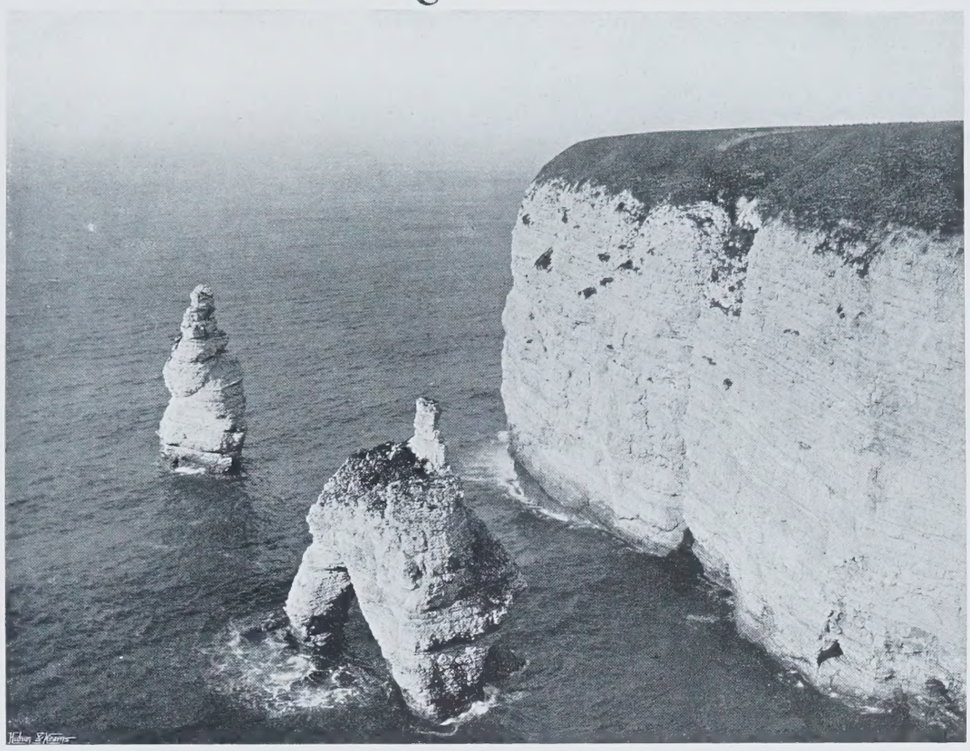
R. G. T. COVENTRY.

The determination of Pope Pius X. to spend the summer months in a country residence may have a far-reaching effect on the life of the Italian kingdom. His resolution marks the abandonment of the fiction that the Pope is a "prisoner in the Vatican," by which his predecessors since the establishment of the secular Government in Rome have recorded their protest against the existing order of things. He has also issued an encyclical to the Italian bishops which permits strict Roman Catholics to vote in elections and otherwise take part in the politics of the nation, in a way which has hitherto been banned. The establishment of the United Monarchy has wrought such great and real benefits in the condition of the Italian people that every friend of the country will be gladdened at the action of the ecclesiastical power in abandoning its policy of aloofness. For the future it is to be hoped that the participating of the Church in Italian politics will add both strength and harmony to the course of the national life.

The penalty of six months' hard labour imposed on a chauffeur who was found guilty of causing the death of a child by reckless driving ought to serve as a salutary example. We do not think the fault is one common to motorists as a class, but here and there a single reckless individual, by his carelessness of public safety, does much to discredit all who have motor-cars, however innocent they may be, and we believe it will generally be recognised as an act of justice that punishment should be meted out to the offender as in the case we have referred to.

FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

AMONG the many pleasant trips made by the members of the Ornithological Congress, which last week concluded its visit to England, few are likely to leave a more vivid impression on the minds of foreign visitors than that to Flamborough Head. In itself the change from London to Yorkshire is almost violent in the shock of contrast. Even those who are rapt in the fascination of ornithological study in the museums must feel some of that repulsion which London excites in June. The sunlight is rendered more glaring and unbearable by the flash of shop windows and the noise of traffic, the dust seems more choking, the odours are strongly developed. But four hours of railway travelling effects a magical change, and as the ornithologists went from Cambridge, even this was curtailed. Instead of the smoke and turmoil of streets, Yorkshire stretches out her green, cool moors, with the brilliant patches of gorse still showing signs of the withering gold that was in its glory a few weeks ago. Here and there a cottage with rustic inhabitants stands amid, but does not break, the green expanse. Trees in their dense summer foliage shake their wind-ruffled leaves over spots rendered cool by their presence. And the very birds seen from the carriage window differ from those of London. We do not disparage the alert, impudent, suspicious, yet friendly, sparrow of the streets, or the pigeons that coo and court



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C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B *SCALES NOOK.* Copyright

and feed near our public buildings, or the cushats that have taken up residence in our parks and gardens, and add their sweet cooing to the raucous noises of the town. Far less are we inclined to ignore the bird inhabitants of our parks. But the country birds are different. The rook winging his way from field to spinney, the cushat caracoling in mid-air, the lapwing, and the little song-birds are at once fresher in plumage and wilder than their town cousins. And it may seem a paradox to say it, but they are more business-like. Your town bird is gross and waxes fat. He is full of crumbs. The ducks waddling along the Serpentine are killed with kindness, while your bird of the fields is a toilsome wight. Every day he must forage for his own provender; and just now, when there are so many eager little beaks to be filled, he is often puzzled to make both ends meet.

True as this is of the inland country, how much more applicable is it to the seacoast; especially is it so when the seacoast is that of Yorkshire. It may be said with perfect truth that a summer sea cannot be anything but fine. And East Anglia shows every variety of it. Come to Lincolnshire, and you shall see wide, low, level sands, beyond which the tide retreats till the wave seems fading away into the horizon; back again it comes in wandering ripples till what was a dark expanse glitters a radiant silver sea. Beach, shingle, rock, cove, and sand may all be studied here, true though it be that the general conformation of England is to offer a low and crumbling shore on the eastern side, and on the west, stern and rugged barriers of rock, the outlying guards of our great mountain ranges. Yet on the East Coast the exception proves the rule, and Flamborough Head is as wild a headland as is to be found even on the opposite side of the island. Against the bases of its precipices, and into the clefts and hollows, the sea-water comes pleasant and crooning in summer, and in winter with a range of madness and a voice of thunder. A perpetual warfare goes on between the water and the rock.

In prehistoric ages, before the great revolution which changed the climate of Great Britain from the torrid character that produced our great coal-mines to its present condition, the continent of Europe and the British Isles formed one continuous mass, a theory for which considerable testimony has lately been found in the discovery of the remains of a dense forest, the site of which is now covered by the sea. So the clefts and stacks at Flamborough show where the breaking wave has been perpetually hurling itself against the solid rock and gradually wearing it away, hollowing out caves and holes in places. Even in summer its cool ripple, though it breaks softly against the bases of the rocks, tells of the long process that has been going on, not only during ages, but æons of time. As might be expected, the natural inhabitants of the seacoast have found a sanctuary on Flamborough Head. It has everything to recommend it to them, and in former years must have been a very solitary place, to which it was difficult to get. We speak of the era before railways had been built. The inland dales were almost impenetrable, and the late Canon Atkinson, in one of the most charming of his books, told us how rude and wild the country was about Danby when he first went to it, while Goathland is chiefly known away from the district for the place it holds in legendary lore. It was the men of that vale who are said to have walled in the cuckoo in order that summer might be always with them, and a great many of the like absurdities have been fathered on them, though, no doubt, in reality they are just what other people in Yorkshire are. But till a very late date all the country round about Flamborough was inhabited by a set of rude and wild but most kindly dalesmen. Robin Hood's Bay, in spite of the ease with which the Great Northern and North Eastern Railways enable the tourist and tripper to reach it, with its bold, strong outlines still gives us a sense of remoteness. The fisher-folk, who always like to have the sea as near as possible, built their houses so close to it that a few years ago, during a heavy storm, a fishing-boat that had been wrecked and driven ashore was the means of killing a man in his own house, as the main-mast actually penetrated his window.

Specimens of the old inhabitants are still to be found in the little group of cragsmen climbing the cliff and gathering eggs. They seemed to excite a great deal of astonishment in the minds of many of the foreign visitors who had not seen birds'-nesting done in the same way before, although it is common enough in the wilder of the Scottish islands and on many parts of the East Coast of Great Britain. Several clutches of eggs were taken away by the visitors for the purpose of being hatched out

C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. *A VAST FISSURE.* Copyright.

and the chicks acclimatised, and it will be very interesting indeed on a future date to learn the results, especially if the young birds can be induced to breed and nest amid their new surroundings. In regard to the various species to be found here, Flamborough Head does not differ essentially from the other places which we have from time to time illustrated in our pages, such as Lundy Isle and the Farne Islands. There are immense flocks of guillemots and puffins, and more gulls and cormorants than are altogether desirable, for these birds become more destructive annually, the gulls playing havoc with the eggs of some of the sea-birds that it is most desirable to preserve, while the fisher population is very indignant and angry at the greed of the cormorants. We are afraid that it is impossible to set up any valid defence of them. Since the Wild Birds' Protection Acts came into operation they have benefited by a solicitude that was never meant for them in the beginning, and during recent years have increased in numbers to an enormous extent, in the winter haunting the rivers and estuaries, and at all times of the year consuming an amount of fish quite incommensurate with their size. Without wishing in any way to diminish the number of sea-birds we cannot help regretting that a few breeds should flourish so extensively at the expense of the rest. There are several, like the roseate tern, which are so beautiful that one would like to see their numbers increase, but the number that breed in England every year seems to grow smaller and smaller. No doubt this is partly due to the thieving propensities of the larger gulls, which hover over the nests of the terns and steal the eggs whenever a chance is afforded by the absence of the mother bird.

Standing on the bold seacoast at Flamborough one would be rash to condemn any of the sea-fowl, for of all the ornaments which have been given to "this dim spot which men call earth," those creatures sailing about on their white wings, or diving into the deep blue water, are the most graceful. In olden times a writer who belonged to the ecclesiastical establishment at Whitby, and who probably spent many an hour gazing out on the same sea view that meets the eye of the modern to-day, designated the sea as the "gannet's bath," as though the solan goose was the important object, and the great "unharvested" existed only for its convenience. So might we think to-day, standing on this remote portion of the East Coast and scanning the ledges and crannies of the cliffs where so many birds have tried to make procreant cradles, while their mates may be seen floating on the wave like tiny barques at anchor, or winging hither and thither, passing over rock and sea, or scudding along the surface in search of food. Summer has scarcely any more beautiful sight to unfold.

It may be heresy to say so, but we cannot altogether approve of the example set by the ornithologists of carrying away so many eggs. If everybody who visited Flamborough Head were to take as many, there would soon be a diminution of the supply. Besides, the ornithologists had had just previously an excellent opportunity of studying a collection of eggs during the course of their expedition to Cambridge. Professor Newton, who is one of the foremost ornithologists of his time, and has written many standard books on the subject, showed them his extraordinary collection, which includes among other treasures eight eggs of the great auk. He had also many fine examples of eggs of the osprey. At Ditton Hall, too, the excursionists were afforded an opportunity to inspect the aviaries of Mr. J. L. Bonhote. It was a pleasant surprise, probably, to the majority of those present, for this is an almost unrivalled collection of birds, the main feature of which is a unique collection of hybrid ducks which Mr. Bonhote has been at such pains to get together. The storks, cranes, bitterns, herons, owls, buzzards, kites, kestrels, small wading birds, gulls, cormorants, and small passerines, including bearded tits, claimed general admiration among those who were present; the housing is so perfect, and the birds in such excellent health. On the previous day the members were at Woburn Abbey, where the treasures of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford were carefully inspected. Among the birds the most noticeable were the ostriches, the rheas, and the water-fowl. There is an extremely fine collection of the latter, including a number of flamingoes, which could be seen swimming. Altogether the visit to England must have had a very enlightening effect upon

C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. *GUILLEMOTS ON LEDGE.* Copyright.

the foreign members of the Ornithological Congress. This island of ours, small though it is in comparison with the great continents, nevertheless seems extremely favourable to the development and nourishment of wild life.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

Concerning Herons.

After watching a heronry in Sussex for many seasons, I find it difficult to account for the disposal of the natural increase which each spring assuredly brings round. What becomes of the young birds which are added each year to the previous muster of the district from which the heronry is recruited? Some of the young birds undoubtedly return to the heronry in succeeding springs, and form part of the pairing birds. Others, I believe, seek new homes elsewhere, and probably take long migratory journeys. Our grey heron has a very wide range, and is found not only in most parts of Europe, but through Africa as far south as Cape Colony, where it is common, and in Asia as far eastward as Japan. It is found even in Australia. There can, I think, be little doubt that a certain number of our British herons migrate periodically, and that some proportion of them make homes and breed in distant parts of the world. Otherwise it would be difficult to account for the surplus population of these birds breeding in this country. In England and Wales, for example, there are not less than 133 heronries, of which the county of Norfolk alone supports 14, Ireland supports 72, and Scotland about 52 heronries. Most of these heronries are fairly well attended in the nesting season, and the annual increase must be far more than enough to keep up the average supply in these islands. The heron has not many enemies; it is not liable to the attacks of foxes, stoats, weasels, and other furred ruffians. These birds may suffer at times from the assaults of the egg-devouring rook and carrion crow; but, from my own observation, they are quite able to defend themselves from these marauders if they choose. Hawking, which in the old days took heavy toll from the heron's legions, is at the present time scarcely to be reckoned with; and the number of grey herons killed in Britain by falcons, whether tame or wild, must be very few and far between. Where fish hatcheries are at work, herons, which are undoubtedly immense devourers of fish, have, of course, to be kept down; but the heron is, in truth, a grand ornament to any landscape, and the sight of one of these great birds flapping its way homeward across a clear evening sky is one that lingers long in the memory. Then one has to take into account the fact that herons have, with many other birds, benefited considerably by the Wild Birds' Protection Acts of the last thirty years. Upon the whole, one is inclined to agree with those who allege that the heron is now more plentiful in England than it was five-and-twenty years since. But even taking into account this fact, it is, I think, difficult to resist the conclusion that, allowing for the natural and unnatural death-rate of these birds, there is a steady annual surplus increase in the number of British herons. As this surplus population is not to be accounted for by the numbers of birds seen about the country-side, it is, I think, pretty certain that each year a considerable number of grey herons migrate to other countries. Some of these birds probably return for the nesting season; others remain and become colonists in the new lands to which they have winged their way. It is not by any means impossible that herons pass occasionally to and fro between even far South Africa and Britain, as do, undoubtedly, other British birds.

C. E. Wanless. FLAMBOROUGH HEAD. Copyright.

The Cormorant's Appetite.

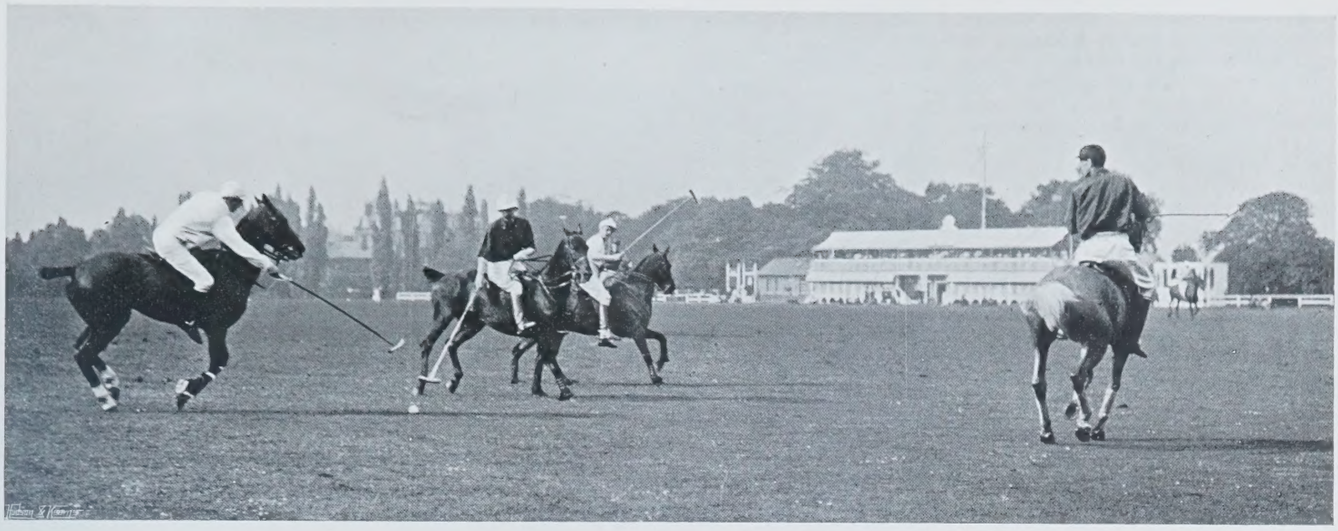
A heron will certainly, if he gets the chance, devour as many as a score of small trout in a single day. He is provided with extraordinarily good digestive powers, and assimilates even the bones of his prey. But in districts where eels are plentiful I am persuaded that this bird's dietary consists largely of these creatures. Certainly on the Pevensey and other marshes of Sussex herons subsist for the most part on the eels which swarm in the muddy dykes of these localities. But, compared with the cormorant's appetite, that of the heron is by no means unreasonable. The heron has not yet attained the uneasy distinction of being legislated against by local county councils. In Devon, for example, cormorants and shags are not only exempted from the benefit of the Wild Birds' Protection Acts, but on the Exe, Teign, and Dart a reward of a shilling a head is actually paid for their destruction. In the Isle of Wight they have also been withdrawn from protection. A truly hoggish bird is the cormorant; his appetite seems never absolutely satisfied, and he will devour readily from 6lb. to 8lb. of fish in a single day. Some assert that he devours more than his own weight (about 8lb.) during the twenty-four hours. It is small wonder then that where these birds have from protection grown over-abundant, especially in districts through which important fishing rivers pass, as in Devon, the local authorities should have found it necessary to legislate against them.

The Cormorant's Transformation.

On land the cormorant is, undeniably, an ugly, forbidding, and ungainly creature. Even Milton has represented Satan as entering Paradise in the form of one of these creatures. But in the water the bird becomes instantly transformed, and in that element each one of its actions is endowed with amazing grace and the very perfection of swift and sinuous ease. He who sees a cormorant dart after its prey in a tank or pond, where its movements can be closely followed, cannot fail to admire the astonishing facility of the creature, or the wonder of its lightning-like rushes through the solid water, which seems to offer but slight resistance to its passage. Faster than the eye can follow, almost like a flash of light, is the submarine swoop of this bird; it turns and twists like a snake, and few fish indeed, swift though they are, stand much chance with a cormorant upon anything like even terms. In a confined space, such as a pond, the bird has all the fish practically at its mercy. Having completed its angling operations, the bird seeks a rock or stump, repeatedly flaps its wings, to get rid of the water and dry itself, and thereafter suns itself drowsily in the warmest rays that offer themselves, the embodiment apparently of a clumsy and over-gorged stupidity.

The Stone Curlew.

In April last while riding on the Sussex Downs, between Eastbourne and Folkington, I put up a stone curlew, or Norfolk plover, from some long rough grass The bird got up quietly close to me and went down again 40yds. away. In order to make quite certain of the identity of this somewhat rare British bird I rode back and put up the plover again. Anyone who has used the shot-gun much in South Africa is sure to be familiar with the dikkop, which is a very near cousin of our English stone curlew. Few sportsmen who have shot over the rolling grass plains of the Orange River Colony, the Transvaal, or Bechuanaland have failed to add to their day's bag of redwing, partridge, and Koorhaan bustards a brace now and again of the dikkop (literally "thick-head"), which gets up, like its English cousin very quietly, is easily brought down, and is excellent eating. Our English Thickree plover—another name for these birds—which still visits us in small numbers each spring, is nowadays far too scarce a creature to be classed as an edible bird. It is, of course, also protected, nominally, though the casual gunner shows, I am afraid, but scant mercy when he comes across so unfamiliar a fowl. Here and there in quiet parts of Sussex, Hants, and East Anglia the stone curlew still breeds, albeit it must enjoy, one fancies, but a



W. A. Rouch. *PLAY IN MID-FIELD.* Copyright.

shuddering kind of existence. The egg-collector, that bane of our scarcer British birds, is, for example, always on the look-out for such rarities, and the clutch of a Norfolk plover is worth good money to the rustic labourer or shepherd. Stone curlew, by the way, is a rural misnomer which is never now likely to lose its popularity. There is nothing of the curlew about this curious semi-nocturnal species, and its long legs and mournful whistle are scarcely sufficient resemblances to have warranted this now long-familiar name. As this plover has a wide range, and is found not only in temperate Europe, but also in North Africa, the Atlantic islands, and parts of Asia, it will, no doubt, despite much persecution, continue to pay periodical migrating visits to these islands. H. A. B.

POLO NOTES.

THE Champion Cup tournament of 1905 has been neither uninteresting nor without incidents, accidents, and surprises. Yet, although mishaps put Captain Miller practically out of the game on Thursday, and spoilt the final on Saturday by injuring Mr. Freake, we must, I think, conclude that the best team won in the end when Roehampton carried off the trophy on Saturday. They began well on Monday by beating Mr. Grenfell's team by the considerable margin of 12 goals to 2, and this was a better performance even than it looks on paper, because the latter team were a good one, consisting of two Messrs. Grenfell, Mr. Courage, and Mr. E. B. Sheppard. Roehampton, however, gave a further sign of their strength when they defeated the Wanderers on Thursday in most decisive fashion. But the Wanderers had played on the previous Tuesday one of the closest matches of the tournament against Handley Cross. This is the team that came near to winning the cup last year. Wanderers *v.* Handley Cross proved to be a most desperate struggle. The game was full of hard hitting and hard riding, and was a struggle of which every moment was closely fought out. Not till after extra time had been allowed did Mr. J. B. Dale hit the winning goal for the Wanderers; yet when on Thursday afternoon that team met Roehampton they could make little or no impression on them. It was, I think, this game that showed us how strong a team Roehampton are this year. They have just now an extraordinary goal-getter in Mr. Cecil Nickalls. I saw him hit three successively on Monday, and he was little less successful during the other matches. Then Mr. P. W. Nickalls is an excellent back player, and was well supported. It is his quickness which is not the least notable feature of his play; he has besides a very pretty style and is a good horseman. The Nickalls brothers have adopted a not less effective but more restrained style of riding off than they used to have. But, of course, many people expected that Rugby, with Mr. George Miller back in his place, the best of ponies, and a combination that no other team can equal, would have won after all. This opinion was a good deal changed when it was seen on Monday that Rugby —Mr. Walter Jones, Mr. George Miller, Captain Miller, and Mr. C. D. Miller—could hardly hold their own against the Magpies—Captain Jenner, Mr. Thynne, Mr. H. Brassey, and the Duke of Roxburghe. The latter team played a magnificent game, and their back was most difficult to ride off, while Captain Jenner, especially when riding one or other of his two dark brown ponies, was in brilliant form. The Rugby team were playing well, yet they could make no impression, and they quite failed to score after two attacks which each lasted several minutes. Then we saw the most trusty ponies brought out—Luna, who never failed yet to respond to a call on her in a hard-fought tournament; Syren, who is one of the most trustworthy, as My Girl is one of the easiest, ponies to start or turn; old Nipcat, too, I thought I saw, or one very like her. But there were good ponies on the other side—Captain Jenner's browns and Mr. Brassey's grey, and a fine weight-carrier of the Duke of Roxburghe. So well did the Magpies play that, if Mr. Brassey had been able to remain on the ground, and the umpire had seen a rather obvious offside, Rugby might have been put out in the first round. They survived, however, only to fall on Thursday before the Old Cantabs—Captain Heseltine, Mr. F. M. Freake, Mr. W. S. Buckmaster, and Mr. W. McCreery. This was a well-mounted team, for Mr. Buckmaster had the loan of Mulatto, a wonderfully steady brown pony which he has played in many tournaments. She is now, I believe, the property of Mr. Garland of Moreton Morrell. Then, besides this mare, Mr. Buckmaster has a speedy dark grey four year old. It certainly looked as if, when once away, none of the others could catch it. Mr. Buckmaster made some good runs with this pony, which yet is not a mount to suit everyone, and was very eager in riding off, and certainly his new ponies seem apt at the lesson. So far as I could see Mr. Freake's bay was actually the fastest pony on the ground when once in its stride, and one glorious run there was when this pony stretched after the ball at a level easy stroke, and Mr. Freake, sitting easily, hit the ball full and clean, till at last a fine stroke taken at full speed secured a goal, which stirred all those who saw it. One spectator, moved to enthusiasm, declared that Mr. Freake was the second best player in England, and, perhaps, he was not far wrong. Mr. George Miller had, during one ten, one of Lord Shrewsbury's long-tailed

W. A. Rouch. *A SCRIMMAGE NEAR THE BOARDS.* Copyright

thorough-bred ponies. This chestnut, Marengo, seemed wonderfully handy and yet very fast. Mr. George Miller has the credit of preferring compact, handy ponies, but he was quite at home on this one. More of the compact type was another pony lent by Lord Shrewsbury to the Rugby team—Bayleaf, not to be confounded, by the way, with Mr. C. D. Miller's prize-winner of the same name. This is a noteworthy pony. Its white blazed face makes it easily distinguishable. It is, as a pony should be, always on its toes ready to start or turn, yet I have excellent authority for saying that it is quite easy to ride, though as sharp as a pony can be. The Old Cantabs won the match after a fine struggle, the close of which was marred by the mishap, referred to already, to Captain Miller, who, though he held on pluckily, was not really fit to play any more. The final score was 4 to 2. Taking everything into consideration, the Old Cantabs were evidently back to their old form, and we eagerly discussed the question whether they could beat Roehampton; but on Saturday last the Old Cantabs had bad luck. Mr. Freake was hurt early in the game, and Captain Heseltine only was quite in his right form; therefore, Roehampton won after a poor finish to a good tournament by 5 goals to none. A very much closer and more exciting match was that between the Rotters—Mr. W. B. Burlon, Mr. J. Bellville, Captain G. Phipps-Hornby, and Mr. R. Newman—against the Mosquitoes—Messrs. J. Gouldsmith, Noel Price, J. W. Hornsby, and Captain F. Guest. This was the final of the Novices Cup. Of some of the earlier play in this tournament I have written above. A large entry and close matches marked its course, and after a close struggle the Rotters won by 5 goals to 4. This was a satisfactory conclusion to an interesting tournament, which began on Monday. X.

W. A. Rouch. *THE ROEHAMPTON TEAM.* Copyright.

FROM THE FARMS.

The Hay Harvest.

During the course of last week hay cutting was very generally begun in the South of England, and in a few places the crops are already housed, as many farmers do not think it good to leave hay out in the sun so long as their forefathers used to do. On the whole, we are afraid that the crop is going to be a short one; at least, that is the impression produced in our minds by going over a considerable number of fields where the hay was being cut. One slight advantage is that the reaper is able to do its work very much more expeditiously, and, should the weather remain dry and hot, the hay season will, so far as the South of England is concerned, be over and done with in the course of the next few days. From the North we hear dubious reports. While rain poured down on London streets, the drought persisted in the North of England, and in Scotland more strenuously than had been the case before. When the rain did come, it was too late to affect the hay crops much, although those that are late may still be expected to pull up a little. Speaking of the crop generally, the supply of hay in the North will not be any better than it is in the South.

Royal Exhibition.

We go to press too early to give the result of the exhibition at Park Royal this week, but it is a pleasure to chronicle the fact of its having so auspicious an opening. The Royal Family has always been extremely interested in the society, and this year, as on many previous occasions, its members have shown how willing they are to aid by their presence its success. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales visited the show on Tuesday afternoon, Prince and Princess Arisugawa of Japan went down on Thursday afternoon, and the King himself honoured the show with his presence. Thus everything has been done that is possible to give the stamp of fashion to the meeting, and it only remains to be seen how far the number of visitors have responded to the implied invitation. Certainly no one is likely to deny that the show was in itself of the very highest quality, and that the arrangements made for holding it left little to be desired. The society has really made a very great exertion this year, and it is to be hoped that the return will not be disappointing. It has to be remembered that the first important patron of the Royal Society was the late Queen Victoria, who in 1851 took a very prominent part in commencing the policy of holding exhibitions. This year the society has been successful, in spite of the difficulties against which it had to struggle, in offering considerably more prizes than it did last year. There are, for example, 400 entries of horses, and the amount of prize-money to be awarded amounts to £2,091, compared with £1,471 last year. Several new classes have been added to the horses, but the prizes remain, with very few exceptions, exactly what they were before, £15, £10, and £5 for the first, second, and third respectively. There are other distinctions to be competed for which breeders prize very highly. The Shire Horse Society gives two gold medals for the best Shire stallion and the best Shire mare or filly. The Clydesdale Horse Society gives two prizes of £10 each for the champion Clydesdales, and for Suffolk Punches there is a challenge cup, valued at fifty guineas, offered by the Suffolk Horse Society. In addition to these the Hunters' Improvement Society, the Hackney Horse Society, the Shetland Pony Stud-book Society, and the Polo and Riding Pony Society give special prizes for the breeds with which they are directly connected. In the cattle section the sum of £2,947 is to be awarded in prizes this year as compared with £2,000 last year. These prizes are given in the same way as those for horses, that is to say, £15 for the first, £10 for the second, and £5 for the third. They have attracted a goodly number of competitors—Shorthorns being most numerous. There are 262 entered in this class, and 128 entries for Jerseys. In all there are ninety-four classes for cattle, and many of the societies, such as the Shorthorn Society, the Hereford Herd-book Society, the Devon Cattle-breeders' Society, the Polled Cattle Society, the English Aberdeen-Angus Cattle Association, the Galloway Cattle Society, the Royal Jersey Agricultural Society, the English Kerry and Dexter Cattle Society, and the English Jersey Cattle Society, all offer special prizes for their breeds.

In sheep there are seventy-nine classes, and the prize-money amounts to £1,647. The various breed societies again offer special prizes in this department. The pigs are awarded prizes to the extent of £492. There are twenty-two classes of them, while championship prizes are allotted by the British Berkshire Society, the National Pig-breeders' Association, and other breed societies. The total prize-money given to poultry is £319, divided among 111 classes. The breeds recognised are Old English and Indian Game, Dorking, Sussex, Brahma, Cochin, Langshan, Plymouth Rock, Wyandotte, Orpington, French, Minorca, Leghorn, Ancona, and Andalusian. Ducks include Aylesbury, Rouen, Pekin, Cayuga, Indian Runner, and any other breed or cross; while there are four classes for geese and two for turkeys.

THE GARDEN CAT.

"No house is really furnished without a shelf of books and a fireside cat," is the concluding remark in a dissertation on the "Utility of Cats." The office cat, the warehouse cat, the dockyard cat, the railway station cat, the Army and Navy Stores' cat, who takes care of the birdseed in the livestock department, the cold storage cat, a wonderful animal which, born in an icy temperature, develops special activity and qualifications for enduring extreme cold, are all of them considered; there is only one that has not received due attention—it is the garden cat.

Whether for use or ornament, there is no garden pet that can surpass a well-bred cat. In the country garden, which is pretty sure to be overrun with field-mice, if not liable to be infested with rats, there is no limit to the usefulness of pussy. It is all very well to set traps, and to bait them; no trap of man's contriving was ever so quick, so merciless, or so effective as a live one. In my own garden we find it impossible to do without two cats—one is especially for ornament, the other for use; but the *rôles* are sometimes reversed, or rather exchanged, for both are

beautiful and both of use. The beauty cat is a fine grey Persian, whose indoor deportment is so quiet and full of dignity that to see him spring out of window and suddenly develop the tiger is almost as startling as it must have been to the prince to see his white cat bride leap from his arms when she heard scratchings in the wainscoting. The feline beauty of Mr. Mouser as he stalks, paces, bounds, and springs about the walks and flower-beds, never breaking the stems and stalks, as dogs do, is delightful. Then there will be a galloping scamper across the lawn—tail flowing out behind him like a comet and his grey fur parting as the wind ruffles it to show the underlining of silky white.

Say what one will of dogs, there is no garden companion so absolutely perfect on a summer's night as a faithful cat. Of course, he will not come if you call him—that is against all cat rules; but take no notice, and there he is, one moment rubbing against your dress or feet, the next disappearing into the darkness, a little weird and ghostly as he mixes with the shadows of the shrubbery; for pussy is a complex creature, at one time the embodiment of domestic peace, at another, as full of mystery as a sphinx. But perhaps it is in the very early hours of a fine spring morning that one finds the garden cat most sympathetic; he enjoys the dawn of day and summer even more than you do. One feels quite envious of the zest with which he nibbles the young blades of grass, or with his rough, pink blotting-paper tongue licks off the diamond drops that hang upon them. Cats dote on morning dew.

All the cat tribe is inquisitive; nothing fresh you have put in the borders will escape inspection. Often to smell at it is not enough; pussy—another Eve—must taste, and if by chance you have planted a tuft of red or white valerian or cat-mint in the garden, or any of his favourite herbs, his pleasure in them is unbounded. The pretty striped ribbon-grass, common in old-fashioned gardens, is another thing he loves to browse on.

In summer-time the different lairs that pussy finds wherein to sleep away the sunny hours are chosen very cunningly. I have known him to doze for half a morning curled up, the picture of content, on the top of a tree-stump in a warm corner of the half-wild garden, or, after missing him, have come upon the great grey beauty nearly hidden in a bed of bright pink poppies, the pink and grey so prettily contrasted, no one could mind the crushing of a flower or two. Then as evening shadows fall, and the day cools, pussy rouses up to chase the white moth from the ivy, bounding after it high into the air. How full of grace each movement, and how luminous his clear inscrutable green eyes that look as if illuminated from within.

Between the beauty cat and the cowshed cat (for such is cat number two) there is an armed neutrality. Sometimes they stare at each other in rather a terrifying manner, but it is very seldom that fur flies. There is a warm corner for her in the heart of the gardener, who well knows her value, for she is not only a mouser, but a ratter, sometimes killing five or six rats in a night. These he takes the trouble to skin, so that they can be eaten, which he thinks encourages the sportswoman to kill more. It seems extraordinary that this rat-killing cat should be of the softer sex, but so it is. The cowshed is not in use, so she gets no food there. Her fame is great in all the county round, at all events, among the millers and farmers, who would much rather possess her than the beautiful Persian; and once or twice, before we knew her value, the cat was sold to one or another by the gardener (who is her real owner), but she will not stay long anywhere away from her own domain. In a day or two there she is back again, warming herself under the hay-stack near the kitchen garden, or watching for mice in the potato patch. She is never seen going after birds.

It is very inconvenient to cat-lovers to be also extremely fond of birds. But things might be worse than they are. Many birds, such as robins and thrushes, taste bitter, I am told, for which reason cats do not care to eat them. It is seldom a robin is killed; in the annals of our garden only one case is recorded in the course of many years, and that was a young robin who ran in front, like chickens do, of motor-cars. As to blackbirds, besides being very careful, they are so strong and courageous as almost to be a match for pussy. I have seen fights between a cat and blackbird in which the former came off second best, though the grass was scattered with ebon feathers.

The Utopian vision of a garden in which cats and birds would agree sometimes dazzles the imagination of the writer, who cannot help thinking her cats have some respect for the feathered favourites—at all events, before the public eye. Under a certain black poplar tree there stands a trough, where the birds drink and bathe; it is watched by Mr. Mouser, trembling and excited, but never interfered with, except sometimes when he drinks the water, which must have an agreeable flavour of bird, since one dickie or another is always in it.

The writer upon the "Utility of the Cat" has roused great uneasiness by saying that he believes in England cats are not legally protected; that is, if a neighbour chooses to run away with my Persian cat or my wonderful ratter, there is no redress. If so, let us hope the law will soon be altered. In France, a *juge de paix* of Fontainebleau decreed that the "domestic cat is not a thing of nought, but the property of its master, and as such entitled to the shelter of the law"—a sentiment in which we cordially agree; and grateful indeed are we to Mr. Chamberlain, who not long ago, in spite of some agitation in favour of the measure, refused absolutely to place a tax of any sort upon an animal who is so dear to many of us and does us such good services. Even as it is, pussy is not forgotten by the lawyers, for it is decreed, so the captain of a Royal Mail steamer once told me, that mailbags should not be carried without a cat. He would have liked my ratter.

So pussy is as useful on sea as on land, and as indispensable on board ship as in house and garden. F. A. B.

BEAR-SHOOTING IN KASHMIR.

THOSE whose lot it is to shoot tigers are inclined to look down on bear-shooting. It is true the bear is not as ready to charge as the tiger, and when he does he is not so quick or as formidable; but then one meets him on foot, whereas, in nine cases out of ten, the hunter of a tiger is either mounted on an elephant or up a tree. With experience, bear-shooting is not dangerous; but, all the same, it requires a steady hand, a quick eye, and, most of all, a cool head. Then there is the advantage of climate and scenery, for you find the bear — I am talking of the Himalayan bear, red and black—in such a splendid climate as Kashmir, a country probably the most beautiful in the world. Here the pursuit of him certainly has an advantage over tiger-shooting, for which one has to be in the jungles of the plains, and, if you want success, it must be March or April, when the heat is extreme.

I have shot many a red bear in Kashmir, in places where the views of snow mountains are superb, and in wandering about the lower ranges I have found the black bears' homes in the rocks, where the outlook from their front door was a picture that one would take a long time to tire of. There are, of course, bears in the plains also—a smaller kind, but every bit as ready for a fight if you wound them. Of these my experience has not been large; only two out of the forty-eight bears that I have shot have been killed on the plains. I said bear-shooting is not dangerous to those who have experience. This is true, and the one rule to make, if you would be free from danger, is never to fire at a bear uphill. If wounded, he will always charge you downhill; uphill, I will not say actually never, for one did try to come up at me once, but very rarely does he do so.

A PRETTY CAMP.

BOAT'S CREW.

Out of my four dozen kills I have had three charges. One bear in my early shooting days got right home, and very nearly saved the lives of about forty of her brethren. She was wounded, and started her charge at 125yds. down a grass slope, gathering impetus as she went. My left barrel did not find her, and my shikari, with my second rifle, bolted before I could get it from him. Running along the slope, out of the direct line of charge, I got two more cartridges in, just in time to get her as she rounded on me, and shot her as she rose to strike. In rising to crush one, as they mostly always do, they expose a fatal spot which makes an excellent target, namely, the white crescent on their chest; a bullet in that is a pretty sure kill.

One bear I shot I have always regretted. She was the mother of four, and had I known the extent of the family depending on her she would have been safe so far as I was concerned. She was in a cave, out of which I finally urged her with my climbing-stick; when she did come out it was in a very unruly temper, and she made straight for me, my native staff having betaken itself into the surrounding trees. When the four little cubs were produced out of the cave I regretted the killing of their mother. I have never known nor heard of another case of a bear with four cubs at a birth. Two is usual; three I have seen, but four is, I believe, unique, so they were photographed in many ways. The quartette lived with us for some time in camp, and were eventually given away in Srinagar on the condition that they were not to be sent to the plains. They each had their own ideas as regards feeding. One—a lady this was, and her name was Mary—would take her milk in no way except out of a pint champagne bottle, which she clutched and sucked till she choked. Another had a fancy for a pudding-dish, which meant a dirty waistcoat and yells of rage when he was washed afterwards. They would run after anyone they knew, just like dogs, and used to have great romps with a young dachshund, whom they bullied.

There are many places in Kashmir where the river or the lake is near enough to the haunts of the black bear to live in a house-boat, and enjoy comfort and fair shooting; but for red bear it is necessary to go further afield, right up the valleys and near to the snow-line, where the most lovely camping grounds it is possible to fancy are to be found. Black bears are generally got by beating the jungles with bands of about a hundred villagers. One shikari I had, Nadir Ali by name, once had a pack of dogs who hunted bears and leopards; but it must have been a dangerous occupation, and when he was with me only three of the pack were left. I have also shot them in the evening, when they come down to feed on the fruit trees. But best of all, I have walked them up in the high-lying jungles; but it requires a good shikari to show them to you this way, and a man whom you can trust not to bolt if there is trouble. Even the best shikari will not take a man into this sort of fun unless he knows his nerve and shooting power. Black bears do a lot of damage, and many cattle are killed by them. One monster I got near Banamula had killed no less than three cows the day before I shot him. I got quite an ovation from the villagers, and as a return for my having removed such a robber from their neighbourhood, I made them carry the body into my camp, where I spent the next day hanging him up to be photographed. He was a monster with many a scar. The crossing of rivers by rope bridges is apt to be trying

OUR BEATERS FOR BEAR-DRIVING.

SLOTH BEAR SHOT IN THE PLAINS OF INDIA.

TWO BEAR CUBS AND THEIR GERMAN FRIEND.

to the nerves. Swinging to and fro within a few feet of a raging torrent is not comfortable; still you see natives crossing with big loads. One man whom I saw had a load of grain on his head that would not weigh less than 35lb. to 40lb.

Bear-shooting in the plains requires more arrangement in every way. For comfort elephants are almost necessary, for there may be rivers to cross and a long weary way to come back to camp in the evening. In India a sportsman takes what he can get in the way of sport and is thankful—some kill tigers, some have to content themselves with snipe, and make record bags; over a hundred couple to one gun in the day is not unknown. J. A.

IN THE GARDEN.

Rhododendrons in Woodland.

THE accompanying illustration is a reminder of early summer days, when the purple Rhododendrons light up grassy ways and woodland depths with their soft and beautiful colouring. There are hundreds of different forms, and in many gardens the wild Rhododendrons of the Himalayas are grown in sheltered dells where the plants are away from winds and untouched except by the keenest frosts.

Some Beautiful Roses.

Though this is not the planting season for Roses, it is instructive to point out a few of the hybrids or varieties which are making a brave show in the garden at the present time, and these notes are the result of practical experience. If the following Roses are not in the garden of the Rose-lover they should be made note of for planting in the coming autumn.

Conrad F. Meyer has much of the Japanese Rose blood in it, and is the earliest of all hybrids to flower. It was in bloom with the writer before May was out, in spite of withering north-east winds and an absence of rain. The growth is remarkably strong, the shoots straight and vigorous, and they bear flowers of enormous size, without a suggestion, however, of unpleasant coarseness. We gathered one a few days ago, and it more than covered a small plate. The buds are firm and of a cheerful rose shade, which deepens in the centre, but as they expand and scent the air with the fragrance of the Cabbage Rose, their petals have quite a silvery sheen. It is a very prickly Rose, the stems being covered with short reddish spines, but its effect on a rough Oaken fence is very fine. A well-known rosarian recommends it for grouping in exposed positions, and it is well displayed when filling large beds on the lawn.

Gustave Regis.—This is another strong-growing Rose of the Tea-scented class, and it is very beautiful against a fence in the writer's garden. It is a leafy and very distinct Rose, but of little use for cutting, the buds clustering very close together, so that to gather one open flower means destroying a cluster of flowers in various stages of development. The half-open bud is exquisite in form and colour, the broad petals being of a warm yellow, in which there is a trace of orange —a mingling of two rich shades—and the scent is delicious. When the bud opens wide it discloses the yellow centre, and there is an end of the flower beauty to the eye of the rosarian who only seeks for mere form. The charm of Gustave Regis is in the half-bud stage.

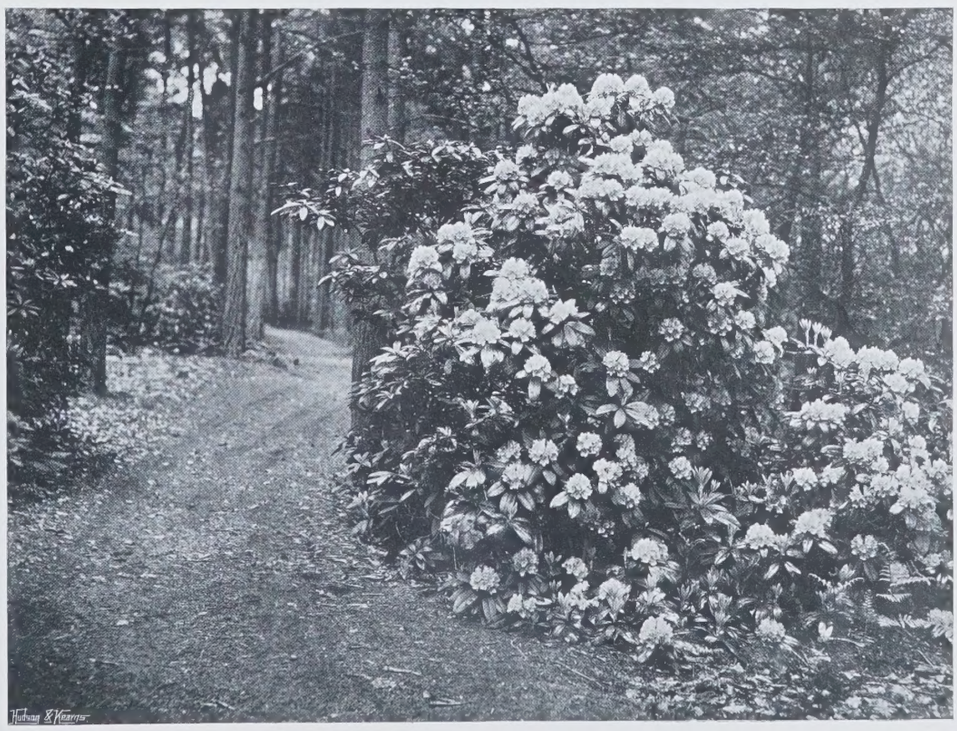
Dr. Rouges.—We were asked a few days ago the name of a climbing Rose which, without a flower, seemed to be aglow with colour. This Rose is Dr. Rouges, a strong-growing climber with quite crimson ruddy leaves and young shoots; so much so that it is almost worth growing for this distinctive feature alone. The flowers are ruby-red, a peculiarly rich and beautiful colour, which is intensified by the crimson leaves. At a distance this variety appears as if a number of Cactus Dahlias were issuing from the foliage, the petals having that twist peculiar to the great autumn flower. The behaviour of the Rose in town gardens is at first disappointing, for two years elapse before flowers are produced in quantity; but it atones for this afterwards by blooming with the greatest freedom from June onwards.

Mme. Laurette Messimy Rose and the Lamb's Ear.—Against the house there is a border of grey-leaved shrubs and China Roses, and the happiest effect is the result of grouping the hybrid China Rose Mme. Laurette Messimy and the silvery-leaved Lamb's Ear (Stachys lanata). The Rose is so covered with flowers that scarcely a leaf is to be seen, and the colouring is a mingling of rose, yellow, delicate salmon, and orange, laid on petals which seem to flutter in the wind. Although the plants which we have in mind are exposed to every wind that blows not a shoot has been injured during the winter, and the plants have been in full flower since the middle of May. The recent heavy rainstorms have destroyed their beauty for the time, but this is a wise provision of Nature. A burden of bloom such as has been maintained for weeks could not continue through a very hot summer.

Fabvier—A group of this is as brilliant as any Geranium. This little China Rose is not so frequently planted as it deserves to be, for no variety has so intense a crimson colour, the plants being little mounds of bloom. It is planted in a groundwork of white Pansies, and the effect is excellent. The leaves of the Rose are quite a chocolate tint, and the association of this colour, crimson and white, is very pleasant to see.

Dorothy Perkins.—This is known as a wichuraiana Rose, that is, it belongs to the hybrid Japanese Rose class, which is distinguished for its extremely vigorous growth. Jersey Beauty, Auguste Barbier, Alberic Barbier, François Fouçard, Paul Transon, and wichuraiana rubra belong to the same class, and we have a beautiful addition in Lady Gay, which was shown at the recent exhibition in the Temple Gardens. Dorothy Perkins is a Rose for the pergola or arch, and it makes such rapid growth that in two years it will cover a large space with its characteristic pale green leaves. It flowers later than the majority of climbing Roses, and this is one of its great charms, as towards the end of June many of the most beautiful of the climbing varieties are out of bloom. A plant which we have in mind is now bristling with buds, and will be a picture of rosy colouring from the early days of July until quite autumn.

Billiard et Barré.—This is the most golden in colour of all the Hybrid Tea Roses its flowers quite self, and very handsome. It blooms with great freedom, and has a sweet scent, but it is the colour which makes this one of the most welcome of summer Roses. A correspondent writes of it thus: "A superb Rose, almost a pure golden yellow, is Billiard et Barré. I would recommend it as a tall bedding hybrid, believing that such Roses as this, Gustave Regis, and Germaine Trochon may be well used in this way. An effective bed could be formed by planting Billiard et Barré in the centre and Mme. Ravary round, or the former could be interspersed here and there as low pillars among a mass of the latter. Billiard et Barré surpasses all Roses



C. Cadby. *RHODODENDRONS.* Copyright

of its colour for outdoor culture. The buds are simply delightful. Nothing more beautiful has appeared for years, and it is such a good grower. It shows what influence the pollen parent can impart to the seedling, both in colour and vigour, the seed parent, Alice Furon, in this case, being a very stumpy grower, whereas Duchesse d'Auerstadt, the other parent, is of the most vigorous description, and of an intense citron yellow colour."

Sulphurea.—We have often praised this Rose, but it is still unknown to many gardeners, although exactly the sort for the beginner to whom failure is vexatious. Sulphurea is a Tea variety, with deep bronzy foliage and a profusion of sulphur-coloured flowers of sweet fragrance and dainty form. A few plants are weighed down with the charming clusters, and the beds we have filled with this variety alone will give beauty to the garden until quite late in autumn. It is not unusual for many Roses to flower quite six months of the year.

Hybrid Briar Rose Una.—This Rose has been planted in the Royal Gardens, Kew, to fill a large bed, one with a circumference of 70ft., containing only fifteen plants, thus showing the great vigour of the growth. The buds are of a tawny yellow colour, and open out wide to the sun, showing the full charm of the creamy white petals. They appear all along the growths in clusters of from three to six, and form as dainty a picture as it is possible to produce with any Rose, not even excepting the latest wichuraiana race. The growth is very robust, suggesting the Briar origin of the Rose. It would make an ideal plant for covering a loamy bank, where it could ramble in its own way.

RANDOM NOTES.

A Note on Sweet Peas.—This favourite annual has greatly benefited by the rains of June, and the growth, though very late in flowering—too much so for some of the early exhibitions—is very strong. We shall not be surprised if the Sweet Pea season continues far into the autumn, though a long spell of hot and drying weather has the effect of quickly stopping a succession of bloom. Much, however, may be accomplished by mulching, giving water to the roots, and overhead syringing in the evening, but more by preventing the formation of seed-pods. Unless the flowers are picked off directly they have faded a prolonged display of flowers cannot be expected. The plant cannot bear a double burden.

The Tufted Pansies.—A very interesting lecture was given a few days ago at the Horticultural Club by Mr. Crane on the subject of "Tufted Pansies," of which the lecturer has made a special study, and considerably improved by raising new varieties. Few groups of hardy plants have undergone so great an improvement during recent years as the Pansy, and this improvement continues. The plants are very compact in growth, and in some instances the shoots seem to creep along the ground, making a mat of leaves, above which appear in delightful profusion the clear-coloured flowers. There are no muddy shades in the best of the newer varieties, and they are practically perennial in this respect, a bank of the newest varieties in the garden of the writer having been bright with colour since last Christmas. Such varieties as Devonshire Cream, Cream King, Ethereal, Miriam Waters, and Blue Tit are flowers for all gardens.

The Hornbeam.—In the June number of the beautiful monthly magazine *Flora and Sylva* there is an excellent description of one of the most interesting of British trees, the Hornbeam (Carpinus Betulus), illustrated by a well-reproduced drawing of pollarded trees by H. G. Moon. The writer aptly describes the tree as "one of the neglected children of the woods," and regrets its neglect by planters in this country. It is mentioned that "perhaps one reason is the misusage it has undergone at the hands of continental gardeners, who have trimmed and cut it into all kinds of absurd shapes. We first saw it in a very leprous state at Versailles, and also in some Austrian gardens, where the only trees admitted were those that, owing to their texture and close foliage, could be clipped into walls. . . . The Hornbeam is a native of the southern parts of England, but not of Ireland or the North, and it inhabits a vast region in Central and Northern Europe and Asia. It is more limited in its northern area than the Beech, though it reaches as far north as Denmark, and it is also found in the Crimea, the Caucasus, Persia, and Asia Minor, though not in Africa or the warmer parts of Southern Europe. It is said in books to like a clay soil; but, from our own experience, and judging also by its rarity in the heavy wealden country south of London, it does not seem to like a compact soil, while it is abundant at Epping, in more open soil. Some coolness of soil is, no doubt, necessary to it. Free, sandy loams suit it better than the compact soils of the Weald, nor does it care for very hot ground, any more than for marsh lands or those of a turfy nature. A tree of the plains and low hills, it never rises much above 1,500ft. in the North of Europe, and only to about 3,000ft. in the extreme south of its area. The Hornbeam is not a long-lived tree, rarely lasting more than 100 years, while its limit appears to be about 150 years. The finest trees seldom exceed 70ft. in height."

DYNAMITING SEA-FISH.

A CONTRIBUTOR to a Cornish contemporary seriously suggests that the regulations prohibiting the use of explosives within territorial limits should be amended so as to allow of summary dealings with the dog-fish plague; but it is devoutly to be hoped that no such removal of existing restrictions may be contemplated by the authorities. Grave as is the grievance of the dog-fish plague to our Cornish fishermen, the situation created by any general acquiescence in irresponsible dynamiting would be appalling. Mr. Joseph Rich, the writer in question, proposes to enclose the dog-fish in a seine, or to catch them in the drift-nets, and then to throw bombs among them; and were it possible to confine the explosive treatment within these limits, some scheme might possibly be devised whereby accredited dynamitards might undertake the work of destruction. To allow the indiscriminate use of explosives by every fisherman and loafer, however, along our south-west coast would be to encourage the further ruination of the inshore grounds, for it would be absolutely impossible to provide against improper use of the fuses.

As an instance of the dreadful destruction that can be wrought by this means, a correspondent of the writer's, a Mr. Ben Read of Reforne, Dorset, cheerfully admits, with some pride, that on one occasion he murdered over 600 beautiful bass, some of them 30in. in length (this, if the fish were in anything like condition, means a weight of 12lb.), at a shot, while on less successful occasions he bagged by the same nefarious means over 100, and his victims included conger, bream, and whiting. It is probable that members of the British Sea Anglers' Society would joyously see this person blown up with one of his own bombs, so that the fishes might feed on his disintegrated being, and it is certain that such individuals, now fortunately prohibited from such nefarious doings by law, are responsible for much of the ruin of our inshore fishing grounds in the past.

Mr. Rich argues from eccentric premiss to fallacious conclusion. He finds no more absurdity in blowing up fish than in shooting birds, and the wholesale destruction of the dynamite bomb is to him as reasonable as the sweeping work of the punt-gun. Fortunately, on sporting grounds or otherwise, such baneful blasting of our sea-fish is prohibited within the three-mile limit. The Board of Agriculture and Fisheries knows of no similar restriction further from land; but it is to be hoped, if there is any recrudescence of this enthusiasm for dynamite, that international action may be taken to enforce like prohibition on the high seas. On all counts, from the fisherman's point of view particularly, but also out of regard for the security of human life at sea, it is desirable to exclude dynamiting from the recognised methods of killing fish, whether these be vermin or marketable food.

F. G. AFLALO.

AN OLD ENGLISH SYMBOLIST.

IF some curious observer were to step from the England of the Middle Ages into the England of to-day, and were asked for his impressions, would he not name, among the first, an immense carelessness as to the outward setting of life—a dull prevailing monotony of external form, colour, action? And how would he not contrast this apparent sameness with the outward fashion of the daily life of his own century, a life full of obvious significances. So, if any among us, a little tired perhaps with the constant sight of mean and empty forms, would care to see with the eyes of an earlier time, let him turn to a small brown volume, much used, and with many an old owner's name inscribed, now lying before me; a volume occupied wholly with the clothing of things invisible in quaint tangible garments of appropriate symbol, symbols devised to bring vividly before the eye just those "things that matter," which we in modern England so successfully smother out of daily sight.

In 1669 there was to be sold "at the Crowne and at the Marigold in St. Paules Churchyard" "Emblemes" by Fra. Quarles. The fine old frontispiece shows us, immediately, certain divine and mundane emblems, supported by two sturdy angels, and

SYMBOLIC BILLIARDS.

dominating a walled city set on an estuary busy with shipping. Next follows the dedication, which betrays the hand of the courtier no less than that of poet and moralist; for Quarles was at one time cup-bearer to Elizabeth, the unhappy Queen of Bohemia, and, in our own Civil Wars, was ever a loyal cavalier. These are the words with which he lays his book before "My much Honoured, and no less truely beloved Friend, Edw. Benlowes, Esquire": "You have put the Theorboe into my hand, and I have played: You gave the Musician the first encouragement; the Musick returneth to you for Patronage. Had it been a light

"A NEW-FOUND VANITY."

Aire, no doubt but it had taken the most, and among them the worst; but being a Grave Strain, my hopes are, that it will please the best, and among them you. Toyish Aires please trivial Ears; they kiss the Fancy, and betray it. They cry, Hail, first; and after, Crucifie: Let Dorrs delight to immerd themselves in dung, whilst Eagles scorn so poor a Game as Flies. Sir, you have Art and Candour; let the one judge, let the other excuse your most affectionate Friend Fra. Quarles."

Following the fancy of this dedication is the first of the hundred or so of following "Emblems," or symbolic pictures, each accompanied by Quarles' own verses and epigrams, by quotations from the Fathers, and by a Latin or English text. This, the first Emblem, shows the Soul, yet at ease, and the large lute, or theorboe lying beside the somnolent figure; but light streams from a circle overhead, and the sleeper awakens. The accompanying verses are called "The Invocation":

> "Rouze thee, my Soul, and drein thee from the dregs
> Of vulger thoughts: Scrue up the heightened pegs
> Of thy sublime Theorboe four notes higher,
> And higher yet, that so, the shril-mouth'd Quire
> Of swift-wing'd Seraphims may come and join, . . ."

The "Emblemes" proceed to paint the Soul's vicissitudes on the "fond earth," as typified in the then daily happenings, or the rarer incidents, of life. So in Emblem III. of Book IV. we find the soul learning to walk in the "straight path," by aid of a seventeenth century go-cart, a path for which, the verses tell us, she has little liking in comparison with following lucre, pleasure, worldly honour; the stanza concerning the latter betrays the poet who had seen the charm of Courts:

> "If blazing honour chance to fill my veins
> With flat'ring warmth, and flash of Courtly fire,
> My soul can take a pleasure in her pains:
> My lofty strutting steps disdain to tire."

Whereas for the narrow path "my way is tedious and my steps are slow." Nevertheless, the final Epigram bids for courage:

> "Fear not, my Soul, to lose for want of cunning;
> Weep not; Heav'n is not alwaies got by running:
> Thy thoughts are swift, although thy legs be slow;
> True love will creep, not having strength to go."

In yet quainter form the "narrow way" appears in Emblem IX., symbolised by a billiard-table of the period, on which the Soul is learning that the true

> "way is hard and strait,
> And leads me through a thorny gate;
> Whose ranckling pricks are sharp and fell;
> The common way to Heav'n 's by hell."

After quotations from St. Jerome and St. Gregory concerning the hard labour and the "valour of the just man" in overcoming the adversities and wiles of this present life, follows Quarles' own Epigram:

> "O, *Cupid*, if thy smoother way were right,
> I should mistrust this Crown were counterfeit:
> The way's not easie where the Prize is great:
> I hope no virtues, where I smell no sweat."

Incidentally we may note that this seventeenth century billiard-table is made on the English, not the French, pattern; and perhaps some archæologist will determine whether the narrow gate through which the pupil-soul is being taught to aim his ball of life is a hoop belonging to the game as then played, or but the added fancy of the symbolist.

In the opening of Book II. we find pictured the foolish Soul, busy in the "broad way," and fain to walk there in the light of her own "self-consuming flames," and to "puff out

BLOWING "HEAVEN'S TAPER OUT."

Heav'n's glory." The folly of this Soul is emphasised by the fool's cap worn by the figure that is essaying to blow out the "light of Grace"; the while another image of the earthly Soul snuffs and trims the weak and idle rays of his own feeble candle. For such "rebellious fools" Quarles has little mercy:

> "Deluded mortals, tell me when
> Your daring breath has blown
> Heav'n's Taper out, and you have spent your own,
> What fire shall warm ye then?
> Ah, fools, perpetual night
> Shall haunt your souls. . . ."

In further warning against the folly of vain pride is placed a text from Isaiah: "You that walk in the light of your own fire, and in the sparks that ye have kindled, ye shall lie down in sorrow"; and there is added from St. Augustine one of those balanced antitheses beloved by the age of Quarles, the age of Conceits and Epigrams: "The sufficiency of my merit is to know that my merit is not sufficient."

From these exhortations concerning the conduct of active life we come, in Book IV., to a pastoral in praise of country seclusion:

"Come, come, my dear, and let us both retire
And whiff the dainties of the fragrant fields:
Where warbling Philomel, and the shrill-mouth'd quire
Chaunt forth their raptures; . . .
. . . where the new-born brier
Breathes forth the sweetness that her *April* yields.
Come, come, my lovely fair, and let us trie
These rural delicates; . . ."

The Soul hesitates whether to leave the activities of her "City mansion," whether

"'I'll stir with Martha, or I'll stay with Mary.'"

Thereon she receives further instruction as to the joys of the rural abode, and is all eagerness to go thither, receiving the assurance that there her head shall be crowned with all graces. The patristic motto chosen for this Emblem is from St. Bernard: "O blessed Contemplation! The death of vices, and the life of virtues! . . . Who ever attained perfection, if not by thee! O blessed Solitude, the Magazine of Celestial Treasure! by thee things earthly, and transitory, are changed into Heavenly, and

THE DEVIL'S BOWLING GREEN.

Eternal." Then follows Quarles' own application of the matter in his Epigram, from which it appears that in his eyes the life of cities savoured but little of "blessed Contemplation":

"Mechanick soul, thou must not only do
With *Martha*; but, with *Mary*, ponder too:
Happy's that house where these fair sisters vary;
But most, when *Martha's* reconcil'd to *Mary*."

In the woodcut the Celestial figure seems to be led, rather than to lead the Soul (well clad for country wear) out into the solitude of field and wood; an apparent inversion of the written word for which the artist presumably is responsible.

In an Emblem in Book III. we have the poet in sterner vein. Here is man being fashioned out of his native clay:

"The same the stuff, the self-same hand doth trim
The Plant that fades, the beast that dies, and him."

Further, the plants and the beasts are man's elder brethren by right of primogeniture; the plants are "with fairer robes arrai'd," the beast "in sense exceeds him":

"Why look'st thou then so big, thou little span
Of earth? What art thou more in being man?"

In response man claims his higher nature, and is told that,

THE TITLE-PAGE OF "EMBLEMES."

therefore, the greater are his iniquities, since "good declin'd turns bad, turns worst of all." At last the Soul thus takes refuge from the arguement:

"Eternal Potter, whose blest hands did lay
My course foundation from a sod of clay,
Thou know'st my slender vessel's apt to leak;
Thou know'st my brittle temper's prone to break;
Are my bones brazil, or my flesh of oak!
O, mend what thou hast made, what I have broke."

Does not the English symbolist here recall the imagery of the Persian Omar, who, standing alone in the Potter's shop, found that amid the wares "some could articulate," and for all after ages has recorded the voice of the questioning clay:

"Then said another, 'Surely not in vain
My substance from the common Earth was ta'en,
That He who subtly wrought me into Shape
Should stamp me back to common Earth again.'"

In the figure, the Potter, as usual distinguished by the nimbus, seems to be working the great spokes of the wheel with his foot. The seated Soul should doubtless be conceived of as waiting disembodied, with hand outstretched, to receive her outward form, that "proud pinch of living Earth." I am at a loss to understand the meaning of the breath blown into the left hand.

The vanity of this world, and the pleasures thereof, are a constant theme of the Emblems. Quarles' own life must have shown him many a hard vicissitude, whether in his early service to the Bohemian Queen, a Queen of but a few months and dethroned for a lifetime; in his post as secretary to Archbishop Usher, a prelate who underwent many wanderings in the troublous times of the Civil Wars; or in his own personal

sufferings at the hands of the Parliamentarians, who so harassed this poet and scholar, injuring his property and plundering him of his books and rare manuscripts, that his death is attributed to their persecution. It is difficult to conceive a more stupid and brutal fanaticism than that displayed by the Puritan party in their rage against the pious poet and quaint visionary, Francis Quarles.

Quarles truly had reason to say, with one of those Early Fathers he so often cites: "The pomp of the world and the favour of the people are but smoke, and a blast suddenly vanishing"; and one of the quaintest of his Emblems is given on this text. On the globe of the world, and chained thereto, sits the worldly soul, occupied in holding a consuming torch and in smoking a fine churchwarden pipe. The angelic monitor beside him carries a birdcage, with a bird therein, doubtless as a figure of the Soul caged in earthly desires. In the accompanying verse it would almost seem that the poet shared the views of his late King, James I., on tobacco, occupied though he chiefly is with the image of smoke as representing the passing ambitions of this world:

". . . behold
A new found vanity, which daies of old
Ne'er knew: a vanity that has beset
The world, and made more slaves than *Mahomet*,
That has condemn'd us to the servile yoke
Of slavery and made us slaves to smoke."

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY GO-CART.

There is humour in the last of the Emblems which we here reproduce—the bowling green. Here Mammon and "Cupid" are playing bowls:

"Close by the jack, behold, gill fortune stands
To wave the game, . . .
The world's the jack; the gamesters that contend
Are *Cupid*, *Mammon*: that judicious Friend,
That gives the ground, is *Satan*: and the bowls
Are sinful Thoughts; the Prize, a crown for Fools."

Who, adds the poet, breathes that bowls not? Who hath not here "plaid his rubbers"? The poem is written with a lighter fancy than many of the verses, and is full of the phraseology and manners of the bowling green. The ball marked with a symbolic cross is doubtless the "jack," or ball which, then as now, served as the mark for the players to aim at. And "gill fortune," who stands, as the verses say, "to wave the game," displays for prize to the successful gamester a fool's capsimilar to that in the Emblem inscribed "sic lumine lumen ademptum,' where, as we have seen, it is worn by the soul, who, steeped in his own folly, would fain extinguish Heaven's light with a pair of bellows. To the lover of the little things of past centuries it may sometimes seem that such details bring old days more vividly before us than do the statelier official relics of antiquity. For such there will be a special charm in these "Emblems."

THE POTTER AT WORK.

An appended passage concerning the latter end of sin, from St. Jerome, does not lack in force, and in Quarles' hands even this quaint conceit is not without its dignity:

"Good God! turn thou my Brazil thoughts anew;
New sole my bowls, and make their bias true:
I'll cease to game, till fairer ground be given.
Nor wish to win, until the mark be Heaven."

The thought of the symbolist is alien to much of our modern life. It is something of an effort to bring our minds into focus with the seventeenth century visionary, and to see beyond the first impression given by his old woodcuts of quaintness bordering sometimes on the grotesque, sometimes, as in the Emblems inscribed "My Soule hath desired thee in the Night" and "Lighten mine eyes oh Lord lest I sleep the sleep of death," achieving an imaginative force not unworthy of William Blake. In his gift of touching common matter to finer issues, of finding "figures" of things unseen in the ordinary surroundings of life, Quarles does but follow in the steps of the great Idealist.

The Platonic theory of Ideas, those archetypes of the objects of the world of sense, is expounded in words bearing as simple and concrete a meaning as do any of these Emblems of go-cart, pipe, candle, bowls, placed before our eyes by the English symbolist. "*An Emblème*," he writes in his address to the Reader, "is but a silent Parable. . . . before the knowledge of Letters God was known by *Hieroglyphicks*. And, indeed, what are the Heavens, the Earth, nay, every Creature, but *Hieroglyphicks* and *Emblemes* of his Glory?"

"COME, COME, MY LOVELY FAIR, AND LET US TRIE THESE RURAL DELICATES."

In such words as these, and in the entire design of his "Divine Emblemes," Francis Quarles, perhaps, realised his great contemporary Herbert's thought of the unique position of man as intermediary between two worlds:

"To this life things of sense
Make their pretence;
In th' other Angels have a right by birth:
Man ties them both alone,
And makes them one,
With th' one hand touching heav'n, with th' other earth."

G. M. GODDEN.

EARLSHALL, FIFESHIRE,

THE SEAT OF MR. R. W. MACKENZIE.

THE castle of Earlshall, now the seat of Mr. R. W. R. Mackenzie, is a true picture of Scottish history for the time when the Middle Ages were grudgingly making way for the beginnings of modern life. Sir William Bruce of Earlshall was building the old work in 1540. Two years before this, King James, fifth of the name, rode out from the Abbey port of St. Andrews, yonder across the bay, to meet Mary of the Guises, his bride from France, and the lull of something like peace which had taken the country after Flodden was soon to be at an end. At Flodden had fallen, sword in hand round their King, a host of those barons of whom it may at least be said that they were the scourge and curse of the land. But at the building of Earlshall a new generation of these stubborn men had grown up, and for a score of causes swords were loosened in the scabbard. Religion itself was preparing the people for blows and blood; for the King's marriage had cast in his lot with France and the bishops against an English alliance and a reformed Kirk.

The tower of Earlshall had stood but two years when the wanton adventures of the King of the Commons were over. In 1542 James died in his palace of Falkland, and peace and the building of houses were at an end in Scotland for half a century. A girl child was on the throne, the Reformation was beginning with fire and sword, and St. Andrews was in the midst of the making of history.

The baron of Earlshall might take comfort to himself that he had built in a good hour, as he looked over his new walls at the turmoil. In St. Andrews George Wishart was strangled and burned before the castle by the Cardinal Beaton, a Scotsman bred in France, who lay upon his cushioned seat to watch the spectacle. But Wishart and his like had friends who wore steel. Within two months, David Beaton, who had in the meantime made a great marriage for his daughter with the Master of Crawford, was called from his bed in St. Andrews Castle by the avengers, Norman Leslie and Kirkaldy of Grange, and, standing in his bedroom, died by the sword of James Melville. Over the castle wall, whence he had looked upon Wishart's death, the naked body of the Cardinal Archbishop was hung by a leg and an arm, and St. Andrews and all Scotland were aware that the new heresy was prepared to give blow for blow.

What part the house of Earlshall played amongst these doings we know not, but Earlshall bears no marks of war. It was a castle of the new fashion, built when the Scottish barons had learned that the great keep of the Middle Ages, with its wide

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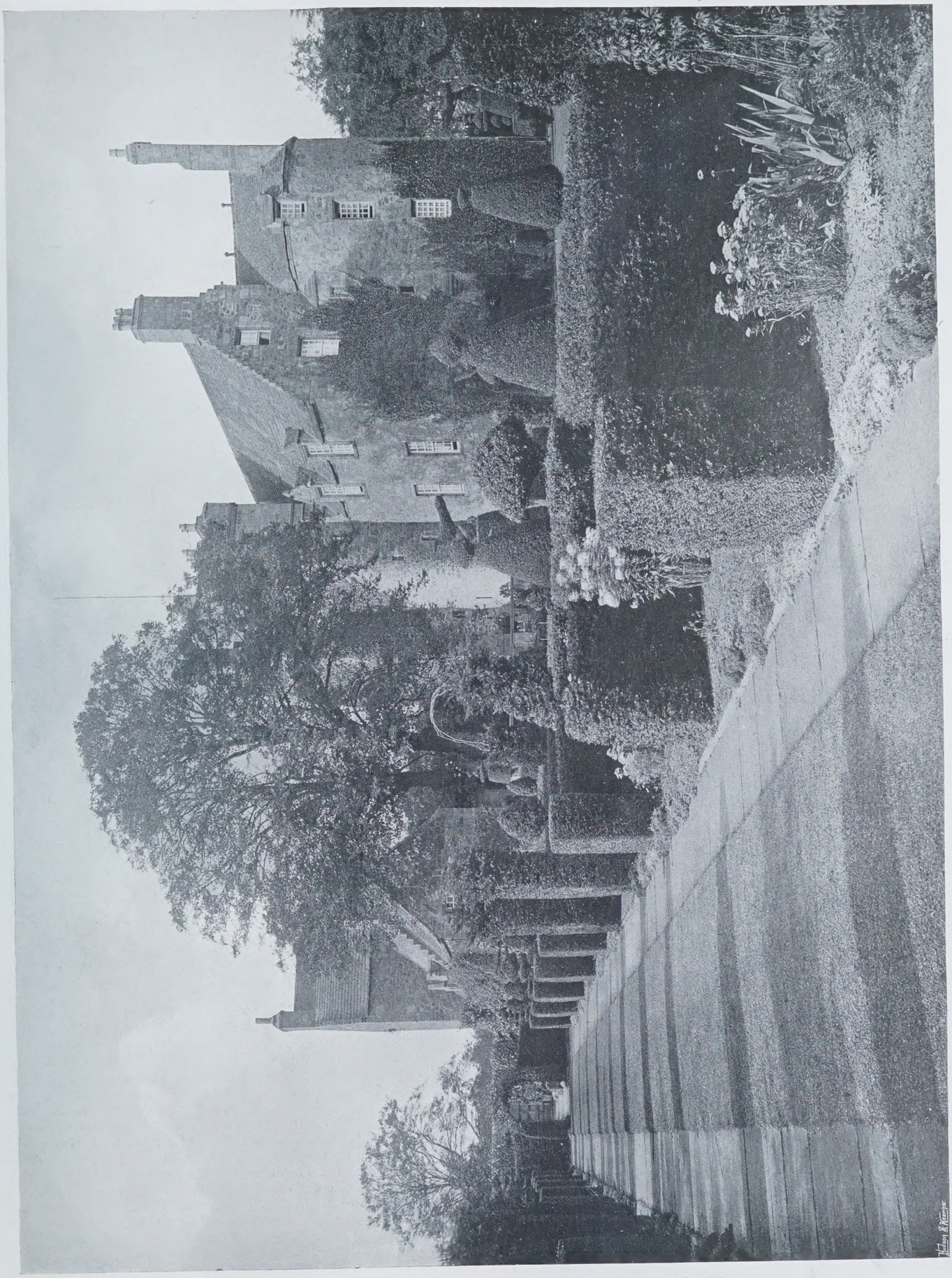

THE YEW ALLEY.

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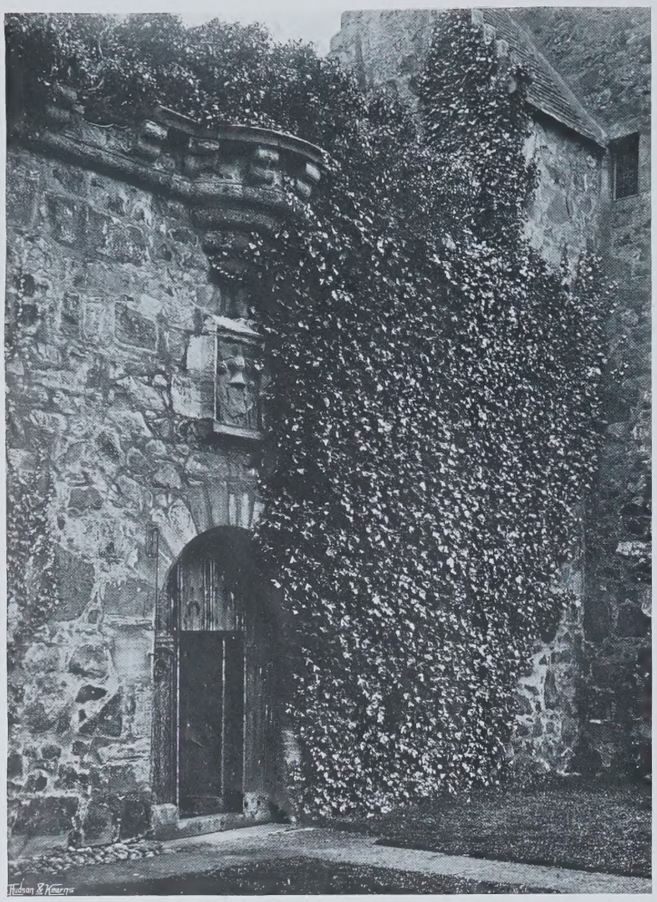

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courtyard ringed about with walls and towers, was no longer needful. The King or the Douglas might build such and hold them, but lesser men had learned that they could raise no fortress which could keep out a besieging army with its battering guns. A strong house was still needful, whose stout walls might hold out against angry neighbours, a St. Andrews

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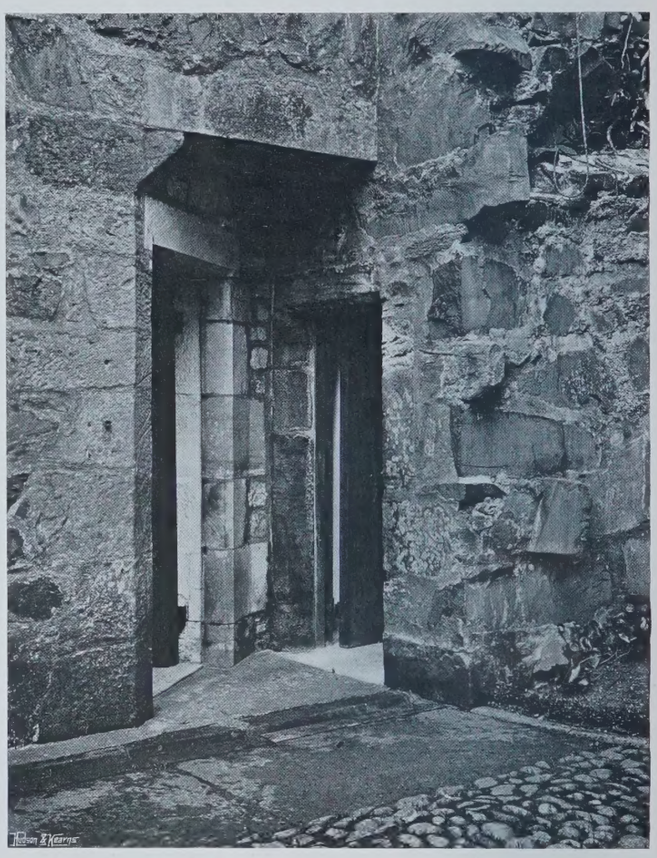
mob, or light-riding forayers from far. But the memories of Earlshall are rather of sport than of war. The banks of Eden were beloved by falconers, and the heron still builds her nest in the Earlshall woods. Queen Mary rode from St. Andrews to hunt in Earlshall, and James VI. and I. galloped over the lands in his padded saddle.

The plan of the old castle of Earlshall has the L form common amongst Scottish castles of its time, the top of the L pointing eastward. Such a building represents the old square keep with an angle thrown out. Three rooms lay along the upright of the L, the easternmost joining a round tower at the north-eastern corner. The foot of the L was a kitchen, until another was built out across the yard, and an entry which an enemy would approach under fire from the two walls of the angle. Here in the crook of the L was the round stairway from the ground floor to the garrets. Entering at this ground floor, we can recall a picture of the simple lives of these Scottish barons. To a race that would liever hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak, the home was a stronghold, a shelter for the night, a larder—anything but a place where the affairs of life were lived out. The ground floor of Earlshall must have been a gloomy place, with its narrow windows pierced with deep splays in the mass of the wall, and we cannot believe that much plenishing of furniture ever decked these chambers. By the stairway tower the first floor is reached. Here is a large hall



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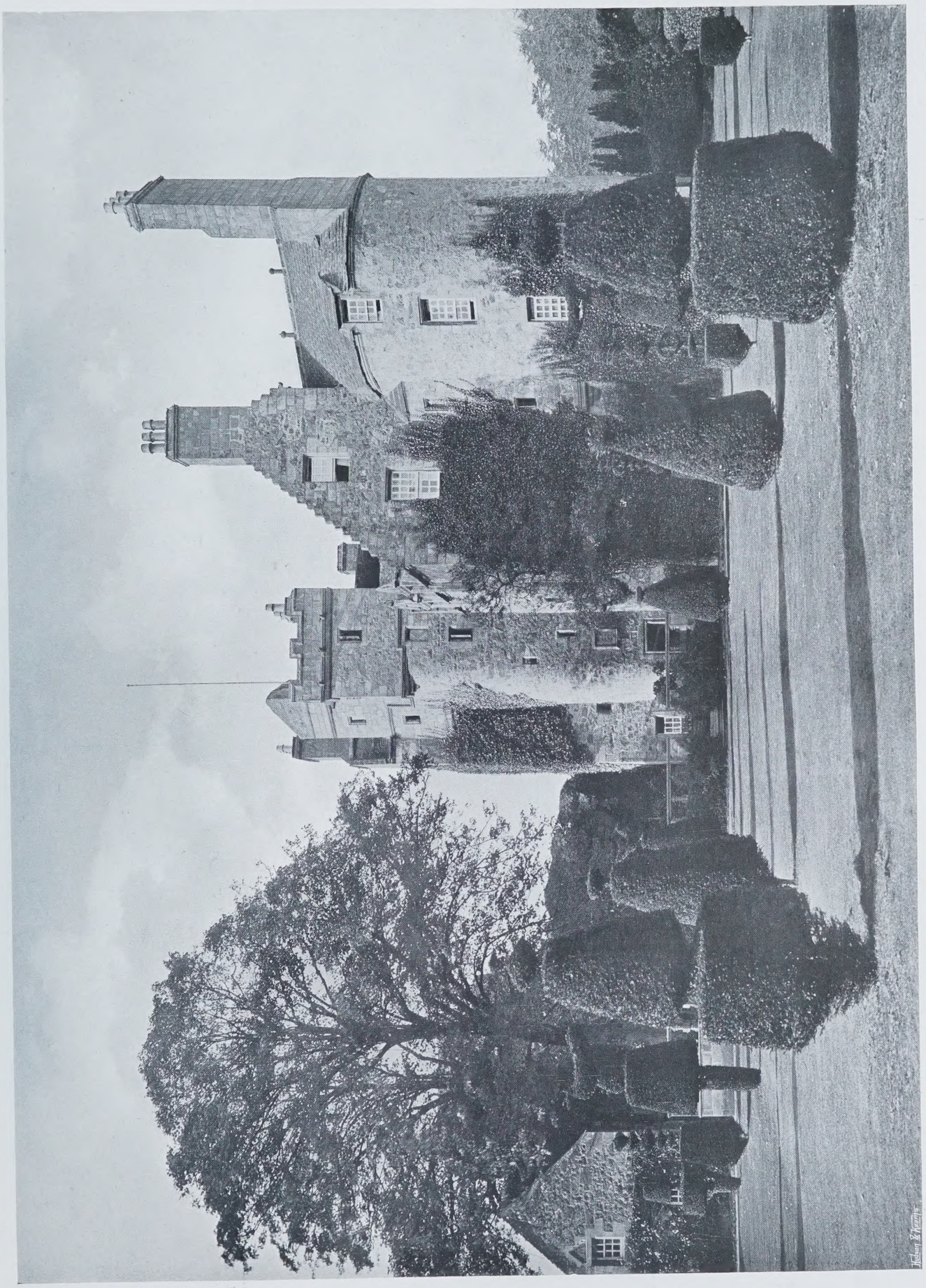
room whose west end was crossed by a screen. At the east a smaller room leading to a round room in the east tower, a room which may have been a bedroom. Another small chamber is above the kitchen. The hall screen has been restored in sound woodwork with graceful carving. The open hearth and great fireplace gives us one of our best illustrations. Over the fireplace are the shield, helm, crest, and supporters of the barons of Earlshall. The shield bears the arms of Bruce and Leslie. This, with the letters A : B and E : L, tells us that the work of this room was finished by Alexander Bruce of Earlshall and Euphame Leslie his wife, a daughter of John Leslie of Parkhill, a cadet of the Rothes family. She and her husband had a charter in 1581. He was grandson of Sir William Bruce who first began the building of Earlshall.

Another ascent of the staircase brings us to a room which speaks of the peace and easement of life which followed the union of the old enemies, the two kingdoms. The Scottish baron has now leisure and taste to demand more than shelter and safe keeping in his house, and the great gallery of the second floor, 50ft. in length, is decorated in a manner which makes Earlshall remarkable among Northern houses.

The wall has a tall frieze, with a painted arcade of pilasters with flat arches. The flat roof, rounded to the sides, is covered with a painted decoration, a multitude of panels, square and round, and filled with curious pictures. The virtues are here: FORTITVDO, IVSTITIA, and their companions. Other round



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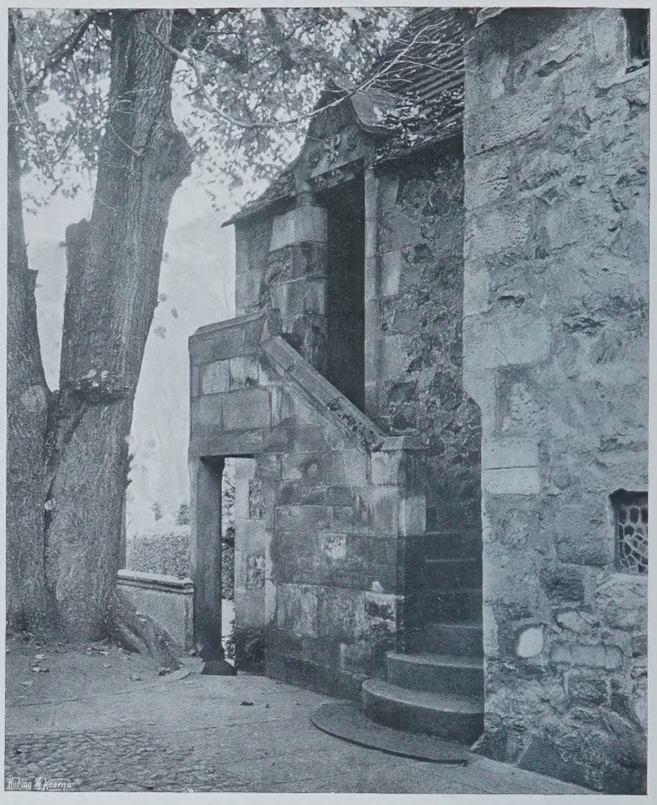

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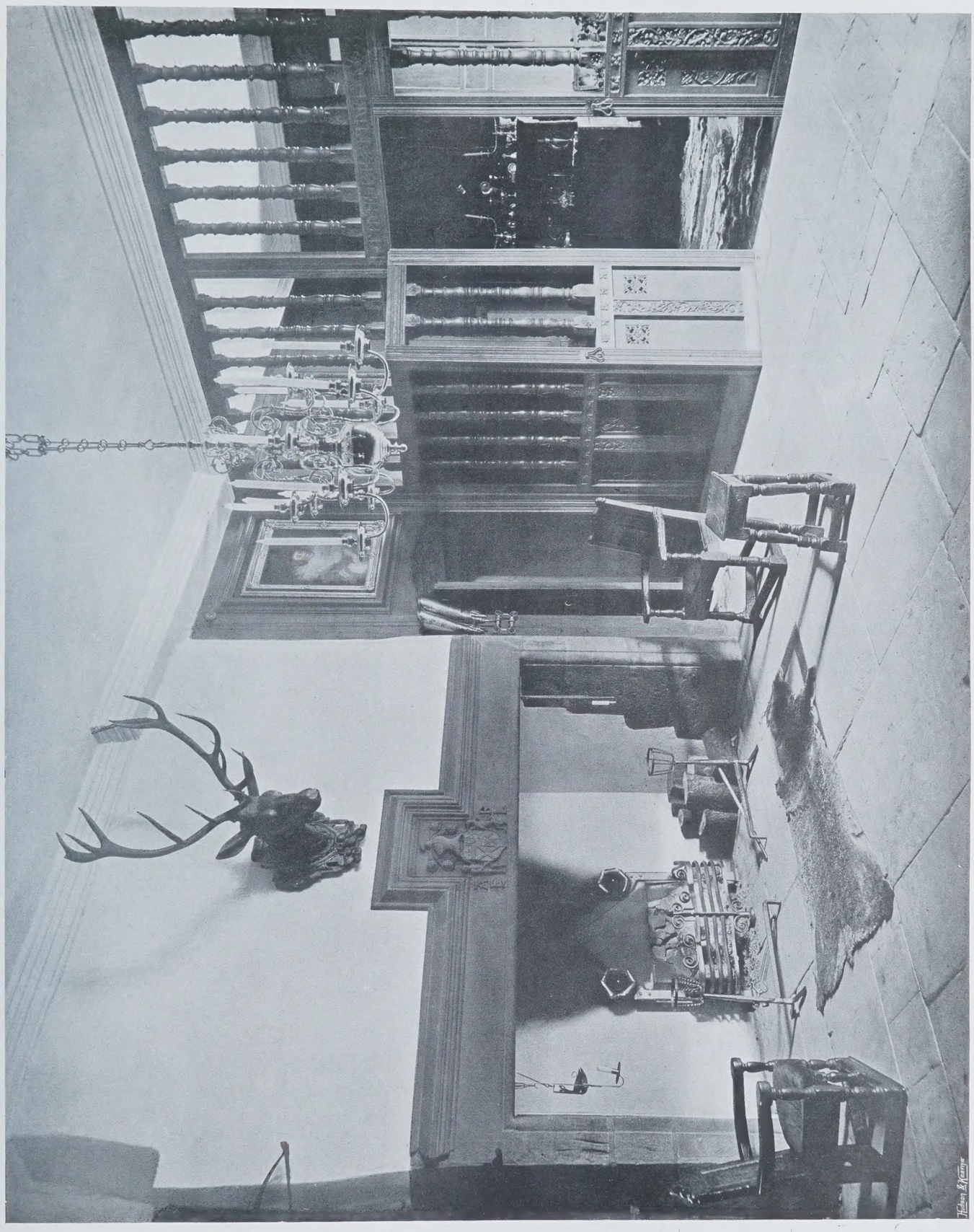

THE HALL.

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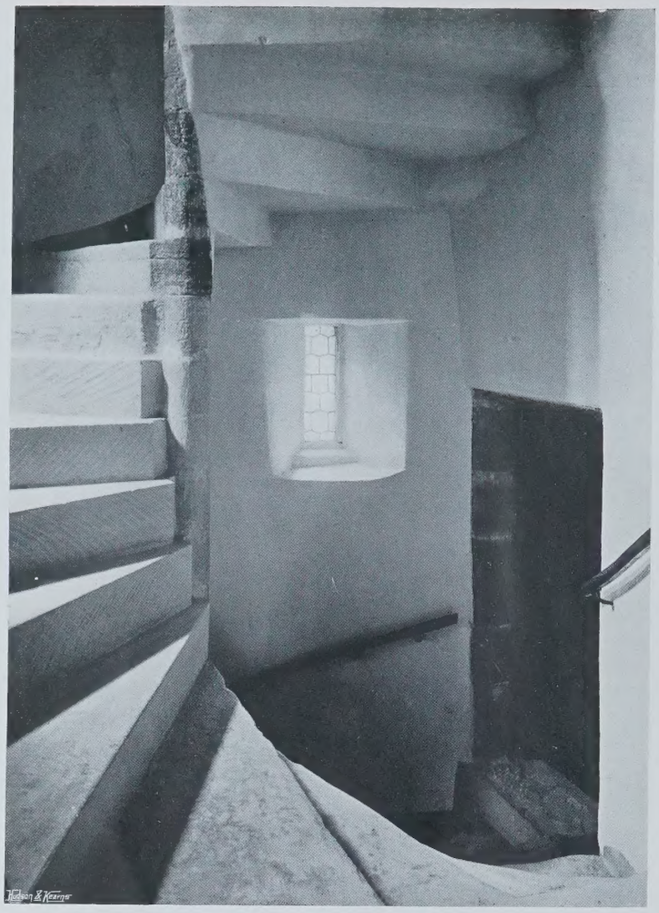
panels bear the arms of the Scottish earls and nobles. Above the fireplace we have the gyrons and galleys of THE ERL OF ARGYLL, whose word is I BYDE MY TYM, the Douglas heart of THE ERL OF ANGVS, and the chequered fesse of THE ERL OF ATHOLE. Above these are square panels of strange and marvellous beasts, the MOVSE OF ARABIA, the SHOE LION and the MVSK KET. In the frieze are many wise sayings for the admonishing of the lords and ladies of Earlshall. From them we learn that

A . NICE . WYF . AND
A . BACK . DOORE
OFT . MAKETH . A . RICH
MAN . POORE.

A "nice" wife is, of course, an over-dainty one, and the sentiment, in other words, is still, doubtless, a stock advice of home companions and household manuals. By the corner of the chimney-piece we have

GIVE . LIBERALYE
TO . NEIDFVL . FOLKE
DENYE . NANE . OF
THEM . AL . FOR . LITLE
THOV . KNAVEST . HE
IRIN . THIS . LYF . QVHA
T . CHAVNCE . MAY . THE
BEFALL.

Which would persuade us that the old Scottish charity of a handful of meal at the door was not neglected at Earlshall.



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All this painted work, once falling into abject decay, has been carefully restored by the present laird of Earlshall. The story of its restoration by Mr. Mackenzie, who bought half-ruined Earlshall in 1891, is deeply interesting to those who know at what pains a beautiful and curious thing has been saved for Scotland. The painting was all on timber, which the rain through the roof had made too rotten for a nail to stay in, and much had already fallen. Piece by piece the surface was sliced away, and glued like veneer to sound wood, which could then be secured as in former time to the upper couples of the roof. This achieved, the painting, still clearly to be seen, was slowly brought back to its original colours with distemper.

One of our pictures shows the fireplace of the painted gallery, and here again we have a date for the enrichment of the second floor of the Castle. Here is, again, a shield with the arms of Sir William Bruce, the founder, and those of Margaret Meldrum, his wife, a daughter of Meldrum of Seggie, with the letters W : B and M : M, set up here by William Bruce of Earlshall, the founder's great-grandson, as is recited in the inscription, to commemorate his own work, and his ancestors'. The inscription runs thus:

ÆDES . HAS . EXTRVE
BAT . D . W . B . AN . 1540
EXTRVXIT . TANDEM
W . B . EIVS . PRONEPOS
ANNO . 1617.

The letters D.W.B. stand for Sir William Bruce (Dominus Willelmus Bruce). By the fireplace in our picture are seen the

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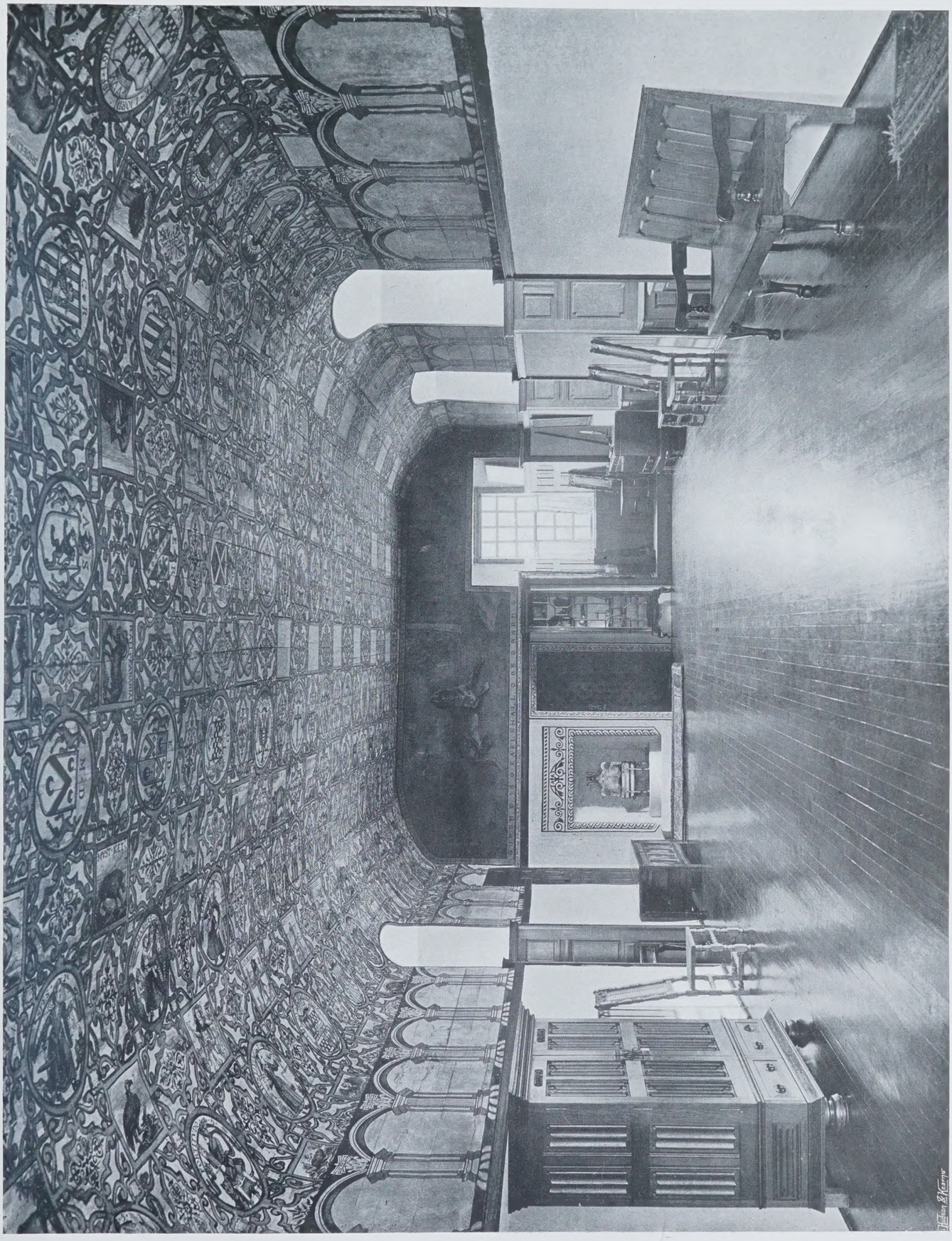

THE GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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stone steps of the newel staircase leading upward to the roof and garrets. The ceiling has the date of 1620, with the initials of W : B and D : A : L, for William Bruce and the Dame Agnes Lindsay, his second wife. She died in 1635, aged sixty-eight, having taken a great share in the finishing of the work about the house.

From the L-shaped building a curtain wall, having an arched entry and a parapet with a walk along the top, was built to carry the foot of the L towards the square tower of a second and smaller building which, running parallel with the main building, was joined to it by a second wall, whose place is now taken by a stone balustrade. Thus a courtyard was enclosed, and the plan of the house began to approach that of the ancient castles. In this courtyard is the castle well, whose graceful ironwork is seen in our picture. The parapet of the west wall, with its corbel work, is now heavily overgrown with creepers, but our readers will note the bartizan which hangs over the doorway, whose assailants it would command.

In the midst of the smaller building is the newer kitchen, now brought back to the appearance of an old Scottish kitchen, with its broad hearth and open fireplace covered with a wide and low arch. Against the wall is the long "bink" on which the company in the kitchen ranged itself, and more than one seat can be set by the fire upon the hearthstones.

Over the square-headed and narrow entry to the main building we still see the shield of Sir William Bruce the founder and his helm with its crest of a bridled nag's head, a crest most absurdly misinterpreted in MacGibbon's drawings of ancient Scottish castles as a large figure of 4. But in very many gables and walls the arms of Bruce give place to the initials which mark for the future student of architecture the careful restoration and rebuilding with which Mr. Mackenzie has preserved to Fifeshire one of its most interesting historical buildings, a castle which, before his coming, was hurrying to decay. It now stands sound against the weather, a grave but most picturesque house, with its corbel work, high-pitched roofs, tall chimneys, and "craw-step" gables.

The Bruces of Earlshall who dwelt here in the old time were some of the chief cadets of that illustrious house which gave Scotland a dynasty of kings. Sir Robert Bruce, the baron of Clackmannan in the fourteenth century, besides an elder son from whom the houses of Elgin and Kincardine would claim descent, had a second son Edward, husband to the heiress of Airth of Airth. Here, again, a second son branched out, one William Bruce, whose life and death in the service of France are said by a doubtful legend to be commemorated by the fleur-de-lys in his descendants' stone shields at Earlshall. His son Alexander, also a soldier in France, was a favourite squire of James III., and after gaining many other lands, had a charter of Earlshall barony in 1496. His son Sir William was the castle founder, whose great-grandson William ended the work.

Best remembered of all the barons of Earlshall was Bruce of Earlshall, who persecuted the Whig saints. On a July day in 1680, Richard Cameron, from whom derived the Cameronian sectaries, was lying at the edge of Avis Moss, between Cumnock and Muirkirk, with three score of Whigs. Earlshall and his dragoons charged and scattered them, most of them flying into the moss; but Richard Cameron, praying that God might take the ripe ears and spare the green, was cut down, with eight others, and Earlshall's name was accursed in every preaching amongst the moss hags.

The main line of the family did not long survive the days of the persecutor, but Alexander Bruce, a younger son of the Earlshall who made the painted room, left descendants. His great-great-grandson John Bruce of Grangehill, a philosopher and historian who studied the Elizabethan defences of the kingdom for the benefit of Mr. Pitt when Bonaparte was at Boulogne, was the heir-male of the old house of Earlshall.

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INSECT PESTS.

AMONG the work undertaken by the University of Birmingham is an attempt to deal in a definite and scientific manner with the various injurious insects and other animals that are found in the West Midlands. Correspondents are invited to forward to Professor Collings any injurious insects in any stages that may be observed. Reports are made on these, and suggestions as to how best to deal with the cases. The area dealt with consists of seven counties, Hereford, Salop, Worcester,

Warwick, Stafford, Leicester, and Northampton. That the work is appreciated is seen from the fact that 325 enquiries were made in 1904 on 93 different species. Some were found not to be injurious, or, if injurious, only so in a very slight degree, and these are not dealt with in the report. One of the most striking features in the report is the way in which some insect pests increase in certain localities, while in other districts there is no such increase; for instance, wireworm has largely increased in Shropshire, the winter moth and plum bush beetle are on the increase in Herefordshire, the apple blossom weevil in Worcestershire. There must be some reason for this local increase, and if it could only be ascertained, a large step would have been made towards dealing with it. Take, for instance, the winter moth. It had not appeared in any great numbers in the Evesham district since 1888, when there was a plague of this insect, and great damage was done. Since then spraying with Paris green and the systematic use of grease bands on the trees have been largely used, and, it was said, with success, so that the plague was kept under; but at the end of March last year the larvæ appeared in large numbers, and in spite of Paris green and grease bands are largely on the increase. If it could only be ascertained, there must be some cause that has led to this increase. To take another example. In 1903 Professor Collings was able to say that the caterpillars of the Magpie moth were not particularly injurious, but in 1904 there was a very large increase. A correspondent at Stafford stated that from one small gooseberry bush he had picked off and killed over 2,000 larvæ. Other cases might be mentioned, such as the unusual prevalence of the larvæ of the cabbage moth. It is said that if remedial measures are not taken by growers the damage from some of these insects is likely to be very serious during this year. Here, it seems to us, is the weak spot in our arrangements—we leave everything to voluntary effort. There is no legal means to see that any measures are taken at all, or, if any measures are taken, that they are effectually taken. It is just as easy to stamp out these insect pests as it is to stamp out any of the contagious diseases that affect animals. Both are injurious to the nation, as both affect the nation's supply of food. We hold that, when once any plague of injurious insects is detected in a district, it should be the duty of some authority to take steps to stamp it out. Everything is now put upon county councils. They might usefully add this to their other duties. The report brings out some rather important points on another side of the question. At present any man can use whatever form of manure he likes, quite irrespective as to whether its use does injury to the land. For instance, a landlord has to pay an outgoing tenant for the unexhausted value of purchased feeding-stuffs. A tenant who is leaving, and who desires to do his landlord a bad turn, consumes on the land large quantities of rape cake; the landlord has to pay for the unexhausted value of the cake. If there is anything in economic biology, the unfortunate landlord is made to pay for an injury, not for a benefit, to the land. If there are any wireworms about, the use of rape cake attracts them; the larvæ feed on it. A case from Shropshire is cited, in which it is said "that in some fields they were never more numerous, there must be millions." On these rape cake had been largely used as a feeding-stuff. If this is correct, surely there should be some means of preventing the robbing of landlords by the use of feeding-stuffs that do real injury to the land. Yet, at present, any such idea as that the tenant should be limited in his selection of cake would be scouted as the worst kind of tyranny. At present, all legislation has been in favour of the tenant. As economic biology proceeds, it may be found that the use of a particular feeding-stuff, or of certain manures, is the cause of the outbreak of certain plagues of insects. The slovenly habits of the British occupier are also, it appears, responsible for the spread of insect pests. A comparatively modern one, the cabbage field weevil, has been allowed to get a firm hold in South Worcestershire and Warwickshire through the lazy and slovenly methods of the occupiers of the land. If the infected cabbage-stalks were pulled up and burnt there would be some hope of stamping out the pest; but the treatment is thoroughly British. To get rid of the insect the cabbage-stalks are pulled up, thrown into a heap, and left to rot; it is too much trouble to burn them, so the insects have a good time in the stalks, and are fruitful and multiply, and although they may possibly not replenish the earth, they certainly subdue it.

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Another instance of the casual ways of our fruit-growers may be seen in the history of the codlin moth. Years ago it was introduced into this country from South-Eastern Europe, and has spread all over the world. In Tasmania the loss from it varies from 25 per cent. to 75 per cent.; and still, in some of the American States, in spite of preventive measures, the loss is 50 per cent. Yet the American experiments prove that the insect can be successfully kept under if dealt with systematically. Our general apathy on the subject allows this insect to get a steady hold on our fruit trees. Some day we shall get an outbreak like the American or Australian, and then perhaps we may do something.

Yet another pest that is annually increasing, and increasing from our apathy, is the pear midge. Thirty years ago its appearance had not been recorded in this country. Now it is so numerous in some places that the whole pear crop is lost. In a Herefordshire orchard it appeared ten years ago; now it is said to be useless to try to grow pears there. Yet there is no doubt that, if drastic and systematic measures were taken, the midge could be stamped out; but it is no one's business, and so nothing

is done. As we have already said, the report points strongly to the necessity of some measure being taken, and taken at once, to stop the spread of preventable pests. Economic biology at last shows us that if we sit with our hands folded, doing nothing, our crops will be ruined. The foreigner not only fills our markets with the fruit he sends over, but he sends us with the fruit some of the insects that destroy ours, and so give him a monopoly; yet nothing is done to prevent this. Cannot the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries get Parliament to pass some measure, even if it is only permissive, that will enable those who desire to promote fruit culture and agriculture to preserve their crops from preventable pests?

THE ASCOT WEEK.

THAT the Royal Ascot Meeting of 1905 has been a brilliant success as a social function is not to be doubted; and the splendour of the scene on the Cup day, when the Royal procession, headed by the open carriage in which were seated Their Majesties the King and Queen, accompanied by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and Princess Victoria, came up the green track of the race-course, to the accompaniment of hearty cheering from the crowds along the rails, will not readily be forgotten by those who witnessed it. A striking feature of the meeting was the success of horses bred and owned by Mr. W. Hall-Walker, and trained by Robinson at Foxhill. Mr. Hall-Walker's stud of horses in training is a small one, but he is a profound student of breeding from a scientific point of view, and has applied his knowledge with such effect that he has won the Ascot Stakes, the Coventry Stakes, the St. James's Palace Stakes, the New Stakes, and the Windsor Castle Stakes, amounting to a value of nearly 9,000 sovs., by the aid of Cherry Lass, Black Arrow, Sandboy, Colonia, and Golden Table. It is of interest to note that the first two are out of Black Cherry, the next two out of Sand Blast, and that Count Schomberg is the sire of Black Arrow and Golden Table. With the exception of Cherry Lass, none of the three year olds seen out at Ascot is of much account, and of the four year olds Delaunay, Henry the First, Santry, and Andover were the pick of the basket, though Commune, the winner of the Coronation Stakes, has come on a good deal since running in the Oaks, and may eventually develop into a mare of some class. Amongst the two year olds, Black Arrow stands by himself; and, in regard to the older horses, Zinfandel is a good horse, and his brilliant performance in the Gold Cup makes one pause and consider what manner of mare Pretty Polly must be; but Bachelor's Button, Mark Time, Sandboy, and Hackler's Pride are hardly first-class horses. A fairly good field came out for the Gold Vase, and a most exciting race for the trophy took place, Bachelor's Button, 9st. 13lb., admirably ridden by Maher, swooping down on Mark Time, 9st. 8lb., in the last stride, to beat him by a short head on the post, Hammerkop finishing third, half a length away. Mark Time appeared to have the race in hand, and many stringent remarks were made upon the riding of George McCall. It should be remembered that Mark Time is one of those generous horses that do all they can of their own accord, go no better for

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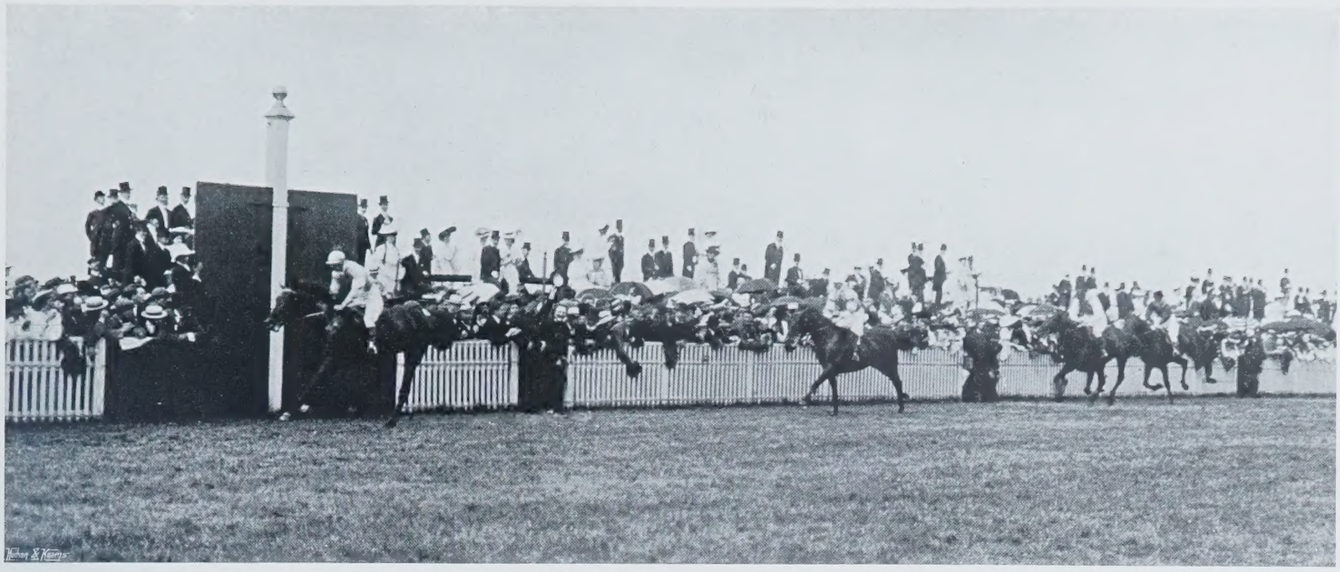
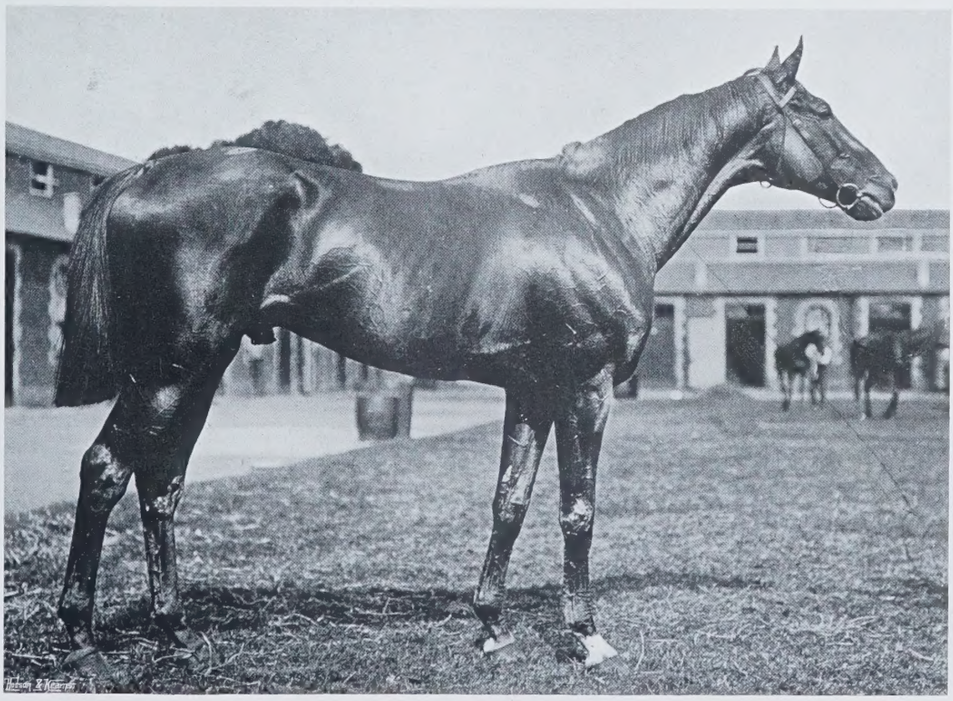
W. A. Rouch. THE PARADE FOR THE GOLD CUP. Copyright



W. A. Rouch. *ZINFANDEL WINNING.* Copyright.

being ridden hard, and that McCall, knowing the horse and his peculiarities, no doubt rode him to the best of his ability. Ladas, Persimmon, Rock Sand, St. Amant, and Cicero are among the two year olds who have been returned as winners of the Coventry Stakes, and, as far as one can tell, this year's winner is destined to follow in their footsteps. His owner and breeder, Mr. W. Hall-Walker, must have been pleased to see his colt come striding home by himself, with the rest of the field hopelessly in the rear. The Ascot Stakes was won by Sandboy, another of that owner's representatives, who won from Karakoul by two lengths, with Pradella beaten into third place by three-quarters of a length; but I cannot help thinking that if Rickaby had not laid so far out of his ground, Karakoul might have been much nearer to the winner, if, indeed, he had not actually beaten him at the finish.

The principal race on the following day was the Royal Hunt Cup, for which Sir Daniel, hailing from the successful Foxhill stable, became the rage, and started at the short price of 9 to 4 in a field of twenty-five runners. There is certainly nothing much to like in the appearance of this colt; he appears to be cursed with a disposition which is anything but amiable. When it came to racing he would have none of it, and after showing in front for about four furlongs, began hanging to the left, destroying whatever chance Catty Crag may have had, by shutting him in on the rails. Pharisee made a great effort under his burden of 8st. 9lb., but Andover, 8st., had no difficulty in keeping him at bay, and ran home a gallant winner by a couple of lengths, with Dean Swift third. The result of the Forty-seventh Ascot Biennial must have proved disastrous to backers, the winner, Sir Waldie Griffith's Charis, by Cyllene out of Sweet Duchess, being the complete outsider of the party of fourteen. The race was never in doubt after she took up the running five furlongs from home, and although challenged by Brother Bill and Chiron, she won easily by a couple of lengths. Adula, the much-talked-of sister to the famous Pretty Polly, made her first appearance on a race-course in the Coronation Stakes; she is a filly of enormous bone and power, and with all the worst of the luck in the race showed no little speed, and was going well until she was nearly knocked over the rails about a quarter of a mile from home, when Commune, who started at 20 to 1, came on to win by three-quarters of a length from Amitie, with Cherry Royal third. Thrush and Sweet Mary fought out a battle-royal in the Fern Hill Stakes, but the colt eventually won by a neck; and in the Fifty-third Triennial Stakes Sir E. Vincent's Ulalume won a pretty race by a neck, beating Merry Moment and Lally into second and third places. If the actual racing on Thursday was not of the most exciting description, one had at all events the satisfaction of seeing some of the best horses of the day, Hackler's Pride, Delaunay, and Zinfandel being amongst the winners of the afternoon. Hackler's Pride had but a solitary opponent, Chaucer, in the Rous Memorial Stakes, but it was a treat to see the great raking daughter of Hackler and Comma come swinging up the course with the free, far-reaching stride which had proved all too much for her opponents in two successive Cambridgeshires. Much as we should all have liked to see Pretty Polly included amongst the runners for the Gold Cup, the race proved to be well worthy of its fame, in that Zinfandel, 9st. 4lb., set all previous records at defiance and covered the 2½ miles in 4min. 23 3-5sec. The French horse Maximum II. struggled on stoutly, but could not make any impression on Lord Howard de Walden's horse, who strode home a gallant winner by three lengths. The winner was turned out in splendid condition, and his brilliant performance will draw renewed attention to Persimmon, whose stock have been doing none too well of late, which is due, perhaps, not to any fault on the part of the horse himself, but to the injudicious selection of the mares which are sent to him. Curiously enough, the following race, the New Stakes, was won by a daughter of Persimmon, Mr. W. Hall-Walker's Colonia, who is out of Sand Blast, the dam of Sandboy. She is a remarkably fine, deep-girthed filly, with capital shoulders and quarters and the best of limbs; but when galloping she has a most curious style of progression, and goes very wide all round. However, she both stays and is fast, and proved altogether too good for the Ankles colt and Larino, who finished second and third. The Forty-second Biennial Stakes of 925 sovs. was won by Mr. J. Buchanan's Santry, who looks like proving a bargain to his owner, who gave 2,600 guineas for the son of Gallinule and E.P. at the

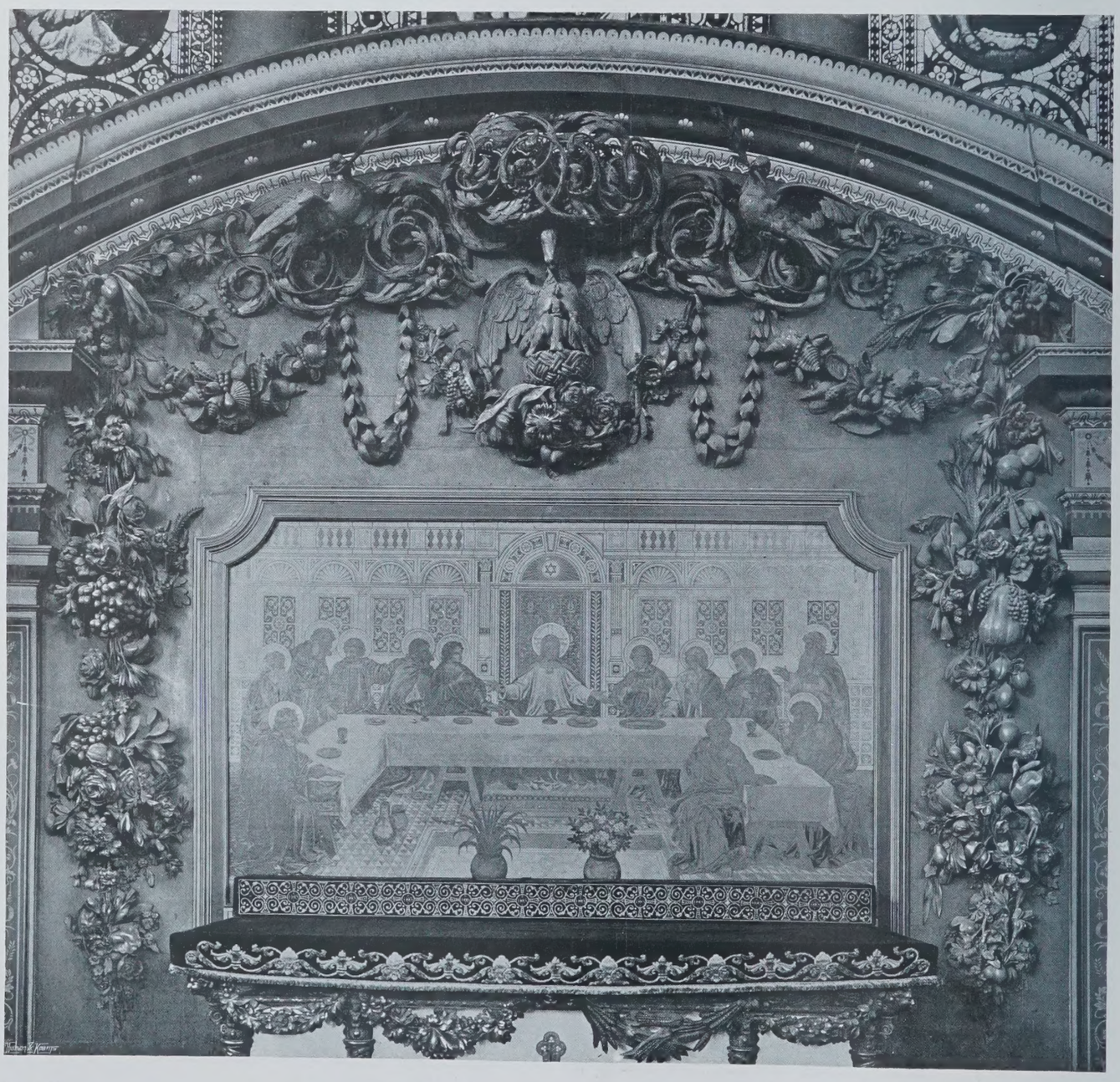


W. A. Rouch. *ZINFANDEL, BY PERSIMMON—MEDORA.* Copyright.

December sales. Cherry Lass cantered in front of her opponents in the St. James's Palace Stakes, and landed Mr. W. Hall-Walker's all-conquering colours first past the post by two lengths from Polymelus, a length and a-half behind whom came Selim third. Only five horses could be found willing to try conclusions for the Alexandra Plate of 1,500 sovs., over two miles six furlongs and a few yards, and of these Hammerkop had run third in the Gold Vase, Karakoul second to Sandboy in the Ascot Stakes, and Maximum II. second in the Gold Cup. Rydal Head had no business in such company, and Palmy Days was reported to be short of work, and was actually lame. Hammerkop made the running at a slow pace, and eventually finished a length in front of Palmy Days, who finished four lengths in front of the French horse Maximum II., who was evidently feeling none the better for his exertions in the Gold Cup. Quite an old-fashioned gamble took place over the Wokingham Stakes, and Sir Daniel was given a chance of improving upon his running in the Hunt Cup; but he ran worse than ever, and whatever he may be capable of doing at home, he is not of much account on a race-course. Nothing looked better in the paddock than Captain Forester's beautiful filly Queen's Holiday, by Royal Hampton out of Cimiez, and she had no difficulty in giving Holme Lacy 8lb. and a handsome beating; she had not turned a hair when she returned to weigh in, and her perfect condition is much to the credit of Fallon, the Netheravon trainer. Mr. W. Hall-Walker's filly Golden Table, running with the greatest gameness, completed the list of her owner's Ascot victories by winning the Windsor Castle Stakes, and the meeting was brought to a very appropriate conclusion by the victory of Polymelus in the Triennial Stakes. TRENTON.

GRINLING GIBBONS AND ST. JAMES'S CHURCH.

AMONG the craftsmen who, at one time or another, have worked in England, few have gained an appreciation so cordial and so universal as that accorded to Grinling Gibbons. His wood-carvings appeal so strongly to our love of Nature, and to our disposition to admire a thorough mastery of technique, that, for a long time, the historians of this country indulged vain hopes of claiming for him the distinction of having been a British citizen. It must have been with considerable regret that Mr. Lionel Cust, to whom we owe the first public announcement of the fact, was obliged to record that, by birth, he was a native of Rotterdam. But a letter, giving a full account of his birth, has been discovered among the Ashmolean MSS. in the Bodleian Library; and it relates, in mingled Dutch and English, that he was born in that city, on April 4th, 1648, possibly of mixed parentage, so that there may even yet be some foundation for the supposition that one of his parents was a Yorkshireman. We would gladly think this latter theory to be correct, but must not shut our eyes to the fact that, during the seventeenth century, the ornamentists of the Low Countries derived many of their most favoured themes from the fruit and flowers and occupations of the countryside, so that the nature of his art implies no corroboration of it.



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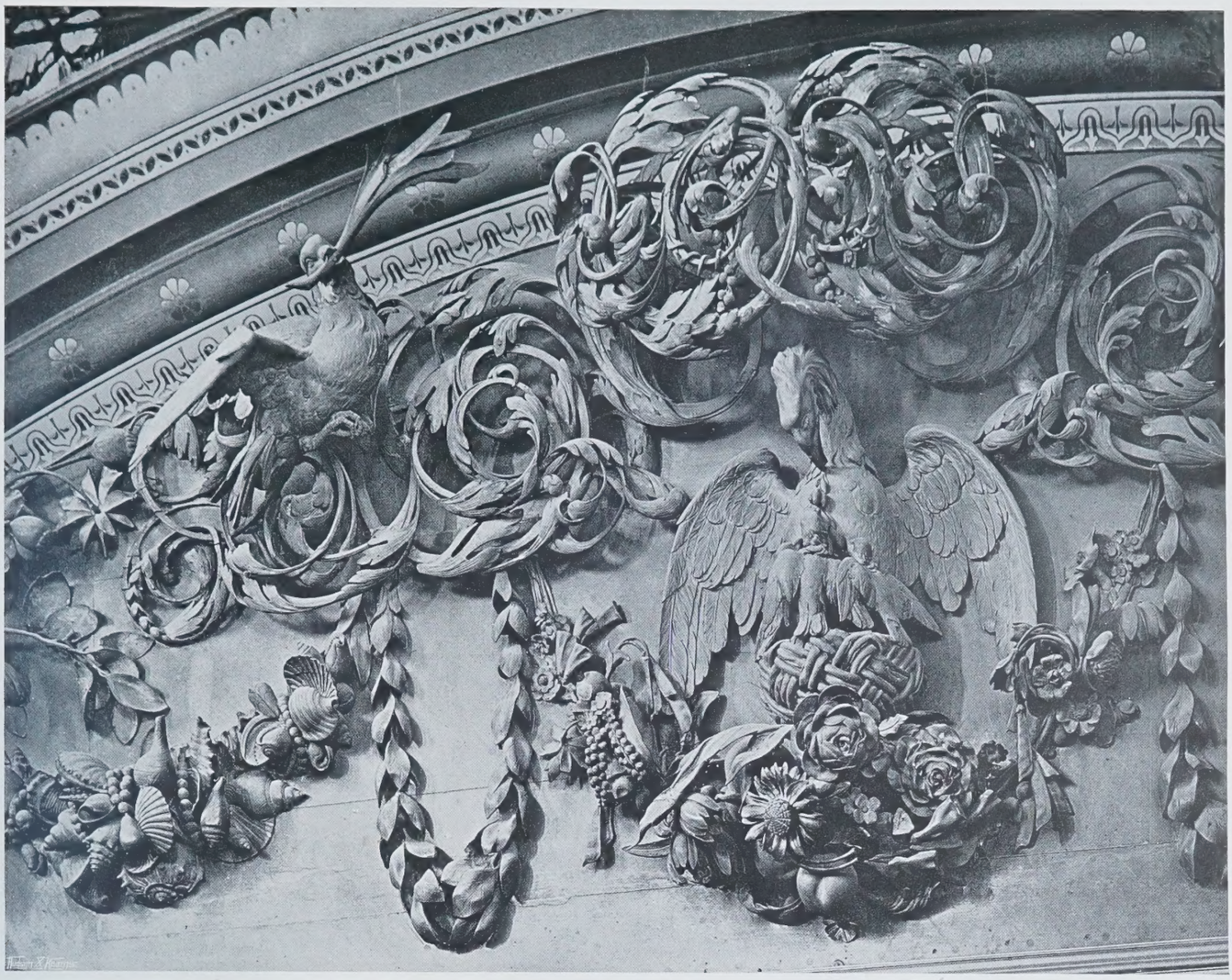
THE ALTAR-PIECE BY GRINLING GIBBONS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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However, he was an Englishman by adoption. His life was passed in this country, and all his honours gained therein. Such of his work as is to be found without its bounds, was sent abroad in the form of honourable gifts; as, for example, the splendid piece in the Ducal Palace at Modena. And the larger part still remains among us, not only in our churches, but in those great country houses in which the whole nation takes so high a pride—Chatsworth, Belton House, Petworth, and the rest. It is to John Evelyn that Gibbons owed his opportunities. The famous "Diary" has many references to "that incomparable young man, Gibbon," as Evelyn generally terms him. He found him "by meere accident," working in a "poore solitary thatched house" near Sayes Court at Deptford, carving in wood the great "Crucifixion" of Tintoretto, and promptly brought him and his carving to the immediate notice of Charles II. (January 18th, 1671). The Queen, much to Evelyn's disgust, did not buy it, being persuaded therefrom by "a French pedling woman, one Mad. de Boord, who us'd to bring peticoates and fanns, and baubles out of France to the Ladys," although the modest price was but £100. The poor artist had to take his work back again to his cottage, though he afterwards sold it to Sir George Viner for £80. Yet Evelyn's untiring influence was of real service to him. To his introduction of him to Wren we owe the carving in St. Paul's Cathedral, and that done for the King (who appears to have been genuinely interested) at Windsor. And it secured for him a place in the Board of Works, as well as many private commissions. He is said by Walpole to have given to Evelyn his own bust in wood as a token of gratitude; but, if so, it is singular that the careful diarist himself should not have mentioned the circumstance; and no trace of the bust has since been indicated. He lived first at La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, and from 1678 in Bow Street, Covent Garden, where he died in 1720, leaving a large family. His portrait was painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and engraved in mezzotint by John Smith; and there is also an engraving by the same artist of him, with his wife, after J. Closterman. He worked not only in wood, but in stone and bronze, and executed, among other sculpture, the statues of Charles II. at Chelsea and the Royal Exchange, while that of James II. at Whitehall, if not actually by him, was cast from his designs. When once established he was able to employ many assistants, and under his superintendence much of the decoration in stone of St. Paul's Cathedral was carried out. To Sir Christopher Wren, Gibbons was indebted, as we have already said, for many of his public opportunities, and among them for the commission to make the decorations which illustrate this article. The Church of St. James's, Piccadilly, was one of these. It was built by the famous architect for a new parish, which was finally separated from that of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields in 1685, by Act of Parliament; but had been already finished before that date, and consecrated on July 13th, 1684. Its homely but characteristic exterior gives hardly a hint of the splendour of the internal ornamentation. Architecturally it cannot rank with the finer productions of Wren's genius; but the funds available were very small, and the whole cost of the building is said not to have exceeded £7,000. Gibbons made the decorations for the altar at the outset, and on December 7th, 1684, we have his faithful patron's record of a visit of inspection. "I went to see the new church at St. James's, elegantly built; the altar was especially adorn'd, the white marble inclosure curiously and richly carved, the flowers and garlands about the walls by Mr. Gibbons in wood; a pelican with her young at her breast, just over the altar in the carv'd compartment and border, invironing the purple velvet fring'd with I.H.S. richly embroider'd, and most noble plate, were given by Sr. R. Geere, to the value (as was said) of £200. There was no altar anywhere in England, nor has there been any abroad, more handsomely adorn'd." To this description there is little to be added. The illustrations tell their own story, of the amazing ingenuity with which flowers and fruit, birds and shells are grouped and interwoven. The work is realistic, and is, as such, opposed to modern ideas of the essential principles of decoration; but its technical merits are such that our admiration for the craftsman who had attained a mastery so complete over his material, entirely overwhelms any adverse criticism. The realism of his treatment is not the only fine quality to be remarked. In spite of the grace and delicacy, and even apparent fragility of the result, his construction is always sound; and his carvings, here as elsewhere, are remarkable for their strength. Those at St. James's, it may be said, are of cedar, but he also used limewood, oak, and box in other work. Fortunately, we have still preserved many

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examples of the skill of this great craftsman. He founded a school which had many followers and imitators, and in our day the Royal Academy has found space for sculpture in his style. But not all old wood-carving of fruit and flowers is by Grinling Gibbons. Even in the City churches a good deal generally ascribed to him is undoubtedly by inferior hands, and, though his output must have been enormous, care and discrimination are needed by the collector. Gibbons produced nothing of inferior quality, and the test of absolute merit is the best to apply to specimens alleged to be by him. EDWARD F. STRANGE.

DE NATURA.

BEFORE me at the moment are two learned books which have stirred up many old thoughts that I fain would reduce to simple and clear terms. One of the volumes is *The Interpretation of Nature in English Poetry from Beowulf to Shakespeare*, by Frederic W. Moorman. It is published at Strasburg, and issued as part of a German series. The other is of similar origin, though it comes in English dress from the firm of Routledge; it is *The Development of the Feeling for Nature in the Middle Ages and Modern Times*, by Alfred Biese.

I wish Mr. Moorman had cultivated a holy simplicity in his style, for his definitions of the words "Nature" and "Interpretation" puzzle me—they are so long and dull. But apparently he wished to draw all references to Nature in poetry into his net. Yet much of the finest Nature poetry is purely descriptive. Even when description is coloured by fancy it ought scarcely to be called an interpretation, as, for example, Sir Philip Sidney's

> "With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!
> How silently, and with how wan a face!"

Definition is a task beyond me; but to me the most perfect, the most consoling poetry is that which, as it were, knits man to Nature. The good Sir Philip, in the passage quoted, is uselessly sentimental. He is reading his own mood into the moon, which in itself is neither sad nor joyous.

> "Mother of light! how fairly dost thou glide
> Over these hoary hills divinely led."

How delicate and fine and true is Romeo's description of moonlight in the garden—with not a shadow of humanity thrown into it:

> "Lady, by yonder blessed moon, I swear,
> That tips with silver all the fruit-tree tops."

And in the "grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens" there is the same unconscious recognition of Nature's indifference:

> "'Yestreen I saw the new new moone,
> Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
> And if we gange to sea, master,
> I fear we'll come to harm.'
>
> They hadna sail'd a league, a league,
> A league but barely three,
> When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
> And gurly grew the sea."

Poets, and prose writers, too, who say that the moon is "sadsome" and the owl and the nightingale melancholy, whose rains are usually weeping, whose winds lament and mourn, and whose sea-waves sob and cry, are certainly not interpretative. Yet there are strong bonds of sympathy between external Nature and the heart of man, though we sometimes forget it by reason of the artificiality of our lives. It is not possible that people in London, who have substituted electric light for the sun, and live very nearly the same in spring, summer, autumn, and winter, should feel the passage of the seasons as much as Addison's lady correspondent, who vowed she could engage to be virtuous all the year round if she could only escape the mood that May brought with it. And still even the town-dweller responds to Tennyson's:

> "In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove;
> In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

This is Nature itself, and the feeling was clearly and happily expressed centuries before Tennyson was born, as in "The Sowdane of Babylone":

> "Hit befelle by-twyxte March and Maye,
> Whan kynde corage begynneth to pryke,
> Whan firth and felde wexen gaye,
> And every wight desirith his like,
> Whan lovers slepen with opyn yze,
> As nightyngalis on grene tre,
> And sore desire that thai cowde flye,
> That thay myghte withe here lovere be."

And the feeling was far more beautifully and poetically rendered in a North Country poem of about the time of Cynewulf, which has been thus translated:

> "Soon as ever thou shalt listen on the edges of the cliff
> To the cuckoo in the copse-wood chanting of his sorrow,
> Then begin to seek the sea, where the sea-mew is at home;
> Sit thou in the sea-bark, so that to the southward
> Thou may'st light upon thy lover, o'er the ocean pathway
> When thy Lord with longing looks and waits for thee."

It is the poet's way of telling us that the same force which stirs the sap of the trees, and calls out bud and blossom, and brings the migrant home, and sets the birds singing, thrills also in the blood of youth and maiden. As the simple and plain lyrist of the thirteenth century puts it, "in the spring-time, the only pretty ring-time":

> "Worme woweth under cloude,
> Wymmen waxeth wounder proude."

The beginning of the ballad of Robin Hood is but a variation of the same descant:

> "In somer, when the shawes be sheyne,
> And leves be large and longe,
> Hit is full mery in feyre foreste
> To here the foulys song.
>
> To se the dere draw to the dale,
> And leve the hilles hee,
> And shadow hem in the leves grene,
> Undur the grene-wode tre."

In John Donne we have a spirited rebellion against the governance of the sun, which is, nevertheless, an act of homage:

"Busy old Fool, unruly sun,
Why dost thou thus
Through windows and through curtains call on us?
Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?
Saucy pedantic wretch, go, chide
Late school-boys and sour prentices;
Go tell court-huntsmen that the king will ride:
Call country-ants to harvest offices;
Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,
Nor hours, days, months, which are the rage of time."

It seems to-day as if the gods had willed that this disquisition should be of love and flowers and summer, and of the sweet and indissoluble union which binds us to Nature, whose children are the beast, the plant, the bird, and the human being, though in the arrogance of his spirit man sometimes speaks as though he lived in a higher world of his own. Some day, perhaps, we may return to the less attractive aspects of man's sympathy with Nature, for the field cannot be covered in a single paper. But for a while, at any rate, it is good to rejoice in that pure morning light that Shakespeare loved so, and depicted with inimitable skill. No one who has not been in the habit of tasting the pure light of dawn and the sweetness of flowers in it can appreciate what is in the Sonnets:

"Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now."

In "King Henry VI." occurs a metaphor which tells of many a dawn spent probably between Stratford-on-Avon and Cirencester, the great wool-market which the young poet must have attended on his father's business:

"This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night."

Let us close our remarks on a fine subject, to which little justice has been done, by quoting the most exquisite picture of coming morning that exists in any literature:

"It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

Morning, spring, and youth! how naturally they go together; and the wind itself does not travel over the mountain-tops with a finer indifference than the poet feels when he is most inspired: a truth which Goethe recognised and lesser lights have ignored.

The "pathetic fallacy," as Ruskin called it, is to believe that there is any correspondence between Nature and her children, as Scott did when he wrote that when the poet dies "Mute Nature mourns her worshipper," as Wordsworth did when he declared that the wizard left his favourite valley amid "weeping rain." Every manifestation of life is isolated. The wind sighs among the pine trees as softly in joy as in sorrow, different as the tune may be that the human mind reads into it. Yet though the parts are separate, they belong to the same gigantic machine, are moved by the same force, and respond to the same calls. If you look deep enough, Carlyle once declared, you shall always find harmony and not discord. And again he declared that it was "depth of insight" that made the true poet. So it is that the lesser bard is always finding some small grievance to rail at, while the greater is borne far away from all pettiness by understanding that every discord is superficial only, and that at the heart of things is a Divine harmony. In the examples quoted we have endeavoured to show this agreement as to a single point; time and space are wanting to go over the whole intellectual field and show, as could be done, that the observation applies to every part of it.

P. A. G.

THE SHELDRAKES OF LINDISFARNE.

"DUCKS are subtle," says the translator of Dr. Caius's immortal work on "English Dogges." But, sensible as are the other ducks, the sheldrake has more brains than any of the others. The eider, which, if permitted to do so, becomes domesticated of its own accord, and on the Norwegian "bird bergs" is a perfect nuisance because it will come into the cottages and make nests in the coppers or fireplaces, is perhaps tamer; but the sheldrake is, next to the eider, the most friendly to man, and, in addition, nearly always nests under cover—generally in a rabbit-hole in the sand-hills by the shore. Thus, while all the other ducks, such as the eiders, are having their eggs stolen by the gulls, or, in the case of mallard and teal, by carrion crows or magpies, the sheldrake is absolutely certain that nothing less formidable than a rat can interfere with her eggs. Rain does not soak through the many feet of superincumbent sand; so it is ten to one that this beautifully-coloured duck will hatch every one of her brood. Holy Island, or Lindisfarne, is a particularly favourable place for the sheldrake to nest. The whole of the "back" of the island, facing the North Sea, is fringed by sand-hills, the dunes in some

ST. JAMES'S CHURCH: RIGHT-HAND PANEL.

places being more than a hundred yards deep. Outside there are flat reefs, covered with acres of brown seaweed full of the food which sheldrakes feed upon—little crabs, sea-snails, crustacea of all kinds, "sea-rock" shrimps, and molluscs. On the land side, sheltered from the north by the sand-hills and from the east by a sea-bank, are large flat meadows, with wet drains in them, and a most delectable fresh-water marsh, to which the young birds can be taken in rough weather, or kept quiet for the first few days after hatching. Some five or six acres of open water are surrounded on three sides by masses of "horse-tail," or equisetum, a marsh plant, growing up like pointed green pencils, each adorned by a paint-brush at the top. With these acres of green rods are mingled numbers of one of the most beautiful of all marsh-flowers, the buckbean. One promontory, several yards in length, is composed entirely of buckbean leaves and flowers, growing as close as a begonia-bed, and more beautiful. The Lindisfarne sheldrakes seem to regard this corner of Holy Island as their peculiar property. At the time of the writer's last visit all the young sheldrakes had just hatched, and several very young families were either on the marsh or halfway between it and the sand-hills. Little sheldrakes are quite unlike their parents. Instead of being boldly barred with broad, transverse bands of black, white, and chestnut, these downy ducklings are white, striped with black and grey, lengthways of their bodies, resembling zebras, only with the lines running the other way. Nine of these, like a little fleet in perfect "column ahead," were swimming down a channel in the reeds, the old bird leading and the drake behind; but these both rose at once, and then alighted a little ahead in the marsh, where they swam about in some anxiety, occasionally rising and flying close over the young ones' heads. The broad masses of black, white, and chestnut, with the crimson bill and black head, render this duck a very striking object on the wing. Soon the young ones made their way through the reed-bed to the open water, where they joined another brood, and then the two squadrons, in the most careful order, left the water where a shelving bank touched it, evidently considering that it was an unsafe neighbourhood, and walked off up a kind of sheldrakes' road, leading for several hundred yards across a large pasture towards the sand-hills and the burrows where the young had been hatched. There was quite a little gathering of old and young sheldrakes in this meadow, among the crimson orchis flowers and the tall grass stems. A stone wall divided it from the sand-hills, but there was a gap in this, evidently well known to the birds, through which another pair were seen walking back "home" with their young as soon as they saw that visitors were near.

In the sand-hills, among the marram grass, haulm, and dwarf vegetation of this arid region, the birds were frequently seen sweeping on broad, white wings round the hillocks, or flying out to the seaweed-beds on the rocks. In a sheltered bay, backed by rocks crimson with masses of "thrift," and in places draped with a wonderfully vivid green carpet of sea-moss, another sheldrake family, equally juvenile, were riding out at sea in the usual order. The squadron consisted of six striped ducklings, all in single file, with one old bird in front and another behind. After some time they swam for the shore, where low breakers rolled in with white foam over the bronzy seaweed. In the foam all the little birds were rolled over; but they soon righted themselves and scrambled ashore. The word was given to "shake tails and get dry," which they all did, both old and young, and then the whole family went to sleep on the popweed-bed, the old ones apart, and the young in two clumps of the black and white stripes.

W. Rawlings. *AMONG THE SAND-DUNES.* Copyright.

Holy Island is divided from the shore by 3½ miles of hard sand, which is covered with water at high tide. Long lines of posts indicate the route, as carts cannot cross it for some hours before and after high tide. Driving to the mainland in the evening we heard the cry of a young duck, and found that a baby sheldrake detached from its family was swimming vigorously in the water not far from the cart, which was crossing a broad tongue of sea. The rest of the family were swimming some 40yds. away.

It will be seen that the birds, which are protected by law from being shot in the breeding season, are both tame and numerous. As they are quite unfit for eating, owing to the fishy nature of their food, it would be a sensible act to give them complete protection all the year round, instead of from March 1st till August 11th, as in Northumberland, or less in some other counties. The young birds cannot fly by the beginning of August, and are chased and shot on the water, and the old, too, often are killed at the same time. The sheldrake might have a

real value for the owners of sand-hills if preserved like the eider. In parts of Denmark and in Friesland artificial burrows are made for the ducks, with turves laid at the intersection where the nest is. Several hen birds lay in each set of burrows, and there are sometimes as many as a dozen or fifteen nests in a hillock 8yds. or 9yds. across. The hen birds are quite tame, and allow themselves to be handled. Each person in the village generally has one of these sheldrake colonies. The ground plan of a chamber gives twelve laying places, all approached by one entrance-burrow. It should be added that another duck, the Goldeneye, nests in holes in the forests of Norway and Lapland. Holes in trees are often used, especially those made by the great black woodpecker. The Lapps often place boxes, or hollowed tree trunks, near waterfalls and pools on the rivers frequented by the Goldeneyes, and so obtain the eggs. C. J. CORNISH.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A MIDNIGHT PICTURE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph taken at Kirkwall on June 16th of this year at midnight. Perhaps it may be of interest as showing the strength of the light at that hour even in these Northern latitudes. There is practically no night in Orkney in the month of June, and small print can be easily read by the light of the sky at midnight. The carolling of the lark is heard overhead all night, and the rasping cry of the corn-crake repeats itself from field to field, while afar off comes the subdued rush of the tide in some narrow channel. These sounds serve to make more impressive the tranquil midsummer night—that turning-point of Nature, in which there is something ominous, a foreboding of evil skies and pitiless winds which never fail to follow.—THOMAS KENT, Kirkwall.

MOTORS AND HYDE PARK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have put down my horses, have an electric brougham, and now, in the middle of the season, my wife cannot drive in the Park before dinner. It's rather annoying.—Y.

BOLDNESS OF THE JAY.

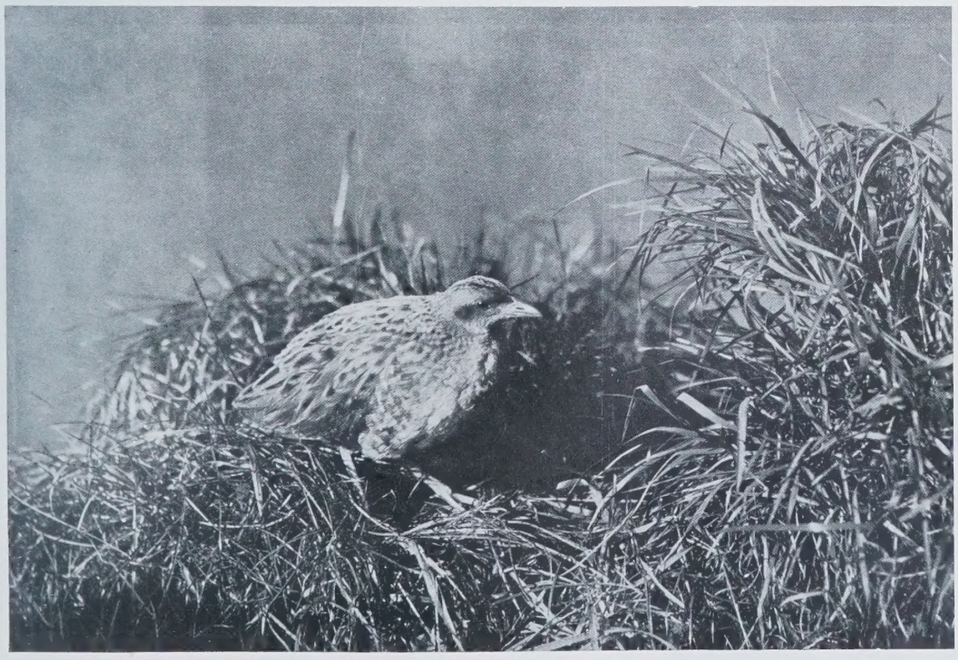
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some time ago my father was making experiments with the bones in the heads of field-mice and voles, and having no use for the bodies threw them out of the window on to the garden path outside. Not long after he saw a jay fly down and carry off one of the bodies. It is unusual for so shy and wary a bird as the jay to alight by the window of a house; but what surprised us even more was the sagacity which had enabled him to discover in so short a time the presence of these toothsome morsels. It was probably one of the jays that frequent the copse adjoining our meadow. They have since become very rapacious, and this year they are constantly to be seen in the shrubberies close to the house, where I fear they have robbed some of the smaller birds' nests. Wood-pigeons build in the trees near our flower garden, and yesterday I noticed two of these birds fly hurriedly away; then I perceived a jay clambering about in a small white hawthorn, apparently trying to reach an old wood-pigeons' nest which had remained there since last year. With the object of saving the new wood-pigeons' nests I frightened him away by opening the window suddenly, otherwise he would have suffered a keen disappointment.—IDA NORMAN, Strode Manor, Beaminster, Dorset.

LANDRAIL SHAMMING DEAD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to the letter of "Crex" on the above subject in your recent issue, a case came under my notice lately which would tend to confirm the popular belief. At all events, it shows that there is a strong element of cunning in the mental composition of this peculiar bird. A keeper of my acquaintance brought down one by mistake while going his rounds. When he picked it up for dead he put it in his bag, and on the way home handed it to a friend of mine, knowing that the feathers of this bird are useful for making artificial flies. The bird was thrown on the window-sill, and some time afterwards my friend observed that it opened its eyes a little. Seeing there was life in it, he put it in a cage, and when it was apparently well again he sent it to me, thinking I should like to have a photograph of it. This photograph is sent in the hope that you may consider it of sufficient interest for your paper. With the exception of a wounded wing there appeared to be nothing wrong with the bird. While in my keeping it took the worms dug for it quite readily, but it declined to take food while it knew that anyone was in sight.—CHARLES REID



[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The letter signed "Crex," in your issue of June 17th, induces me to put on record the following incident. I was walking one day across a field when a landrail got up almost from under my foot, much startling me. The bird, doubtless at least equally startled, flew rapidly away, but was marked down by me on a bank at the far end of the field. Wishing to have another sight of it, I followed the bird up, and was surprised that, when I came to the bank, the bird did not rise, though I shouted loudly. However, feeling sure that it was there, I searched about, and at last saw it crouching on the ground, and so close to me that I was able to seize it with my hand. It made no struggle, but remained quite motionless. Now, I had read in books that landrails sometimes simulate death, and was much pleased to have this seemingly ocular demonstration of the fact. I determined to see how long the sham would be kept up, so I sat down, putting the bird by my side, and watched. After the best part of an hour had elapsed my patience was exhausted, and picking the bird up I found it was actually dead. I took it home and examined it most carefully, but could discover no injury of any kind. The conclusion to which I came was that the bird must have died of fright. This incident occurred many years ago, but was recalled to my mind more recently on reading Hudson's "Naturalist in La Plata," where I found it stated that captured birds do sometimes die in the hand from terror, and that the spotted tinamon—a bird that in some of its ways resembles a rail,

and possesses the death-feigning instinct in a marked degree—when chased by boys on horseback, if it can find no thicket or burrow in which to take refuge, not infrequently drops down dead on the plain. It appears that the deathlike immobility is not a cunning trick, as commonly supposed, but an actual swoon—not a feint, but a faint—and that the swoon sometimes terminates fatally. It would be interesting to know whether the simulation of death that is so common among insects and spiders, and is not unknown even among mammals, ever terminates in actual death.—WILLIAM OGLE, M.D.

NEST IN A BROCCOLI PLANT.

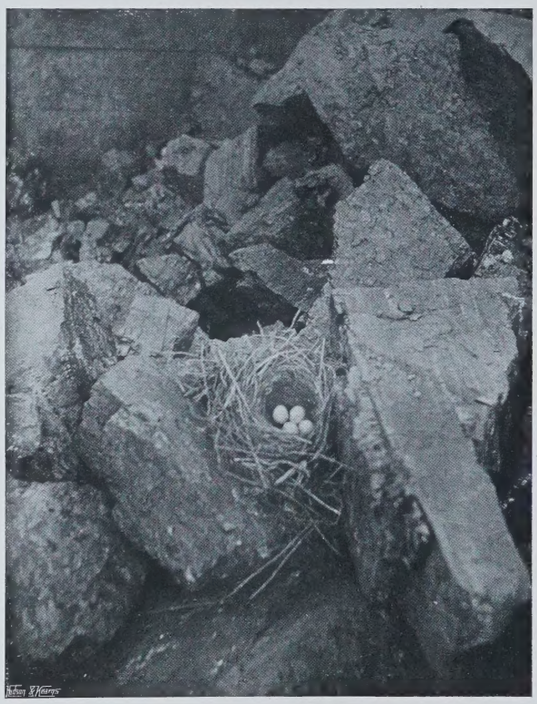
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of a linnet's nest which was found in a broccoli plant in an allotment garden at Berkhamsted. The eggs were successfully hatched out, although the position was in a very public place.—X.

BIRDS IN THE SCILLY ISLANDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been much interested in your notes on the sea-birds in these islands, and by the letter by "H." in your issue of June 17th. As a resident here, and as one who takes a considerable interest in the sea-birds, I think I may say positively, without fear of contradiction, that the gannet does not breed in Scilly. It is a constant visitor throughout the greater part of the year, and, to those who are interested, it is an absorbing occupation to watch this fine bird hunting fish, as it does by the hour, and to see the way in which it plunges and spears its prey. "H." is quite right about the northern divers. They also, for the greater part of the year, are here in considerable numbers, and only leave us just before the breeding season, when their plumage is almost at its best. With respect to the shearwater "H." is partly right and partly wrong. I have often seen them, as he says, in the evening, flying in a north-westerly direction, but I have often seen them going the other way about, and, in fact, one evening not long since, in crossing St. Mary's Sound, they were flying round our boat in all directions. I should like to go more fully into this subject, but I fear your space is too valuable.—C. J. KING, St. Mary's, Scilly, Cornwall.



THE INCREASE OF SEA-FOWL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The reports from various haunts of sea-birds and rock-fowl, which formed the basis of the interesting article in the Summer Number of COUNTRY LIFE, will be read with pleasure by all who value the added life and interest given to coast scenery by the birds. In regard to one great sea-fowl city, the Farnes, I can corroborate the report of Mr. Pettit, the head-keeper of the Inner Farne light. Even a community like the winged population of these numerous islets has its ups and downs, the birds belonging to various "nations and languages" and having their own territories and local habitations, from which, like the tribes and races of mankind, they are from time to time compelled to move, either by natural catastrophes or by the pressure of stronger and aggressive neighbours. For instance, the cormorants of the Farnes nearly all nested by themselves on a low seaweed-covered rock called the Megstone. Twice in late years their nests were washed off this rock by storms in the spring, and, despairing of rearing their young, the whole of the black brigade moved off to a large island, the main population of which consists of black-backed gulls. The prehistoric cormorant is a simple and rather timid bird, and no match in the battle of life for the large and shameless gulls. In some 200 cormorants' nests, all placed close together and carefully built with seaweed, there was not one single egg, because the gulls devour them the moment the cormorants move off, which they do when any visitor lands. Only the remains of sucked eggs were to be seen. On the other hand, every other species of bird native to the islands seems to increase. It is no exaggeration to say that some seven or eight acres of ground on different islands are covered at intervals of only a few feet with the nests of the lesser black-backed gull. These are irregularly distributed, it is true, as they prefer the patches of vegetation, especially the coarse sea-grass and the beautiful sea-campion, to laying on the rocks. On the other hand, the puffins burrow wherever there is soil, so that in many places there are eggs on two floors, the ground floor and the basement, where the puffins burrow and lay. The soil appears to have been formed by centuries' decay of the sea-campion and other plants, aided by the droppings of the birds, fish bones, and decayed grass and seaweed. The sea-campion is of two kinds (unless these represent male and female flowers); one, larger than the other, has a bright green cup to hold the petals, the smaller a green cup veined with red. Both have an exquisite scent of honey, which perfumes all the air around. The various terns—Arctic terns, Sandwich terns, and lesser terns—are nesting in great numbers, and the interesting and beautiful eider-duck, the tamest of all wild creatures, are also on the increase. There are more oyster-catchers also, and the ringed plovers and peewits, of which latter birds a few pairs now nest annually on the Inner Farne, maintain their numbers. On the pinnacle rock there is not room for one single guillemot to be added to the crush on the summit, and overflow nests are made elsewhere. All the usual places where kittiwakes nest are also occupied, and these beautiful birds, with their sulphur-coloured beaks and pure white heads, do not in any way diminish. The only cause which checks a further growth of the colonies is to be found in the depredations of lesser black-backed gulls. These steal the eggs of terns, cormorants, eiders, and guillemots without mercy, and are like so many licensed thieves in a community devoid of police.—C. J. CORNISH.

NEST IN A COAL TRUCK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Possibly the enclosed picture might be esteemed an interesting one for your pages. It was taken on the morning of June 19th, the nest being built in a coal-truck which had travelled from Newstead Collieries, and for the time being stood on the newly-constructed Great Central Railway at Sudbury, the parent birds—water-wagtails—having travelled with the nest and still favouring their interesting haunt.—A. NASH.

FLOWER-FARMING.

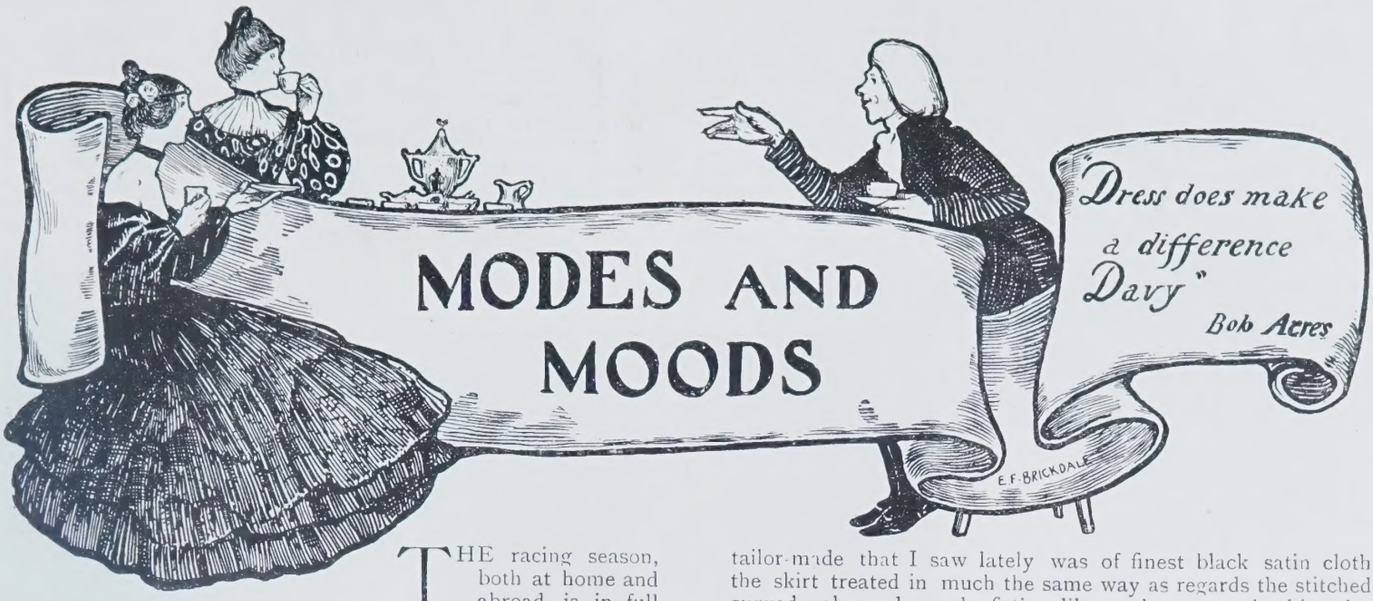
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As an established fruit and flower grower in Guernsey, I write in answer to "Frux" in your issue of June 3rd. There is a good opportunity for anyone to learn fruit and flower farming over here and qualify himself to start in the Colonies or elsewhere. But why choose the Colonies when, if managed properly, a farm here will pay from 10 per cent. to 12 per cent.?—F. NEVILLE WELLS, St. Martin's, Guernsey.

AN OLD INTERIOR

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose a print of an old interior in this town, which has been suggested as of probable interest to your paper. The room was in all probability the council-room, at a remote date, of the Butchers' Guild, the table in the foreground being the original mahogany one that was used.—H. JONES, Ludlow.



MODES AND MOODS

THE racing season, both at home and abroad, is in full swing, and the weather is fine enough for the display of the newest fashions in tailor-made dresses, for at the spring meetings "tailor-mades," whether simple or elaborate, are the only wear for the woman alive to the eternal fitness of things. I am, therefore, giving a sketch of a most original creation in this important branch of dress. It expresses in its combination of corselet and bolero and puffed sleeves the very latest Parisian ideas on the subject of a smart walking dress. The clinging skirt has completely triumphed over the ungraceful fulness of the early Victorian gathered skirt which obscured the beauty of women's outlines last year; and no one looking at the lovely lissom lines of the figure in the illustration can deny that this return to the sweeping, undulating, close-fitting skirt is a happy thing for well-made womankind. The material of the dress in the illustration is very fine silver grey cloth. The skirt is cut in panels shaped to the curved points of the corselet-yoke, which fits like a glove. These panels widen out towards the hem, and are double-stitched at each seam, and round the curves, where they join the corselet. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a design carried out in the wide-meshed silk braid which is so fashionable, headed by a narrow one, and folded pieces of the braid make diamonds on each seam. The little bolero is smartness itself; it is cut very short to accentuate the slimness of the waist, and hangs detached from the corselet, whose upper edge it covers. It is slightly gathered at the armpits under a chevron of braid, and the fulness thus given is again gathered under a line of braid which borders either side of the plain buttoned band in the centre of the bolero. This band forms small revers, bordered with Irish guipure, just below the neck, disclosing the under-vest and collar-band of the same guipure. The sleeves are full and puffed at the shoulder, but are close-fitting from above the elbow, and reach a little below it, where they are turned back with a miniature gauntlet cuff, the outside of the sleeve being ornamented with "key" designs in the braid similar to those on the bolero, both front and back, as is shown in the distant figure in the drawing. The hat to wear with this most original dress is of pale blue crin, turned up sharply at one side and at the back on a mass of shaded pink roses, and a garland of the same roses encircles the crown. Given the right figure, it would be impossible to excel the effect of this dress; but it certainly should not be copied by the short and dumpy. Another charming dress of this kind of idealised tailor-made that I saw lately was of finest black satin cloth, the skirt treated in much the same way as regards the stitched, curved yoke and panels, fitting like a glove over the hips, but not prolonged above into a corselet. The skirt was very long and full, and ornamented just above the hem with a double

A SMART RACING FROCK.

bias band of black taffetas. The bolero was gathered horizontally on the shoulders, which were cut in one with the full sleeves in a most charming way; and the fulness of the fronts was drawn down in a double pleat at either side, being held by a band of white and black embroidery on black silk, with silver flowers at intervals, which bordered the bolero all round. Though the fronts of the bolero crossed under embroidered buttons, still they could be worn open, when they show their white satin lining, and the chemisette of fine white appliqué lace over white silk, which was confined by a very deep-pointed corselet of black taffetas. The sleeves of cloth were very full, and only reached to the elbow; and from under them came close-fitting sleeves of alternate bands of folded black taffetas and white lace on white silk, the lace being allowed to hang for a couple of inches, interspersed with black silk knotted fringes. It was a most original and effective dress, and reflected the greatest credit on the well-known firm in Regent Street who built it.

This is a moment when it is well to remember the claims of the *débutante*, who is beginning to taste the joys of being "out" even before the season has regularly begun. On this page I give an illustration of an ideal dress for a young girl, which would serve for the small dinners and theatre parties which are her present training-ground before the rush of the season arrives. It is in soft forget-me-not blue chiffon, over that ideal material Liberty satin of the same soft colour. The only trimming on the cloudy skirt is bands of the satin of different widths, which have a charming effect, and are also of practical use in giving the chiffon sufficient weight to hang well. The bodice is of the chiffon, gathered very fully, over which hangs a deep flounce of fine white lace, gracefully arranged to hang in points over the sleeves. Above the lace is a tucker of three folds of soft white tulle, and through the lace is run a scarf of the soft blue satin, tied in a loose sailor-knot with long ends, which lose themselves in the close-fitting pointed corselet belt of pale blue satin, ornamented with rosettes of the same material. The very full sleeves of blue chiffon are finished at the elbow with bands and knots of blue satin. As I have said, it is an ideal dress for a young girl, and one that could be easily made at home by an ordinarily intelligent maid, which is an important attraction, for *débutantes* require a great number of dainty little evening frocks of this kind, and to have to pay fifteen or twenty guineas apiece for the required quantity runs into more money than most parents care about.

A DEBUTANTE.

These biting spring winds are apt to play havoc with tender skins and to roughen them irretrievably, so I would like to remind my readers that if they wish to keep their skins smooth and velvety, and their complexions clear and fair, they cannot do better than make daily and nightly use of Dr. Dys's Sachets de Toilette and his Sève Dermale. These two infallible ingredients combined in a face-basin of warm water make a soft milky lotion whose daily use will keep all wrinkles at bay, and give the complexion the clear transparency of a wild rose petal. All information concerning these invaluable aids to beauty can be obtained from V. Darsy, 54, Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris, who is Dr. Dys's sole agent.

The question of underwear is one that interests, or should interest, everybody; for bodily health largely depends on what is worn next the skin. There are many people who have a prejudice against woollen underwear, and yet at the same time suffer from the chilly feeling of linen next the skin. To all these the Empire Linen Mesh underwear will come as a very great boon. It is a knitted elastic material, made of the finest Irish linen yarns only, and while protecting the body from cold, freely allows the escape of perspiration. It is particularly well suited for summer wear, being both cool as well as protective against chills. The Empire Linen Mesh will not only not irritate the most sensitive skin, but its use will tend to allay any irritation which may already exist, and will cure eczema, nettle-rash, and effectively prevent that distressing thing, prickly heat. The mesh can be had in many different thicknesses, and samples of this most excellent material (which is guaranteed not to shrink in washing) can be had on application to the Irish Linen Mesh Company, Cathedral Buildings, Belfast, Ireland.

Easter will soon be here, and already the shops are beginning to show Easter eggs of all manner of variety. Valentines may have gone out with the mid-Victorian era; but the Easter egg has evidently a stronger hold on public affection as a form of timely gift. I was horrified, however, the other day to see in one of the largest London emporiums of things of the kind a whole series of Easter eggs adorned (?) with stuffed birds. One had positively four corpses of goldfinches set around it, another had a pair of bullfinches, and every egg or nest was set forth with these piteous little dead bodies by way of attraction. Surely a timely word of protest should be uttered by the members of the Society for the Protection of Birds against such a tasteless and wicked form of novelty, which has the further drawback of inappropriateness; for Easter symbolism should be that of birth and resurrection, not of death and corpses.

The moment of quarter-day generally brings about a recrudescence of growls at various items of domestic expenditure, notably that of electric light. Paterfamilias, when he sees the sum total for the light he has been enjoying during all the dark days of winter, sometimes gives way to the temptation of using strong language, which is neither a seemly nor a grateful habit. The fallacy in vogue at the present time, to the effect that electricity is considerably more expensive than gas, is due chiefly to a careless and immature consideration of the facts of the case. People are apt to overlook the fact that, although their electric light bills are slightly in excess of what their gas bills used to be, they are getting considerably more light and comfort for the extra expenditure. Taking candle-power for candle-power, with an intelligent discrimination as to the selection and renewal of electric lamps, the extra cost of electricity, if any, will be found so infinitesimal as to merit no consideration whatever, especially when its many overwhelming advantages in point of safety, hygiene, cleanliness, and superior artistic possibilities are borne in mind. The best way of effecting economy in the consumption of electric current, however, is to use lamps of the highest efficiency, and to renew them frequently. Many people imagine they economise by continuing to use their lamps even after they begin to burn dim, and this is the greatest possible mistake. Incandescent lamps steadily deteriorate in use, and require replacement at fixed periods to maintain the best lighting results. How long these periods should be depends on the kind of lamps used. With many lamps the economical limit would perhaps be little over 200 hours, while some of the higher-grade electric lamps, such as the British Thomson-Houston Edison lamps, can be profitably kept in use for 700 hours. The most costly mistake that electric-light users can make is to purchase cheap lamps, for they consume more current, give less light, are incorrectly rated, and are of poor efficiency and essentially low grade. For a bad lamp that burns dimly often is using more current, and consequently costing more money, than one of the B.T.H. Edison giving a splendid white light that fills the room with radiance. The moral is easy of deduction, and the world-wide reputation of these lamps is the best proof of its universal application.

LAMIA.

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are now making a display of specially interesting

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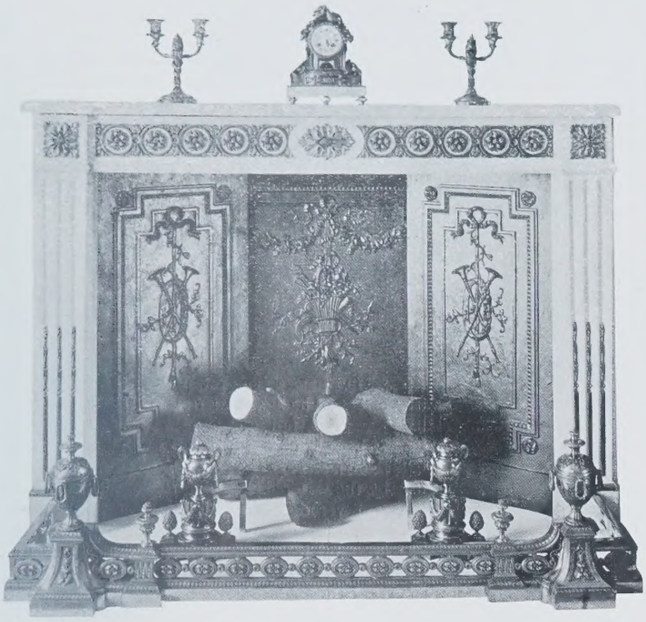

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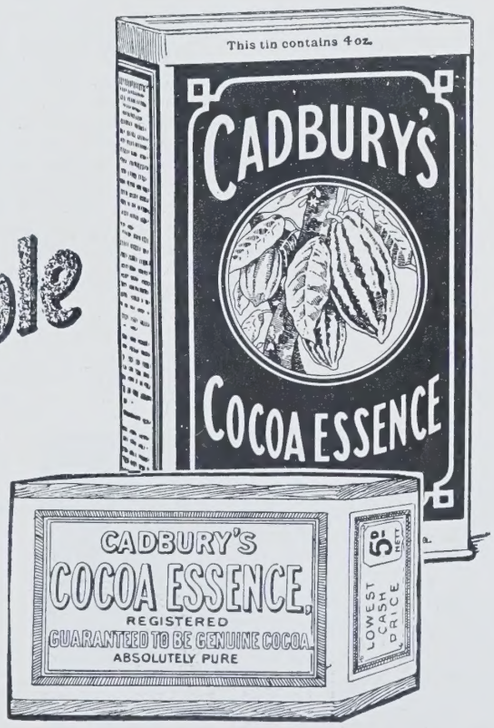

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SHOOTING NOTES.

PREPARATIONS FOR PHEASANT REARING.

WITH April already here, when the hen pheasants are beginning to lay, everything in connection with the business of rearing needs overhauling and putting into thorough working order. Those who wish to have early eggs and early pheasants, with a view to shooting their coverts before the leaf is off, will have transferred their hen pheasants, supposing that they keep them in aviaries through the winter, to the smaller breeding and laying pens. It is important that all the birds should now have more food, and better food, than earlier, graves and biscuit meal being added to what they have had before. They should also be given some beetroots or winter cabbage to peck frequently, not too much at a time, but enough to last them, say, for two days. The hens begin to lay about April 1st, and will lay on an average thirty good eggs each. Many will lay more than this amount, but the early eggs will be the object aimed at. The eggs will be picked up every morning, and will be collected and laid in shallow pans with moss or bran on them. This business of collecting the eggs and putting them to "settle" will go on all May, during which month there is plenty of time to have everything arranged and in order. But in March all the sitting-boxes should have been thoroughly cleaned and aired, the coops overhauled, disinfected, and made sweet, and the question of the rearing-field will also be decided. If it is intended to rear the birds on the ground where last season's crop of wood was cut, this can also be selected, as the cutting is now over. Many people are very late in selecting a shoot, or have to postpone this for good reasons. But it is essential to success to make an early start if possible.

LARGE PENS *versus* SMALL PENS.

On many of the large game farms very small breeding-pens are used, five hens and a cock being the most allotted to each. These pens are of wire, and are movable all in one piece. No doubt this plan has its advantages on a game farm where very large numbers of birds are in use. They are dog-proof, fox and cat proof, and can be shifted about over the fields. But on private estates it is cheaper and better to have large breeding-pens, which will hold some five-and-twenty birds, in the proportion of one cock to five hens. These should be surrounded with those excellent inventions, the Buckinghamshire pheasant hurdles, and the top left open for wild cocks to enter. The hens and cocks inside must, of course, have their wings clipped. Another good plan, if the pheasants are very shy, is just to place one row of ordinary wattle hurdles (long way upwards) outside the pheasant hurdles. These prevent the birds from seeing what goes on outside the pen. Wild birds are likely to lay very early this year, and the keepers are already looking out for stray eggs.

ARTIFICIAL GAME EGGS.

The following letter is from a reader who last year sent to COUNTRY LIFE some excellent specimens of artificial partridge eggs, of the right weight, but apparently not made of china, but of some composition looking like xylonite: "Sir,—I have much pleasure in giving your readers further particulars of my experiments with artificial partridge eggs. My gamekeeper found all the partridges' nests that he could; from all those in which the eggs were much exposed, or which were in an unsafe position from proximity to a road or footpath, he had the eggs removed as soon as three were laid, and artificial ones substituted. This went on until the whole batch was laid. The hen bird was then allowed to sit for two or three days at most, to make sure that she had finished laying, and she was then turned off and the artificial eggs removed. So far as we could tell she laid again in every instance. We used these eggs, taken from 'unsafe' nests, to make up the number in the safe nests to twenty or twenty-one, which the old bird hatched off just as well as she would have done the smaller number laid by herself. Not in one instance did the bird show the slightest objection to the artificial eggs, but laid to them, and sat on them, just as well as she could have done had they been her own. If other people's experience differs from mine, I think it must have been that the sham eggs were either too heavy or not sufficiently pointed to allow of their 'being stood up on end,' in the way a partridge always places them, or they may not have been smooth enough to the touch. We also use these artificial eggs as bait for trapping egg-stealing birds in the spring. On a rough grass bank, or in any clear space in a wood, we make a nest, furnish it with a few of these eggs, and in front of them we put a rabbit-trap, and then surround the place with a piece of rabbit-wire 3ft. high. This prevents the hen pheasants from going to the eggs; but the vermin first settle on the stakes which support the netting and reconnoitre, and then drop inside to enjoy the delicacy."

WILD GAME PREFERRED.

The stocking of small shoots, taken on yearly tenancies, emphasises the highly artificial nature of much modern shooting. We now see game farmers advertising to stock, rear, and manage shootings in as completely business like a way as Maple and Co. furnish hotels. Yet, if small shoots are taken on "by the year" and shot out, something of this kind must happen. The result is that the owners of large shootings are steadily directing their attention to securing a large head of really wild game, pheasants as well as partridges, which gives a *cachet* to their sport there often lacking elsewhere. At the same time, we do not mean to say that hand-reared pheasants, especially towards the end of the season, are less sporting birds to shoot than wild ones. There is practically nothing to choose between them. But it is far more satisfactory to the owner, even from the pecuniary point of view, for his game to be self-supporting.

SPRING TRAPPING.

It is no bad plan at this time to give notice that traps are being set in the coverts, and that favourite cats with a turn for roaming on forbidden ground had best be kept at home for another six weeks. Hedges should be trapped all the year round, but the gins there set should all be under gateway drains, or in small artificial tunnels made for stoats to run through, or in rat runs, though, as a rule, baited traps are far the best for rats. In any case, cats are not likely to be caught in them. The rat plague is very bad this year. A fortnight ago a short piece of hedge was ferreted, and the rats killed by dogs, in Sussex. Sixteen doe rats, full of young ones, were killed in this one short piece, next to the high road. Stoats and weasels also "begin to run," in keepers' phrase, and are more easily caught, because they are much more on the move, especially by the water-side. One thing is certain—that you can never clear an estate of vermin. Records kept for years on very large properties show that the head of vermin killed by all possible means does not grow less every year. On the other hand, vermin will soon clear an estate of game.

THE FERRET HUNG UP.

ON THE GREEN.

IT is a sign of the season that the competitions at Cannes arranged in honour of the team of Hoylake golfers, including Mr. John Ball, jun., and other notable men, had to be put off on account of the bad weather. The weather has been evil this spring all over the South of France, and the play for the Grand Duke Michael's prize had to be put off on account of excessively heavy rain. In the meantime, however, Mr. Ball won the open prize, given by the Nice Club, with a score of 159 for the thirty-six holes; but when the prize meeting at Cannes could at length be brought to a finish the penalised men were out of all handicaps. At Biarritz, too, the handicappers had dealt so hardly with the best players that the second round in the tournament for the prize given by the town of Biarritz, which is far the most important, from the point of view of its intrinsic worth, of all those given during the season, was fatal to all the most heavily handicapped—Mr. Dick, Mr. Angus Hambro, Mr. Osmund Scott, and Mr. Hutchinson all going out in this heat. Mr. Ball, in winning the cap ain's prize at Cannes, showed that he was in fine form, and Mr. G. W. Hillyard won another of the numerous (perhaps too numerous) competitions with a good score. Mr. Charles Hutchings has been playing the game dear to the heart of the good player, showing what can be done with a single club, and that club the putter. He backed himself to go round under 90, and accomplished the round (on the Cannes course, be it understood) in three strokes less. It is the kind of performance that is a constant surprise to those ingenuous souls who do not know the game—a constant surprise that with a single club a good player can do so well; but we might have thought that by this time of day the golfing world had grown too old and grey in its iniquity to be capable of much surprise thereat. After all, it is a pity that these things should be possible, for they seem to give justification to the artless question of the man who sees golf for the first time: "What is the use of having all those sticks?" And in point of fact the truth is, probably, that the "sticks" are multiplied quite unnecessarily. But as for this good performance on the part of Mr. Charles Hutchings with his putter at Cannes, although it does not thrill most of us, perhaps, with the emotion that it evidently excited in the breast of the man who wrote the account of it which I read, still, we must all be glad to hear of it, as an evidence that Mr. Hutchings is restored to that good golfing health which he seemed for a while to have lost. With the date of the Amateur Championship already becoming imminent it is well to put on record these doings of ex-champions. The Open Championship is later in date, but the work of those who are most likely to make a good show in that greater competition is worth no ice, and especially notable is the fine form of Taylor, repeating his victory over Braid at Rye, at the end of last season, by very nearly as heavy a balance of holes in the opening match of the present season. It is virtually the opening match so far as the first-class professionals are concerned, and, perhaps, it may be taken as an omen. For Braid's sake it is to be hoped that it may not. HORACE HUTCHINSON.

MANY of the greatest masterpieces are so difficult that only one or two of the very foremost pianists can play them. The Paganini Etude No. 2 by Liszt, the arrangement by Rosenthal of Chopin's Op. 64 No. 1, and Leschetizky's Intermezzo in Octaves are instances. Yet to the Pianola they are just as easy as the simplest folk song, and wonderful as this may seem it is by no means the chief of the Pianola's claims on your attention. With the Metrostyle Pianola you can play the rolls that Grieg and Bauer and Chaminade have interpreted and in the same manner, at the same tempo, and with the same effect as these artistes rendered them. And another point, your are given every facility to interpret every one of the Thirteen Thousand different compositions contained in the Pianola repertoire, according to your own conception of them.

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WITH THE BEAGLES.

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FROM many points of view hunting with beagles is a most commendable form of sport. It is, perhaps, peculiarly adapted for those genuine lovers of hounds and hunting whose pockets are not too heavily lined. It is, moreover, a thoroughly clean and manly sport, and there will not be much wrong with the man or woman who is in condition to follow the little hounds on foot; added to which there can be no better school for a future Master of Hounds than to begin at an early age to watch the habits of these miniature hounds, to see how they puzzle out the problems of a catchy and delicate scent, and to learn how and when it is advisable to assist them in their work. If the cunning of a hunted fox has become almost proverbial, those who have hunted the hare, either with harriers or beagles, can vouch for it that the timid hare is by no means wanting in subterfuge or resource; but her artfulness is better seen when hunted with beagles, for, although they will stick to a scent with such pertinacity that they may wear the quarry down, yet they are not possessed of sufficient speed to drive it so fast that it, so to speak, loses its head; and the writer has often witnessed, with a keen enjoyment, the hunted hare evidently thinking out schemes for the outwitting of her foes, and not seldom putting them into execution with much success; and to the onlooker who is content to remain perfectly quiet much additional interest and amusement are derived from watching the efforts of the little hounds to discover the solution of the problem set them by the hare, and listening to the glad outburst of music which proclaims success.

It is difficult to account for the etymology of the word beagle. There seems to be, however, some probability that it is a corruption of an old French word, while others declare that the derivation of the word is to be found in the old North Country expression, to "boggle," used principally with regard to beagles, as indicating the comparatively slow pace at which they give chase. "Oh, ay! they just go 'boggling' along," is what an old huntsman had to say in reply to an enthusiastic description of a run with the beagles. Be that as it may, no one who tries the experience of a day with the Warwickshire Beagles will have any cause to complain of their "boggling along," and, if one wishes to keep up with these beautiful little hounds, healthy lungs and clean muscles are just as necessary to the hunter who pursues on "Shanks's mare" as they are to the candidate for Grand National honours.

There are several different types of beagle. Of late years there has been a tendency, which is by no means to be commended, to increase their size, which in the best type of the genuine old-fashioned hound was not much in excess of from 12in. to 13in., whereas many of the modern beagles measure from 14in. to 16in. It is true that they can cover more ground and go faster than the older type, which is of course a desideratum with a good many people. Even the smaller beagles will run clean away from their field if the country be open and the scent good; and the writer well remembers a most exciting afternoon on Salisbury Plain with some beagles which had

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FOR ALL WOMEN READERS.

April 8th is the Date.

A New Development in Newspapers for the Country House

It has for some time past been the aim of *The County Gentleman* to constitute itself the ideal Illustrated Country House Paper. While the proprietors think that this aim has been successfully kept in view for men, they do not consider that they have hitherto dealt in sufficient detail with those subjects which are of exclusive interest to women.

Women readers interested in country pursuits have no doubt found their favourite sports, pastimes, and avocations, well represented in the columns of *The County Gentleman*, but reasons of space have hitherto prevented full justice being done to subjects exclusively feminine.

The problem before the proprietors of *The County Gentleman* was thus, how to give more adequate representation to the interests of the feminine inmates of the country house without unduly encroaching on the regular and masculine features of the paper—in a word, how to satisfy the County Gentlewoman without invading the special domain of the County Gentleman. It is believed that a way out of the difficulty has been found which will prove satisfactory to all concerned.

It is proposed to present with every copy of *The County Gentleman*, each week, a separate Woman's Supplement, under the name of **"THE FASHIONS REVIEW,"** which cannot fail to interest all intelligent and refined women. This Supplement being intended for readers living in the country, will be conducted on lines rather different from those of the admirable women's papers which form so conspicuous a feature of modern journalism.

Shopping by Post.

Women in the country are naturally anxious to learn what is being sold in the London shops. Several columns of **"THE FASHIONS REVIEW"** will therefore be devoted to a weekly account of the novelties to be found in the London shops—a feature which will greatly facilitate Shopping by Post.

Next, as readers in country houses desire to keep themselves abreast of the Continental as well as of the English fashions, extracts and quotations will be given weekly from the principal Foreign Fashion Papers, special prominence being given to Parisian and Viennese journals.

In fact, the Supplement will be a Fashions Review of Reviews. Since, however, ladies will wish to show these extracts and quotations to their maids, they will in all cases be translated into English. In this way the country readers of *The County Gentleman* will be offered a weekly review of the Foreign fashion papers, such as has never been attempted before.

Another difficulty may be noted, which is often felt by women when they wish for information from the English fashion papers on some particular item of dress. The number and variety of Women's Journals now published in England is so great that no woman can take them all. Town readers who belong to one or more Women's Clubs have, no doubt, an easy remedy, but women who live in country houses cannot go and turn over the papers on a club table. It may therefore happen that though the very description or drawing of a coat, a gown, a blouse, or a hat needed by them is in one of the women's papers, they are quite unaware of it.

Guide to the Fashion Press.

"THE FASHIONS REVIEW" will meet this difficulty by providing a GUIDE to the English fashion papers, where, under appropriate headings, the various subjects dealt with will be classified. Thus the woman who wishes to know what information, say on Evening Gowns, is to be obtained in the recent papers, will look at the heading "Evening Gowns," in the Guide to the Fashion Papers, and see that such and such a paper deals at length with the subject in that week, and that such another has a specially good pattern of an Evening Skirt, etc., etc. Similarly, the woman who wishes for information as to hats will look at the heading "Hats," and find that in the week in question certain papers are specially informing on the subject of head gear. Thus the woman in doubt will be helped to find her way through the labyrinth of the ladies' press, and will learn exactly what paper or papers are likely to give her most help.

Two Papers in One.

It is, as we have said above, the intention of the proprietors of *The County Gentleman* to **present** their readers with **"THE FASHIONS REVIEW" free,** the price of *The County Gentleman* being, as heretofore, sixpence.

Purchasers of *The County Gentleman* will, therefore, in future obtain what will, in fact, be **two separate papers at the price of one.**

The First Number of "THE FASHIONS REVIEW" is now ready and can be had at all Newsagents and Bookstalls.

In view of the fact that *The County Gentleman* will thus appeal to all inmates of the country house, we suggest that readers of this announcement who desire for themselves and their families an illustrated country-house newspaper should fill in the following order form and hand it to their newsagent, or post it direct to THE PUBLISHER, *The County Gentleman*, 3, Wellington Street, Strand, London, W.C.

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been sent on approval. We had no horn, so the barrels of a twenty-bore, belonging to a lady of the party, were pressed into service for that purpose, and a most excellent "note" can be blown in that manner. We were not long in stumbling, not upon a hare, but upon an outlying fox. None of us knew the hounds, and they knew no control; off they went as hard as they could lay legs to the ground, and it was not long before they had run clean out of sight, nor very much longer before they were out of hearing as well. In vain did we blow long-drawn notes of recall upon the gun barrels. Time went by, and we were nearly giving up all hope of seeing our erring pack again, when suddenly, on a fitful puff of the breeze, came a far-off burst of melody. The sound seemed to be coming in our direction, and sure enough in about another 20min. or so the merry "cry" drew nearer, and we saw a stout old Down hare stretching himself out like a race-horse, with the little hounds toiling gamely on behind him. A long check at a young larch planting gave us time to get up; but, oh! the job we had to get hold of our "hounds on approval." Handkerchiefs, braces, and other stray portions of attire had to be called into requisition to couple them up; but it was accomplished at last, and with a triumphant blast on the gun barrels we wended our way home, thoroughly tired out and footsore. That same scratch lot of beagles were sent abroad to be used for driving roe-deer to the guns, and the writer has since heard that they "entered" uncommonly well to their novel work.

Perhaps some of the prettiest work with beagles is to be seen in the "North Countree," and mention of the famous meet at Buttermere with the Cockermouth will, no doubt, recall many pleasant memories to those who are still sound enough in wind and limb to enjoy the "breasting of the brae," as well as to some who have had to pitch their tents far from the fresh, fragrant winds that sweep over the glorious expanse of the Cumberland lakes and fells.

To most healthy men there is sheer joy in the strenuous exercise of their strength, and when the muscles are clean and healthy, and the lungs are working freely, there is an added sense of physical enjoyment, as mile after mile is traversed, and the steepest braes are climbed, cheered on by the musical cry of the sturdy little pack. Those who follow the beagles, as they ought to be followed, must be clean and healthy of body; from that to being equally clean and healthy of mind is not a very far step, which was evidently in the thoughts of Dr. Warre, the universally-respected head-master of Eton College, when not long since he refused to listen to the suggestion that the Eton College Beagles should no longer be allowed to exist.

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There are, fortunately, plenty of packs of beagles in the country, and every encouragement should be given to them by all who have it in their power to assist a very manly and healthy form of sport. Warwickshire is a sporting county from end to end; the Warwickshire and North Warwickshire Foxhounds are known wherever the note of a horn has ever been heard, and when the great dog hounds settle down to their work, bold and true must be the man and the horse that can stay with them in a burst from Shuckboro' Gorse. The sporting reputation of the county is well carried on by the Warwickshire Beagles under the Mastership of Mr. H. A. Browne, with Dr. Hollick, Mr. A. C. S. Glover and Mr. R. Hollick officiating as whips.

The pictures of these hounds convey an excellent idea of what a pack of beagles should be. T. H. B.

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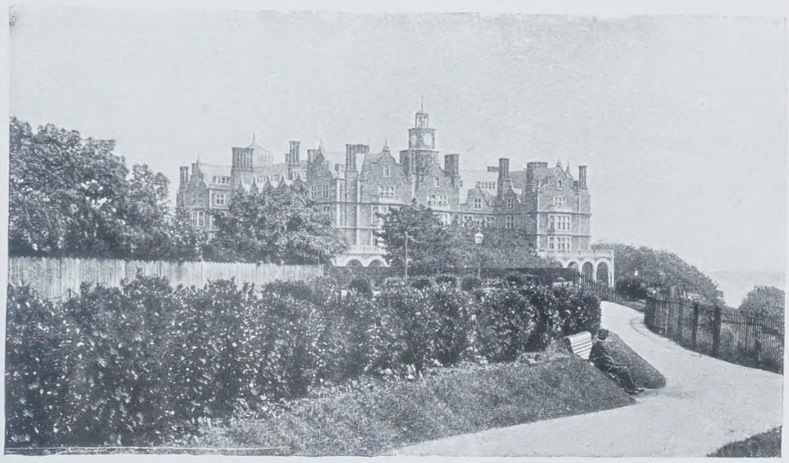

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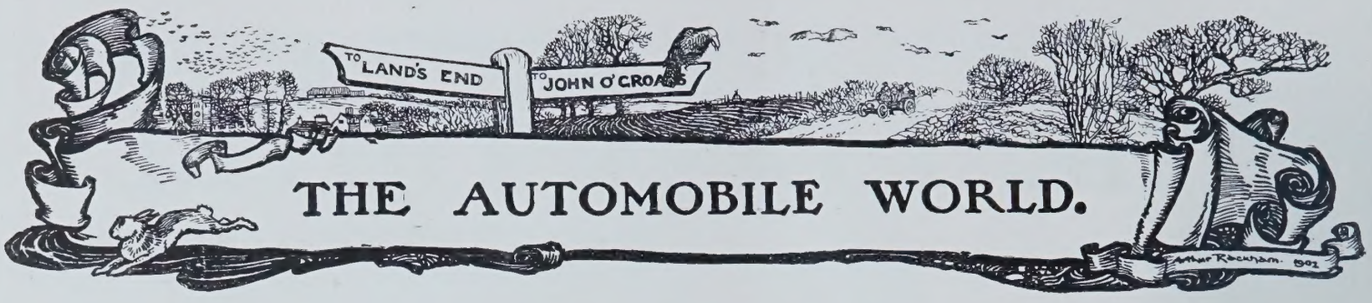

THE MONACO FORTNIGHT.

THE PRINCE OF MONACO, who was accompanied by his son, Prince Louis, together with Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, Prince Galitzin, the Duke Philip of Saxe-Coburg, Prince and Princess Dolgorouki, Lord and Lady Craven, and others, opened the motor-boat exhibition at Monaco last Sunday, in the presence of a large number of British and American visitors. The exhibition constitutes a prelude to the actual racing, which begins next Sunday, and it is of importance to note that no boats which arrive during the present week will be allowed to take part in the various competitions, which will therefore be confined to the sixty-one vessels which were duly installed within the exhibition enclosure at the time of the opening. The number of absentees is, therefore, considerable, as the entry list had attained a total of over 100 boats, made up of 38 racers, 55 cruisers, 4 yachts, and 10 launches and fishing-smacks. Naturally, the most interesting events will be in the racing classes, and particularly stirring will be the contest between Napier II., Mercédès-Charley, Palaisoto I., Hotchkiss II., C.G.V., and Mme. du Gast's boat La Turquoise; while all the boats in the 12 mètres to 18 mètres class should be capable of doing astonishing performances. Of course, they are more or less unknown quantities, and one does not know whether their hulls are on the right lines or not. At the same time, size is essential to speed, and much is expected of the new type of boat. Last year, it may be remembered, 12 mètres was the maximum length permitted, and the extent to which the longer boats will prove their prowess affords food for much interesting speculation.

THE CRUISER ENTRIES.

Picturesque as they are from the speed point of view, however, it is to the cruisers we must look for the real practicability of the motor-boat, and for the promise of developments which may quite conceivably lead in the long run to the general adoption of the internal-combustion motor for marine purposes. The racers are practically fair-weather boats, but there is no reason why cruisers should not be built of sufficient substantiality to withstand any weather. As the following list will show, the number of entries in the Cruisers Section is considerable. Less than 6½ mètres: Avenir III., Lanturlu, Muguette, Cambouis, La Marguerite, Pitchounet, Titan VI., Joliette III., Chantiers d'Antibes I., Delahaye VI., Takumono, Delahaye V., and Dyonisien. In the 6½ mètres to 8 mètres class

A CRUISING MOTOR-YACHT.
Napier Major off the Embankment.

appear: Nelly, Excelsior VII., Le Nogentais, Arion IV., Antheor, Kiss III., Chantiers d'Antibes II., Chantiers d'Antibes III., Titan III., Nano, Mets-Y-En II., Isis II., Delahaye IV., Delahaye V., Luciole, Bigort-Delahaye, Usona III., Herald I., and Gardner-Serpollet. The 8 mètres to 12 mètres class includes New Comet, F.I.A.T.X., Ibis, Féfé I., Diétrich III., Berliet V., Rafale, Têtu, Elise, Chantiers d'Antibes IV., Suzette II., Sam I., Paulinette, Forcès-Pas, Delahaye I., Gardner-Serpollet, and Dragonfly. The fourth class (12 mètres to 18 mètres) comprises Rotceh, Diétrich II., Jeannette, Chantiers d'Antibes V., and Mercédès C.P. There are four yachts, namely, the Mercédès-Mercédès, Quand-Même, Malgré-Tout, and Turgan, fitted with Mercédès, Beaudoin, Roche, and Turgan motors respectively. The Quand-Même is no less than 22 mètres in length, and it will be highly interesting to note how this new type of vessel will compare in actual performance with steam yachts of the same size. Only four fishing smacks are entered, but it is safe to say that by this time next year this class of vessel will have considerably increased in numbers, for its utility is beyond question.

THE MONACO MOTOR-BOAT MEETING.
A corner of the exhibition showing the travelling cranes.

MOTOR-BOATS OF 1905.

LAST week there was launched at Lowestoft, from the yard of Messrs. F. Miller and Co., the largest cruising motor-yacht that has been built in England this year. Her over-all length is 45ft., load water-line 40ft., beam 9ft. 6in., and moulded depth 5ft. 8in. Her displacement is about 12 tons, and the four-cylinder 20 m.p. Napier motor with which she is fitted is sufficient to propel her at a

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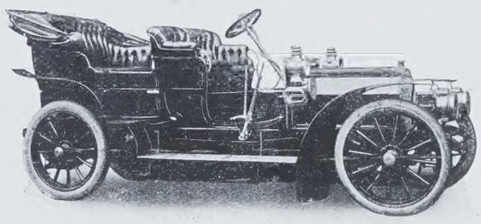

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speed of between eight and nine knots in fair weather, and to give her headway in the teeth of a strong gale. Napier Major, as she has been christened, is built of larch, with oak frames, steel floors, and three steel strengthening frames. As will be seen from our illustration, the little vessel has a raised cabin-top, which gives 6ft. headroom in the cabin and engine-room. This cabin-top, which varies in height from 12in. at the after end to about 5in. forward, is fitted with dead-lights and ventilators, and also with scuttles on either side. There is a round hatch forward, in order to give quick access to the cabin. Aft is a cockpit made water-tight and self-draining, and arranged with portable benches. The companion leading from the cockpit to the engine-room is closed, for the sake of security, with sliding boards which drop into slots, instead of folding doors. In the bulkhead which separates the cockpit from the engine-room is fitted a scuttle, inside of which is placed the steering compass. The cabin, which leads out of the engine-room, is provided on either side with berths, which, in the daytime, can be turned up against the ship's side. Beneath the berths are pegamoid-covered seats, and forward on the starboard side is a sideboard and hand-basin with a signal-flag locker above. A bulkhead partitions off the fore-peak, in which is placed the water-tank, chain lockers, and pantry fittings. Generally speaking, the cabin space has been carefully utilised, and there is ample storage-room for clothes, provisions, crockery, oilskins, and the hundred and one etceteras which are required on a lengthy tour. With the exception of the engine-room, which is panelled in pitch pine and teak, the interior is finished in white enamel, and the whole appearance of the internal arrangements is that of a boat equipped for hard, practical service. The main fuel tanks, which are sufficient for a 3,000-mile run at full speed, are arranged aft in the cockpit, and are protected by teak bulkheads.

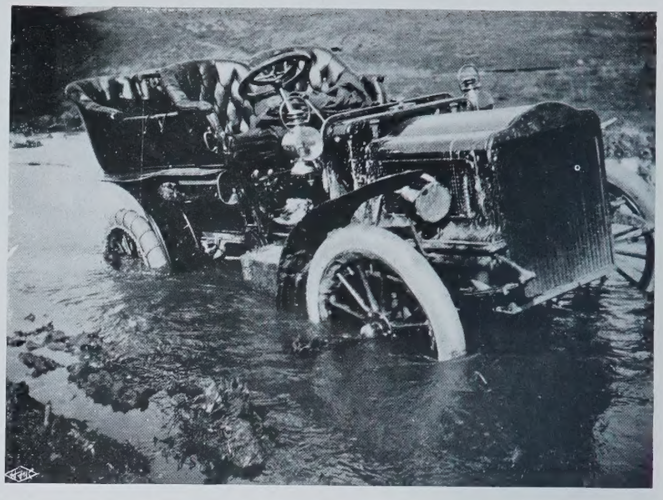
Napier Major is fitted with a stout pole-mast and yard; the sail, however, is only for steadying purposes. She is finished with a green under body, black top sides, gold band, and American elm rubbing-strake, teak covering board with galvanised iron stanchions, yellow pine deck, and teak coamings and fittings. The cabin-top is cream colour, and, besides the ordinary kedge and chain cable, an extra heavy anchor and cable is carried, as well as a sea anchor.

The day after she was launched, Napier Major, with a party of seven on board, "steamed" round to the Thames, and for several days formed an object of interest off the Temple Pier. She has now left for the South Coast, but will shortly return in order to be prepared for a lengthy trip to the Scottish ports.

A "King's Highway" in the States.

MOTORISTS on this side of the Atlantic who are accustomed to the magnificent roads of Western Europe and are wont to grumble at a patch of

A "ROYAL ROAD" IN CALIFORNIA.



FORDING THE SANTA MARGARITA.

unrolled stones, or any stretch of surface less smooth and flat than the proverbial billiard-table, are, perhaps, incapable of realising the appalling difficulties that often beset the driver in America who ventures beyond the confines of the great cities. We have received a vivid account taken from *Los Angeles Times*, which describes in characteristic language a trip recently undertaken in California by an energetic owner of a 15 h.p. White Steam car. There does not appear to have been any marked disposition to choose the easiest road or minimise the enormous difficulties of the journey, and we are inclined to regard these sensational achievements as somewhat in the light of a deliberate misuse of a good car. At the same time, the description of the journey, from which we give a few excerpts, and the photographs taken *en route*, two of which we reproduce, prove conclusively that the White is no fair-weather machine. We have it on the authority of Mr. Coleman, the London manager of the firm, that it is possible to pass through water up to the footboards without extinguishing the burner on the White, and that even if the furnace is flooded the heat in the coil is sufficient to reignite the burner, provided the passage of the ford is not too prolonged. The "road" followed on the present occasion was the old El Camino Real, between Los Angeles and San Diego, the first road constructed by the Spanish missionaries in the sixteenth century. The Camino Real is the "Royal Road" or King's Highway, which exists in every Spanish country.

The journey was undertaken with the object of visiting some proposed motor-races at Coronado Beach, but on arrival it was found that a heavy gale had played such havoc with the track that the meeting had been abandoned. Starting from Los Angeles on a Sunday morning, Oceanside was reached the same night, after fording the San Gabriel River three times in water up to the hubs, as well as crossing streams of considerable size near Capistrano. On Monday Mr. Ryus, the owner, and three companions resumed the trip. The first obstacle encountered was the swift Santa Margarita River, which proved to be 75ft. wide and 3ft. deep in the middle. Some twenty miles north of San Diego was an extensive bog, the Sorrento Marsh, which, though usually passable for any car, on this occasion presented three miles of wildly-running water. Finally, after a back-breaking drive up and down a narrow water-choked gully, they reached a ranche whose occupant advised them "to stop right there," as he had already lost a horse in trying to reach civilisation and fresh provisions. The motorists persevered, however, and the remainder of their adventures are thus summarised by *Los Angeles Times*: "Wading painfully through water over the wheel-hubs and pouring into the tonneau of the big machine; floundering about in seemingly bottomless mud, whose consistency felt about one degree more substantial than that of pea soup; breasting roaring rivers of brown rain floods that momentarily threatened to engulf the car; building nine impromptu bridges to cross holes too deep for fording, H. D. Ryus and a trio of other auto enthusiasts achieved one of the most remarkable endurance feats in the history of this *fin de siècle* sport when they succeeded in making the run to San Diego early last week over roads that had been found impassable for teams and had drowned at least one horse."

The Gordon Bennett Cup Race.

The list of entries for the French Eliminating Trial is now closed, and we therefore append the names of the entered cars and their respective drivers:

Cars.	*Drivers.*	*Cars*	*Drivers.*
C.G.V.	Girardot.	Darracq II. ...	... Wagner.
Panhard et Levassor I. ...	Heath.	,, III. ...	... Touloubre.
,, ,, II. ...	Teste.	Renault I. ...	... Sisz.
,, ,, III. ...	Farman.	,, II. ...	... Edmond.
Gobron	Rigolly.	,, III. ...	... Bernin.
Richard-Brasier I. ...	Théry.	Automoto ...	... Lapertot.
,, ,, II. ...	Caillois.	De Diétrich I. ...	... Gabriel.
,, ,, III. ...	Stead.	,, II. ...	... Rougier.
Bayard-Clément I. ...	Clément.	,, III. ...	... Duray.
,, ,, II. ...	Henriot.	Hotchkiss I. ...	... Fournier.
,, ,, III. ...	Villemain.	,, II. ...	... Le Blon.
Darracq I.	Hemery.	,, III. ...	... Lavergne.

It will be noticed that the De Diétrich and Hotchkiss firms have each entered a full team. Concerning the first-named, rumour had it that the makers themselves had decided not to take part in this year's events, but that their drivers induced them to adopt a different view of the importance of the contest, and with success. It would have been eminently foolish for the De Diétrich firm to withdraw just when they were forging their way to the front. They had annexed the crack driver, Gabriel, from the Mors firm, and had shared a considerable amount of the glory of last year's Trial, for

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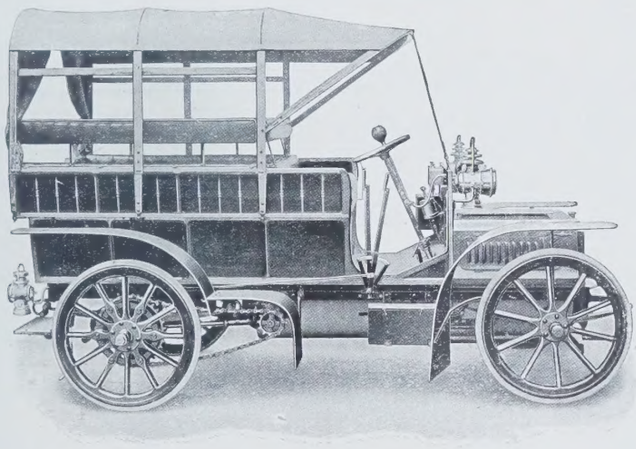

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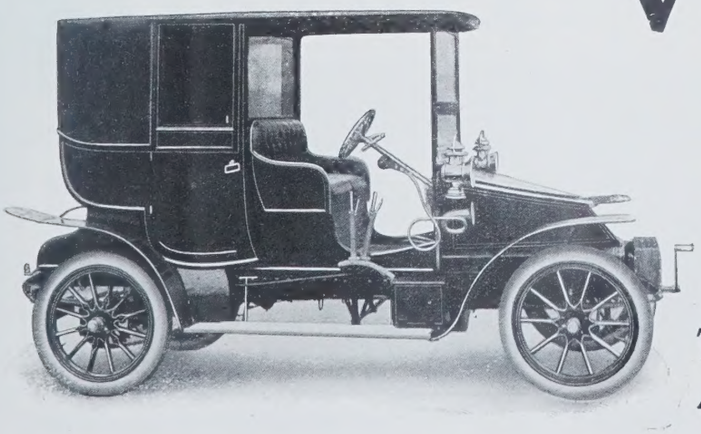

12-14 h.p. 3-cylinder Car	(Tonneau)		£375
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7-9 h.p. 3	,,	(2 seats) -	£210
7-9 h.p. 3	,,	(Chassis) -	£190

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Gabriel came in fourth, and Rougier on a Turcat-Méry, which is virtually the same thing as a De Diétrich, came in third. The house of Mors is practically the only notable absentee from this year's list, notwithstanding all the protestations and definite "refusals" to compete when the projected race for the Grand Prix was abandoned. The fact is that makers cannot yet afford to do without the advertisement that racing affords.

THE AUVERGNE CIRCUIT.

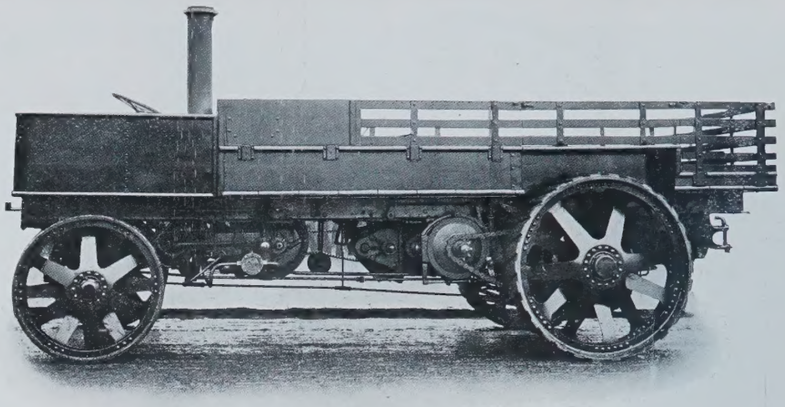
Several of the foreign competitors have already been sampling the Auvergne Circuit, among them being Jenatzy, Lancia, Gabriel, Rougier, Alexander Burton (who will drive a Mercédès), Hemery, Heath, Girardot, Sisz, and Bernin. All testify to the difficulties of the circuit, as regards mountain gradients and sharp corners, the latter, of course, being the chief obstacle to speed. Mr. Burton estimates that an average of fifty miles an hour over the whole circuit will mean a very good performance for car and driver alike, and that success will be to the cautious driver, provided with a robust car fitted with tyres strong enough to withstand the tremendous strains which the corners will involve. It appears highly probable that, owing to these corners, there will, after all, be two or three controls, and that the race will not be run, as was stated last December when the circuit was first fixed upon, without any neutralisations whatever. Gabriel, who is a dashing driver, is equally of opinion that prudence will win the day, coupled with unlimited practice on the course; in fact, he and Rougier are going to drive over it daily for several weeks. Rougier suggests, half in jest and half in earnest, that nets should be erected at certain spots, in the same way as is done on one or two awkward bridges on the Riviera roads.

THE SCOTTISH RELIABILITY TRIAL.

It is officially stated that entries are being received in a most satisfactory manner for the Scottish Automobile Club's Reliability Trial, which is to be held on May 11th, 12th, and 13th next. The cars already entered include the following makes, some of which are represented by several types: Albion, Argyll, Ariel, Arrol Johnston, Chenard and Walcker, Daimler, Darracq, Gladiator, Humber, Minerva, Mors, Peugeot, Siddeley, Sunbeam, and Swift. The chairman and secretary of the western section of the club have lately been over a considerable portion of the trial route, for the purpose of inspecting the condition of the roads and making preliminary arrangements. For some reasons it is to be regretted that the annual Glasgow to London trial has been abandoned in favour of this event; but there is no doubt that the latter will be extremely interesting, and will provide opportunities for a severer trial than the journey from Glasgow to the metropolis. It will also serve to popularise the motor-car in Scotland, where its use is chiefly confined to landed proprietors and visiting tourists, excepting, of course, in the large centres, such as Edinburgh and Glasgow.

PETROL AT THE BOAT RACE.

To automobilists the Inter-University Boat Race possessed an added interest, because for the first time petrol motor-boats were used in connection with the event. The old paddle-steamers were abandoned—they were always much too slow—and various launches were employed instead for the umpires, other officials, and Press representatives. A number of the last-named were accommodated on a Yarrow launch, fitted with 70 h.p. petrol motor of Napier design, but actually built in Messrs. Yarrow's own factory. This boat is capable of doing 16 knots, and she had not the smallest difficulty in keeping close up to the competing crews throughout; in fact, she had to be held back. The Pressmen on board were much more fortunate in consequence than those on two of the other launches, which came into collision owing to the steering gear of one of them breaking down.



A WOLSELEY TRANSPORT LORRY.

A WOLSELEY TRANSPORT LORRY.

It is well known that the Wolseley Company has for some time past been paying a considerable amount of attention to the heavy motor-vehicle; and we reproduce on this page a fine military transport lorry which has recently been completed at the Wolseley works. It is fitted with a 40 b.h.p. horizontal motor having four cylinders in line, each 6in. bore by 7in. stroke. Paraffin is used as fuel, and the Wolseley patent vapouriser is fitted, which, we are informed, enables the motor to be started from cold on the heavy oil. The consumption is approximately 3gal. per hour, and the tanks hold 100gal. Magneto ignition is employed, and the clutch is of the metal to metal type. The change-speed gear gives four speeds forward, of one, two, five, and eight miles per hour, and a reverse of two miles per hour. With a full load the lorry will maintain an average speed of five miles. Two sets of brakes are fitted, both of the metal to metal type, one acting on drums bolted to the chain-wheel sprockets, and the other operating internal shoes which act on the interior of the rear-wheel chain-rings. The front axle is made to oscillate

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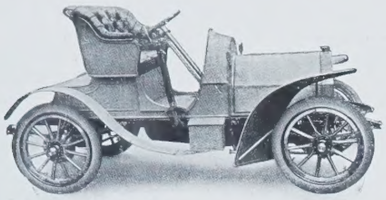

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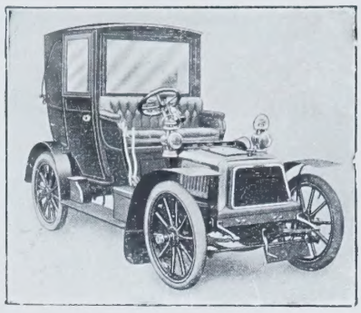

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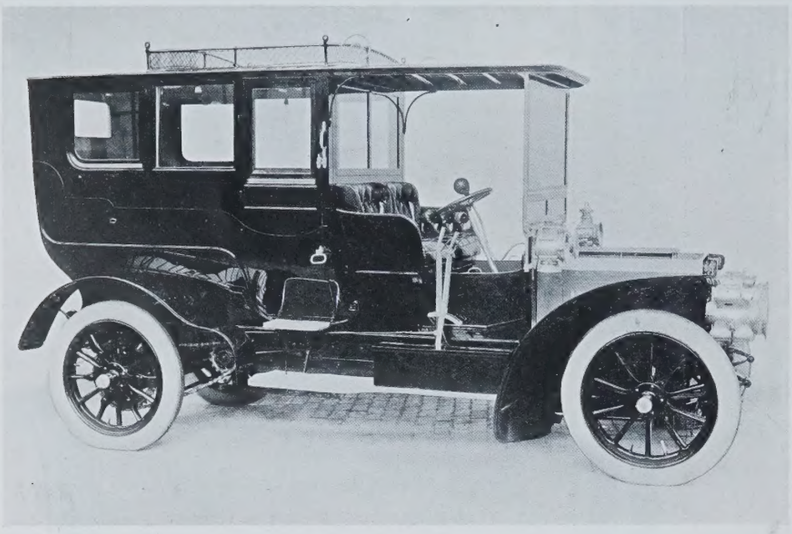
on a central pivot, which gives the frame a three-point suspension, and enables the vehicle to surmount obstacles without altering its alignment. Either of the front wheels can be driven over an obstacle 1ft. high without affecting the body of the vehicle. The wheels are constructed throughout of steel, the width of the front being 9in., and of the rear 12in. The wheel-base is 11ft. 6in. and the track 7ft., and the weight unloaded is 6 tons. The platform has an area of 80 sq. ft., and a load of 4 tons can be carried.

"The Motor Marines."

Although all the time-expired men of the Royal Marine Artillery who recently went through a course of instruction in motor management and driving have obtained situations at good wages, it appears that only one man in the class showed sufficient driving skill to warrant the grant of a driving certificate by the Automobile Club. It will be remembered that the examiners appointed by the club, Professor Vernon Boys, F.R.S., Mr. Worby Beaumont, and Mr. R. E. Phillips, recently visited Eastney Barracks and put the men through a severe examination, both written and practical, as to their mechanical proficiency, the driving tests being postponed to a later date. Ten men were granted certificates for mechanical proficiency, but the subsequent examinations showed that the men had not yet acquired sufficient experience on the road. This is a matter that will doubtless be easily remedied by their employers, who will, at any rate, have secured servants of exemplary character and undoubted mechanical skill. The fact that the Automobile Club withheld the grant of driving certificates is an indication that a high standard of skill will be required of the recipients of these awards.



30 *B.H.P. MAUDSLAY BROUGHAM-PHAETON.*

The Forthcoming Motor-cycle Road Races.

The second race for the International Auto-Cycle Cup, which takes place on Sunday, June 18th, has become of supreme importance in this country because of the interest which will attach to the preliminary process of selecting the team to represent England. Last autumn, when the first race was run, so little notice was given that the utmost that the Auto-Cycle Club (which is the governing body in England) could do was to agree to send over the three men who offered themselves with machines specially built for the occasion. It was found that the power provided was altogether inadequate as compared with that employed on many of the Continental machines, and for this year's event much higher powers are being employed by the makers. The proposal to again hold the British Selection Trials for the Gordon Bennett race in the Isle of Man having induced the Manx Legislature to enact a measure permitting the Manx Highway Board to grant permission for motor-races on the road, the Auto-Cycle Club has secured the power to run the only motor-cycle race that has so far been legalised in the British Isles. This will take place in the early morning of Tuesday, May 23rd, over a fifty-mile course, and it has been arranged that it shall be a combined race open virtually to all comers, provided their machines weigh no more than 110lb. complete. As used to be the case in the big French car races when the Gordon Bennett contest was run in conjunction with an open race from Paris to some other capital, so in this event the open race will be for the *Motor* Cup and other prizes, whilst those machines which have been specially entered will probably start first, and will also compete for the honour of representing England in the International race. To qualify for the Selection Trials the machines must be constructed wholly and solely in Great Britain. So far the entries number sixteen, and it is to be noted that the amateur owner figures prominently in entering a machine and rider. For instance, Sir A. Conan Doyle has entered a 9 h.p. Roc, to be ridden by T. H. Tessier, whilst Mr. Charles Jarrott has entered a 6 h.p. Jap, the rider to be W. Hodgkinson, who competed in the last contest. The Rev. B. H. Davies has entered an 8 h.p. Westlake, to be ridden by H. P. Maffert. Mr. A. A. Hay, the chairman of the Scottish Cyclists' Union, has entered a machine and rider, whilst Ireland will also be represented by C. B. Franklin on a 6 h.p. Jap. The other entries are two 6 h.p. Matchless machines, to be ridden by the brothers Collier; an 8 h.p. Rignold, to be ridden by H. Rignold, who competed last year; an 8 h.p. Humber (J. F. Crundall); a second 9 h.p. Roc (A. B. White); another 6 h.p. Jap (O. L. Bickford); three 12 h.p. Barrys; and two 10 h.p. Barnes (G. A. Barnes and G. Wilton). Further entries are expected, and altogether there is every promise of a fine race in the Isle of Man. The

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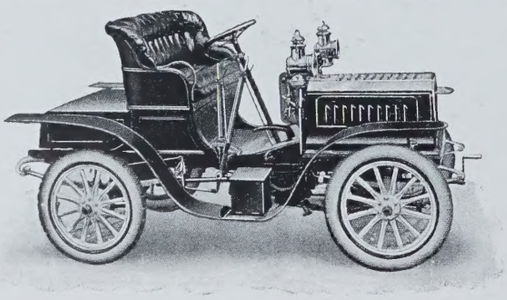

RELIABILITY TRIALS.

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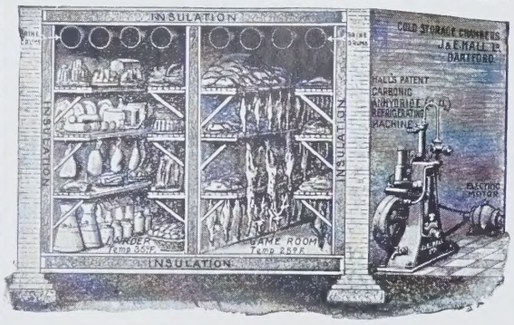

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course will be traversed at least four times, so that the trial will be a real test of the qualities of both riders and machines. If England wins the cup this year, she will deserve it, for an effort is being made to secure a large sum for the purpose of defraying all the expenses of the team and the strong bevy of English supporters who will go over and "police" the course for the purpose of rendering any necessary assistance, and in order to check the abuses that told so hardly against our representatives in the last race.

The Tourist Trophy.

The Continental Tyre Company has offered a prize of 100 guineas, or a cup to that value, for the winner of this event, provided that his car is fitted with the firm's tyres. The Tourist Trophy being intended to encourage the production of cars of reasonable horse-power, should tend to make easier the problem that confronts the tyre manufacturers, and enable them to give greater satisfaction to their customers. The entries for the event now number forty, the following cars being the more recent additions to the list: Deasy, Clement, Standard, Gladiator, Renault, Whitlock, Dennis (two), Bristol, Scout, and two Darracqs. It was recently resolved by the committee of the Automobile Club: "That a special award be given to those cars competing in the Tourist Trophy Race which are entirely of British manufacture, the cars to comply with the Gordon Bennett Rules so far as the country of origin is concerned, and the Races Committee to consider to which car or cars such awards should be given."

The 1907 International Sports Exhibition.

A scheme is afoot for the holding of a great international exhibition of sports in Paris next year but one. One of the chief attractions of the show is to be a special automobile track on which motor-cars could race in safety. Naturally the Champ de Mars was regarded as the most suitable site for exhibition and autodrome alike; but against this stands the recorded decision of the Municipal Council in 1902 that the famous plain should not again be used for exhibition purposes. The matter was raised, however, in the Council a few days ago, and strenuous efforts were made to induce that body to depart from its former decision, but in vain. Regarding the Champ de Mars as a military training-ground only, the Council declined, by a large majority, to agree to the building there of an autodrome or the holding of an exhibition at all. It would appear that there is no decided hostility to the project of an exhibition of sports in general, or to an autodrome, provided that a site is found elsewhere; but the Champ de Mars appears now to be out of the question.

The Scottish Automobile Club.

The annual meeting of the western section of the Scottish Automobile Club was held on March 30th, at Glasgow, Mr. John Adam presiding. The annual report and accounts showed the membership to be 303, and a considerable balance in the bank. The chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, referred at length to the work which had engaged the attention of the committee during the past year, and outlined various matters which were having present attention. The Honourable the Lord Provost, Sir John Ure Primrose, Bart., was elected vice-president.

Items.

It is interesting to hear that the flotation of Argyll Motors, Limited, the new company which has been formed to take over the business of the Hozier Engineering Company, has been very successful. The shares have been largely over-subscribed, and many of the applications received were from the trade and from owners of Argyll cars. Arrangements have been made for the early erection of large new works in the vicinity of Glasgow, which will have an output of between 1,500 and 2,000 cars per annum. It is hoped that the 1906 Argylls will be produced at the new factory.

The Mo-Car Syndicate have appointed as their London representative Mr. J. Stenbury, 106, New Bond Street, who will exhibit in his showroom several specimens of the well-known Arrol-Johnston cars

The following recipe for repairing cracked water-jackets is given in the *Horseless Age*: "The cylinder is placed vertically over a zinc basin, the lower water-inlet to the jacket is closed by a cork, and the jacket is filled with a concentrated solution of sulphate of copper through the upper opening. The solution will leak out through the cracks, collecting in the basin, and is poured back into the jacket as it runs out. The leakage will rapidly be reduced to a mere sweating, so that it will be sufficient to pour the liquid back every hour or so, and in the course of a day or two the cracks will be entirely healed."

At the forthcoming motor exhibition at Budapest, which opens on May 7th, the Wolseley Company will show a full range of Wolseley vehicles, and also four motor-boats. These latter include a 30ft. and a 35ft. launch, and a 40ft. racer fitted with a 100 h.p. motor.

AN OLDE HERBE-WOMAN

"LOR, Mum! Th' Almighty puts all as is good for poor folks' stumicks under their werry noses. If so be they'd the right sort of eyes to see wi', they'd know that, an' be less free than they are wi' the chemist's trash." The speaker was a small, wiry old woman, whose cotton sun-bonnet shaded a face full of character and interest. Wisps of grey hair had been blown across it by a March wind. Blue eyes twinkled, shrewd and bright, from hollows dug by time, and the wrinkled cheeks suggested parchment in need of smoothing.

Adminta Brown was widely known in the country-side, where neighbours looked upon her with something akin to reverence, because they had neither lived nor thought long enough to store one tithe of her knowledge. For the results of that knowledge were much to their benefit; and even boys, for whose hands, when idle, Satan is apt to "find some mischief still," did not dare to meddle with the herb-filled flag-basket belonging to the wise woman.

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—*The Field.*

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Some seasons, long before February breezes whisper softly in penitence for many dreary months, the advanced guard of spring's army may be seen. There are regiments of green spearheads in sheltered nooks, red buds swell to bursting on willow or hazel, and a few fresh young leaves in the wilderness of last year's greenery tell all who care for the assurance that resurrection time is at hand.

Then Adminta's work began, and nothing escaped her keen eyes, seconded by fingers not unlike birds' claws in their lack of flesh. For practice had taught her, without understanding the reason, that in early spring mankind's vitality is at its lowest; in our veins the life-blood courses slower than at any other time of year. Ailments are in consequence most frequent, and death gathers in a rich harvest among the poor and old. This, no doubt, is why cures are silently, bountifully set ready at that season for the poor to gather by every wayside, on every bank; and in France, so report says, patients are advised by the doctor what to pluck, also how to prepare such simples as may remedy the many small ills which flesh is heir to.

But no doctor thus taught among the wooded hills, where Minty Brown, as friends called her, roved, unhindered and unquestioned, for three-parts of the year. For she was widely known as an authority on simples in general, and so secure was the old woman's footing that she was wont to make flippant remarks on men of healing, her toothless jaws the while stretched in a smile.

"They've got to live," she would say, "and it's right that gentles should be made to pay for them nasty drugs, as no one knows where they come from. It's cheap enough to turn up noses at me, and they're kindly welcome, for *I* goes straight to the Lord's own drug shop."

And what was in Minty's basket from that shop? Amidst the gloom of sodden grass, and shadowed overhead by leafless twigs, she saw a mimic sun which was picked at once. "Only a dandelion," say you. Yes, if you look at it one way, but a sign-post to guide you on the way to health in another, for its uses are many. To the bee that yellow blossom means honey, to peasants in France or Germany its presence insures a supply of leaves for salad, roots to boil for what many have proved to be a valuable medicine in liver troubles, and sometimes its roots are roasted instead for coffee. When dandy is bald, its duty in life is done, and the old herb-woman would pass it by, knowing that there is a time to leave the plant alone as well as to pluck it.

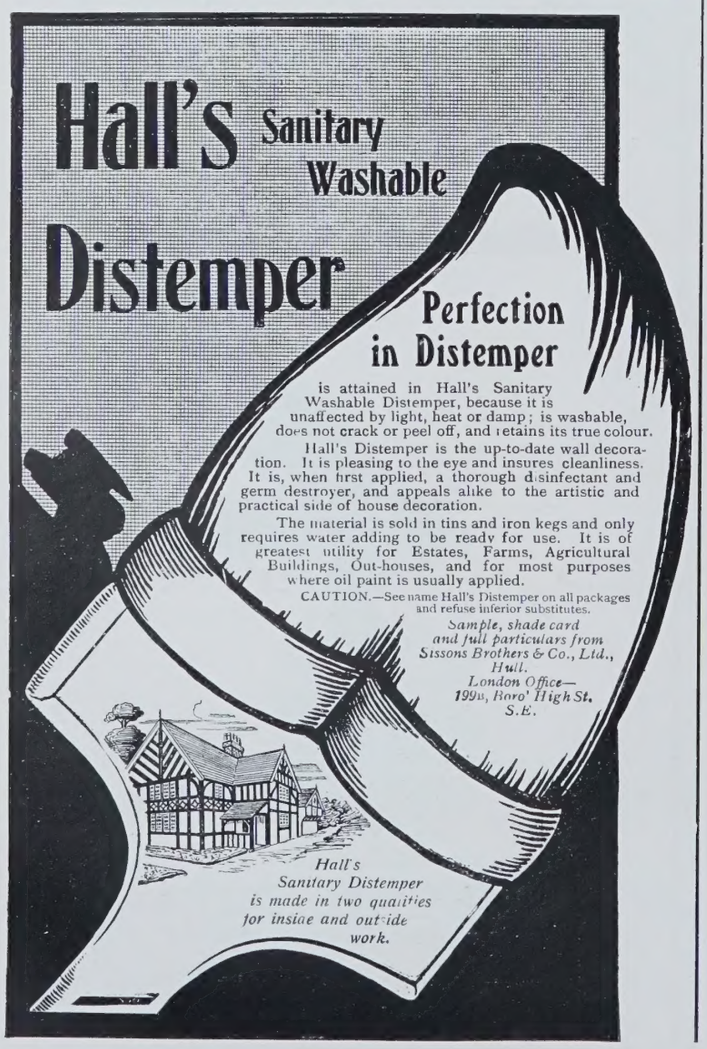
Now there is a scent in the air like mixed May and primrose; yet thorns are bare, flowers are shy, and birds twitter doubtfully about the prudence of building. Search is soon rewarded, for on a marshy bank stands coltsfoot, crowned with creamy tufts which have glints of brown in them. Leaves there are none at present, except folded cushions that shelter the roots and form a footstool for the tall succulent stems. Still, Minty knows that her patients value the fragrant tea which may be brewed from the flowers to cure coughs. Later she will pluck the leaves which Greeks smoked many hundred years ago for asthma, and now when labourers buy a pen'orth of bacca at the village shop, where most things are sold, from bacon to pins, they often lay out their money on coltsfoot leaves, cunningly flavoured and coloured to hide their real nature.

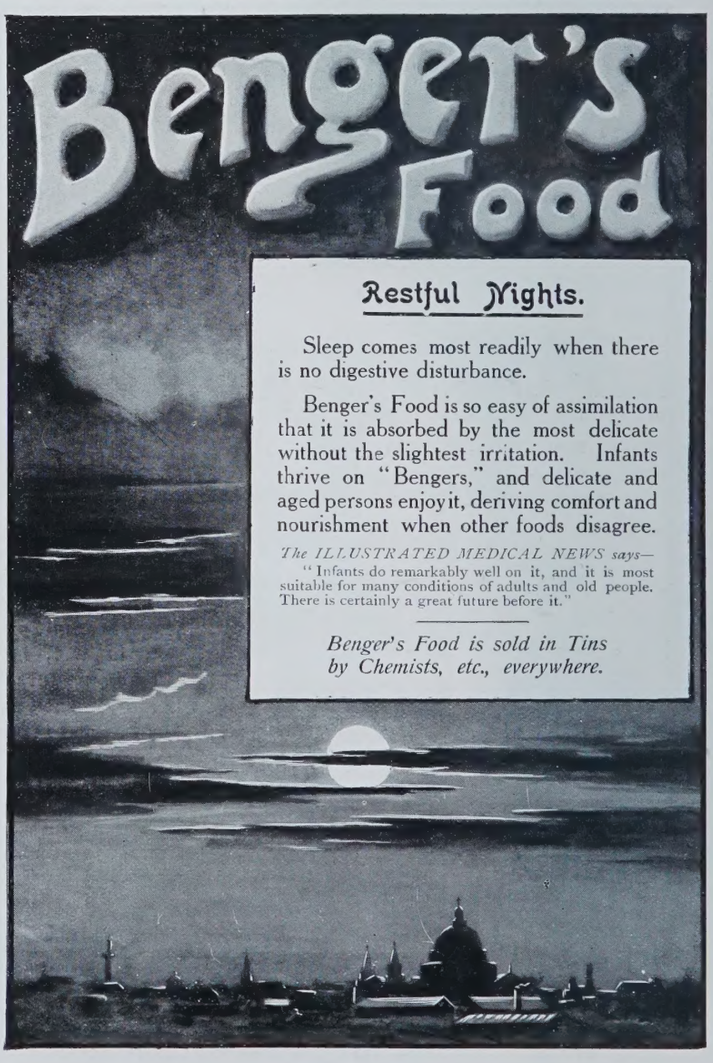
By the end of February, if weather be kind, celandines, countless in number, open their burnished yellow stars to smile up at the sky from every hedgerow. Farmers have not a single good word for the plant, because they think that the acrid roots injure all that grows near them; but Minty Brown is wiser in her generation, and gathers a large supply of the weed.

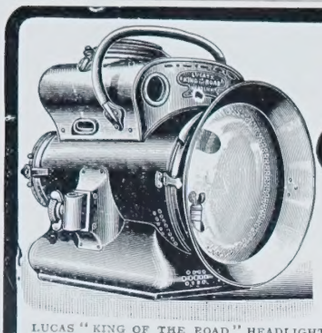
"Bless 'ee, mum," she would cry, "there aint nought to ekal it for the drapsy and the yaller jaundice, if so be it's sliced aye an' biled, too," she added, not without traces of impatience at our ignorance. And then she went on to tell us in quaint language that, if the plant were pounded into a conserve, with sugar to make it more palatable, it would help the feverish to perspire better than anything.

The farmer is apt to grumble, too, at the golden trumpets beloved by those whose concern is not with poor land, but their reign is never long enough for children who prize daffodils above most flowers. The healing power of the root is great when applied to fresh wounds, so Minty assured us, and according to her it has other virtues which need not here be enlarged on.

A rival in little ones' affection is the wild arum, also known as cuckoo pint, or wake robin, with sometimes a cream, sometimes a crimson, clapper standing bravely up under its pale green canopy to ring in sweet spring at the wind's bidding. Birds, especially thrushes, rejoice in the plant, because they know that, when the north wind blows cold over a nearly desolate world, they may scratch up roots about the size of a nutmeg, where bunches of bright berries prove their presence, and the pungent warmth is grateful, to say nothing of nourishment. The old herb-woman does not pass by wild arum, for she knows from experience that the roots may be sold when properly dried, and London chemists send this forth from their shops to a credulous public under the name of Portland sago. Next on our list is a humble creeper near Mother Earth







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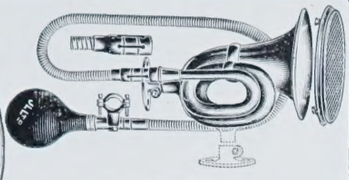

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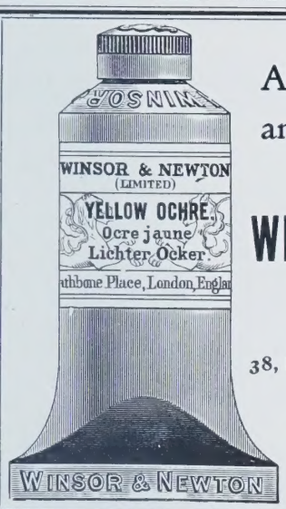

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which reveals its presence more by aromatic scent than by height or gay colour. Perhaps by reason of its good services to man ground ivy is allowed to flourish nearly all the year round, and the learned in plant-lore say that no cottage should be without dried bunches in readiness for divers ills. Minty will tell you that a few sniffs at it is a certain cure for headache, and that tea made from the freshly-plucked leaves is as good a blood purifier as can be found. Besides these virtues, the plant was cried in the streets centuries ago, to be made into a liquor for coughs, and it has many local names. Dim-eyed ancients with bowed shoulders have a faith equal to Minty's in the merits of boiled centaury blossoms as a tonic, besides its use in low, intermittent fevers; and they say that, if dried for powder, centaury is also good in ague cases or rheumatism. That belated crocus is avoided by cattle, for they do not like the bright, pale lilac flowers of meadow saffron, though our friend in the sun-bonnet gathers it eagerly and digs up the root as well. When sliced, bruised, and mixed with bread she insists upon it that the merits of the root are great as a poultice for sufferers from gout.

A little further on, where the lark rises among moon daisies and quaking grass, Minty spies scabious with its round, purple head, and she knows that close by, where the ground slopes down to a stream, she will find plenty of creamy meadow-sweet. Some say that Satan carried off part of scabious's root one fine day, envying its many virtues, and so it is often called Devil's-bit. But the herb-woman was not likely to trouble her head about names if satisfied that plants were useful by nature. Scabious leaves, when picked young for boiling, before the stalk sprung, were a remedy for asthma; as a syrup they cured coughs, the flowers made a cordial, and the powdered root of the large lilac variety was one of the dame's most favoured nostrums for fever. Meadow-sweet she greatly esteemed for skin troubles; in fact, a chat with Minty when she was in the right humour for one, and at leisure to talk about her hobby, reminded the listener of words which have lived many centuries after their writer: "The wise read Nature as the manuscript of Heaven." And since we are told also to consider the lilies, such things need not be despised as fitted only to please old women, mere toys for children, or food for beasts.

Long ago Minty Brown passed to her well-earned rest, and above the mound in a quiet country churchyard where her body was laid bees hum contentedly when the sun's warm kisses wake them to duty. For thyme grows there, and sweet white flowers, planted by the humble friends who believed in her wisdom, because they felt its benefits in their persons. Surely, then, others may well look down as well as up if they would learn where to find health and happiness through it. For no vain imagination called flowers "stars of earth," nor was it written in an idle moment, "God saw all that He had made, and behold it was very good."

ALL FOOLS' DAY.

THE curious and ancient custom of trying to make fools of people upon the first day of April seems to exist all over the world, and, in common with all the rest of the customs that have come down from time immemorial, there is no explanation of the origin of it, though many have been suggested and often offered. The "sleeveless errands," or fools' errands, upon which people are sent do not seem to have exhibited a great deal of variety. To buy "The History of Eve's Mother" or a pint of pigeon's milk has always been a favourite one. A description of these fooleries was given in Robins's Almanac for 1760, ending up with the very pertinent lines:

> "But 'tis a thing to be disputed
> Which is the greatest fool reputed,
> The man that innocently went,
> Or he that him design'dly sent."

There are occasional allusions in literature to the custom. Goldsmith, in "The Vicar of Wakefield," when describing the manners of the rustics, tells how "they showed their wit on the First of April"; and Shakespeare, who was so well acquainted with every kind of popular custom, legend, and folklore, causes Malvolio, who has been "made a fool" by a letter purporting to have been written by Olivia, to say:

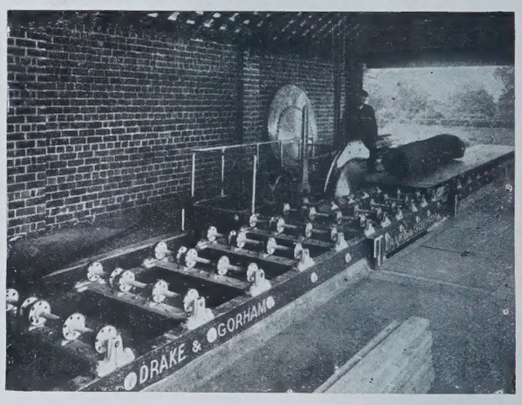
> "Why have you suffered me to be
> Made the most notorious geck and gull
> That e'er invention play'd on?"

And Olivia, upon assuring him the letter was none of her writing, exclaims:

> "Alas, poor fool! How have they baffled thee!"

A feast answering to the First of April seems to have been kept by the Romans. Plutarch observes: "Why do they call the Quirinalia the Feast of Fools? Either because they allowed this day (as Juba tells us) to those who could not ascertain their own tribes, or because they permitted those who had missed the celebration of the Fornacalia in their proper tribes along with the rest of the people, either from business, absence, or ignorance, to hold their festival apart on this day." The festival is also

"LIGHT AND POWER"



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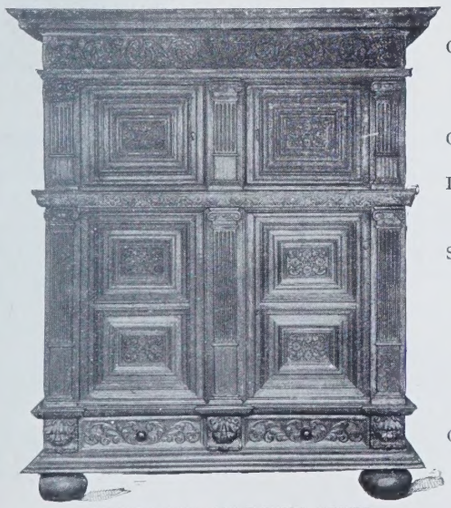

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kept in Sweden, in France and Germany, and in Scotland. In the last country the people who are sent upon false errands are called "corbies" or messengers, or April gowks, from *gowk* or *gouk*—a cuckoo, which is always considered a term of contempt. In Scotland there is a custom called "hunting the gowk," that is, sending people upon a fool's errand by means of a letter, which they take from place to place, and upon which is written:

"On the first day of April
Hunt the gowk another mile."

There is a certain grim humour in the action of the Shropshire landowner at the beginning of the last century, who always chose the First of April as the day upon which to close all the gates upon his estate, thus protecting the "right of way."

In France, the person fooled upon the First of April is called Poisson d'Avril, or April Fish, for which strange term the following explanation has been given. The word is said to be a corruption of Passion, and that, as it was at this time of year that our Lord was mocked by the Jews, being sent backwards and forwards from Annas to Caiaphas, from Caiaphas to Pilate, and from Pilate to Herod, the custom of sending people from place to place as a mockery may have arisen from this. It is possible that the primitive Christians, wishing to conciliate the Pagans, and win them to the new religion, adopted their customs and yielded to a conformity of names; but the undiscovered origin of the curious and seemingly meaningless custom of All Fools' Day, in common with the origin of all the other popular and equally apparently meaningless customs, is lost in the vast ages of antiquity, and is, perhaps, more curious and more subtle than anything we can imagine, having—who knows?—even perhaps a basis of some strange lost truth. L. SALMON.

MAGAZINES FOR APRIL.

"THE Economic Value of Woman," in the *Fortnightly Review*, is, on the whole, a sound and fair enquiry. A point the writer brings forward in regard to the opening up for women of professions and increasing employment everywhere, is one not always recognised. A man does not suffer in his development in pursuit of his work. He can have his home life, he can discharge every *rôle* of the social being successfully. A woman is too often stunted in her mental and emotional growth by her severance from domestic ties. It acts on her more keenly and tragically than on the man, for her nature is built to go along certain lines. Deprive her of all chance of house and home, take away her parents and that chance of a natural outlet for her deepest instincts, and at forty her view of life is not quite happy or broadly sane, even supposing her fortunate in her profession. Of course, there are exceptional women, women who are unfit to marry for many reasons, just as there are men, but their number is small. It is the energetic, healthy, wide-minded woman who has had the enthusiasm to follow a profession who will make the best mother. We want the most children from the enlightened part of the race, not from the warrens of the ill-fed and the decadent, whether in high life or low life. In regard to her economic position: "If a woman is mistress of a means of livelihood, she is in a position to maintain a child, provided it were recognised that maternity was merely an interruption of her work and not necessarily a disqualification. Moreover, if anything could check the unfair competition between women and men, it would be the fact that a mother with a child to support could not afford to take the lower and hitherto sufficient wage, which made her a cheaper and therefore a more desirable labourer. The pioneers will have much against them, not least the enormous power and strenuous opposition of the Church, still under the dominion of a period when the upholding of the monogamic ideal was an absolute necessity for the raising of woman's status above chattel slavery. But woman economically independent and treating with man on equal terms, may decide that the mediæval ideal has served its purpose, and must give place to something more fitted for the needs of the newer age. The interests of children she will make her first care; they must be born under healthy conditions, they must be under no social or economic disadvantage; therefore, she herself must see to it that the conditions of her work are not such as to injure herself, and that its remuneration is not hopelessly inadequate."

Mr. George Bourne writes in the *Cornhill Magazine* an article illustrative of the incapacity of the younger labourers in the villages. He gives various conversations of the old men who have toiled for fifty years, which prove that they as well as the employers feel the change of the ways of the new generation. For instance, the old character Bettesworth asserts the unfitness even among carters. "There's a great notion," he grumbles, "o' lookin' after horses, if anybody mind to attend to 'em. They'll tell ye if there's anything the matter with 'em—looking round at ye. They suffers, poor things, same as we do. But a good many o' these on the road—they got to go, whether they be in pain or not. If they flinches, they be whipped up. Them as goes 'long with 'em" (Bettesworth does not even call them carters) "they dunno if they ben't well." One of these same incapables, and he by no means the worst, once owned as much to the writer. "I don't know much about horses," he said, although that is his living. There seems a general complaint about the uselessness of carters, which does not seem to an outsider a very specialised employment. "You can't find now a young man that can do thatching and ploughing and mowing and so on. And look at carters again! Look at these chaps about with the contractors' carts. Their horses show that the men don't know anything—except which side of the road to keep." Once these men and farm labourers took a thorough interest in their horses, and understood how to treat them in their ailments. The older style of labourer seems to agree with the general opinion that is gaining ground, that the inefficiency and indifference of the young are the effect of education, of bad methods of education.

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Good Words has a pleasant essay on the fever that spring stirs, the spring fret when the first sunshine of March wakens the dream "over the hills and far away." It is the call of eternal youth that never dies in some hearts:

"Now the Four-way Lodge is opened, now the Hunting winds are loose—
Now the smokes of Spring go up to clear the brain;
Now the young men's hearts are troubled for the whisper of the Trues,
Now the Red Gods make their medicine again! . . . .
He must go—go—go away from here!
On the other side the world he's overdue.
Send your road is clear before you when the old Spring-fret comes o'er you
And the Red Gods call for you!"

Arts and Crafts has a very good and instructive number for April. The president of the Society of Miniaturists, Mr. Praga, gives a demonstration on the painting of miniatures, that most delicate and beautiful art. Reproductions are given of miniatures from the exhibition of the Society of Women Artists. There are some fine spring studies of daffodils.

The *Monthly Review* is an extremely good number, with much less politics than usual. Mr. John Davidson opens it with a pretty poem called "In the City." Mr. Howley writes pleasantly on some of our weaknesses, and Mr. Arthur Symons is learned on Beethoven. George Stewart contributes a really delightful article on the "Popular Songs of Old Canada." A number of those he cites will be familiar to lovers of French literature. Emma Hessey writes a paper called "Quaint Memories"; it is pleasant enough in itself, but we wish she had chosen a title that would not have stereotyped a modern misuse of a fine old word.

Macmillan's Magazine is a very literary number this month, one of the most readable articles being "Ruskin at Hawarden," in the course of which the writer tells the following anecdote: "When the present writer visited Hinksey on a recent occasion, when the landscape was bathed in sunshine, the students' roadway was scarcely discernible. We were somewhat amused on asking a fresh-complexioned villager who lived in a cottage near by, if she remembered the students making the road. She replied that she remembered the time well, and pointed out an adjoining cottage where the students had had afternoon-tea, adding, 'They did not appear to take much interest in the work.' Asked if she remembered Mr. Ruskin, she said she remembered him well, and then added, quite seriously, 'But I hav'n't heard of him for a long while.' When she was informed that he was dead she said, 'Dear me, I never heard of it.' Who will spell fame after an experience like this?" Mr. Dodwell criticises a critic in the person of Matthew Arnold, the judgment at which he arrives being as follows: "He did indeed foresee the promised land of criticism: he even entered upon its farthest borders; but yet we may say that he did this without knowledge. No doubt it was as well; it would have seemed to fall far short of his expectations. And so reconciling the disparate factors which every great critic must reconcile for himself, he exemplified the words which he spoke of his own loved university, telling silently upon the mind of the country, preparing currents of new feeling, keeping up his communications with the future. Matthew Arnold's work was not complete and unassailable; but he has kept up his communications with the future, which will find in him not only the preacher of an ideal of beauty peculiarly noble, lofty, and serene, but the unconscious herald also of a great critical attitude."

Temple Bar has an article by Mr. Salmon on "Hans Christian Andersen," with insight and sympathy, as the following passage will show: "Andersen often seems to have created genuine myths that might rank in early folk-lore; he has the freshness and sincerity of the old myth-makers, with usually a clearer strain of poetry. He leads us to a land where nothing seems absurd or impossible; very often it is pure poetry. There is always a meaning, but it is not tacked on as a moral. In the tale of the 'Snow-man,' we notice how this image, raised by the boys in the garden, gazes with longing love through the window at the genial stove." The number contains many other readable and attractive articles.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Letters from Catalonia, by Rowland Thirlmere. Two volumes, illustrated. (Hutchinson and Co., 24s. net.)

The Lure of the Labrador Wild, by Dillon Wallace. "Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges." (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.)

A Vagrant Englishwoman, by Catherine J. Dodd. (Smith, Elder.)

A Frontier Mystery, by Bertram Mitford. (F. V. White and Co., 6s.)

Modern Homesteads, by Samuel Taylor. Treating of farm buildings, farmhouses, and labourers' cottages. With illustrations and plans. (The Land Agents' Record, Limited, 17s. 6d.)

The Horse: Its Care and Management, by H. E. Fawcus. No. 9 in the Profitable Farm and Garden series. (Messrs. Collingridge, 1s. 6d.)

The Entirely New Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom for 1905, by Ethel Mumford, Oliver Hereford, Addison Mizner. (Gay and Bird, 3s. 6d. net.)

The Age of Oak, by Percy Macquoid. A history of English furniture, with plates in colour after Shirley Slocombe and numerous illustrations by the author. (Lawrence and Bullen, £2 2s. net.)

Arcady in Troy. A treatise on wild flowers in gardens. (The Merrymount Press, Boston.)

L'Avocat Patelin. A fifteenth century comedy in three acts, adapted by the Abbé Brueys and now translated by Samuel F. G. Whitaker. (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d. net.)

THE transport of the enormous crowds present at the recent Liverpool Meeting must have entailed a considerable strain upon both the staff and the material of our leading railway companies, the London and North Western, the Great Central, and the Midland; but so perfect is their organisation that not only were the numberless racing specials despatched with the utmost punctuality, but the ordinary traffic was in no way disturbed. On such occasions as these it is only fair that the racing public in particular should acknowledge the manner in which their comfort is studied and their wants anticipated by the officials of these great companies.

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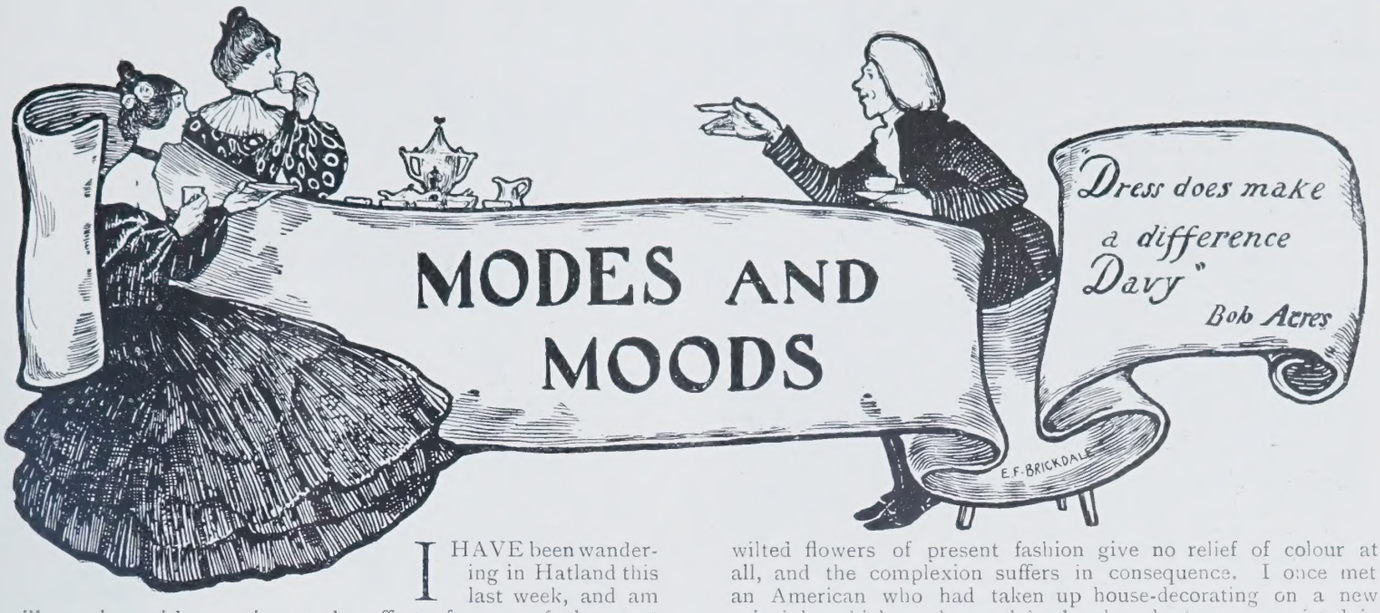


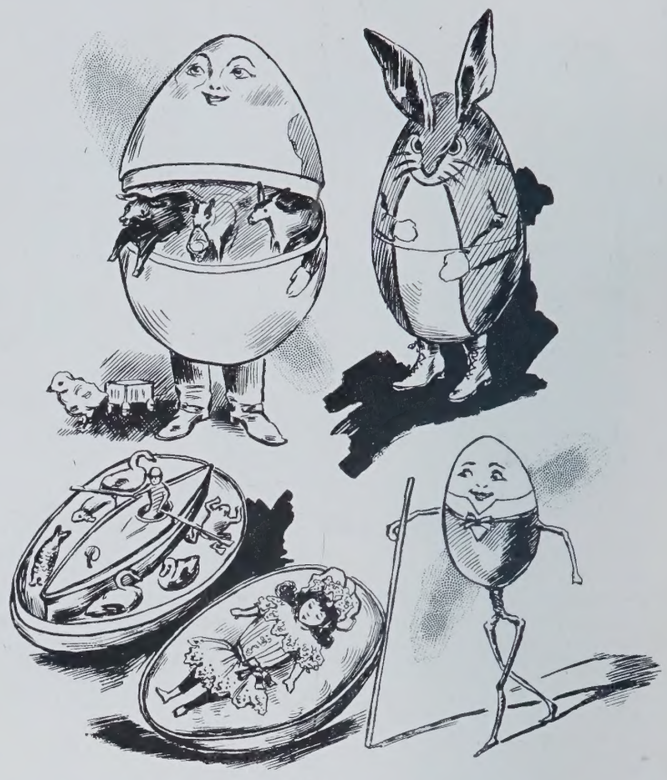
MODES AND MOODS

I HAVE been wandering in Hatland this last week, and am still gasping with surprise at the effect of some of the most fashionable hats when perched on one's head. Nobody can realise the true meaning of a hat until one has tried it on, and the true meaning of many of the most recent modes is absolute lunacy. They seem to have been created by some incurable inmate of Hanwell, so crazy are they in shape, trimmings, and combinations of colours. It was as good as a play to sit in the room of a fashionable milliner's, and to watch fair English maidens, with indifferently-dressed hair, varying between the neck-bun and the exaggerated circular Pompadour, trying on these aggressively - impertinent hats, which demand imperatively the utmost art of the hairdresser to complete their effect and outlines. The flat, plate-like hats, with hardly the vestige of a crown, tilted forward by an immense bandeau of flowers, 4in. or 5in. high, at the back, with the brim caught up at one side in front with an upright bunch of aggressive quills of different colours, can really have only been devised by a crazy brain. They would extinguish any woman, for no beholder could possibly have eyes for anything below this lunatic headgear; and the outline they give to the head as a whole is grotesque. The colours, too, are often dire, especially in the roses. What has the Queen of Flowers done that she should be libelled by being represented in mud colour, dirty greens, sandy greys, and soiled mauves? These roses look as if they had been thrown out on an ash-heap, and left there for a month exposed to the wind and rain; and these are the flowers chosen for feminine adornment! Ugly in themselves beyond description, they have the additional drawback of being unbecoming; for while there is nothing that heightens the complexion or gives brilliancy to the eyes as the touch of colour given by a true rose (as the Spanish *maja* knows so well), these soiled and wilted flowers of present fashion give no relief of colour at all, and the complexion suffers in consequence. I once met an American who had taken up house-decorating on a new principle, which, as he explained solemnly to me, consisted in painting walls "a dirty colour, so that women should look clean against them by contrast"! I do not think, however, that Englishwomen need to wear dirty brown roses to ensure this result; and they will see how much their complexions will gain if they substitute a rose of Nature's many lovely hues for these ash-heap blossoms. It is their ugliness, however, which offends me, not their lack of truth to Nature, for I am willing to accept contentedly the pale blue roses, which are the latest note of fashion, as they are clean and fresh-looking and undeniably smart. One of the best hats I saw on my tour of inspection was one in the finest black hempen straw (a much prettier kind of straw than the paille-de-riz, and equally light), with a deep brim turned up all round and pinched into a shape something between a tricorne and a Napoleon. A piping of black velvet ran round the brim inside, and a band and bow of velvet encircled the low crown, in the centre of which was a single pale blue rose, from which started a long black ostrich plume that fell over the brim on the left side. A rose, a feather, and a straw shape, that was all; but the result was a triumph for the artist hand that had created it. Another charming little hat was in bronze hempen straw, the brim turned up all round, and caught to the crown at one side in front by a bow of brown velvet; from this sprang a tall group of feathers shading from pale green to brown, the base being a mass of lilac in shades of brown and orange. A second bow of brown velvet was placed at the back, obviating the bald appearance some of these hats have where they meet the hair. This hat had been most successfully copied in black, with a mass of golden pink roses and white

TEA-GOWN IN CHIFFON AND IRISH GUIPURE.

feathers; and it was hard to say which was the smarter of the two.

Though dances are for the moment in abeyance, bridge flourishes like the proverbial green bay tree; and I am, therefore, giving a sketch of a charming bridge costume, which could be worn both in the afternoon and in the evening. The skirt is of pale green chiffon over soft satin, with three gathered flounces, piped at the beading with rouleaux of pale green satin, and caught here and there with soft bows of the same satin. The coat is in pale green taffetas chiffon, cut very long at the back, to which the fronts are sloped away. It is semi-fitting in front, and opens over a low vest of the gathered chiffon, which hardly shows between the high corselet belt of pale green satin and the jabots of fine white tulle. The coat has a narrow border all round of green panne, on which is embroidered a garland of pale pink roses; and the same embroidered panne forms the pointed collar and the turned-back elbow-cuffs, from which fall ruffles of soft white tulle. Green is the colour of Hope; and a woman might, indeed, hope for luck when she sat down to play bridge in so dainty a dress. The illustration I give on the previous page would also do as a bridge frock, but is, perhaps, more aptly described as a tea-coat, for it combines the ease and elegance which we require for the hour sacred to Bohea. The skirt is a pleated one of pale mauve chiffon over satin, intersected with deep vandykes of narrow insertion of Irish guipure. Round the hem is a gathered flounce, with a knotted ribbon of soft mauve satin. The coat, which is the distinctive feature of the dress, is entirely of Irish guipure, an expensive item, perhaps, but unquestionably a good investment and a joy for ever, for these Irish guipure coats wear admirably, and are always in fashion both for day and evening wear. This coat is shaped to the figure at the back and sides, but hangs loose in front, where it is ornamented with four



EASTER EGGS AT MESSRS. HAMLEY'S.

A CHARMING BRIDGE COSTUME

rosettes of violet panne at either side, each rosette being centred with a small diamond button. The under-bodice of mauve chiffon is cut low, leaving the guipure transparent up to the throat, where the smart high neck-band is fastened by two more rosettes of violet panne. The fronts are just held together lightly by a bow of mauve satin ribbon, similar to that on the skirt, with long ends finishing in silk tassels. The sleeves are particularly graceful and appropriate to a garment of this kind. The guipure sleeves are split nearly to the shoulder, and fall apart, showing wide wing sleeves made of kilted flounces of mauve chiffon, to which the guipure is held by two rosettes of violet panne. I have seldom seen so successful and charming a design for a true tea-gown as this one, for it is easy and supremely comfortable without any sacrifice of elegance and beauty, or any falling into theatrical exaggeration, which is often the fault of this kind of garment.

I wrote indignantly on the subject of certain Easter Eggs last week, which were cruelly and inappropriately ornamented with corpses of singing-birds; and it is, therefore, all the pleasanter to describe the wonderful variety of Easter Eggs I have seen at Messrs. Hamley's in Regent Street, where the widest novelty has been attained without any excursion into barbarity. Easter Eggs, of all sizes and for all ages, are to be found at Messrs. Hamley's, from the huge egg for a baby, full of delightfully soft woollen toys, which a baby can neither suck the paint off nor swallow, to the daintiest of hand-painted satin eggs, which contain either chocolate or more expensive gifts, suitable to the more grasping tastes of "grown-ups." The "March-Hare" Eggs are noble and impressive personages who would scorn to be mad, and who solemnly stand in most gentlemanly boots of crocodile leather, their rotund forms clothed in the blue coat and brass buttons of that "fine Old English Gentleman," John Bull. That popular favourite, the "Golliwog" Egg, also holds his own in an infinite variety of sizes, though he is run closely by the "Goblin" Egg, a weird and wicked-looking person with a staff in his hand to support him on his two abnormally slender legs. But whether they look stolid like John Bull, attractively inane like the Golliwog, or wicked like the Goblin, their looks are, indeed, but shell-deep, for their insides are beyond reproach. Toy soldiers, enough to delight the heart of the Kaiser himself; complete sets of tea-things; baby dolls and their trousseaux, with every necessary in life, from a feeding-bottle and a powder-puff to a be-ribboned bonnet; nine-pins and all manner of games; sweets galore, warranted not to contain one tummy-ache in ten pounds; fluffy golden chicks and ducklings surrounding an egg of a relative size as bewildering as that of the Apiornis at the Zoo—these are but a few of the contents which lurk in the deep recesses of Messrs. Hamley's Easter Eggs. A novelty which will certainly cause squeals of delighted surprise in many nurseries on Easter Morn is the colossal egg in an egg-cup. The top is already broken, and a yolk of golden tissue paper is visible, which, in its turn, is to be broken with a huge spoon of silvered cardboard; and then toys of all kinds are ladled out to

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the willing little hands, whose owners will indeed proclaim this the Egg of eggs. Another most attractive notion of Messrs. Hamley's is the gigantic egg in the front shop, with openings at each side, revealing a quantity of parcels within; and every client who spends more than five shillings can have a "lucky dip" in the egg, the opening at one side being for little boys, and at the other for their small sisters. Such combinations of chance and mystery delight small folk, so it is no wonder that Messrs. Hamley's various establishments, which are to be found at 512, Oxford Street, 64 and 66, Regent Street, 59, Knightsbridge, and 86 and 87, High Holborn, are usually thronged during the weeks before Easter, for nowhere else can such novelties in the way of Easter Eggs be found.

Easter suggests sweets for grown-up people as much as toys for children, and where in London, or indeed in Europe, can such a choice of toothsome delicacies be found as at Messrs. Fuller's Limited? This famous firm has just opened new premises with frontages both in Regent Street and Conduit Street, which certainly form the most palatial "Candy Store," Tea Rooms, and Restaurant in the world. The entrances from both thoroughfares meet in the splendid central hall, where 200 people can be accommodated at a time at the small tables grouped round the white marble fountain, while conversation is promoted by the soft music played in the gallery above the hall, where over 100 more people can be seated and where smoking is permitted. An American Ice Cream Soda Fountain is also installed in the gallery, and the alcoves for *tête-à-tête* parties amid such charming surroundings are likely to be greatly appreciated. The familiar characteristic of all Fuller's establishments, the American Candy Store, is on the ground floor, and those who cannot visit in person the "Home of Sweetness" should write for Messrs. Fuller's beautiful illustrated price list, which can be had on application, and from which purchases can be made by post by simply quoting the number of the particular cakes or bonbons as described in this most ornamental volume.

With the development of feminine intelligence, the glass of milk and a bun as a proper and sufficient form of nourishment has passed away. Women now recognise the importance of sustaining food as a means of keeping their youth and good looks; and it will, therefore, be welcome news to those who shop in the West End, that the International Plasmon Company has opened the "Plasmon Tea-room" in Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, where the weary shopper or picture gallery visitor can obtain all manner of delightful delicacies based on this most nutritious and excellent food. Plasmon tea and cocoa, Plasmon cream and milk, Plasmon scones and toast and rolls and biscuits, Plasmon beef-cup, Plasmon omelette, and Plasmon ices are but a few of the items on the menu, which is as inexpensive as it is varied. Plasmon builds up the tissues in a most remarkable way, as has been proved by the Antarctic explorers and others; and this charming new tea-room will bring its advantages before the public in a practical way, for everyone who has a Plasmon tea at 36, Duke Street, will emerge a refreshed and invigorated being. LAMIA.

LITERARY NOTES.

ONE of the latest so-called gardening books is "My New Zealand Garden," by a "Suffolk Lady" (Elliot Stock). The reason of its appearance is not evident to the serious student of horticulture. We have too many such books. They are simply an outcome of personal vanity, an unfortunate desire to see one's self in print. This would be harmless enough if the books were for private circulation, but they are actually written as serious works by those with the most superficial knowledge of the subject. Who cares for such vapourings as this, page 24: "Sometimes I attribute my love for rake, spade, and hoe to have proceeded from the lack of a good education, which, as compared with my own, most children received, for I was always shaky about the three R's, nor much better read than the old gardener, who could master every word in his book except the long one at the end—Piccadilly." We can well believe it. The illustrations are plentiful and awfully poor. The publishers have done their part creditably, but good printing and a pretty cover do not atone for foolish talk.

The demand for gardening books is apparently inexhaustible, the latest contribution taking the form of two volumes, the result of an issue in monthly parts of *Cassell's Popular Gardening*, edited by W. P. Wright. Simplicity is its chief recommendation, and the small explanatory woodcuts are excellent aids in mastering a knowledge of certain intricate details of plant propagation. There is, however, a want of cohesion in the compiling of the book, a scrappy way of introducing things which have little to do with each other, but a very good index minimises this disadvantage. It is merely a work for the amateur, has no pretence to novelty, and the mass of information is quite as well expressed in standard works. The printing and binding are excellent, and many coloured plates give distinctness to the two volumes, especially the beautiful seedling gladioli which form the frontispiece; the "Star cinerarias" is another well-reproduced coloured illustration. The black and white representations of garden flowers, fruits, and vegetables are very good, and a great point is made of fruit culture, which is an increasing industry in these isles. In spite of obvious defects we can recommend this gardening work to the beginner.

We have received from Messrs. Warne and Co. two books about the flowers of wayside and field. *Wild Flowers* (Step) is a description of the flowers as they open month by month, and will interest the casual observer of Nature's ways. There is nothing scientific in the descriptions, and ample illustrations to make the book instructive. But the most important is the new edition, edited by Mr. Step, of *Pratt's Flowering Plants of Great Britain*, this title embracing the grasses, sedges, and ferns. It is to be issued in monthly parts (2s. 6d. each part), and when finished the volume will have no less than 319 coloured plates, which are so clearly drawn that they constitute a real help in the studying of the British flora. It is partly scientific, but the coloured plates will help those with some knowledge of British wildings. There is a charming description of the common rock rose (page 80). "Anyone used to roam over the chalky or gravelly soils of this country must have often seen, early in spring and late in autumn, the prostrate branches of this rock-rose, covered with their leaves. In spring these are of a tender verdant tint, but late in the year they are rigid, of a dark myrtle colour, and shine with the deepest green hue on the reddened leaf-stems. When the sunshine of July pours down on the grassy slopes, and tinges their sides with its gleams, the clumps of brilliant yellow flowers are bright, as if the sun had turned them to gold. They are truly, as the ancients call them, Beauties of the Sun, or, as some country people term them, 'never opening save when skies are bright, and never lingering on till the late autumnal season.'" We are grateful to the publishers for reissuing this famous work.

Artists are untiring in their protestations that accuracy and fidelity to Nature are incompatible with true art in so far as the delineation of birds is concerned. Such a contention we have always regarded as ridiculous. Proof of this, if proof were needed, and that of the most convincing kind, may be seen in a small collection of studies in water-colour by G. E. Lodge, now on view at the Rembrandt Galleries in London. Whether regarded from the point of view of technique, or from the critical standpoint of the ornithologist, they are genuine masterpieces. Rarely, indeed, has their like been seen even in the metropolis. Mr. Lodge has shown a perfect mastery over the medium in which he works, and a versatility which is astonishing. No more difficult theme could be selected probably than birds in flight, yet some of the gems of this collection are those in which flight is the dominant note. A covey of partridges in full career and a flight of wild ducks in descent will long be remembered by visitors to this gallery as masterly exhibitions of what careful observation and technical skill can achieve. One almost seems to hear the whirring of the wings! No less wonderful are the gulls mobbing a peregrine, and a sea-eagle poised in mid-air on outstretched pinions. Birds of prey, indeed, hold a conspicuous place in this collection, and for grace, dignity, and strength probably nothing like these has been seen since the days of Wolf. Sportsmen will grow enthusiastic over the partridges, grouse, and pheasants which find a place here. One of the most striking of these—partridges clearing a hedge—we have already referred to. Others to be especially studied are ptarmigan in snow—white against white—and partridges in snow, and ptarmigan in summer plumage crouching against lichen-covered rocks. There is a reality about these that is exhilarating; though gazed at in smoky London one seems to be transported for the nonce "back to the land!" They are magical. No less wonderful are the little studies of snipe and woodcock. Perhaps the secret of Mr. Lodge's success is that he is a sportsman as well as an artist. Thus he has acquired a first-hand knowledge of his subjects, so essential, but so wofully lacking in the majority of pictures of bird-life.

The dawn of a new era at the gardens of the Zoological Society will probably awaken a far keener interest on the part of the public in this wonderful collection of animals, in durance, happily no longer, vile. Mr. Beddard, the prosector of the society, has apparently anticipated this, and has prepared a little volume of short essays on some of the more remarkable creatures to be found here, *Natural History in Zoological Gardens* (Constable.) His choice of subject is a judicious one, and his method of treatment should ensure for this book a warm welcome from those who, having had no special training in zoology, are yet interested in this fascinating study. After this little book has had time to make its influence felt, we shall expect to hear quite learned discourses delivered by members of the public, in place, for instance, of the following conversation overheard a few days ago by the writer of this notice. Two ladies standing in front of the pelican enclosure: First Lady: "Oh! look at those *dear* storks!" Second lady: "Why Ethel, they're not storks, they're penguins, a sort of duck!" Beasts, birds, reptiles, frogs, and fishes all find a place in these pages, and all the types selected are of prime importance. The peculiarities of their structure are pointed out, strange traits in their habits are described, and their relations to other types are commented upon. We would suggest that, when the second edition of this work is called for, a more careful revision of the proofs should be made, inasmuch as careless construction of sentences and slovenliness of expressions are more common than should be the case. The illustrations are numerous, and among them are some really pleasing drawings by Winifred Austen.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

POETRY.

The Vision of Piers the Plowman, by William Langland, done into Modern English by the Rev. Professor Skeat. (Alex. Moring, Limited, 1s. 6d. net.)

Verses Chiefly About Nature, by G. E. M. (Elliot Stock, 1s. 6d.

Penthelsilea, a poem, by Laurence Binyon. (A. Constable and Co., 3s. 6d. net.)

TOPOGRAPHY.

Rome, painted by Alberto Pisa; text by M. A. R. Tuker and Hope Malleson. (A. and C. Black, 20s. net.)

FICTION.

Dreams, by Olive Schreiner. (Fisher Unwin, 1s. net.)

Sorreltop, by E. Crawford. (Henry J. Drane, 6s.)

Beyond Chance of Change, by Sara Andrew Shafer. (Macmillan and Co., 6s.)

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The Macdonnells, by J. A. C. Sykes. (Heinemann, 6s.)
Fond Adventures: Tales of the Youth of the World, by Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan, 6s.)
Marigold, by the author of "Jewel Sowers" (Greening and Co., 6s.)
The Puppets' Dallying, by Louis Marlow. (Greening and Co., 6s.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cage Birds Annual: A Year-book of the Bird World and Complete Guide for the Cage Bird Fancier. (Office of *Cage Birds* Weekly, 1s.)
Reinforced Concrete Construction: Part I. Methods of Calculation, by A. W. Buel; Part II. Representative Structures; Part III. Methods of Construction, by C. S. Hill. (A. Constable, 21s net.)
Garden Colour: Spring, by Mrs. C. W. Earle; Summer, by E. V. B.; Autumn, by Rose Kingsley; Winter, by the Hon. Vicary Gibbs. (J. M. Dent and Co., 21s. net.)
The Royal University of Ireland, Calendar for 1905. (Dublin: Alex. Thom and Co.)
A Modern Utopia, by H. G. Wells. (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.)

HANDBOOKS.

Trades Unions, by Geoffrey Drage. (Methuen and Co., 2s. 6d. net.)
Fishing in Derbyshire, by W. M. Gallichan. (F. E. Robinson and Co., 3s. 6d. net.)
The Ministration of Public Baptism of Infants. Bijou editions in a variety of bindings. One in white leather, mounted in silver, is an especially dainty present for anyone attending a christening, and the print is large and clear. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 1s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.)
The Tongue of Fire; or, The True Power of Christianity, by Rev. W. Arthur, M.A. (C. H. Kelly, 6d.)

REPRINTS.

The Poems of Lord Tennyson; In Memoriam; Idyls of the King (two volumes); *Maud and Other Poems; English Idyls and Other Poems.* With introduction by Arthur Waugh. (Heinemann, 6d. net each.)
The Outcasts, and Other Stories, by Maxim Gorky. (T. Fisher Unwin, 1s. net.)

A RAMBLE THROUGH THE PARKS.

SPRING is the most joyous season of the year in the London parks. It comes with a freshness that gives renewed life and energy to the winter-tired Londoner, the tender green of the opening leaf, a thousand daffodils on sunny banks, the music of birds, and fragrance and beauty in grass and border. The complexion of the London parks has changed greatly within the past few years, and spring has its glorious masses of hyacinths, daffodils, tulips, blue scillas, and crocuses, which are more enjoyable than the luxuriant grouping of exotics in the fulness of summer. A walk through Hyde Park shows that the guiding hand in the planting is that of a master, the much-needed clearing away of undergrowth and weeds by the Serpentine banks having the effect of revealing the simple colonies of daffodils and spring flowers, that only show their bright beauty when the gardener is wise enough to copy Nature's handiwork. It is not the mere variety of flowers that pleases, but the way they are planted, and the illustrations accompanying these notes will show the care that is exercised in creating beautiful and interesting pictures. Not many years ago everything was sacrificed to the summer garden of red, blue, and yellow—"bedding out," the expert was pleased to call the fantastic designs in colour which the exotic plant could alone give; but all is different now. Primrose and polyanthus in the most beautiful varieties fill the beds which were formerly left bare, and in May the flaming Gesners tulips open their chalices to the sun.

E. J. Wallis. EARLY-LEAFING THORNS NEAR LANCASTER GATE. Copyright

E. J. Wallis. THE LAST OF THE CROCUSES. Copyright

We are confident that much of this welcome alteration is due to the beautiful gardening that may be seen the year through at Kew, which is regarded nowadays as practically a suburb of the metropolis. At the moment of writing a thousand daffodils bend in the cool winds, the mounds are bright with the last of the crocuses, and bluebells will carpet the grassy ways with colour in May. Much of this is simply the outcome of artificial planting and grouping of spring flowers, and the lesson so well taught at Kew has been heeded by the gardeners in the parks and pleasure grounds throughout the country. The success which attends the planting of spring flowers in the heart of a large city is astonishing. Although the bulbs planted in grass quickly die out, this occurrence is not unusual in private gardens in the country; but town life does not promote healthy growth of any kind compared to the luxuriance that the same things show with purer air and greater sunshine. Still, in the face of difficulties there is nothing but promise for the planters of flowers in the open spaces of sooty London.

The popularity of the flowering tree has given a fresh charm to the London

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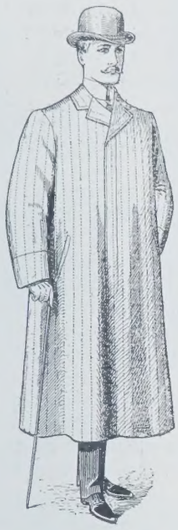

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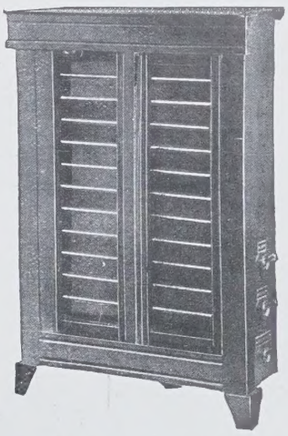

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parks. Groups of almonds in St. James's and other parks are a delight in the late March days when the spreading leafless twigs are veiled in a pink foamy mist. As the days pass by the beautiful crab apples—John Downie, Siberian, and the Japanese Pyrus floribunda—scent the warm spring wind with their myriads of flowers; but this outburst of spring blossom quickly gives place to the natural leaf of early summer.

E. J. Wallis. *DAFFODILS IN NATURAL GROUPS.* Copyright

A pictorially beautiful view is shown of the winter garden in Regent's Park. The Lombardy poplars, tall and straight against the sky, seem in perfect harmony with the surroundings, although we prefer trees of more weeping growth by pool and lake. But this is a happy inspiration, and whether in the grey light of a winter's day or in the drowsy summer-time, we enjoy this association of tree and water. It is a pleasure to know that the superintendents of the London parks have a wholesome dislike to planting conifers or any of the pine family. This was not so years ago, when neither open space nor private garden was considered complete without the introduction of foreign trees of evergreen growth. The conifer is an absolute failure in a smoke-laden atmosphere, and the town gardener should accept this as the experience of many years with but doleful results. It is the crab, thorn, lilac, cherry, and plum that flower in the heart of the metropolis, and in autumn give bountifully of their brilliantly-coloured fruits. A group of the Siberian crab is as beautiful in autumn, when crowded with its scarlet apples, as in the month of May. It is a tree that might well be planted with greater freedom, and the enquiring mind will be wishful for some of the more charming of a race of which there is no small quantity. Where there is so much to rejoice over, it may seem ungracious to criticise. May we ask the responsible gardeners in our beautiful parks whether the tree and shrub pruning that is annually indulged in is necessary to a successful growth? We think not. The mutilation and shearing of shrubs to restrict the growth to certain limits is a blot in our system of park gardening.

E. J. Wallis. *IN REGENT'S PARK.* Copyright

E. J. Wallis. *FLOWERS IN THE GRASS.* Copyright

It is traditional. Our forbears practised this bold surgery, and it is continued by the present generation in the face of repeated condemnation by those who may be accounted competent advisers. The beauty of a tree or shrub consists in the development of its natural growth with judicious help from the pruner, but the cut-as-you-please operations seem to be an annual duty performed with a regularity that would be praiseworthy in any other cause.

But there is more good gardening than bad, and in the springtime of the year the fluttering colonies of daffodils in glade and by water edge, the carpets of scillas, as blue as a summer sky, and groups of flowering trees, make gardens of our parks and pleasure grounds—gardens open to all.

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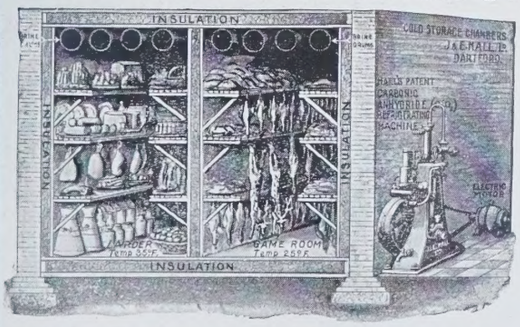

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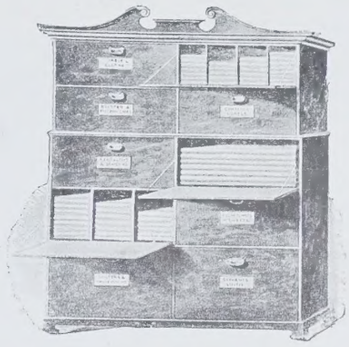

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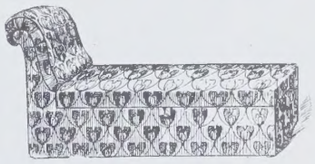

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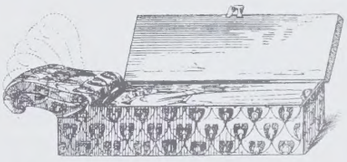

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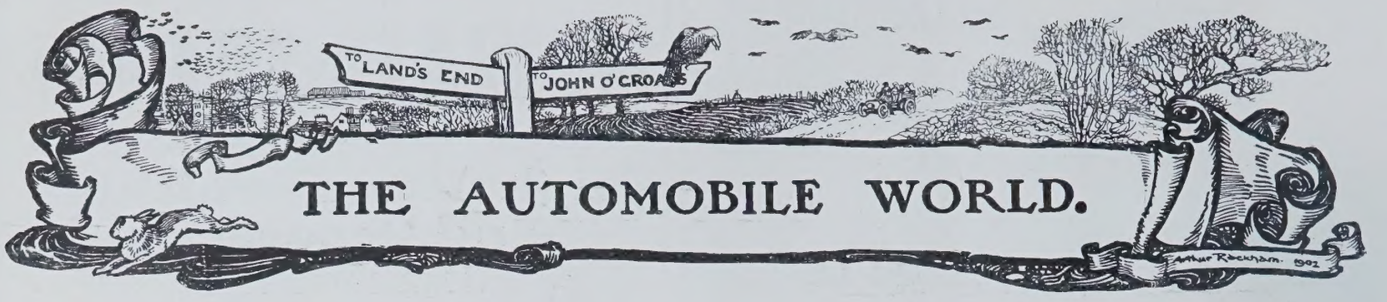

THE AUTOMOBILE WORLD.

IT is difficult to understand why makers have paid so little attention to the question of interchangeable bodies. In the old days, when people motored purely as an amusement, and generally stopped at home in wet weather, the tonneau, with the occasional addition of a canopy and side curtains, reigned supreme. Nowadays the majority of purchasers are influenced chiefly by considerations of utility, and the carriage-builders have adapted the old landaulette and limousine to meet their requirements. The tendency, however, has always been to try and make one body suit every purpose, and the result at the best is only a poor compromise. The most ingeniously-designed landaulette, with its countless joints and loose parts, and its necessarily heavy method of construction, is far inferior for fine-weather touring to a light tonneau or phaeton, with a cape-cart hood to afford protection in case of emergency. On the other hand, the more suitable the landaulette or limousine is made for fine-weather driving by means of folding screens and collapsible roofs, the less comfortable and convenient does it become, as a rule, for purely town use. Moreover, entirely apart from the question of comfort, it is exceedingly extravagant to use a heavy covered car on occasions when a light open vehicle would serve the purpose equally well. There are the unnecessary wear and tear of a most expensive type of body, the extra consumption of petrol necessitated by the great weight carried, a ruinous depreciation of tyres for the same reason, and a general increase in expense all round.

The man who owns a pair of horses usually keeps at least a couple of carriages for them to draw, but the owner of a £700 or £800 chassis seems content to harness it permanently to one body costing from a sixth to a tenth of that sum. If he can afford two or three cars, no difficulty arises; but where one car, as is usually the case, has to do duty for every purpose, I believe a great opening awaits the maker who will institute a system of easily interchangeable bodies. So far as I am aware, there are no mechanical difficulties in the way, as the majority of chassis are nowadays entirely self-contained, and even where the tanks are fitted beneath the front seat they could be supported from below, and thus made independent of the body. With a little ingenuity the process of exchange could be made very easy, and with the assistance of a simple lifting tackle in the roof of the motor-house twenty minutes at the outside should suffice to exchange the limousine or landaulette for the light open touring body.

The only objection to the scheme is that the chassis itself must necessarily remain somewhat of a compromise between the different uses to which it would be put, as it is obvious that a car intended for a light body is geared higher and sprung more lightly than when it is destined for a heavy brougham or landaulette. It is far preferable, nevertheless, to suffer a compromise in the chassis alone than, as is at present the rule, to endeavour to make one body fulfil every requirement. To have at one's command, at an initial outlay but slightly exceeding a single covered car, a light two-seated machine for long-distance runs, a tonneau with cape hood for family excursions, and a brougham for town work, would prove, in my opinion, a very powerful attraction to a large number of purchasers. I claim no originality for the idea, but merely wish to urge its advantages on the carriage-builders, who, in attempting to design one body for every conceivable purpose, appear to be working on mistaken lines.

THE MONACO MOTOR-BOAT MEETING.
The Mercedes yacht in the Bay.

A case of the greatest interest to motorists was heard last week before the Divisional Court. It was an appeal by the Earl of Craven from a conviction by the Wokingham magistrates for having refused to give the name and address of his driver, against whom the police wished to take proceedings. It is unnecessary to set out the facts in detail here, as I understand that a report of the case will be given in another column. Suffice it to say that the conviction was quashed, on the ground that it did not sufficiently allege that an offence had been committed by the driver. It is a pity that this purely technical defect in the conviction should have prevented a clear ruling by the judges of the High Court as to the meaning of a somewhat ambiguously-worded portion of the Motor-car Act, Section I.

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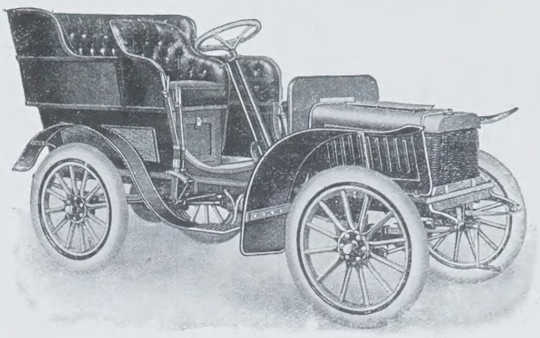

APPRECIATION.

Dear Sirs, Woking, 4/3/05.

I have much pleasure in now writing to acquaint you that your new Light Car No. 3, with which you supplied me last January, has given me every satisfaction and has proved an unqualified success. You will kindly recollect that having no previous experience of any kind, I have had to learn entirely on this car, and, as at the commencement, therefore, I was merely an average novice, it should be gratifying to you to know that owing to the strength and simplicity of design, it has carried me through the awkward period of learning most successfully, and has proved to possess the great advantage of being fool-proof. As an instance of this my speed change gears, in spite of initial mistakes, which I fear at one time were many, exhibit not a sign of burr or other damage. The style and finish also of the car are most satisfactory and have been much admired. I am very contented with my purchase and it gives me much pleasure to tell you so. Yours faithfully,

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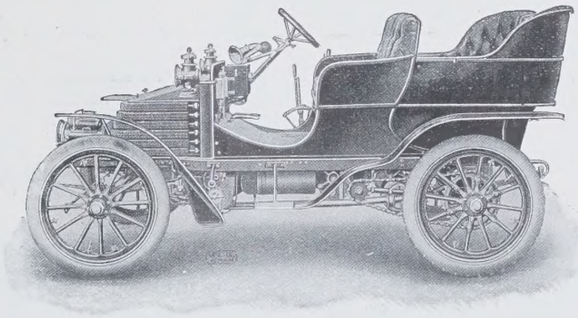

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THE CRUISER HENRIETTE.

deals, as every motorist knows, with reckless driving, and sub-section (3) makes it an offence for the driver who has driven recklessly to refuse his name and address, and requires the owner to give the necessary information, if requested to do so. It has been argued, however, that this duty of the owner does not arise under the Act *until* the driver himself has refused to give his name and address, and this was the chief point urged against the conviction. The case was decided on other grounds, but the Lord Chief Justice expressed himself in strong disagreement with this particular contention.

Some months ago, when there had been several convictions against motorists for refusing to identify their drivers when charged with reckless driving, I pointed out how mischievous was the construction sought to be placed upon this particular section of the Act. The words are certainly capable of meaning that it is only in the event of the driver refusing his name that the owner can be called upon to identify him; and I believe the majority of the text-book writers have taken this view. A moment's consideration, however, will show that such an interpretation would rob the Act of half its utility as a safeguard to the public, and play into the hands of the motorist who not only drives recklessly, but refuses to stop when called upon. Disguised by a mask, so as to render personal identification impossible, he would be safe from all chance of detection so long as he could avoid an actual demand for his name and address. It would be useless to take the number of the car, as there would be no evidence as to who was driving it at the time. I am, of course, supposing the case of the reckless owner, or the reckless servant shielded by his master or acting under his orders. These, however, are the very people against whom the Act was framed, and it would be a calamity if the restraining influence which it exercises upon their conduct were removed. It is a striking illustration of the careless manner in which the Act was drafted that, except where an offence under Section I. has been committed—and even in this case, as I have said, the language is extremely ambiguous—there is no obligation upon the owner of a car to furnish the name of the driver when a cause of complaint has arisen. The chief argument in favour of numbering was the necessity of being able to identify the motorist who refuses to stop on demand; and this is the very person who has been overlooked by the sapient framers of the Act.

F. P. ARMSTRONG.

MOTOR-BOATS AT MONACO.

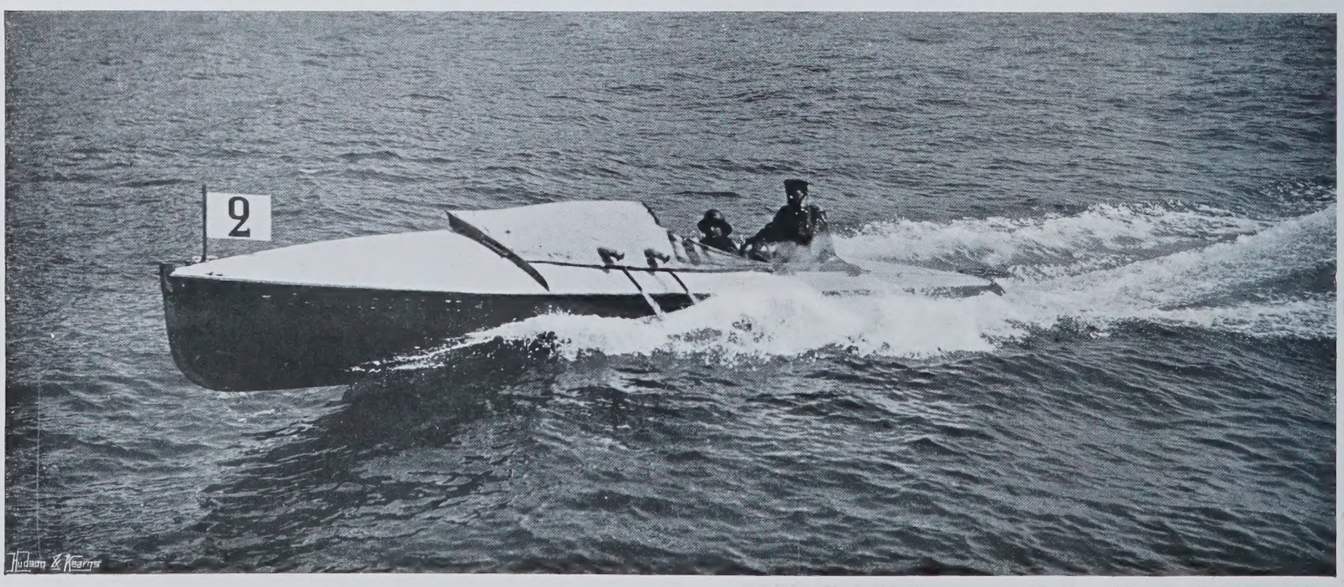
[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

BY commencing in the South of France the motor-boat season starts early, for in the Riviera the first week of April becomes quite possible for races on the sea, whereas such contests would be out of the question in home waters. Under the supervision of the Sporting Club of Monaco, and with the guiding hand of M. Camille Blanc, the proprietor (or one of them) of the gambling tables, the Monaco Exhibition and race-meeting has become one of supreme importance. It is the opportunity for the *début* of the new boats, they are shown in the exhibition grounds out of the water (a most exceptional advantage), the programme of racing is comprehensive and complete, and the management is excellent. What more could therefore be required?

For the exhibition this year 104 boats were entered, of which 52 were cruisers, 39 racers, 3 yachts, and 10 utility craft. There have been, however, no fewer than 43 absentees, the boats which have arrived being 33 cruisers, 19 racers, 2 yachts, and 7 utility craft. The most general reason for absence is inability to get the engine either finished or running, and for some of the blame the recent strikes amongst the iron-founders in France are responsible.

England is not strongly represented, numerically speaking, but in the two Napier boats (the feather-weight and Napier II.), the Brooke boat Baby II., and the Takumono, by Maynard, it is hoped that a prize-winner or two may be found.

The boat with the highest power is the Dubonnet, belonging to the well-known French merchant of that name, her engine being a four-cylinder 400 h.p. Delahaye. But she ran very disappointingly in the trial trips and "tuning-up" operations, which occupied the last three days of last week. The Panhard boats showed up well, as also the English boats. The quality of the construction of the boats shows a great advance on last year, the work being better finished, and the designs being substantially different, particularly in the after sections, where flatness of bottom has not in many cases been considered so indispensable as it was a year ago. But the increase of power of the engine has advanced at a greater rate than has hull strengthening, and as a result of the trial trips against a stiff sea, the Mercédès-Charley had to rush back into port with a strained and leaky bow. Trèfle-à-Quatre has



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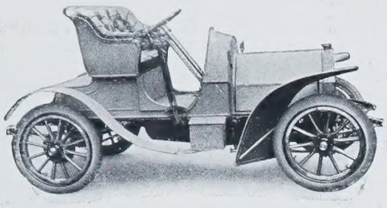

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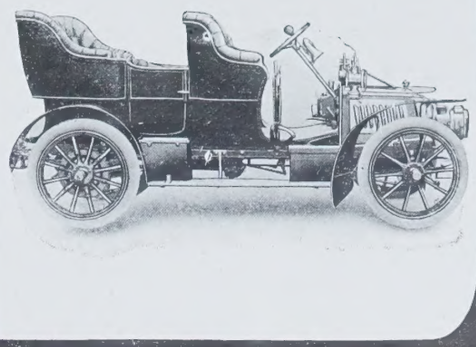

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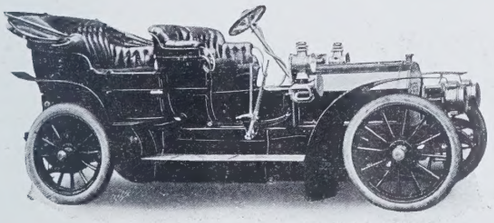

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had her engine-power increased from 80 h.p. to 120 h.p. (sometimes called 150 h.p., but there is no reliance on the terms), and after the first run on the sea she came back and was recaulked.

On Sunday morning the first two races were down for settlement, but the result was a lamentable fiasco. Ten boats of the 6½-mètre cruiser class started away for a 43-kilomètre race to Nice and back, the final 10 kilomètres to be round three sides of the pentagonal course laid in the Bay of Monaco. The boats started in fine style, but when they got going the roughness of the sea became very evident, for the boats were pitching into the short waves and getting smothered by the spray.

One after another the boats had to put into different harbours on the coast, the crews in some cases getting back to Monaco by train. A heavy wave swamped La Marguerite and stopped the engine. The boat, being without steerage-way, drifted on the rocks at Cap d'Ail and had her bows wrecked, the crew scrambling ashore. The committee decided to cancel the race, but at about one o'clock it was seen that Joliette III. was coming back around the pentagonal course, and this fact naturally caused the cancellation of the annulment. The owners of the Delahaye VI. and the Lanturlu rushed back to their boats and finished the course, the first-named thus securing second place; while Mr. Miall Green, who had weathered the storm in San Jean, came back at his leisure, to find that he had yet time to get round the rest of the course and gain third prize, beating Lanturlu by 9min., although, had he known the condition of affairs and got away directly the weather moderated, he could have challenged Joliette III. for first place.

An hour after the cruisers had started, that is, at 10.30, the race for the 8-mètre racers was commenced. Six boats came to the mark, four getting away well, La Rapiere, Antionette I., Palaisoto II., and Billancourt. Madrioto and Gobron started after delays. The last-named and Billancourt came back very shortly under their own power, but all the rest were stranded at points of the pentagonal course, and had to be towed in by tugs, torpedo-boats, and dinghys, much damage being sustained all round. Hence the racers' event was annulled, and was announced to be run on Monday; but unfortunately the weather failed to moderate and the second day of the meeting proved even more unfruitful of results than the first, as it was impossible for the boats to leave the harbour.

In Tuesday's racing Napier II. and Napier were first and second respectively out of eight starters in the 40ft. racer class. The winner's time was 2hr. 25min., equivalent to an average speed of 25½ miles an hour. Excelsior VII. was first in the 26.t. cruiser race, and La Rapière (Panhard) had an easy win in the postponed event for the 21ft. racers.

Some Fuel-consumption Tests.

BY the rules of the Tourist Trophy Race the allowance of petrol for each competitor is limited to 1gal. for every 25 miles of "dry average road"—the term "average road" signifying a course similar to the road from London to Oxford *viâ* Uxbridge, High Wycombe, and Stokenchurch. The actual allowance may be more, or less according to the nature of the course chosen and its condition on the day of the race, careful tests being made for the purpose of arriving at the correct quantity. As we have already pointed out, the limitation of fuel has a two-fold object. In the first place, it was desired to restrict the speed and horse-power of the competing cars; and, secondly, the utility of the competition consists in offering an incentive to the manufacturers to improve the efficiency of their engines and transmission gear. Fears have been expressed that the allowance of petrol was too small, and that the cars would be unable to complete the course. That these fears are groundless in the case of well-built medium-powered vehicles, the class of machine which it is desired to encourage, is proved by some preliminary tests which were recently

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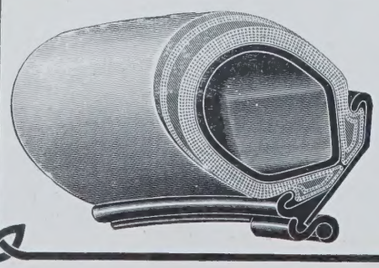

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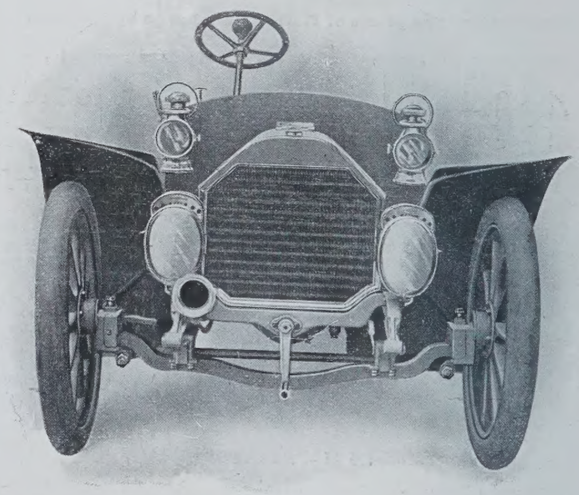

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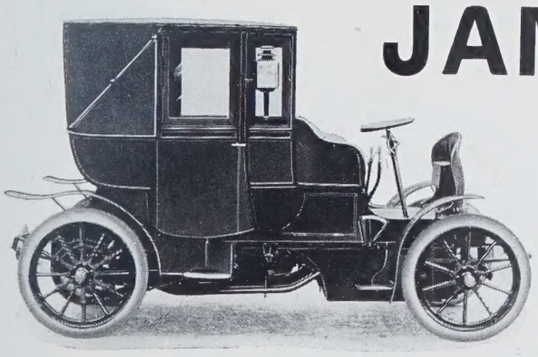

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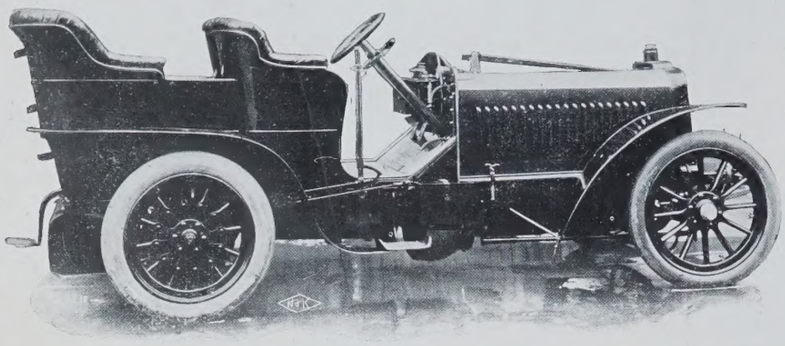
carried out with an 18 h.p. Napier by Messrs. S. F. Edge, who have entered two cars for the race.

The net result of these experiments, which were conducted on the "average road" between London and Oxford, were as follows: Starting from the 19th milestone from London 1gal. of petrol was placed in a special tank which had been fitted to the car. Twenty-five and three-quarters miles, including the ascent of Dashwood Hill, were covered before the car came to a stop. Filling up with another gallon, a run was made from the 45th milestone to the 52nd milestone just outside Oxford, and back to half a mile past the 35th milestone from London, giving a distance of 24½ miles. Starting again from the 34th milestone with the third gallon, the car ran up to the 30th milestone, and turning back, reached the 7th telegraph-pole short of the 51st milestone, a distance of 24¾ miles. The fourth trial started from the 45th milestone to the 18th milestone out of London, or 27 miles precisely to



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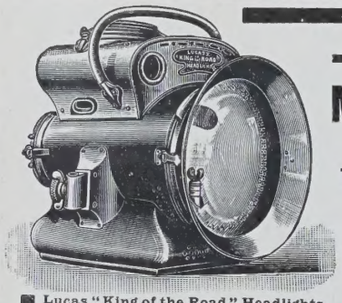
The new 70 h.p. Darracq model.

the gallon. The average of these four runs was 25½ miles to the gallon. A few days later some further tests were made, the car on this occasion carrying the load required by the Trophy rules, namely, two people on board, and 300lb. of ballast in the tonneau. Curiously enough, the results were better than before. With the first gallon the Napier ran from the 19th milestone to ¾ mile past the 43rd milestone, a distance of 24¾ miles. The second attempt gave a total of 26 miles, from the 44th milestone to the 52nd milestone, and back to the 34th milestone. The third run was from the 34th milestone to the 30th milestone, and back to within 100yds. of the 51st milestone, giving just under 25 miles to the gallon. The final run was from the 45th milestone towards London to the 18th milestone, or 27 miles. The average of the 4gal. was 25 11-16 miles. The results of these experiments are instructive, in spite of the fact that Mr. Edge, perhaps wisely, has not made known the exact state of the road or the average speed of the car. The 18 h.p. Napier has a four-cylinder engine of 3½in. bore by 4in. stroke. The latest entries for the Tourist Trophy Race consist of a Dixi car, two Crossleys, and a Minerva. Forty-seven entries in all have been received up to date.

POINTS IN MOTOR LAW.

Two important motor appeals were heard last week before the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Kennedy, and Mr. Justice Ridley, sitting as a Divisional Court. The appellant in the first case was a motorist named Troughton, who had been convicted of reckless driving under somewhat peculiar circumstances. It appeared from the case stated by the magistrates that the appellant declined to pay a toll demanded for the passage of Sandwich Bridge over the Stour, and backed his car to the side from which he had come. The tollkeeper followed, and placed himself in front of the car, which had then been turned round. The driver warned him to stand clear, and then started the car, whereupon the tollkeeper grasped the near side and was carried 200yds. before he fell off. It was admitted that the speed of the car was only twelve miles an hour, and that no one but the tollkeeper was endangered. The magistrates convicted of reckless driving, "having regard to all the circumstances of the case." The appeal was allowed and the conviction quashed. The Lord Chief Justice, in the course of his judgment, said that the personal grievance between the driver and the tollkeeper was not sufficient to constitute evidence of reckless driving under the Act, and that the Court would be straining the meaning of the section if they held that there had been a criminal offence where there had been no recklessness with regard to anyone on the highway.

In the second case, the Earl of Craven appealed from a conviction by the Wokingham Bench for refusing to give the name and address of his driver, against whom the police wished to take proceedings. The facts of the case, as stated by the magistrates, were as follows: On July 2nd last, Mr. Remnant, M.P., was driving on the Bath Road, and seeing a car approaching, held up his hand for it to stop. No notice was taken of the signal, and the horse shied. The pace of the car was estimated at between thirty and forty miles per hour. The police applied to the Earl of Craven, who was the registered owner of the car, for the name and address of the driver, which was refused. A summons was accordingly taken out under Section I. (3) of the Motor-car Act, which runs as follows: "If the driver of any car who commits an offence under this section refuses to give his name or address, or gives a false name or address, he shall be guilty of an offence under this Act, and it shall be the duty of the owner of the car, if required, to give any information, which it is within his power to give, and which may lead to the identification and apprehension of the driver, and if the owner fails to do so, he also shall be guilty of an offence under this Act." At the hearing the defendant was fined £10 and costs. In the High Court two main points were taken against the conviction. First, that it was bad, as it did not allege that an offence had been committed by the driver; and, second, that it did not allege that the driver had refused to give his name or address, or had



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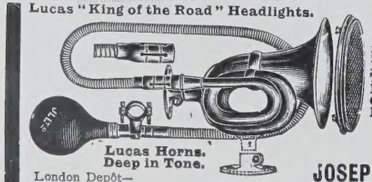

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given a false name or address. It was argued that the owner was under no obligation to identify the driver of his car until the driver himself had been asked and refused his name and address.

In giving judgment the Lord Chief Justice said that with reluctance he had come to the conclusion that the conviction could not be supported. He did not agree, however, with the construction which it had been sought to place upon Section I. (3) of the Act. Any such construction would make the section of no effect, as it would leave out of account the case of the driver going off as quickly as possible and giving no opportunity of getting his name and address. The first part of the sub-section, down to the word "Act," was complete in itself, and the remainder created a further offence on the part of a different person. The difficulty, however, was that the conviction did not allege that an offence had been committed by the driver, but merely stated that his name and address had been demanded "in order that proceedings might be taken against him under Section I.," etc. This might merely mean that the name was wanted in order to consider whether proceedings should be taken. It was a well-known rule that, where a conviction contained matters of uncertainty, it could not be supported, and therefore in the present case it must be quashed.

BRITISH *v.* FRENCH CARS.

The French papers, both lay and technical, seem to be seriously disturbed at the headway which the British motor industry is making, and M. Paul Meyan, in answer to a statement recently advertised in *The Times* that a British car (the Siddeley) held the world's record for reliability, has issued a challenge to run his French car against any car of entirely British manufacture in a trial of 5,000 kilomètres with an average daily run of 350 to 400 kilomètres for a stake of 10,000fr. The challenge has been quickly taken up by Mr. Siddeley, who suggests that the arrangements for carrying out the trial be placed in the hands of the Automobile Clubs of France and Great Britain, one-half of the distance to be covered in France and the other half in England. The latter part of the trial would naturally have to be restricted to a shorter distance per day. M. Paul Meyan can hardly object to these conditions, so that an interesting contest seems almost assured.

THE SCOTTISH RELIABILITY TRIAL.

The Scottish Automobile Club (Western Section) has now published a full list of entries for the Reliability Trial, which is to be held from May 10th to May 13th next. The following are the vehicles which will take part:

Class A (petrol vehicles having one cylinder).—8 h.p. De Dion, 10 h.p. Cadillac, 8 h.p. Darracq, and 6 h.p. Wolseley.

Class B (petrol vehicles having two cylinders).—16 h.p. Albion, 12 h.p. Arrol-Johnston, 10—12 h.p. Argyll, 10 h.p. Clément, 12 h.p. De Dion, 10 h.p. Ford, 12 h.p. Darracq, 12 h.p. Wolseley, and 10—12 h.p. Gladiator.

Class C (petrol vehicles having three or more cylinders).—16—20 h.p. Beeston-Humber, 8—10 h.p. Coventry Humber, 18 h.p. Chenard and Walcker, 16 h.p. Gladiator, 12 h.p. Sunbeam, 18 h.p. Siddeley, 20—25 h.p. Ariel, 24—32 h.p. Mors, 14 h.p. Minerva, 12 h.p. Swift, 18—22 h.p. Argyll, 16—20 h.p. Argyll, 30 h.p. Daimler, 16 h.p. Clément, 24 h.p. Germain, 24 h.p. Thornycroft, 18 h.p. Pipe, 16—20 h.p. Richard-Brasier, 15—24 h.p. Ryknield, 20 h.p. Ford, 20—24 h.p. Drummond, 15 h.p. Darracq, 30—40 h.p. Belsize, 15—20 h.p. Brooke, 24—30 h.p. Beaufort, 7—9 h.p. three-cylinder Vauxhall, 30—40 h.p. Martini, 20 h.p. Renault, 12—14 h.p Argyll, and 14—20 h.p. St. Vincent.

SHOOTING NOTES.

REARING WILD DUCKS.

HAND-REARED wild ducks are likely to prove very disappointing unless the shooting on which they are reared has natural features, which incline the birds to lead a wild life later. Anything more ridiculous than the tameness of these birds in places not naturally suited to them can hardly be imagined. They add to the indolence of domestic ducks a cunning peculiarly their own, and nothing will induce them to leave the wretched little ponds where they assemble, or to fly more than a few yards above the ground if they are forcibly evicted. If there are very large reservoirs and lakes where plenty of wild birds drop in all through the year, it is quite another matter. The hand-reared birds join the wild ones and soon adopt their habits, and the same thing sometimes occurs where a river runs through a property. But it would seem that, even so, it is far better to aim at getting up a local stock which breed naturally rather than to swamp the place with hand-reared birds.

LOCAL ATTACHMENT OF WILD DUCKS.

The ideal to aim at is to seek to have a large wild stock of naturally-bred ducks on a property, just as on such of the best and largest estates which are suited naturally to pheasants the ideal is to have a large head of wild-bred birds, from which the stock is annually recruited more and more. Wild ducks, though they could fly away to the North Pole if they pleased, have strong local attachments. It is almost certain that birds bred on a property, artificially or otherwise, tend to stay there to nest the following spring, especially if there is any large piece of water to keep the birds together during the months of February and March. Wild ducks, unlike partridges, are by no means particular where they nest. If the property is well preserved, with the vermin killed down and no prowling dogs about (the greatest enemies to sitting ducks next to foxes), they will nest "all over the place." Hollow trees, straw-stacks, banks, hedge bottoms, woods, orchards with long grass, as well as sedges, river banks, and tussocks are all used indifferently. They will make nests in flower-beds, old sheds, rockeries; in fact, anywhere so long as they are allowed to be quiet. At Tring there are generally a number of pochards' nests on the stones, and under the willow bushes that sprout out below the long plank path which runs out for some 180yds. into the largest reservoir. When ducks once take to nesting in this way on a property, it is not a bad plan to take up all the early eggs, keep them for a fortnight, and then set them. The ducklings can then be reared in the ordinary way. But meantime the duck has made another nest and laid again. By keeping the first eggs back for a fortnight or three weeks, the artificially-hatched ducklings

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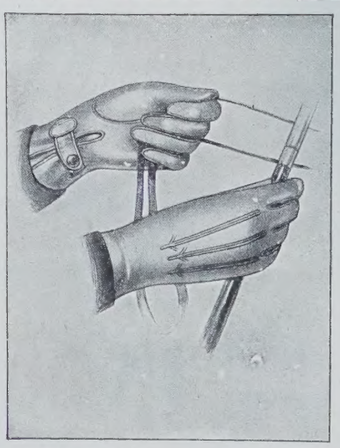

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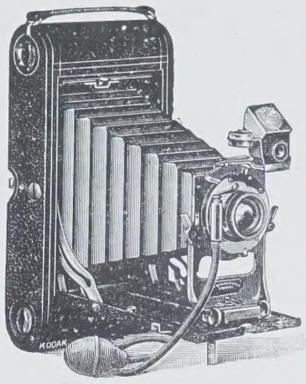

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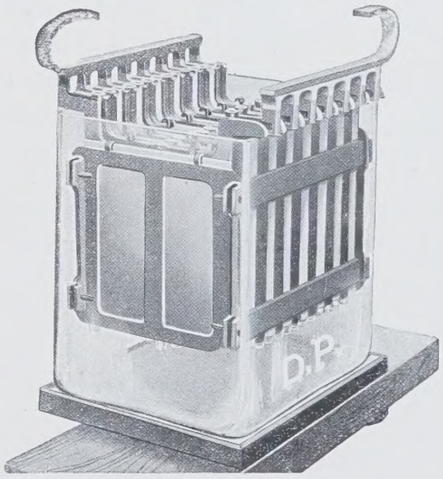

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from the first will be about the same age as those of the second brood. When the time comes to turn them out, which can be done earlier than if they were to remain in the rearing field, the old ducks on the lakes and streams will soon annex all the first broods, and bring them up, as they should, to be real wild ducks, and not "poultry."

PRESERVING FRESH-WATER MARSHES.

Nothing pays better to preserve than fresh-water marshes. Preferably they should not be water-meadows, as the flooding of these destroys the plovers' eggs, and interferes with the nesting of wild ducks if the irrigation is at all late. You can get far more shooting at really wild game or fowl on a good marsh than in three times the amount of coverts. Besides this, the number and variety of birds nesting there in spring is a great attraction. In some nine acres of rushy marsh, with a small fresh-water stream, and some springs in it, the following birds were found nesting last April, namely, snipe, redshanks, green plover, sandpiper, woodcock (on a bank at the side), water-rail, coot, moorhen, teal, wild duck, and curlew on the dry side of the boundary wall. In winter woodcock, many snipe, plover, and wildfowl were shot there constantly, and at frequent intervals. If you have a large area of marsh and reclamation, hares and rabbits can be bred in any quantities, and the open nature of the ground makes it extremely easy to keep poachers off. The dry parts produce dozens of plovers' eggs, and a fair stock of partridges can generally be got up. Pheasants always find their way down on to marshes, especially if there are reed-beds there. An excellent addition is made by belts of osiers. They pay expenses and more in three years, and pheasants are very fond of them.

POOLS ON MARSHES.

It is an excellent plan to plant osier screens partly round any favourite pools or "splashes" where ducks like to lie. Care should be taken also to plant the large kind, which grow tall, not the small basket osiers. A few decoy-ducks should be turned out on these pools later in the year, and food in the form of dross barley given regularly. On reclaimed marshes, all the teal, and most of the wild duck, will nest on the bankside by the dykes or streams. Sedges, rushes, reeds, and long grass should be left there, and if the banks are bare, willows should be stuck in, and as they grow "cut over," and sedges scattered round the base. This is most attractive to nesting ducks.

EGG STEALING.

The main form of poaching now carried on is egg stealing. It is done on an enormous scale. No one would believe in the extent to which it flourishes were it not for the numbers of eggs sometimes found or traced to dealers, which eggs are known to have been stolen. The seamy side of shooting appears nowhere so strongly as in the reckless purchase of eggs, especially partridges' eggs, by shooting men, who take no trouble to ascertain whence they come. As a rule, there is a thorough understanding between dishonest keepers and dishonest dealers. Once the connection is established it goes on wherever the keeper may happen to be. But the persons really responsible are the masters of those keepers who leave them without check and without supervision. The collecting of the stolen eggs is done by hawkers. These men have the same confidential relations with labourers as the dishonest keepers have with the dishonest wholesale game egg dealers. They are in the habit of calling at any cottage where fowls' or hens' eggs are for sale, and in so doing excite no suspicion. We doubt much whether even a policeman could search a cart for eggs, though he can search it for game, if the Poaching Prevention Act is in force.

ON THE GREEN.

THE "Golf Stream," as *Punch* called it once with gentle pleasantry, seems this year to have rolled away from the South of France at an earlier date than usual. Commonly people stay there until Easter or after. This year Easter is unusually late, yet people have been going home earlier. Perhaps it is because of the weather, although lately it has shown much improvement; or perhaps it is because of the boys' holidays. In any case, they have gone. At Biarritz, after Captain Maul, the secretary of the Golf Club, had scored a very good and popular win for the chief prize of the year, Mr. Angus Hambro, in a private match, went round twice in the same day in wonderfully good scores. His first round was 66, which is a record for the course. Previously the lowest on record was 67, by Massey, the French professional. In the afternoon Mr. Hambro was round in 69, and these two scores are probably by a good many strokes the best for two consecutive rounds ever played there. In the morning I had the misfortune to be playing with Mr. Hambro, and can testify that the score was made purely by first-class golf. There was not a fluke in it, nor an extra long putt holed. If Mr. Hambro can play at all like this at Prestwick, he will give much trouble to those who aspire to be amateur champion.

With regard to this amateur championship, there seems to be rather an absence of the usual rumours of the coming of American players to take part in it; but, of course, that is not evidence that they will not come. It is to be hoped they may, that Mr. Travis may be of their number, and that we shall not again allow the cup to go sailing across the Atlantic. But if we hear nothing of American men, we hear much of the prospect of American ladies competing for our ladies' championship. Miss Bishop, the present lady champion of the States, is to be here, with Miss Griscom and two Misses Curtis; at least, so rumour says.

The modern tendency of golfers to form themselves into societies is illustrated yet again by the formation of a Cricketers' Golfing Society. Now almost everybody is a cricketer, or has been, and those who never have been always say they have, so that it might appear difficult to draw a distinctive limiting line for this society; but that trouble has been evaded by the rather ingenious scheme of making only those eligible who have been county cricketers, or in their University elevens. Mr. Alfred Lyttelton is president, and Mr. Jessop hon. secretary and treasurer, of the society.

Courses are looking fairly well for the moment, though the growth of spring grass has been delayed very much by the frosts, that seem to have been the rule rather than the exception during the nights of early April. The mildness of the winter has not been altogether in favour of the greens, for it had the effect of letting the cockchafer grubs work up near the surface,

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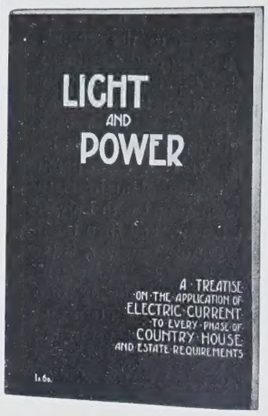

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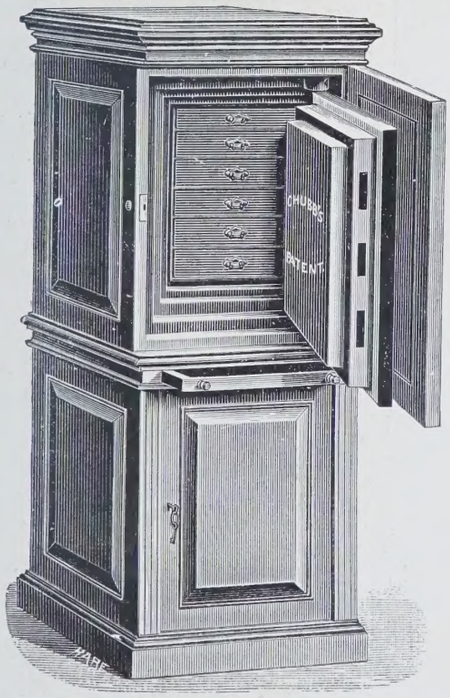

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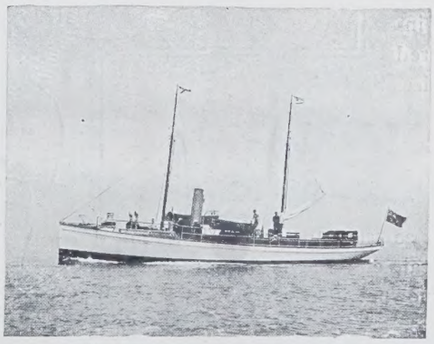

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and in consequence the rooks have worked down on the cockchafer grubs and excavated holes very ubiquitously. It is a form of annoyance to the greenkeeper that seems to have been on the increase of recent years, and another very considerable annoyance that also seems more frequent than it used to be is provided by the plantain, which spreads its leaves close to the ground, outward from its root as a centre, making cups for the holding of the ball and a general inequality of surface There is a weed-killing apparatus, a hollow spike which lets in a drop of deadly poison to the plantain, that can be used with advantage, but it has to be handled with caution, too, for if more than a single drop be allowed to go out of the tube, or if any of the drops be allowed to fall about on the surrounding grass, the result is a burnt patch melancholy to contemplate. Another way to extirpate the plantain is to enlist a small army of little boys and girls and old women armed with knives, who shall eradicate each plantain singly, by manual labour, and then tread down the holes they have made in the excision. Prevention, however, is far better than cure where the plantain plague is concerned, and the best means of prevention is the encouragement, by a liberal dressing and sowing, of a sound growth of grass and the immediate eradication of any plaintain root that does appear. It is a plague that is by no means confined to inland greens. Many seaside courses are suffering badly from it just now.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

RACING NOTES.

RACING folks are peculiarly conservative in their habits. They go year after year to the same race-meetings, and, as far as they can do so, use the same trains, travel in the same company, and probably retain the identical room which they have been in the habit of using in their own special hotel; in many cases they and their landlord and the "boots" have grown grey together, their little idiosyncrasies in the way of food and drink are known to the ancient head-waiter, the "boots" knows exactly at what time to order a cab to take them to the course, and by what train they will depart when the Meeting is over. To men of this class regretful memories of the old Northampton meeting must have been plentiful enough some few days ago. There was but scanty comfort to be derived from any of it surroundings, but still one had got into the habit of grumbling and going year by year with unfailing regularity; and, after all, there is no denying the fact that many a rousing finish has been fought out on Northampton race-course, and that many a race-horse of repute flashed past the judge's-box in some of the old-fashioned races which figured on the Northampton card. There was often heavy gambling over the Northamptonshire Stakes, for which many a good horse has been stripped to do battle, including Teddington, who had won the Derby the year before he ran unplaced at Northampton, and Dollar, a son of The Flying Dutchman, who has been of such inestimable service to the breed of race-horses in France. Then there was the Althorp Park Stakes, amongst the winners of which are enrolled the names of such horses as The Bard, La Sagesse, and Rosy Cross, and many a stirring contest has been witnessed when the big fields turned out for Earl Spencer's Plate. Well, these things have been, but will be no more; and the roar of the ring and the thud of the flying hoofs are sounds that are hushed for ever in the bootmakers town.

The racing season proper has barely begun, but yet so fast is it hurrying on that before these lines are in print the Craven Meeting will have come and gone. There are subjects to be considered, however, so vital to the interests of the Turf that no matter how great the rush, or how fast the pace, one must perforce take time to reflect upon them. The one most urgent is undoubtedly the sinister challenge thrown down by the passing of the Street Betting Act in the House of Lords. There is no question of supporting betting, *quâ* betting; everyone has a perfect right to his own opinion, and those who honestly believe that betting is the root of all evil are perfectly entitled to retain their views on the subject- This Bill is a bad measure; it has not even the merit of being honest and straightforward, but is, on the contrary, a most insidious and hypocritical specimen of class legislation of the worst type. There can be but little doubt that underneath the specious pretensions of the Bill there lies a deliberate and crafty intention to strike a deadly blow at racing. The first attack delivered by those who are engineering the present scheme was on betting in race-course enclosures. Finding themselves beaten on that point, they now return to the charge, and apparently wish to legalise the very deed which they formerly endeavoured to render illegal by the provision contained in Section II., which says: "Nothing contained in this Act shall apply to any ground used for the purpose of a race-course for racing with horses or adjacent thereto on the days on which races take place." The object of this "dodge" is patent enough to the most casual observer. It will be noticed that race-goers are to be protected in their betting operations, but that coursing men, rowing men, followers of all branches of sport save racing, are to come under the ban of the savage and inquisitorial provision of the Act. If once the Bill becomes law it follows almost as the night the day that with the added strength which they will have gained by disuniting racing from other sports, the promoters of the Bill will not be long before they once more lead an attack, which this time would probably be only too successful, against the national sport of racing. How such a measure ever came to be read a third time in the House of Lords is a matter which passes all comprehension; the only possible explanation would appear to be that our aristocratic legislators regarded the matter with complete indifference, as being one which neither concerned them nor affected them in any way. It cannot be very long before the Government will have to go to the country, and they may depend upon it that the question of the Street Betting Act will make itself felt at the polls, as the Sporting League, which has Lord Coventry for the senior member of its executive council, has seized upon this very opportune moment for recalling to mind the test questions for candidates for election which were drawn up previous to the election of 1895. These questions cover the whole ground in perfectly clear and temperate language, and can be obtained by anyone desirous of so doing from the hon. secretary, the Sporting League, 46A, Pall Mall. I most sincerely trust that everyone who

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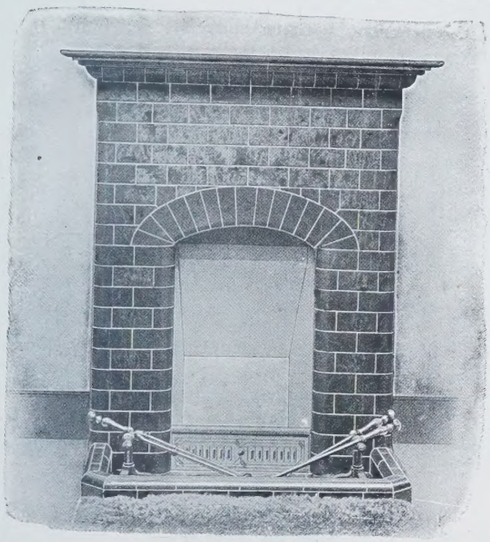

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is interested in any one form of sport will carefully read the various sections of the Street Betting Bill, and that, as far as in them lies, they will leave no stone unturned to defeat a measure which cannot be of any benefit to the class at which it is apparently aimed, and must be of incalculable harm to all branches of British sport.

Speculation on the City and Suburban is engaging considerable attention. The handicap is undoubtedly an able piece of work, and there are in consequence not a few animals which appear to have a fair chance of winning this popular race; but backers would do well to pause and consider the proverb which tells us that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Owners nowadays are very chary of disclosing their hands until the last moment, and it is well to wait and follow the really genuine stable commissions. Nabot's running in last year's Cambridgeshire must not be overlooked, and I happen to know that although in this country there has been a pretty general notion that a mile is the outside distance which he cares to cover, yet in France a different opinion was held about him, and a mile and a-quarter is not improbably his best distance. St. Amant may remember his runaway victory in the Derby, and give us yet another brilliant exhibition in this handicap. Challenger, too, if quite himself, would probably win outright, but he had a very severe illness last year, and it is just possible that in spite of Brewer's care and skill he may not quite have recovered his health and strength. When really well, however, I am not sure that he is not the best colt of his age. The erratic Vedas must always be marked down as dangerous, and Andover is just a likely animal to have improved very considerably during the winter months. Dean Swift ran a good deal better than some folks think in the Cambridgeshire. There will, however, be time later on to return to the discussion of the competitors for this race. The question for the moment is as to whether we can find some horse good enough to take up the gage of battle which M. E. Blanc will throw down for supremacy in the classic events of the year, and unless some hitherto unknown champion is forthcoming the outlook is anything but reassuring. As far as present arrangements are known, Jardy will be the representative of France in the Two Thousand Guineas. At the moment of writing it appears to be only too probable that Cicero will be absent from the field, and that Jardy will repeat his performance in the Middle Park Plate, and score a bloodless victory for M. E. Blanc. Should this prove to be the case, we can, at all events, have the somewhat barren consolation of knowing that both his sire and dam were exported from this country. The easy win of Caius in the Prix des Sablons the week before last must be taken as a warning not only that M. E. Blanc's stable is in form, but that he is in a position to make no mistakes in his trials. There is always the glorious uncertainty of racing to count upon, and it may well be that, after all, the old country will maintain her pride of place in the classic races of the year.

Racing during the past week has been somewhat tame after the excitement of Lincoln and Liverpool, but it was of such an interesting and varied character that if only the weather had not been of the very vilest description racing folks would have had an enjoyable week of quite a picnicky nature. Warwick and Croxton Park were both thoroughly sporting meetings; at Leicester one would have been happy had it not been so cold; and, weather or no weather, there was a cheeriness about the Stock Exchange meeting that would not be denied. The Royal Artillery held high revels at Aldershot, and their Gold Cup was won by Captain C. Hankey, who rode quite a good race on his own horse Beloved, beating Colonel W. H. Derby's Eastern Light by half a length.

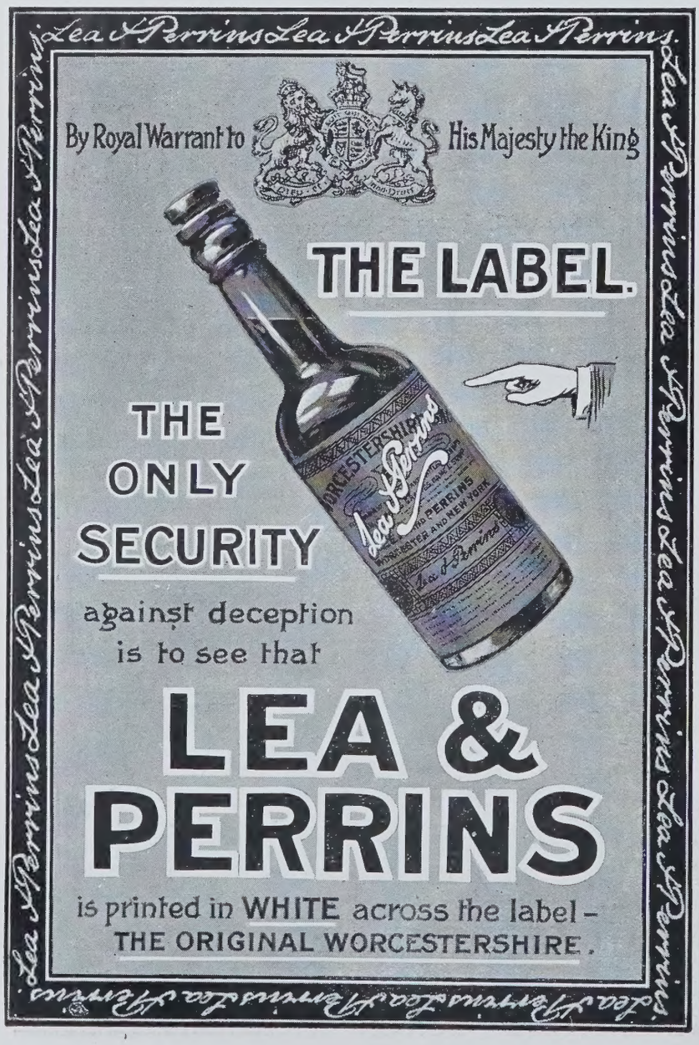
At what is, practically speaking, the commencement of the flat-racing season, I can hardly conclude these notes without once more venturing to put in a plea for Lester Reiff. No one knows better than Lord Durham the reasons which led to his suspension and warning off. The warning off has been remitted, but the unfortunate jockey is still prevented from gaining his livelihood. Madden and Rickaby, having duly purged their offence, are readmitted to the full enjoyment of their profession, and, knowing what most of us do know, there is no valid reason why at least a similar clemency should not be extended to Lester Reiff. If in the opinion of his Lordship there is one single element of aught that is not vile in a member of the Sporting Press, I should dearly love to make an appeal as regards this matter to the better judgment of Lord Durham. TRENTON.

EASTER HOLIDAY . . RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

THE various railway companies are catering extensively for the public, as usual, during the coming week. Some particulars are given below, and full details will be promptly forwarded on application to their respective stations and agents.

The splendid programme of excursions arranged by the London and South Western Railway Company for the Easter holidays is well worth the consideration of any in doubt as to the best place to spend an enjoyable time. No difficulty will be experienced in making a selection from the numerous delightful resorts reached by this company on the Sunny South and South-west Coasts. Thanks to the enterprise of the London and South Western Company these charming spots are brought within easy reach of all. Many will be spending Easter on the Continent, for such the company has made ample arrangements. Fourteen-day excursion tickets will be issued from Waterloo to the French Coast for Paris, Normandy, Brittany, etc. The sea passage is only five hours in the most luxuriously fitted vessels in the Channel service. Similar tickets will also be issued to the Channel Islands. Full particulars of the special arrangements for the Easter Holidays are given in the programme, to be obtained at any of the company's London offices and stations, or from Mr. Henry Holmes, superintendent of the line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

The Midland Railway announces, among its Easter holiday arrangements cheap excursions beginning on Tuesday, April 18th, to Ireland.



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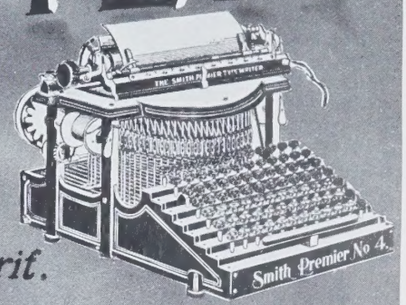

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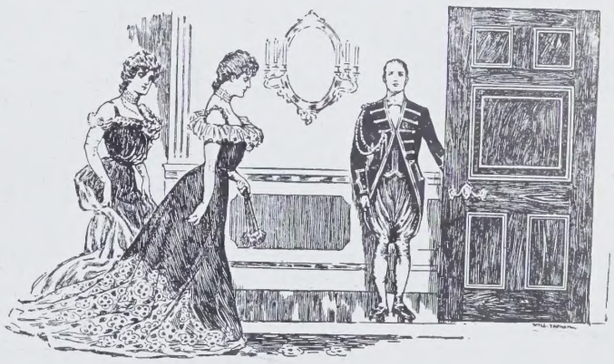

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For visiting Holland and Germany during the Easter holidays the Great Eastern Railway Company's Royal British Mail Hook of Holland route offers exceptional facilities. Passengers leaving London in the evening, and the Northern and Midland Counties in the afternoon, arrive at the chief Dutch cities the following morning. From the Hook of Holland through carriages and restaurant cars run in the North and South German express trains to Cologne, Bale, and Berlin, reaching Cologne at noon, Bale and Berlin in the evening. Special cheap tickets have been arranged by the Harwich-Antwerp route for passengers wishing to visit Brussels, for the Field of Waterloo; also to Liége for the Universal Exhibition.

Special excursion tickets by the South Eastern and Chatham Railway will be issued to Paris, *viâ* Folkestone and Boulogne. Cheap tickets to Brussels by the Calais, Boulogne, and Ostend routes will be issued from April 19th to 24th inclusive, available for eight days. Special cheap eight-day return tickets to Amsterdam, The Hague, and other Dutch towns, *viâ* Queenboro' and Flushing, will be issued from April 19th to 24th inclusive, leaving Victoria and Holborn at 9.25 a.m. Cheap eight-day return tickets to Ostend will be issued from April 19th to 24th inclusive.

The Great Western Railway Company have made complete arrangements for the conveyance in comfort of the holiday passengers travelling at Easter. They have also issued a forty-page pamphlet, giving details of excursions from London to about 500 towns and seaside and inland resorts, for periods varying from half-day and day to fifteen days, at low fares, thus affording countrymen in London an opportunity of visiting their homes at small cost, and Londoners are enabled to take a holiday at some of the most delightful pleasure resorts in the United Kingdom. The pamphlet can be obtained gratis at the company's stations and offices, or post-free from the Enquiry Office, Paddington Station, W.

We notice that the Great Central Railway Company are offering ample and admirable facilities to those desirous of spending Easter at places reached by their comfortable and picturesque route. Excursions are announced from London (Marylebone), Woolwich, Greenwich, and Metropolitan stations to all the principal towns and holiday resorts in the Midlands, North of England, North-east and North-west Coast watering-places, Douglas (Isle of Man), Scotland, and Ireland. The information has been concisely tabulated in the form of an A B C programme, giving the times of starting, fares, dates, and times of return, etc., for any station, alphabetically arranged, which can be easily seen at a glance. Copies of this lucid guide can be obtained free at Marylebone Station, or any of the company's town offices or agencies.

In the shape of an Easter egg, a coloured pictorial announcement, issued by the Great Northern Railway Company, displays a third-class return ticket with the words "King's Cross to Anywhere." A speciality is being made of week-end tickets, which will be issued on Thursday, Good Friday, or Saturday, and available for return up to and including the following Tuesday. The Great Northern Railway, in addition to its frequent ordinary train service to Midland Counties, Yorkshire, North-east England, and Scotland, is running special express excursions to all the large towns on and in connection with its system.

ODDS AND ENDS.

HUNTING-MEN who recognise the obligations they are under to the country-side for their winter's sport, would do well to follow the example of the Atherstone Hunt, who, by collections taken at two of their meets, have subscribed upwards of £40 to the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution. If such could be made a universal and annual practice, a very deserving society would be thereby benefited.

—o—

USERS of the cartridge daylight loading system must often have felt the disadvantage of being compelled to expose the whole of the spool of films without being able to shut off the partly-exposed roll in between any two exposures, and, by introducing a focussing screen, see, and also focus, the next subject. Quite a number of inventors have had for their object the attainment of this end, but it can hardly be said that the object has been fully and satisfactorily gained. In the latest pattern Kodak, however, called the No. 4 Screen Focus Kodak, we have an ingenious combination of a glass-plate camera with a roll holder, which, by pressing a spring, swings out of the focal plane and locks in a horizontal position, whilst a ground-glass focussing screen, or a dark slide, or a film-pack adapter is introduced as in an ordinary glass-plate camera; thus focussing each exposure, whether roll film or plates are used, is made easy. The new Kodak is efficiently equipped with "Brilliant" finder, rising, falling, and sliding front, a rapid rectilinear lens, automatic shutter with either trigger or pneumatic release, giving "instantaneous" exposures from 1-100sec. to 1sec. and also "time" and "bulb" exposures. The camera base has a double extension, thus rendering possible the focussing of near objects, such as portraits. Although of such a comprehensive nature, and well finished throughout, the price of the Screen Focus camera is only six guineas for the quarter-plate size.

"Soap deferred maketh the dirt thick."
The Proprietors of WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP offer
£10 IN PRIZES.
A Sovereign will be given to each of the 10 persons sending the BEST EXAMPLE of a PERVERTED PROVERB suitable for advertising a Soap.
EXAMPLE: "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."
PERVERTED PROVERB: "Soap deferred maketh the dirt thick."
All replies will receive very careful consideration. Any number may be sent, but each one must be attached to the outside wrapper of a Tablet of Wright's Coal Tar Soap. Ladies competing to use a wrapper of the Toilet Soap, and gentlemen a wrapper of the Shaving Soap. Sold everywhere, 4d. per Tablet.
The decision of the Managing Director must be considered final.
Latest date for receiving replies, May 31st.
Address—
Proverb Competition, Wright's Coal Tar Soap,
66 & 68, PARK STREET, SOUTHWARK, S.E.
The result will be advertised in the "Daily Mail" on June 30th.

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WALL PAPERS

The Lancet describes it as—
"Mr. BENGER's admirable preparation."
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"Benger's Food has by its excellence established a reputation of its own."
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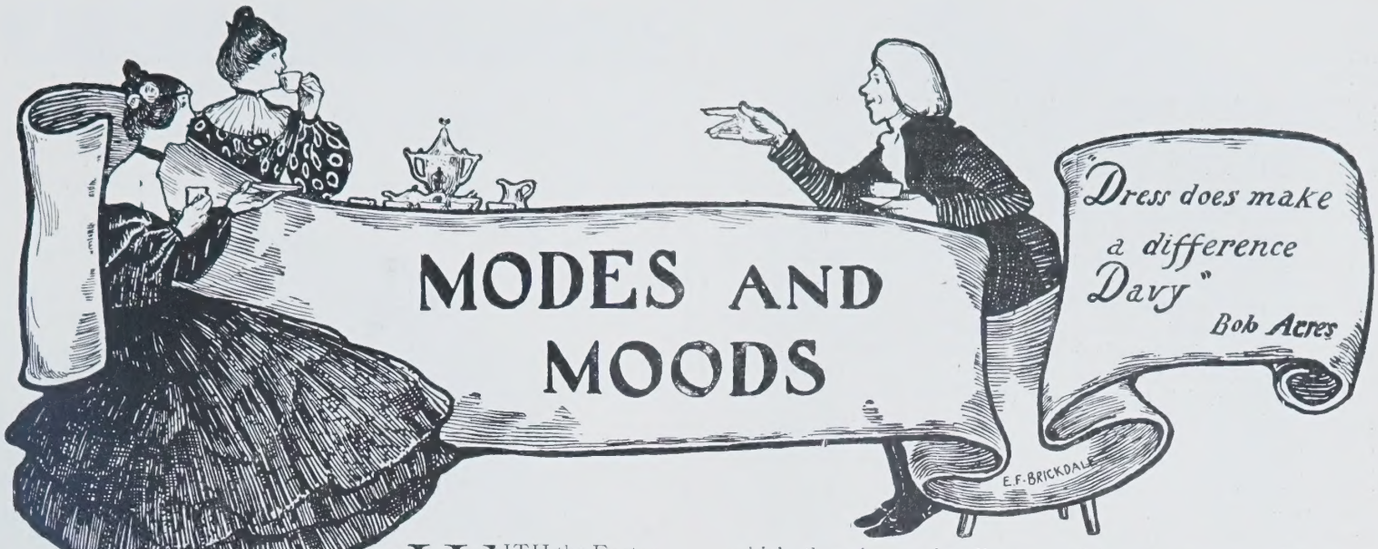

WITH the Easter holidays materialised into a happy fact, one's thoughts naturally turn to travelling, and travelling garments will therefore be my opening theme this week. I think the break at Easter is the most welcome in the whole calendar, especially when that feast comes as late as it does this year. The winter months seem so long, the dark days so unending, that one welcomes the renascence of spring as a true resurrection to warmth and sunshine and all that makes life worth living. One loses a great deal of this intensification of delight in breaking the thraldom of winter when Easter is too early; but when it comes, as it does this year, at the end of April, and one can get away to the country knowing one will find the leaves spreading their veil of tender green over the bare skeletons of the trees and hedges, and the fruit trees in blossom, the primroses, violets, and windflowers making a lovely mosaic under foot in the woods, and the birds full-throated with song on all sides, then indeed an Easter holiday is a boon and a blessing to all town dwellers, and indeed to country-folk also. There is no time of year when one longs so imperatively for new garments in which to celebrate the return of spring. The heavy clothes of winter, ingrained with winter smoke and fog, become absolutely offensive, and light-coloured garments are a positive necessity. This wide-spread feeling has been recognised and catered for by those admirable tailors, Messrs. Nicoll and Co. of Regent Street, and what woman starting for a holiday but will be moved to acquire the coat of which I give an illustration? The material is a delightfully coarse cream white serge, the length more than three-quarters, and the coat is lined throughout with cream glacé silk, which makes it delightfully easy to slip on over any dress, whether of cloth or velvet. The fronts, which can be worn turned back or buttoned across, are faced with lines of fancy white silk braid, which has a charming effect; and the natty little turn-over collar is in cherry velvet, which gives a delightful note of colour and smartness to this workmanlike coat. The collar, of course, can be had in the colour the wearer prefers; but the beautiful tone of the cherry velvet against the cream white would be difficult to improve upon. There are all kinds of tempting spring garments at Messrs. Nicoll's; and I was particularly delighted with a dress, which had just been sent over from their Paris house, in pale silver grey cloth. The skirt was a triumph of cut, the only seams being in the middle of the front and back, and the hips being moulded without a wrinkle in the beautiful silky cloth. A stitched band of cloth overlaid the seam down the front and at the back, giving great slimness and height to the figure; round the hem were bias bands of the cloth, with triangular pieces of emerald green velvet braided in silver, and the same trimming reappeared on the smart little bolero and cuffs. All the Paris "tailor-mades" are severely simple in outline now; and the bolero is daily regaining its post as first favourite as against the long-skirted coat, which, though occasionally successful on an exceptional figure, as a rule looks dowdy and unbecoming. The well-cut boleros, on the other hand, suit everyone, be they tall or short, stout or slim; they are now being made cut short at the back and sides, but rather long in front which lengthens the figure very becomingly.

WHITE SERGE COAT

Another dress I saw at Messrs. Nicoll's was ideally smart yet severe. It was in fine navy blue serge, the skirt fitting closely round the hips, but with the seams opening at about the level of the knees, where there was a wide shaped band; and each seam was held together by a double motif of black braid and fat black buttons and cord. The bolero was delightful in its severity; it was cut rather on the lines of an officer's mess-jacket, lined with white satin, and heavily braided both on the outside and on the white satin inside. The fronts could be fastened across with buttons and loops of braid if desired, as a protection to the dainty white moiré waistcoat against dirt and smuts when travelling, but were most effective when rolled back, showing the black braiding on the white satin. The waistcoat was also braided round the edges with fine black braid, and was fastened with round pearl buttons; and it further had a collar of white moiré similarly braided, which turned over the black velvet one of the bolero. Little triangular pieces of black velvet were introduced round the border at the back and sides of the bolero with most dainty effect; and black velvet cuffs bordered with heavy braid adorned the perfectly plain sleeves cut high on the shoulder. For a travelling or morning dress nothing could have been more successful than this beautifully-cut little frock, with its dainty yet unobtrusive detail, which gave it that note of smartness only to be obtained in a first-class house such as Messrs. Nicoll's.

Though tailor-mades are the chief subject for the moment, still the wise woman looks ahead and bethinks herself of certain things she will immediately need as soon as the season begins. One of the most important things to prepare is an ornamental theatre cloak; and I am, therefore, giving a sketch of one which might be manufactured by an intelligent maid during the next fortnight. It is of pale rose chiffon over Liberty satin of a slightly deeper shade, just sufficient to hold its own under the pale chiffon. The skirts of the cloak are decorated with two flounces of chiffon headed by gathered frills of narrow Valenciennes, which are the fashion of the moment, and appear everywhere, on dresses, cloaks, and even hats. Scrolls of the Valenciennes appear above the flounces, caught here and there by a big La France rose with its foliage. The chiffon sleeves are very full, loose, and hanging, and the shoulders are covered by a collar of rich Venetian guipure, divided by narrow bands of sable, which gives a rich note without suggesting heavy warmth. In front the cloak is finished off with loops and floating ends of rose satin ribbon and a huge La France rose. Such a cloak would be a most useful and ornamental one to begin the season with, and its easy fashioning is as great a recommendation as its effectiveness.

No wise woman starts on her travels without her own particular brand of soap. If she is going on the Continent she will find that continental hotels do not think it necessary to provide soap in the bedrooms; and if her travels are confined to England, where broader ideas prevail, she will yet probably find that the soap provided may not be the most delicate for a sensitive skin. Therefore, let the traveller lay in a stock of Pasta Mack Soap, the latest creation of the firm to whom we are all so grateful for having perfumed our baths with those delightful little Pasta Mack Tablets, which are known and appreciated all the world over. The Pasta Mack Soap has the same refreshing perfume as the tablets; it is made of the very finest materials on the latest scientific and hygienic principles. With the Pasta Mack Tablets to soften the water, the soap comes as its natural adjunct and completion, and the combination of the two leaves the skin delightfully refreshed and perfumed. No more charming little Easter gift could be received than one of the dainty little green and gold boxes containing three tablets of Pasta Mack Soap, wrapped in pale green tissue paper, which gives an impression of delicate freshness, that is fully carried out by the soap. The softening properties of the soap and tablets have a most admirable effect on the skin and complexion, and have the same softening effect on sea water as on hard fresh water. As this question of the hardness of the water one may meet with on one's travels is a very important one to every woman who values her complexion, the necessity of Pasta Mack Soap finding a place in every travelling-bag should not be overlooked.

Another item for the toilet which should on no account be forgotten in the feminine traveller's kit is the world-famous Rowland's Macassar Oil. Travelling is not good for the hair; the long hours, the night journeys, the all-pervading dust and grime of railway travelling tarnish one's tresses and give the hair a dead and dried-up appearance. Nothing will counteract this better than the use of Rowland's Macassar Oil, which preserves, beautifies, and nourishes the hair, making it beautifully soft and bright, and keeping it in curl. This admirable adjunct to the toilet closely resembles the natural oil in the skin, so necessary for the nourishment of the hair, without which it becomes dry, thin, and, above all, brittle, the hair breaking under the comb or brush in a most lamentable manner. All this is prevented by the use of Rowland's Macassar Oil, which stimulates the growth and gives the hair a beautiful gloss. The fortunate possessors of fair hair should use the "Golden" form of the oil, which contains the same properties as the red oil, but does not affect the colour of fair or grey hair. While speaking of Rowland's preparations, one should not forget to mention the famous "Pearl" dentifrice, Odonto, which fully deserves its name, for its daily use does indeed make the teeth like pearls.

AN ORNAMENTAL THEATRE CLOAK.

It preserves and beautifies the teeth, strengthens the gums, eradicates tartar, arrests decay, and gives a delightful fragrance to the breath. Rowland's Odonto is an anti-acid, anti-parasitic, and slightly alkaline tooth-powder; and its daily and nightly use will keep the mouth in proper condition, and preserve and beautify the teeth for years. LAMIA.

LITERARY NOTES.

EVERYONE who has once made a practice of including a camera in his kit for a day in the open air, will read with pleasure Mr. Snell's *The Camera in the Fields* (Fisher Unwin). If the author does not tell the beginner anything very new, his advice is sound, and, as the beautiful illustrations show, will help in the achievement of successful work. Mr. Snell evidently has by no means told all he knows in this volume, but in passing it may be noted that he is a firm believer in the efficiency of "pyro," an opinion in which we are inclined to agree with him.

General Sir J. Vaughan's *My Service in the Indian Army—and After* (Constable and Co.) is a record of the life of a hard-working officer, whose period of active service, beginning at Maharajpore in 1843, and lasting down to about 1870, embraced many stirring incidents, including the Mutiny. His name as a successful soldier was won on the Frontier, but he omitted no

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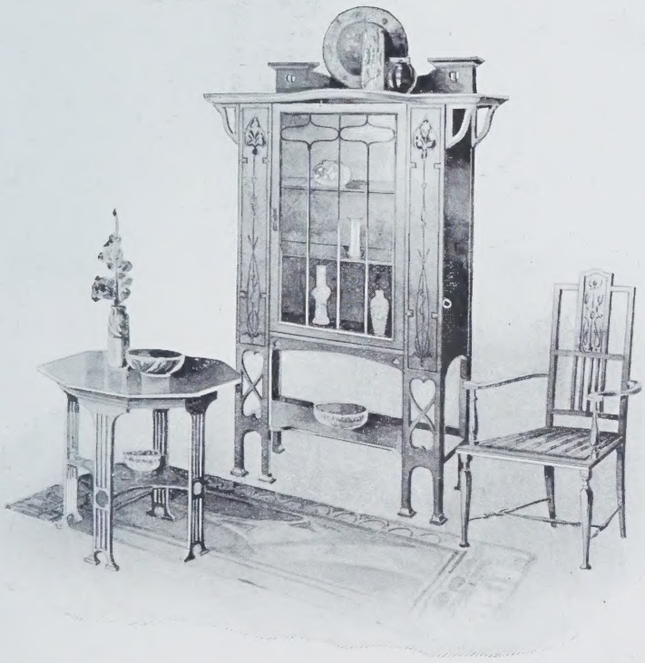

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LONDON.

chance of foreign service, and spent a furlough in charge of a Turkish contingent in the Crimea. Subsequently he was connected with the North Western Railway, under its great chairman Sir Richard Moon, and then as correspondent to *The Times* revisited the scenes of his soldier days, and accompanied Lord Roberts on his famous march to Kandahar. He instances, as proof of this general's extreme solicitude for the feeding of soldiers, his refusal to part with the heavy iron ovens, though they were wringing all the mules' backs, which accordingly were taken right on to Kandahar. Sir J. Vaughan's name will still be a household word in the Frontier force, as the old 5th Punjaub Regiment now bears his name, and he had the compliment paid him of being nominated its first honorary colonel.

Not as on the Indian Frontier, pass by pass, valley by valley, was the great American continent wrested from our hereditary foe, and in Mr. A. G. Bradley's *The Fight with France for North America* (Constable and Co) one is astounded at the comparatively puny struggles between mere handfuls of troops, which resulted in Englishmen winning, first, America for the Anglo-Saxon race, and then the vast territories of Canada for ourselves. The author is not inclined to flatter either the judgment of our Government or the patriotism of many of the Colonies, but he makes an effort to mitigate the impression that most generally prevails as to Braddock's reputation for incompetence, and does full justice to many brave backwoodsmen fighting to a finish against bloodthirsty foes, who killed, mutilated, and rarely spared man, woman, or child in their lust for scalps. It is an admirable book, and one which any student of that period of American history cannot afford to leave unread.

Those who read the letters of a diplomat's wife will know what to expect in Mme. Waddington's new book, *Italian Letters of a Diplomat's Wife* (Smith, Elder). M. Waddington, in 1879, resigned the Premiership of France and went to Rome for a month's rest and recreation. The first part of this book is descriptive of this period; the letters in the second part relate the incidents of a similar sojourn in Rome twenty years later, M. Waddington having died in the meantime. There is much that we would like to quote, but we must confine ourselves to a single characteristic passage relating to a novelist, who once upon a time had a great vogue in England:

"This afternoon we went to have tea with 'Ouida' at her villa outside Florence. She was most anxious W. should come to her—which he agreed to do—though afternoon visits are not much in his line. As we were rather a large party, we went out in detachments, and Madame de Tchiatcheff drove me. We arrived before the Bunsens and W. Ouida came to the gate to meet us, and Madame Tchiatcheff named me. She was civil, but before I had time to say that M. Waddington was coming in another carriage, she looked past me, saying, 'Et Monsieur Waddington—il ne vient donc pas,' with such evident disappointment and utter indifference to the presence of *Madame* Waddington that I was rather taken aback; but I suppose geniuses must not be judged like other people. I was rather disappointed in her appearance. I expected to see her dressed either in 'primrose satin with trails of white lace,' or as an Italian peasant, and she really looked like anyone else—her hair cut short, and a most intelligent face. She was interesting when she talked about Italy and the absolute poverty of the people. She spoke either French or English, both equally well. When the visit had been talked of at home we had told W. he must read, or at any rate look over, one of her books. I didn't think he could undertake one of her long novels, 'Idalia,' for instance, where the heroine wanders for days through wood and dale attired in a white satin dress, and arrives at her destination looking like 'a tall, beautiful, pure lily'; but I think he might like one of her short Italian stories, which are charming, such beautiful descriptions. I always remember one of her sentences, 'There is nothing in the world so beautiful as the smile of Italy to the awakening spring.' One felt that to-day in the garden; every bud was bursting, everything looked green and fresh and young."

A book that may be profitably read along with the above is *Rome*, painted by Alberto Pisa, text by M. A. R. Tuker and Hope Malleson (A. and C. Black). It is one of the handsomest of the many coloured books published by this firm. The artist has not only a good eye for form and colour, but he evidently has also made a study of architecture, and the selection of bits to be shown is admirable. The only fault we can find is that it seems to be impossible for him to paint a house or a palace or even an arch without introducing human figures, which take away from the simplicity and dignity of the architecture. The letterpress is quite worthy of the pictures, and altogether this book is one to be warmly commended.

Quite of a different character is the work on *Nuremberg*, issued by the same firm. The painting is by Arthur G. Bell, and the writing by Mrs. Bell. Here, indeed, we have a contrast with Rome, the quaint, mediæval German houses differing essentially from the stately and dignified architecture of Italy. Mrs. Bell declares that Nuremberg has attained its individual character in spite of modern innovations. "Her electric cars dash past slow-moving country carts of the heavy old-world fashion, familiar to Albrecht Dürer and Hans Sachs, drawn by gentle cows or patient oxen; her numerous factories belch forth black, poisonous smoke, unchecked by the sanitary inspector; ladies, decked out in the height of the latest Parisian fashion, rub shoulders in public vehicles with peasant women wearing short, bright-coloured petticoats, black kerchiefs folded across the breast, and the heavy turban head-dresses introduced at the time of the Crusades. Amongst the soberly-dressed merchants and shopkeepers a group may now and then be seen of the modern representatives of the old Tyrolean huntsmen, in the picturesque short green jackets and waistcoats, breeches ending above the knee, and knitted stockings, leaving the ankles bare, the final touch of mediævalism being supplied by the high, pointed felt or broad-brimmed green velvet hats, finished off with a bunch of cock's feathers."

H. Bell *DAFFODILS IN THE RASH FIELD, RYDAL* Copyright

RACING NOTES.

DEARLY do Irishmen love a good chaser, and right well do they know how to breed and rear the stamp of horse that can stay and go fast over fences of every description. The Liverpool Grand National still holds its pride of place as the premier steeplechase of the world, but Punchestown is undoubtedly the best and cheeriest of all the chasing meetings. The name and fame of it have spread far and wide since the days in the early sixties when the late Marquess of Drogheda devoted himself to the making of the famous Kildare gathering, a task which has been most ably carried on by his successor, Mr. Percy La Touche. The Punchestown fences want plenty of "doing," and at the recent meeting three horses unfortunately met with accidents which put an end to their career, amongst them being Brown Study,

IT is a very interesting fact in connection with the Pianola that it raises the standard of one's musical taste.

We can trace this by comparing the requisitions received from subscribers to the music library. Frequently the Pianola owner starts by selecting Rag times and Popular music; later a Liszt Rhapsodie, or a piece of Moszkowski, or one of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" is asked for, until finally the list is composed almost entirely of music of the best class. The truth of the matter is, that many people do not appreciate classical music because they have never had the opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with it. It is, of course, different with those who possess Pianolas, for the world's music becomes known to them.

Although this advertisement deals with the Pianola's educational uses, it must not be supposed that it is the instrument's only charm. It interests and entertains, and as a social factor it is equally valuable. The achievement of the Metrostyle Pianola is not even attempted by any other piano-player. It would interest you. Call!

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who was the winner of last year's Irish Grand Military. On the opening day Major Horner's Red Ocean, ridden by Captain Higgin, won the Kildare Hunt Cup, the Maiden Plate of 500 sovs. went to Mr. J. Daly's Parire, Major Wormald's Mount Hilary won the Prince of Wales's Plate by four lengths from Mr. H. Beasley's Lively Lad, ridden by his veteran owner, and Captain Stacpoole, who rode the winner of the Grand Military Gold Cup at Sandown Park, added to his laurels by steering Makeaway, the winner of the Irish Military Steeplechase.

To the veteran racegoer there is a peculiar attraction about the meetings at Newmarket, and it is not until we have once more observed the ceremony of saluting the Ditch that we can fully realise that another racing season has commenced. Nature has done so much for the headquarters of the Turf, and the never-failing charm of the glorious expanse of the Heath is so great, that the annoyances of the needless restrictions imposed upon, and irritating tolls demanded from, the public, have been passed by with something amounting almost to indifference, and one had long since ceased to hope for any endeavour on the part of the Newmarket officials to ameliorate matters as far as visitors to the races are concerned. All the greater, therefore, was the pleasure to find, when the Craven Meeting commenced on Tuesday, the 11th inst., that the toll for carriages and motors coming on to the Heath had been abolished. These tolls did not amount to much from a pecuniary point of view, but they were often enough the source of considerable annoyance, and their removal constitutes a move in the right direction. It is also noticeable that a concession has been granted to the poorer class of racegoers by the reduction of the charge for entry to the 5s. ring to 2s. 6d., and it is rumoured that it is possible that a reduction may also be made in the charges for admission to the higher-priced enclosures. With these welcome changes to start with it is to be hoped that light is breaking in upon the darkness, and the suicidal policy of seclusion and disregard of the public convenience and comfort which has hitherto obtained at Newmarket may give place to a freer and more enlightened scheme of management. Owing to the drenching rainfall the going was very heavy, and as evening set in on Monday the promise for the opening day was anything but bright; however, things looked a trifle better in the early morning, and before the work began it had stopped raining, and there were numbers of horses out on the Bury Side; but the heavy state of the gallops rendered fast work very risky, if not impossible, and in the majority of cases steady cantering was the order of the day. Nabot came by with Mr. Lambton's horses, and looked quite well enough to encourage those who have backed him for the City and Suburban, for which, as was stated in these notes last week, he is expected to make a good show. There was but little else of interest to notice, except that on the way back to breakfast I came across one of the most intelligent and best-known of the regular touts, who appeared to have no doubt at all but that Challenger would win the City and Suburban, and it may be that he is not far wrong in his assumption, for I believe that, when really well, this colt was about the best of his year.

W. A. Rouch. *PUNCHESTOWN: THE VICEREGAL STAND.* Copyright

W. A. Rouch. *STARTERS FOR THE IRISH GRAND MILITARY.* Copyright

The Long Course Plate, which is run over the last mile and a-half of the Cesarewitch course, was the first item on the card of the afternoon's racing, and was easily won by Sir J. Miller's Colonel Wozac, which may be looked upon as a happy omen for the accession to office of his owner as Steward of the Jockey Club in succession to Lord Durham, the retiring Steward. Sweet John was quickly made favourite for the Visitors' Plate, and placed the race to the credit of Lord Dalmeny by administering a two-lengths beating to Melodious, who beat Tom Thumb by half a length for second place. The winner was bred by Mr. J. Gubbins, who let him go for 600 guineas to S. Darling at the sale of his horses last year. "Mr. Jersey's" Liverpool winner, the Leila filly, could not stay home in the Ashley Plate. She cut out the work at a strong pace, but after going a little over four furlongs retired in favour of Merry Moment and Scotch Mistake, who fought out a desperate finish, which resulted in favour of the former by a head. The winner is by Count Schomberg out of Merry Gal, and has a decided likeness to his sire; he is engaged in next year's Derby, and Colonel Hall Walker, his breeder and owner, is to be congratulated upon the possession of a very useful colt. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild is so universally popular that everyone is pleased when his colours are carried first past the post, which Bass Rock did in the Crawfurd Stakes, making the whole of the running, and winning by a length and a-half from Chaucer and Dumbarton Castle. With regard to the interest which has been taken of late in the family of Herod horses, it may be worth while remarking that Bass Rock is sired by Grey Leg, who is a Herod sire.

Not content with training the winner of the Long Course Plate, Blackwell followed up his success by leading in the winner of the Three Year Old Selling Plate and the Fitzwilliam Stakes, the former of which was won by his own filly by Newhaven out of Peace, while the latter fell to Mr. C. S. Newton's Queen Camilla, by Donovan out of Wheatfield. In the absence of Cicero, the Forty-sixth Newmarket Biennial Stakes was deprived of all interest, but an exciting enough race took place, in which Fincastle managed to get home a head in front of Flashlight, with Sir Waldie Griffith's Shilfa third. As far as breeding goes, Shilfa is probably the best-bred horse of his age, and it may be well to notice this fact in connection with the Derby, which it will doubtless be remembered was won in 1898 by the outsider Jeddah, who, on the score of his breeding, and on that alone, was alluded to by an acknowledged expert in breeding and pedigrees as a not improbable winner of the race.

Wednesday morning broke damp and misty, and those who know the Heath are well aware of the dismal effect of such surroundings. Horses flitted by like ghosts, and almost the only matter to notice was the strong exercise given by Morny Cannon to his hack as he cantered from one place to another in the attempt to find St. Emilion, whom he was due to ride in his work. However, he found him at last, and the horse did a couple of nice canters, but they did not help him when it came to racing for the Babraham Plate, which resolved itself into a regular gamble between the supporters of Mark Time, Glenamoy, and Pradella, and in the heavy going weight told its tale as far as Mark Time was concerned, and with Glenamoy either tiring or putting no heart into his work, Pradella, a fine, powerful, lengthy mare, beat him easily by a length, with King's Limner a bad third.

Mr. J. B. Joel had the good luck to win the first two races of the day, the Apprentices' Handicap Plate with Quite Ready, and the Column Produce Stakes with Chestnut, a good-looking and much-improved son of Persimmon and Sweet Story. In both cases jockeyship had not a little to do with the result, the effort of Randall on Chestnut being particularly happy and well-timed. Lord Durham won the Sale Stakes with Orator, and that may be but the prelude to a victory of still greater importance, for this useful colt has only 6st. 10lb. to carry in the Queen's Prize of 1,500 sovs. at Kempton Park. In the Granby Plate the well-named Cythera, by Cyllene out of Stolen Love, just beat the favourite, Crank, by a short head, and brought a very pleasant day's racing to a conclusion.

Much to one's surprise, almost the first horse to come under notice on the following morning was Flower Seller, who was reported to have pulled

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up so lame the previous day that he would in all probability never run again. There he was, however, and, moreover, moving well and freely in a useful canter. There was plenty of interesting work going on, and the morning at Newmarket can always be both pleasantly and profitably spent. Not a little gossip was to hand concerning the City and Suburban Handicap, and the consensus of opinion appears to be that Andover or Challenger should win. With one thing and another the time soon passes on these busy mornings, and almost before one realised it the racing, which had been set to begin at half-past twelve, was fairly under way. Mr. Sol. Joel's Imperial II., carrying 9st. 7lb., gave a tremendous exhibition of speed in the Flying Handicap. He is probably the fastest horse in England at the present moment, and is certainly a testimony to the judgment and acumen of Edward Johnson, now training at Upper Lambourn, for it was entirely on his advice that Mr. James Rothschild purchased the horse in France, with a view to winning the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood. Unfortunately for Mr. Rothschild he parted with the horse, who went into Robinson's stable at Foxhill, but was purchased by Mr. Cuthbert Wilkinson, on Johnson's advice, and in his colours won a selling plate at Newmarket with such ease, that Mr. S. B. Joel would not be denied, and outbidding Mr. Cuthbert Wilkinson, became the owner of a horse of astonishing speed; he is, moreover, a beautifully-bred animal by Clarion out of Immortelle. The paddock inspection of the field for the Craven Stakes showed us St. Oswald looking clean and hard, and with evident traces of a regular Kingsclere preparation. He is a nice bay colt, with black points and a white star, and shows plenty of quality, but I cannot help thinking that it was his superior condition alone which enabled him to defeat Shilfa, a splendidly-bred colt by Isinglass out of Merle, who will, if I mistake not, develop into a good race-horse. Shah Jehan does not seem to have grown much during the winter, but Lord Hastings presented all the appearance of a well-trained and well-grown colt. As to the race itself, it needs little description. St. Oswald was always with his field, and when asked to win his race came out and won by a length and a-half from Shilfa, with Lord Hastings third, about a length behind him. Everyone was pleased to hear that the veteran Harry Beasley had won the Conyngham Cup on his own horse, Lively Lad, and many congratulations are sure to be offered to Captain Rasbotham on having ridden the winner of the Scotch Grand National.

Steeplechasing is about done with for the present, but a correspondent, to whom I am often indebted for interesting items, has forwarded me some details of the early days of Moifaa, which others may like to know. He says: "Moifaa was bred by Mr. Alfred Ellingham at Hawke's Bay, and was such an enormous overgrown youngster that he was not broken in until four years old. His extraordinary jumping powers were discovered more or less by accident when his owner rode him as a charger at an encampment of the Mounted Rifles, to which he belonged. During the course of their military training there was some hurdle jumping by sections for a prize, and Moifaa completely spoiled the dressing of his section by jumping clean away from them at every hurdle and completely ruining their chance of winning. Mr. Ellingham then came to the conclusion that he was more likely to shine as a race-horse than as a charger, and had him put into training, where he soon gave proof of his exceptional powers as a steeplechase horse, and was ultimately purchased by Mr. Gollan for £1,000." The rest of his story we know. TRENTON.

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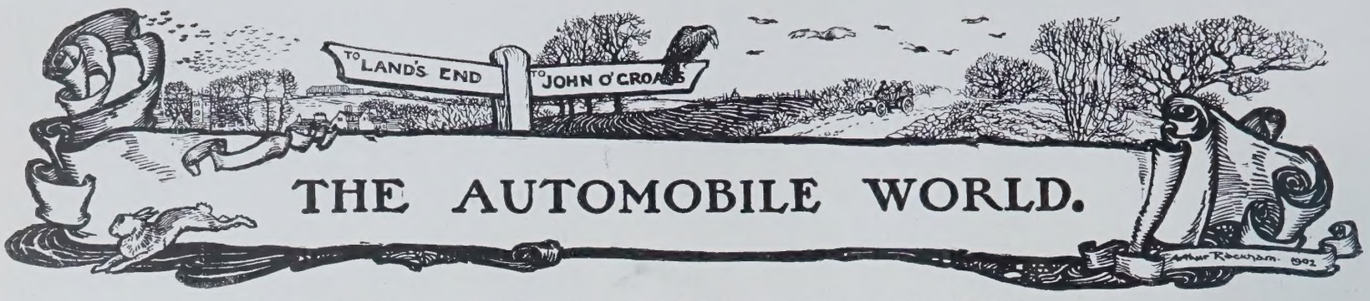

THE MONACO MOTOR-BOAT MEETING.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

As was briefly related last week, the motor-boat contests at Monaco started most inauspiciously, owing to the sudden change in the weather. There had been a hot sun and a calm sea during the course of the exhibition, but when the Thursday (April 6th) arrived, and the boats were to embark upon their three-days' testing and tuning-up, the wind rose, and few boats were able to get out until the Saturday, when there was a lull and the conditions were almost tropical. Panama hats, light and scanty clothing, and the grumbles of the corpulent proclaimed the oppressiveness of the heat. On Sunday morning, however, the weather-wise should have known that the weather was not so settled as, to the uninitiated, seemed to be the case. Certainly the organising officials gave no thought to the matter, and it was only after the gun had fired for the 8-mètre racing class, and the competing boats had attempted to round the first mark-boat, that the roughness of the broken water became obvious to those perched up on the terraces, whence the aspect of the sea was naturally misleading. The cruiser class, which had started an hour earlier, had sought shelter, one boat only, Joliette III., braving the elements, her skipper, M. Sébille, being an experienced yachtsman, having immense advantages over at least some of the other helmsmen in the race. Mr. Miall Green, the owner of the Takumono, is also an old yachting man, and he could have got through, but for the fact that the hood over the forward part of the boat was so badly made that it allowed water to enter at every wave. The annulment of the race was one of those hasty, ill-considered acts so characteristic of the French sports promoter, because it should have been obvious to the meanest comprehension that were even only a single boat continuing the race, and complying with the conditions, the race was in progress, and the first prize could be claimed. So when Joliette III. came in, and proved that she had carried out the programme, there was need for more hurried annulments of previous decisions. It was satisfactory to note that the only English boat in the race completed the course. But for the advice that the race was off, she could have done better than third place. The wreck of La Marguerite (which must have been pounded to pieces in the gale of the next day) was an instance of bad management. She had no anchor on board, and so could not be saved from drifting on to the rocks. (The officials next day began to examine the boats to see that the necessary anchor, lifebuoys, and fire-extinguishers were on board!) Moreover, had her captain been a yachtsman he would have passed the Cap d'Ail farther out to sea.

The racers, as we recorded last week, came back mostly in tow, for directly they rounded the south-western buoy of the pentagonal course and faced east, the full brunt of the gale was experienced, and one after another their "fires were put out," water swamping plugs, wiring, and carburettors, and laughing at the vulnerability of the petrol motor with unprotected vitals. Le Gobron had her bow stove in by collision with another boat at the very start, and, but for a liberal plugging with grease, must have sunk. The weather moderated in the afternoon, and on Monday morning at 8.30 the sea was dead calm, with an overcast sky. At nine o'clock there was an easterly gale raging, and the sea was lashed into wild confusion. Even the moorings in the harbour became unsafe, and the boats were run over to the shelter of the mole, where the only discomforts were the howling wind which swept round the headland and the clouds of spray which were carried across the wall. These conditions continued until late in the day, and then rain fell, and beat down the angry sea to a lake-like surface again; and on Tuesday morning the sea was once again safe for small craft. The bare results of Tuesday's racing were included in my first article, but the day's programme was so important that it calls for a detailed description. The first event was for cruisers having a length between 6½ mètres and 8 mètres. They had a journey of 52 kilomètres, having to go to Nice, thence back to Mentone, thence returning to Monaco, going round part of the racing course from Cap Martin to the finishing point. Nine boats started, Excelsior VII. being third over the line, but, travelling at a faster pace, was soon in front. She was into Nice in 41min., Nogentais being 7min. behind her, and the rest spread-eagled. At Menton, Excelsior VII. was 14min. ahead and at the finish 17min. was her lead, her time being 2hr. 10min. 51sec. She was built by Celle and engined by Picker Moccand. Nogentais finished second, 17min. afterwards, with Bigort-

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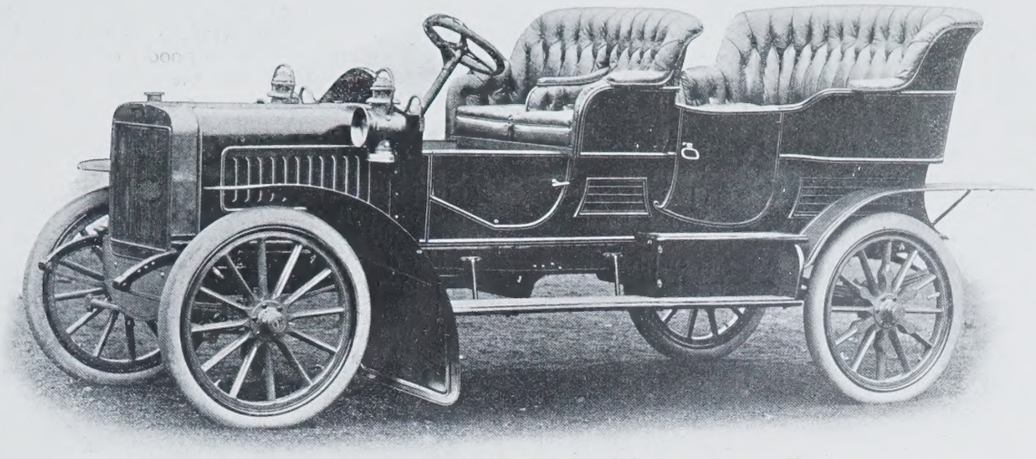

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Delahaye 4min. behind. All finished except the Gardner-Serpollet boat, slowest of all on the outward journey, and unlucky in smashing her propeller on the return.

The great event, one of the most important of the whole Monaco programme, was that for racers of from 8 mètres to 12 mètres in length (40ft. boats being included). This class gains its importance from the fact that the 40ft. limit is almost universal, and that size of boat has been generally built and studied, the larger boats being more of an experimental nature. Napier is the light feather-weight designed and built by Saunders on his sewn form of construction, and engined with the motor from Napier Minor. Lord Howard de Walden bought her from Mr. Edge just before the race for £1,500. Napier II. is the crack Yarrow-Napier boat with two 75 h.p. engines and twin screws. Legru-Hotchkiss was designed by Linton Hope, and built under Saunders's supervision in Paris. Her engine is a 100 h.p. Hotchkiss. Palaisoto I. and La Turquoise are Tellier boats, the former with a six-cylinder Panhard engine, and the latter with an eight-cylinder light Antoinette motor. Mme. du Gast, the owner of La Turquoise, steered her in the race. Baby II. is the little Brooke boat, only 30ft. long, with a 70 h.p. engine, but she is a cruiser pure and simple, and was quite out of her class amongst the others. C.G.V. was designed by J. A. Smith, and built in Paris, her engines being by Charron, Girardot, and Voigt. Mercédès-Charley is a Pitre boat of beautiful lines, and has two 90 h.p. Mercédès engines placed in tandem. They never worked well, but instead strained the hull considerably. Trèfle-à-Quatre was the only non-starter in this race, her new 120 h.p. Richard Brasier engines having rendered her very leaky. At the start Mercédès-Charley went off with a rush, and did two laps of the 12½ mètre course in 15min. 21sec. and 15min. 41sec., and then tore away into harbour as quickly as she could, a defect in the lubrication being announced as the trouble. Napier II. now came to the front, and did a lap in 16min. 28sec., and thence led throughout the whole of the eight laps (100 kilomètres, or 62 miles), her winning time being 2hr. 25min. 54sec. Napier travelled splendidly, making no fuss through the water, and scored second place in 2hr. 46min. 18sec. C.G.V. was slow over the first round, but gradually improved, and finished third in 3hr. 20min. 28sec. Legru-Hotchkiss had trouble for five laps, and then did three laps in 64min., gaining fourth place, an hour behind C.G.V. Baby II. had one stop, due to a heated propeller-shaft bearing, but otherwise averaged 30min. per lap, and finished fifth. The other boats broke down, and it will be observed that all the boats which finished were wholly or partly English. The time of Napier II. is a new record for 100 kilomètres, Trèfle-à-Quatre having previously held it in 2hr. 30min. 50 1-5sec.

Mercédès top speed had been 48 kilomètres 920 mètres (30·3 miles) per hour, whilst Napier II. averaged 44 kilomètres (27·3 miles) per hour over the first half of her journey and 41 kilomètres 140 mètres (25½ miles) over the whole 62 miles. All these figures constitute world's records.

The 6½ mètre to 8 mètre racing class contested the race postponed from Sunday, four boats turning out—La Rapière (Panhard-Tellier), Billancourt (Renault-Pitre), Antoinette II. (Antoinette-Tellier), and Palaisoto II. (Renault-Tellier). La Rapière was much the fastest boat, doing a lap in 17min. 56sec. (only 1½min. longer than Napier II.'s best). She led all the way, challenged by Antoinette II. during the first lap, and won in 2hr. 26min. 30sec., or only 36sec. longer than Napier II. for the 100 kilomètres. So when these two boats meet in the championship race it will be a struggle. Billancourt stepped into second place in the third round, and finished in 2hr. 46min. 20sec. Antoinette II. was third, 1min. 14sec. later, whilst Palaisoto II. brought up the rear in 2hr. 53min. 52sec.

From Tuesday the weather remained fine enough for the racing, which was continued without interruption. The hollow success of the British craft had put the French builders on their mettle, and every nerve was now strained to get the crack boats ready, the Championship of the Sea, to be contested on the Friday, being the event the winning of which was worthy the necessary effort.

On Wednesday the 100 kilomètre race for the 18 mètre boats took place, and owing to an injury to the hull of Panhard Levassor, she had perforce to run for the harbour just before gun-fire, so that the race resolved itself into a match between the Pi-Ouit IV. (100 h.p Turcat-Mèry engine) and Dubonnet (400 h.p. Delahaye engine). Pi-Ouit is a last year's boat, and though she started more slowly (25min. for the first lap of 12½ kilomètres), she maintained an average speed of about 31½ kilomètres per hour. Dubonnet, however, made most in and out running, and only averaged 26½ kilomètres per hour, and was beaten by over 37min. Fiat X. won the race for 40-ft. cruisers, over a course from Monaco to Nice and Antibes, then back to Monaco, on to Mentone, and finally returning to Monaco. She was gaining all the way, and her speed equalled 32½ kilomètres per hour—exceedingly good.

Thursday witnessed the victory of Dietrich II. in the class for 60ft. cruisers over a 140 kilomètre course, the Mercédès C.P. being 40min. behind the other boat, the time for which was 4hr. 41min. 25sec. The speed of Dietrich II. was nearly 30 kilomètres per hour. The fishing-boat race was most interesting, Henriette winning over a 74 kilomètre course at 12¾ kilomètres per hour—a goodly pace indeed for a fishing craft. Dalifol, a 20ft. boat, won the event for utility craft, her speed exceeding 14 kilomètres per hour. Thursday was rendered notable by the virtual destruction of the famous Trèfle-à-Quatre, the winner of many events last year. Her new engines have given trouble, being difficult to start, and imposing a strain on the old hull. During the attempt to start for a trial trip on Thursday morning, a small quantity of petrol got into the well under the engine, and after the boat had travelled 100yds. from her moorings a back fire through the carburettor ignited the vapour and drove Mr. Thubron, her owner, and Mr. J. B. Evans, who was acting as engineer, on to the stern deck. All efforts to quench the flames failing, the boat was towed into shallow water and scuttled. She was raised later on, and although her engines are not materially damaged, the hull is useless for further work. Everyone regrets the accident, for Mr. Thubron is a sportsman, and the old boat had deserved a better end.

On Friday the Championship of the Sea was contested over a course of 200 kilomètres, the event being open to all comers, so that 8 mètre motor-boats were mixed up with big 15 mètre craft. Dubonnet had the biggest engine-power, a 400 h.p. four-cylinder Delahaye engine driving a single screw. Panhard Levassor had two 100 h.p. Panhard engines placed tandemwise, and driving one screw. Mercédès-Charley's two 90 h.p. Mercédès engines were similarly disposed. Pi-Ouit IV. had two 100 h.p. Turcat-Mèry engines with twin screws, and she was the only French boat with more than one screw, as Napier II., with two 60 h.p. Napier engines, was the only English boat with twin screws. La Turquoise and Antoinette II. each had eight-cylindered Antoinette engines of 120 h.p., C.G.V. had an eight-cylindered C.G.V. motor, Legru-Hotchkiss a 100 h.p. Hotchkiss, Le Gobron a 100 h.p. Gobron-Brillié, Palaisoto II., Billancourt, and Madrioto each an 80 h.p. Renault, La Rapière a 100 h.p. Panhard, Napier a 50 h.p. Napier, and Baby II. a 35 h.p. Brooke. La Rapière (the old La Rapée III. with more powerful engines) got the lead at the start, but soon lost it to Mercédès, Panhard and Dubonnet following. Napier II. had had her hull strained in the process of launching, and, although she was travelling well, it was found unsafe to proceed, and as she had been lapped by the leading boats, she withdrew from the contest. The other English boat (Napier) suffered a derangement of her engine when three-quarters of the way through the race, and also retired. Baby II. was, of course, not speedy enough for such a contest. So England's hopes became dashed to the ground. Mercédès was the fastest boat, but not the most reliable, and eventually Panhard Levassor, driven by M. Tellier fils, won in 4hr. 22min. 54sec., which established a new record. Napier II.'s record for half the distance was 2hr. 25min. 54sec., so that Panhard's time compared splendidly. The second boat was La Rapière, a Tellier-built boat, as was Panhard, and also Palaisoto II., which finished third; Madrioto was fourth. Têtu, a 50 h.p. Delahaye-Tellier boat, was first of the cruisers, running with wonderful regularity, and finishing in 6hr. 4min. 57sec., equivalent to nearly 33 kilomètres an hour.

Saturday was devoted to the handicap contests for racers over a 50 kilomètre course, and for cruisers over the course from Monaco to Nice and back. The first event provided another of those sensational incidents with which the meeting was crowded, and which almost threatened to result in the extinction of the racing fleet. Panhard Levassor was well out to sea on her first round, when she suddenly disappeared from view. The hard-fought race of the previous day had evidently placed too severe a strain on her flimsy hull, and without a second's warning her bow planking collapsed, and the champion of the meeting sank head foremost like a stone. Her crew of three were saved, thanks to the cork jackets which they were wearing. The accident caused intense excitement on shore, and the race was promptly declared off.

The Automobile Club and Driving Certificates.

THE regulations for the granting of driving certificates have now been issued by the Automobile Club. The object in undertaking this work is fourfold. In the first place, it is hoped to create public confidence in the proficiency of motor-car drivers; secondly, to stop the growing evil of interested persons issuing certificates which, as a rule, convey no assurance of the skill of the recipient; thirdly, to secure the recognition in foreign countries of the club certificates, so as to avoid the necessity of a further examination when touring abroad; and fourthly, to assist qualified men of good character to obtain employment as drivers. The club is already recognised by the War Office as the proper body to examine recruits for the Motor Volunteers, and it has recently been applied to by the President of the Royal Marine Artillery Technical Instruction Committee at Portsmouth, to examine the time-expired men who recently went through a course of motor instruction. The rules have been carefully drawn up, and it is clear that a high standard of proficiency

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THE BEST
SOLIDS EXCEL
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Cost ½d. per mile, with freedom from risks and worries of punctures.
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By Special Appointment.

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As supplied to the WINNER of GORDON-BENNETT RACE, 1903.

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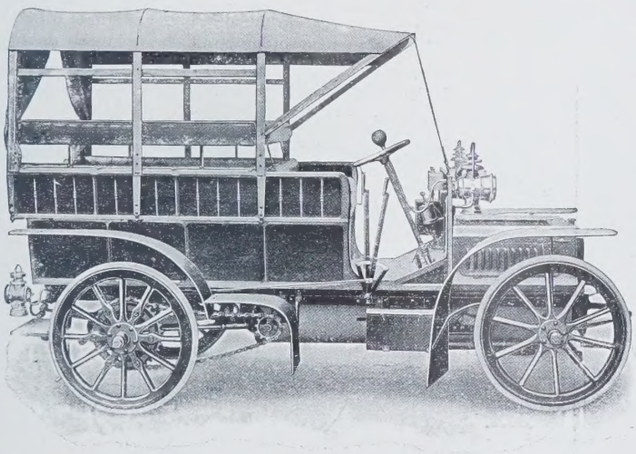
The Sole Manufacturers: THE GAS LIGHTING IMPROVEMENT CO., Ltd., 18, Devonshire Street, Bishopsgate, E.C.

"Maudslay" Motor Cars



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with Side Curtains Removed.
Suitable for taking Guns out Shooting, carrying Game or Luggage.

"ALL ROUND" CAR.
Carries 8 inside, 2 or 3 outside; covered top; speed 20 miles; solid tyres, capital for touring. Very smart, easy on springs, well upholstered. All interior fittings quickly removed and easily stowed, will then carry a quantity of luggage, or can be easily arranged as a game cart to carry about 300 head well hung.
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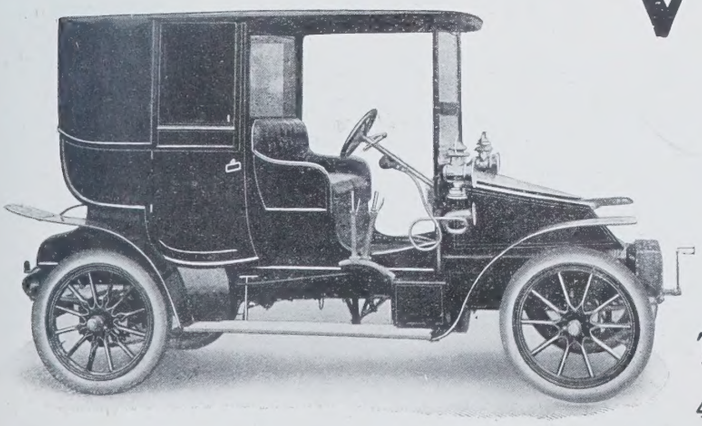

12-14 h.p. 3-cylinder Car (Tonneau) £375
12-14 h.p. 3 ,, (Chassis) - £330
7-9 h.p. 3 ,, (2 seats) - £210
7-9 h.p. 3 ,, (Chassis) - £190

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Telephone No. 800, Avenue.
Works: LUTON, BEDS.
Telegrams: "Vauxhall, Luton."
Telephone No. 150, Luton.

will be required of the recipients of the club certificates. Two classes of certificates will be issued, one for private owners, and the other for paid drivers. The latter will be granted for one year only, but will be renewable at the discretion of the club for like periods without re-examination. All certificates are liable to suspension or revocation, and the club reserves the right to notify publicly the fact that any certificate has been suspended or revoked. Certificates will only relate to the driving of the particular type of car or cars in which the applicant has been examined, *i.e.*, steam, petrol, or electric, which will be mentioned on the certificate, together with, *inter alia*, the full name and address of the holder, and the date of issue and expiry. A photograph of the holder will be attached to the certificate. Certificates may be suspended or revoked if the holder is guilty of inconsiderate driving, drunkenness, or other misconduct, or of any misbehaviour or unfair practice in connection with automobilism. The fee for a certificate is £1 0s. 6d. in the case of a private owner, and 15s. 6d. for a paid driver. These sums are increased to £1 10s. and £1 5s. respectively if the examination is carried out on the car belonging to the club.

W. A. Rouch. *CARS AT PUNCHESTOWN RACES.* Copyright

In addition to driving certificates the club will also issue life certificates of mechanical proficiency. These will be of four grades, namely, special, first, second, and third class. To illustrate the standard of skill required by the club we may take the case of the First Class Certificate, which, in the words of the rules, will be granted "to applicants who have had at least three years' experience in general engineering or automobile works, of which one year must have been in a motor-car constructing or repairing works, and shall pass an examination on the construction, working management, and care of cars. Three years' experience in charge of a car in private service may be taken as equivalent to one year in a motor-car constructing or repairing firm." The fee for each examination is £1.

THE AUVERGNE CIRCUIT.

Several of the Gordon Bennett Cup competitors continue to make assiduous practice on the Auvergne Circuit. The latest driver to appear is Henri Farman, from which it might be assumed that he will, after all, compete, although it was stated that his brother Maurice might take his place. Jenatzy has also been making the rounds, and to a correspondent he has expressed a startling opinion as to the circuit generally. He declares it to be dangerous, and so much so, that he is doubtful whether the Cup race will ever be held there at all. By this he means that the French Eliminating Trial will have so disgusted the competitors therein that they will not be willing to drive again over the same course in the actual race for the Cup. This opinion is shared by several other expert drivers. As regards the arrangements for the Eliminating Trial, it may be said that they are already well forward. It is not intended that there shall be any actual neutralisations, but there are to be two "flying controls" where the cars must slow down, in one case before a new bridge, which has yet to be constructed, and in the other at Laqueuille, where the driver of each car must retard his pace sufficiently to enable his mechanic to take a box containing the control-keeper's slip. The French Club has drawn up a series of recommendations as to the preparations for the trial, among which are the following: The surface should be made as smooth as possible wherever the road is straight, in order to reduce to a minimum the possibility of broken springs or damaged steering gear. The "donkey-backs" are to be levelled with special care. All corners should be raised on the off side, and the road should be treated with Westrumite throughout in proportions varying according to the nature

HORNS
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INTERMEDIATE LEATHER TO PREVENT RIVETS FROM INJURING RUBBER COVER
LEATHER COVER VULCANISED ON THE ORDINARY TYRE WHICH IS TAKEN DOWN OVER THE BEADED EDGE
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THE ORIGINAL.
WAS FIRST, 1897.
STILL THE BEST, 1905.
Send for Particulars of the "Grose" Band and Tyre combined . . . . . | A Revelation in Tyre Construction. A Revolution in Price.
All particulars from the Sole Manufacturers, GROSE, LIMITED, NORTHAMPTON.
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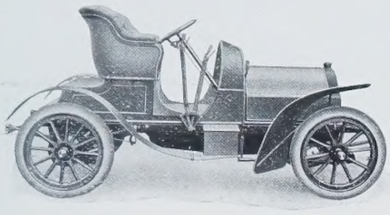
A DOCTOR'S OPINION OF THE "HUMBER."

February 7, 1905.

Dr. ——, of Much Wenlock, Salop, writes thus about his HUMBER FOUR-CYLINDER CAR.

"As I believe you supplied me with one of your first four-cylinder Light Cars, I think it only fair to write and say how pleased I am with it. I have had the car in constant use day and night for three weeks, and during that time have driven it about six or seven hundred miles over bad and very hilly roads. In my opinion it is an ideal car for a medical man, as it is very silent, and even in a hilly country like this one has se dom to get off the high gear. Another great point in its favour to a medical man is the ease of starting, as I find that even after a long wait at a patient's house the car will start 'on the switch' nine times out of ten During the three months I have had the car I have not had the slightest trouble with it; the only adjustment I have had to do was to tighten up the pump chain."



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"The Championship of the Sea."

PANHARD
Ist & 2nd.

Monaco,
April 14, 1905.

PANHARD & LEVASSOR

"An Easy First."

—SPORTSMAN, April 15, 1905.

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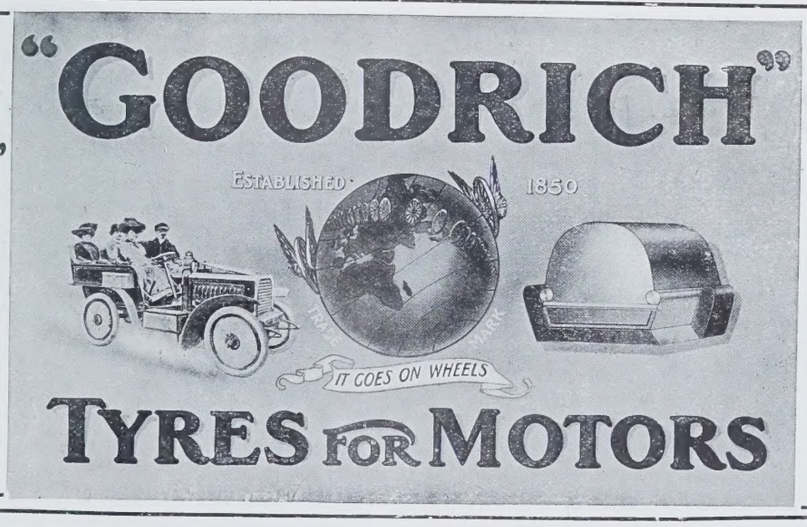

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of the soil. The Automobile Club de France has already put in hand its grand stand for the Cup race. It is to measure 200yds. in length, and will seat 2,000 spectators.

TO ASSIST THE POLICE.

As is well known, the police have been very active of late on the Brighton Road, and the amount of fines collected from motorists who have exceeded the speed limit has totalled a considerable sum. The "traps" have been equipped with an electrical timing apparatus, in whose accuracy the magistrates have shown unbounded confidence, with the result that convictions have followed the summonses with unfailing regularity. It has occurred to Messrs. Jarrott and Letts that they would be doing a service to the public, if they were to take steps to prevent excessive speed on the part of motorists, by arranging for a special staff of cyclists, bearing red flags, to patrol the Brighton Road and caution all those whom they consider are travelling at a speed which is illegal or dangerous. This, as the firm state in a letter which we have received, will, no doubt, be very helpful to motorists using the Brighton Road, as the cyclists who will be employed are skilled in judging speed, and will be able to indicate to any driver if his car is travelling at a speed which may cause the intervention of the police. The firm hope that their efforts will remove any ground for complaint in a way which will cause no irritation to the public, and will satisfy the police that it is unnecessary for them to continue the use of traps. In order to ascertain whether their scheme is effective or not, they will be glad if motorists on the Brighton Road will inform the cyclists if they should come upon any specially-arranged police traps. The letter is somewhat ingenuously worded, but, bearing in mind the opinion recently expressed by a well-known criminal lawyer that it is no offence to give warning of a police trap, there is every reason to suppose that the scheme will be efficacious in reducing the number of prosecutions for merely exceeding the speed limit over a stretch of open road. The patrols will be in operation during the Easter holidays.

A WORTHY OBJECT.

Colonel Purchas, the Commandant of the Gordon Boys' Home, is doing good work on behalf of automobilism by forming classes amongst his boys for instruction in motor-car mechanism. He has no funds available for purchasing the necessary appliances, and he has therefore appealed, through the Automobile Club, for assistance in the matter. He asks for two or three second-hand cars, or even parts of mechanism, and we have little doubt that the trade, or private motorists, will assist him to obtain what he requires. There must be many cars, still capable of useful service, which their owners have discarded in favour of more powerful or more up-to-date machines, and which are standing neglected in garages or stables. The work which Colonel Purchas is undertaking is of the greatest importance, as the well-being of automobilism depends very largely upon the supply of well-trained drivers of good character. The boys of the Gordon Home, well-educated, and imbued from their earliest years with the habits of good discipline and self-respect, should form excellent recruits for the ranks of motor-drivers if they are given the chance to learn the rudiments of the profession.

THE LATEST ELECTRIC LANDAULETTE.

A LONG WHEEL-BASE ELECTRIC CARRIAGE.

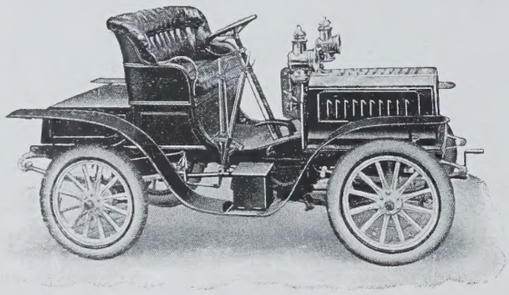
We illustrate herewith a new type of electric carriage, which has recently been introduced by the City and Suburban Carriage Company. The new vehicle has an unusually long wheel-base, and is very carefully sprung, so that vibration and road shocks are reduced to a minimum, even on the roughest surface. The weight of the batteries is evenly distributed between the two axles, which makes the battery compartment invisible without any sacrifice of accessibility. At present only four-seated landaulettes of this type are being constructed by the company, as these are the carriages in most demand. A new form of oilbath has recently been adopted by the firm, which not only is proof against dust and leakage, but is said to abolish any noise or rattle in the gear and greatly lengthen its life. This improvement can be fitted to any existing carriage.

GAMAGE'S OF HOLBORN

THE WORLD'S PREMIER MOTOR HOUSE.

EVERYTHING FOR MOTORISTS—
CARS, MOTOR CYCLES, PARTS, CLOTHING, &C., &C.

THE "GAMAGE" LIGHT CAR.



RELIABILITY TRIALS.

The best reliability trials are the experiences of customers. Read the following from "The Motor," January 31st, 1905.

POWER OF FOUR-SEATED CAR.

"Sir,—In a recent issue you state, in reply to a query of 'A.L.M.' (Bowden), that 8 h.p. is a very low power for a four-seated car, etc. Last year I purchased a Gamage car fitted with a 6 h.p. De Dion engine and four-seated tonneau. On several occasions I drove it from London to Brighton and back, taking all hills, with three heavy persons and myself on board. On another occasion a motor friend of mine asserted that a 6 h.p. engined car would not take a certain hill used for testing cars. I therefore took the trouble to try mine, and it went up quite easily. It is surprising what these little engines can do.—Yours faithfully, H.H."

A CUSTOMER WRITES:—

"I think my car (a 'Gamage') is the only small car which has run from Hampshire to the North of Scotland without giving trouble. We carried three heavy passengers and 1 cwt. of luggage. I consider the 'Gamage' a wonderful little car."

Genuine 6-h.p. De Dion Engine.
3 Speeds and Reverse - - £150
2 " " " - - £125

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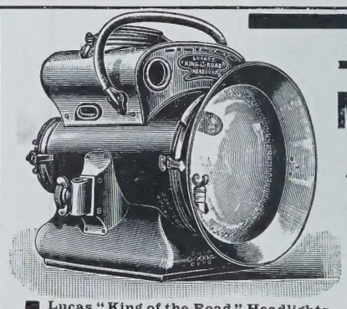

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Can be supplied to burn either coated or ordinary carbide.

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Lucas Side Lamps, Tail Lights, Lifting Jacks, Oilers, Repair Outfits.

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As comfortable as Pneumatics and Non-skidding.

MARK WHAT USERS SAY:

"They prevent side slip."
"For easiness of running they give just as much satisfaction as Pneumatics."
"They do not throw up dust as much as Pneumatics."
"Their non-skidding properties are certainly very good."
"They run as smoothly as Pneumatic Tyres on ordinary roads."
"Your De Nevers Grooved Solid Tyre is truly excellent."

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THE NEW

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Intending purchasers should place their orders at once.

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LÉON BOLLÉE

is the Premier French Chassis.

IT IS VERY SILENT, SPEEDY, and a POWERFUL HILL-CLIMBER.

24 H.P. **40 H.P.**

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The following Cars ready for immediate delivery:—

24 H.P. LÉON BOLLÉE, scarcely soiled, **£650.**

14 H.P. RENAULT, handsome body with removable top, suitable for both Town or Country.

12 H.P. HUMBER CAR, side entrance body, extremely smart car.

7½ H.P. HUMBER CAR, two cylinders, **200 gns.**

6 H.P. WOLSELEY CAR, most reliable car of the day, **£175.**

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is the yearly total of testing new Rudge-Whitworth Models before we think them good enough for the public.

200,000 miles of hard riding to test thoroughly every new feature we adopt, Not riding on prepared tracks, but on good roads and bad roads, uphill, downhill, and on the level, in fair weather or foul, and by day and by night.

Besides this all raw material for Rudge-Whitworths has to pass the ordeal of analysis and the microscope in the Rudge-Whitworth Laboratories.

These are some of the reasons why Rudge-Whitworths surpass all others in reliability, and why they are fully guaranteed in every detail.

The prices are as low as the quality is high. This is only possible because of the enormous scale on which Rudge-Whitworths are manufactured at the great Works at Coventry.

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They are packed free and carriage paid. From all Dealers or Rudge-Whitworth Ltd., Coventry, and Branches.

64-page Catalogue post free from **Rudge-Whitworth Ltd.** (Dept. L 1), **COVENTRY.**

"Cars for men of moderate means."

This is the 12 h.p. 2-cylinder

HERON-ASTER CAR

at £350.

Other patterns include 14 h.p. 2-cylinder, 14 h.p. 4-cylinder, and 22 h.p. 4-cylinder cars. Any style of body fitted.

The **HERON-ASTER Car** is fitted with the Motor recognised for years as the most efficient, the **famous Aster.** "Efficient" means, above all, **reliable,** and also simple in construction and quiet in running. List will give you full particulars. Early delivery.

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COLLIER TYRES

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AS USED BY

H.M. THE KING, AND H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.C.,

and the leading members of the Nobility and Gentry.

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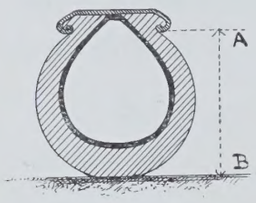
THE MIGRATION OF THE VAUXHALL COMPANY.

It is only two years ago that the old-established Vauxhall Ironworks Company commenced the manufacture of automobiles by placing on the market a cleverly-designed little 5 h.p. car at a very moderate price. From this modest beginning the motor department of the firm has grown very rapidly, the first model being succeeded by a larger one of 6 h.p., and this in turn giving way to the 7—9 h.p. and 12—14 h.p. three-cylinder cars which are proving so great a success. The inevitable result has been a move into larger and more convenient premises, which for many months past have been in course of erection at Luton. The new works, which were recently opened, are provided with a very complete and up-to-date plant, whose capacity is between three and four cars per week, an output which it is intended shortly to increase to seven per week. This is, of course, exclusive of the marine engineering work of the firm. The Vauxhall cars have been "all British" from the commencement, and the reputation for sound and conscientious workmanship and well-considered design, which they have already earned, will doubtless be still further enhanced in their new home.

SOME NEW INFLATION TABLES FOR TYRES.

There is no doubt that the majority of motorists drive with their tyres insufficiently inflated. The fact is quickly apparent at any of the places where motor-cars congregate in numbers. The result is to be found in abnormal wear and tear and increased liability to puncture and side-slip, for which the pneumatic tyre is blamed, instead of the laziness or ignorance of the driver of the car. It is often forgotten, moreover, that a tyre which "stands up" well when the car is unloaded will present a very different appearance when four or five passengers are on board. Messrs. Michelin, the great French tyre-makers, have recently issued a new table of inflation pressures, to which they have added an original method of checking the accuracy of the gauge on the pump, which, as a rule, cannot be trusted implicitly. This is to measure the "depression" of the tyre, by which expression they mean the distance between the ground and the edge of the rim. This is illustrated in the accompanying diagram, and the column of minimum depressions in the table indicates the least distance between the points A and B when the tyre is inflated to its proper pressure. They lay stress on the fact, however, that chief reliance should be placed upon the pressure-gauge, and the depression measurements only used as a check upon its accuracy, as there will be found to be a difference of several millimètres between a new and an old cover, and also between different types of tyres. The depression table must be taken to refer to the car when fully loaded, as the addition of the full complement of passengers might reduce the distance between the rim and the ground by 10m.m. or 15m m. It would be, perhaps, a counsel of perfection to insist on an exact adherence to the following tables; but they will, at least, indicate to the inexperienced motorist what are the ideal conditions under which to run his tyres.



CAR OR EXTRA STRONG VOITURETTE TYRES.

Diameter of tyre in mm.	*Maximum weight per wheel in pounds.*	*Actual weight per wheel in pounds.*	*Air pressure in pounds.*	*Minimum depression in millimetres. Flat. Treads.*	*Round*
65	600	330 to 440	48	44	52
		440 ,, 600	62		
75	480	330 ,, 440	48	44	51
		440 ,, 480	55		
85	660	440 ,, 550	55	44	60
		550 ,, 660			
90	990	550 ,, 770	55 to 70	62	58
		770 ,, 990	70 ,, 80		
105	1150	660 ,, 990	55 ,, 70	68	67
		990 ,, 1150	70 ,, 80		
120	1300	880 ,, 1100	62 ,, 70	76	76
		1100 ,, 1300	70 ,, 80		
150	1650	1100 ,, 1430	70	110	94
		1430 ,, 1650	84		

REINFORCED VOITURETTE TYRES.

65	375	220 to 310	35	50
		310 ,, 375	42	
75	375	220 ,, 310	35	51
		310 ,, 375	42	
85	480	330 ,, 400	42	54
		400 ,, 480	48	

ITEMS.

The Lanchester Motor Company has opened extensive showrooms and repair shops in London at 311, Oxford Street. Mr. Frank Lanchester himself will be in charge of the firm's new London depôt.

We illustrated last week a new 70 h.p. touring car which has just been placed on the market by Messrs. Darracq. We are informed that the car, although capable of very high speed, can be regulated to run as quietly and slowly on the top gear through traffic as the firm's well-known 15 h.p. model. The dimensions of the motor are 160m.m. bore by 140m.m. stroke, and it is intended to enter the new vehicle for the forthcoming motor meetings during the season. The price complete is £1,450.

In a recent issue we illustrated a handsome side-entrance omnibus, built by the Maudslay Company. By mistake it was described as a brougham-phaeton.

Mr. Charles Glidden, who is touring the world in his car, reports that he has recently covered 2,875 miles without a single puncture of his Dunlop tyres. That such an excellent performance should have occurred on the notoriously bad roads of America and the tracks of Fiji and the southernmost portion of New Zealand, is an eloquent tribute to the durability of these British-made tyres.

The extensive works of Messrs. Panhard and Levassor, Kimberley Road, Willesden Lane, London, N.W., are open day and night, so that any requirements in the way of repairs can be instantly attended to at any time.

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With our Special detachable linings in leather, fur, and wool, has proved a great success.

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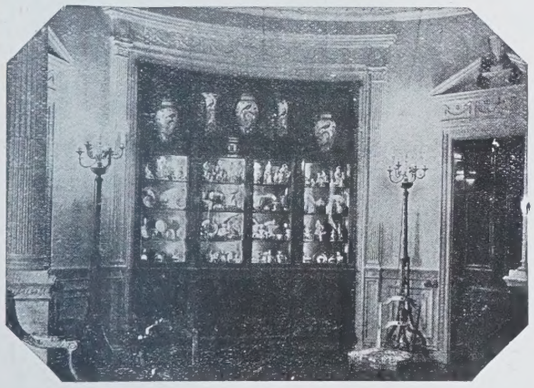
30 & 31, HAYMARKET, LONDON.

"LIGHT"



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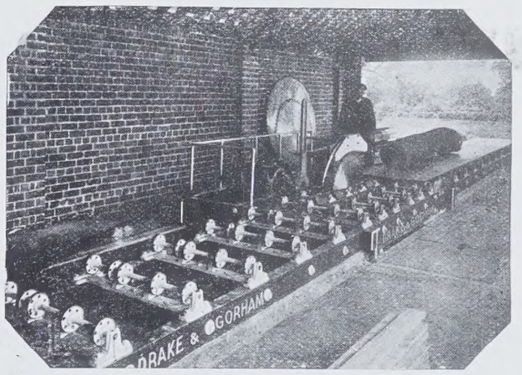

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47, Spring Gardens, Manchester; 50, Wellington Street, Glasgow.

It has frequently been said that British manufacturers are neglectful of the markets open to them in the Colonies. We are, therefore, pleased to learn that the Duryea Company has now established agencies throughout South Africa and Australia, and last week it received an important order for cars from New Zealand. It is a noteworthy fact that quite 60 per cent. of the orders received by this company in the present year have been from colonial customers, to whom the simplicity and high efficiency of Duryeas no doubt appeal.

By the kind invitation of the Duke of Portland, the inter-club meet, arranged by the Motor Union for May 20, will take place in Welbeck Park, which is usually closed to motorists. In addition, the famous underground rooms will also be shown to visitors. In the evening, a Motor Union dinner, at which ladies will be welcome, will be held at the Victoria Station Hotel, Nottingham.

The French Automobile Club proposes to spend no less a sum than £3,200 in Westrumiting the roads of the Auvergne Circuit.

A POINT OF VANTAGE.
Watching the races in Monaco Bay.

SHOOTING NOTES.

THE MUCH-DESIRED PARTRIDGE.

IT has been urged again and again by keen sportsmen that no shooting can be considered a good one where partridges are almost unknown and only pheasants shot. Of course, there are properties where the ground is so heavy that it will not carry partridges, but that is simply a misfortune. It should produce both. How excellent, for example, is the certainty that out of every small covert, as on Mr. Gurney Buxton's shooting, described two seasons ago in COUNTRY LIFE, partridges will come over in considerable numbers with the pheasants! In Sussex French partridges add greatly to the sport of a day's covert-shooting. But the proper aim and object of preserving is to have no waste ground, and that partridges should be killed in proper proportion in the open fields, wildfowl in the marshes, and pheasants in the woods. "Cornish Chough," noting that lately owners and lessees have taken more trouble about their partridges, cites a case in which, on a small estate, the bag was raised from a "record" of 68 brace in a day to two days on which 225 brace and 204 brace were killed, and plenty were left to kill 150 brace more and leave a good stock. This was done in three years, partly by the use of a system by which semi-permanent cover for partridges was obtained on the land all through the year, especially in the winter, when, owing to its being a narrow property, birds had previously been frightened off it by agricultural work.

"REMISES," OR ARTIFICIAL PARTRIDGE COVERTS.

On every farm there will be fields or parts of fields which are sterile, or shaded by wood, or awkward to plough. The landlord can in such cases approach the farmer and say, "I will rent these portions back from you, or, rather, return you the rent." The hedges should then be carefully made up, so that men or dogs or cattle cannot trespass, the ground sown with strips of barley and rape, or, perhaps, sown with broom in parts, and the whole kept quiet. The birds will go there to rest and feed, and in the winter will drop

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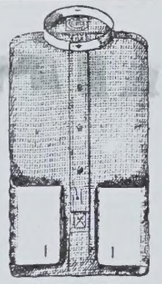

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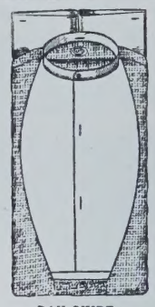

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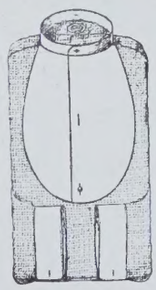

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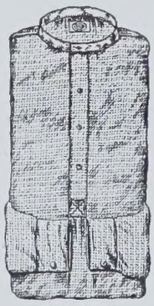

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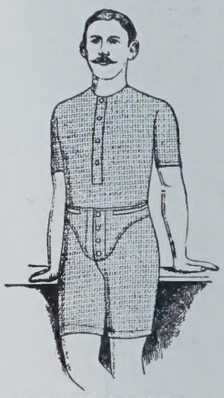

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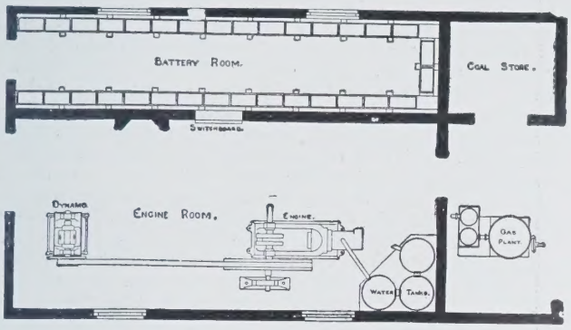

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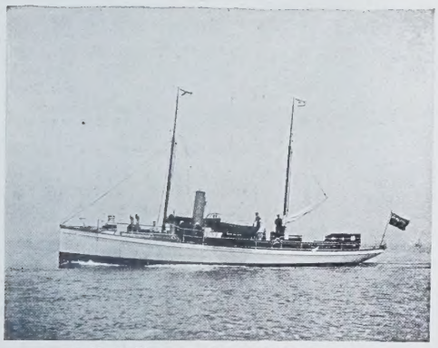

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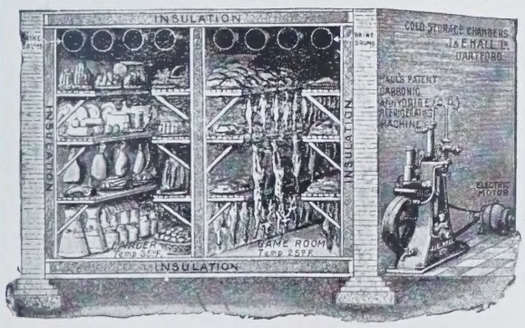

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in as soon as the land is disturbed by labourers with plough teams, instead of moving off elsewhere. These remises are to partridges what plantations are to pheasants, and are especially useful on small properties.

EARLY AND LATE PHEASANTS.

Fashion and fox-hunting combine to bring it about that a stock of early pheasants shall be the object of the game preserver. Where fox-hunting is a regular business, and the country is constantly hunted, there is no doubt that it is far best to have forward pheasants, and to shoot the coverts while the leaf is on, so that hounds can run through them early without causing mischief. Shooting young birds early has the further advantage that fewer are lost by straying, poaching, and vermin But it is well worth remembering that a very small percentage of English counties are hunted with such persistency as to make it impossible for Masters of Hounds to keep out of heavily-stocked coverts, and that many of them cannot be said to be hunted at all. There may be one or two packs, but they meet at long distances and at considerable intervals. It cannot greatly matter in such cases whether the coverts are shot before the leaf is off, or whether they are left unshot till the later weeks of November. Again, the owner may have a very considerable area of land, and be in no kind of apprehension that the birds will stray.

SOME POINTS AS TO LATE PHEASANTS.

If he buys his eggs he will find that it makes a great difference whether he buys early or rather late eggs. The difference goes a considerable way to reduce feeding expenses. Again, if he sets his hens late he saves not only in the price of eggs, but also gains a reduction of four or five weeks' cost of feeding. The present writer, not long ago, owing to difficulties in arranging to take a shooting, set only late eggs, and not a hen went down till the third week in June. Yet these birds did excellently, were cheaply reared, and were magnificently grown birds by the beginning of the second week in November. People who have been prevented from renting shootings until late in the spring, or almost till the summer, can so stock their woods cheaply and well.

PHEASANTS FROM THE FAR EAST.

A contemporary publishes a discussion as to whether some of the birds now on sale as pure-bred, *i.e.*, Asian-bred, Chinese pheasants may not in some cases be Hagenbeck's pheasant, which is a very nearly related variety. Hagenbeck's pheasant has a very broad ring and pure white eyebrows, so that at a short distance its head looks almost white. There is a small white spot on the cheek also. What interests us more is the very great falling off in size of the Asiatic pheasant as soon as it has been in England for a generation or two. Thus, for example, the male Japanese pheasant often weighs nearly 4lb. in Japan. The Chinese pheasant (Torquatus) is also a much larger bird in China, and the Mongolian variety a very big bird. But as soon as the Torquatus has been long enough here to be Anglicised, though perfectly strong and healthy, it begins to go down in size, until it is not much larger than the old black-necked English bird. Probably this is due to soil. As an instance of the working of this law in the opposite direction, it is well known that Jersey cattle steadily tend to grow large and coarse in England, while in the United States they do so even more quickly.

SOME LESSONS OF LAST SEASON.

"Cornish Chough" writes a review of last year's shooting season, which, while closely coinciding with the view taken in these pages some time ago, adds some interesting confirmatory detail, especially as to the results on some of the best grouse moors, of which the writer has a personal knowledge. The Broomhead record has a set-off in a very different state of things on other famous moors. Thus, on Wemmergill, where bags of from 800 to 1,000 brace have often been made in a day's driving, the best bag this year was somewhere about 250 brace, and the stock was so low that shooting was soon discontinued. High Force and Holwich, and several good Cumberland and Westmorland moors, were very bad. The causes of the phenomenal record at Broomhead, where 1,370 brace were shot in one day, are difficult to seek, because moors close by are nothing like so productive. But it is surmised that the moor has special advantages in being very dry, there being few springs, and because the heather is scientifically burnt, the vermin trapped, and an exceptionally large breeding stock left; also because there are no sheep to damage the eggs in the nesting season and to compete with grouse for food. For "few springs" we should read rather "thoroughly well drained," because young grouse need water, though they probably pick up parasites in the wet, squashy places, full of moss and rushes, which abound on undrained moors.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CLIPPING PHEASANTS' WINGS.

SIR,—Though the practice of clipping the wing feathers of hen pheasants is a common one, there are very good reasons for believing that it is a mistake. The object is to keep them in open pens, partly that wild cock birds may have access to them, partly that the expense may be saved of wiring in the top of the pens. As ordinary fowls and pheasants are both close-feathered birds, and also nearly allied, what is good or bad for the former is likely to be good or bad for the latter. A case recently occurred in which a number of hens, which were laying well, caused some trouble by straying and trespassing. Several of them were caught, and each had one wing clipped. The result was that each and every one of the clipped birds ceased to lay. Several of them caught cold, and the results generally were very unsatisfactory. Properly speaking, the hen pheasants ought to moult in autumn, and get new flight feathers. But it was found by experiment at Buscot, where the hen pheasants were turned out later in the year, after being marked with a ring, that very few indeed were brought to the gun, though what became of them was not known. If open pens are used the proper course is to brail the wings, taking the brail off one wing and changing it to the other every week or ten days.—C. C.

SHOOTING TENANTS AND OWNERS.

SIR,—Experience shows that difficulties and disappointments for tenants, and also losses to owners, accrue in greater numbers every year from the neglect of "common form" in making agreements. A very hard case was recently related, in which a shooting was taken by persons who engaged

J. A. PREECE & SONS,
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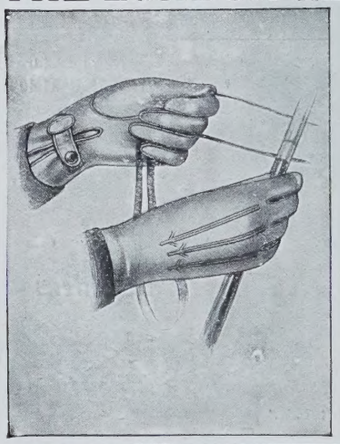

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A **Lovely, Delicate, and Pure Complexion**, soft and fair hands and arms are assured to those who use this most soothing, healing, and refreshing preparation for the face and arms. It **removes freckles, redness, roughness**, and heals all cutaneous eruptions. Bottles 2/3 and 4/6.

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White and Sound Teeth.—For preserving and beautifying the teeth, preventing their decay, and eradicating all tartarous adhesions to the teeth, there is nothing to equal this, the **purest** and most **efficient dentifrice** ever used. It imparts a **pearl-like whiteness** to them, and induces a healthy action of the gums; 2/9 per box, sold by stores, chemists, and A. ROWLAND & SON, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

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83, Carlton House, High St., Birmingham, 5, Rue Cambon, Paris; 52, West 35th Street, New York; *Selling Agency:* **Miss Edes, Washington D.C., and 889, 17th St., N.W.**, where the Ganesh Treatments and preparations may be obtained.

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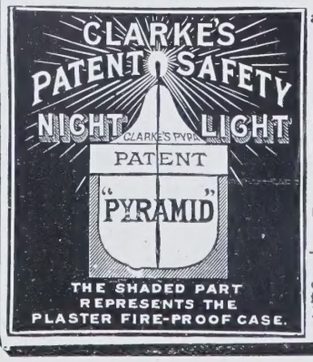

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SHOW ROOMS: 137, REGENT STREET, W.

keepers and then sublet the entire shooting to other persons. The first tenants probably received their money from the sub-tenants, but did not pay their rent, neither did they pay the keepers. The results were highly detrimental in every way, besides causing the loss of rent. Hirers or letters have a right to know, the first what has happened on the shooting in recent years, and the second the character and position of hirers. It is too often assumed that because a man is ready to take shooting he is necessarily honest and well-to-do. Hirers of shootings should make a point of asking for references to recent tenants. Letters should be equally careful to obtain references of more kinds than one about those who wish to take their sporting rights.—C. J. C.

ON THE GREEN.

THERE is a story from the Ashdown Forest Golf Club that has the proverbial merit of combining amusement with instruction. At Crowborough, where is a golf green of a very similar character to that of the Ashdown Forest Club (a green that actually is on part of the tract nominally designated as Ashdown Forest), they seem to have discovered a dressing that suits the putting greens remarkably well. So the Ashdown Forest Club thought they would try the same dressing on their putting greens. Now, at Crowborough, as it appears, no cattle pasture on the course. On the Ashdown Forest Club's course the commoners' cattle have right of browsing. The new dressing was found to have an extraordinary effect on the cattle and an extraordinary attraction for them. When they were down wind from it, they came stampeding up to it, and testified their pleasure when they reached it by a species of exultant dance, which, as the ground was moist, left hoof-marks inches deep in the green. In the intervals of expressing their delight in this reprehensible way they licked up the dressing, which probably had some admixture of salt that they liked. They were so fond of it that they would not even stand quietly to be milked in their usual places if any of the stuff were within reach of their nostrils' sensibility. There is an element of humour in the idea of this wild bovine dance and capering thus induced, but there is an element of instruction, too; for it shows that what is one green's meat may be another green's poison, and that, before you try a new dressing on a green on which cattle pasture, it is prudent to find out what the cattle are likely to think of it. The very best of dressing is of doubtful virtue if it has the effect of inviting all the cows in the neighbourhood to come and dance a *can-can* where it is spread.

There is a new golfing song. It is called "A Golfer's Toast." It is written by Mr. A. T. McCaul, the music is composed by Mr. Hermann Löhr, it is published by Messrs. Chappell and Co., and it is dedicated to the Duke of Argyll. So all these points are all right about it. Also there is a good free swing, with a fine follow through, about the music, and the sentiments expressed by the words are appropriate and blameless, if not particularly exhilarating or Bacchanalian, as the name "toast" might seem to suggest. They might be sung at an afternoon tea-party; which is, of course, so much the more to their credit. But, after all, none of these professedly golfing songs ever has quite hit the mark. It is to be hoped that this new "Golfer's Toast" may be an exception; but hitherto it has seemed as if "Flat-footed Jean," or one of a like simple sentiment and humour, made more appeal to the golfer in after-dinner mood than songs which talked to him about what he had been doing all day.

They had a good field for their exhibition match on the new course at Farnham—a course which is described as promising to furnish a good test of golf, but at present still a little crude—with the two Vardons and Braid and White, but it is rather a pity that Taylor was not among them. Harry Vardon has made only two public appearances, I think, this season, one at Broadstone, where he tied with Taylor, Herd being a stroke behind both, and now this later one at Farnham. At Farnham he tied again for first place with Braid. Their score was 75; Tom Vardon was 78, and White, who is said to have got into a rabbit-scrape off his first tee shot, and to have been rather upset by this undeserved misfortune (but on a new course would it not have been better to lift without penalty from a rabbit-scrape?) was quite out of the running. Nevertheless, in the afternoon, in an international four-ball match, Braid and White did well in finishing all square with the two Vardons. Braid seems to have played the best of the four in this afternoon business, the approximate score being 76, and Harry Vardon's 78. The result shows Vardon playing very nearly, if not quite, up to his old best form, and Braid also going very strongly; and it is on this account more especially to be regretted (probably Braid himself regrets it) that Taylor was not playing with them; for Braid has two old and heavy scores against Taylor to settle, one for the beating which Taylor gave him at the end of last season, and one for a like beating (both by many holes) at the beginning of this. But no doubt these great men will have ample opportunities of coming to a settlement before the year is out. For one thing, there is always the championship—at St. Andrews, in the beginning of June.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

POETRY.

Misrepresentative Men, by Harry Graham. (Gay and Bird, 3s. 6d.)
Verses, by Violet Jacob. (Heinemann, 3s. 6d.)

BIOGRAPHY.

J. H. Shorthouse: Life and Letters. 2 Vols. (Macmillan, 17s. net.)

TOPOGRAPHY.

The Misty Isle of Skye, its Scenery, its People, its Story, by J. A. Macculloch. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, 4s. net.)
Highways and Byways in Derbyshire, with illustrations, by Nelly Erichsen. (Macmillan, 6s.)

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What I have Seen while Fishing and How I have Caught My Fish, by Philip Geen. (Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d. net.)

FICTION.

A Way of His Own, by A. Knotcutter, P.G.M.U. (H. J. Drane.)
Jörn Uhl, by Gustav Frenssen, translated by F. S. Delmer. (A. Constable, 6s.)
The Secret Passage, by Fergus Hume. (Long, 6s.)
Leaves from a Suffolk Garden, by Elizabeth Hobart. (Keith Thomas.)
The Burden of her Youth, by L. T. Meade. (Long, 6d.)
The Lodestar, by Sidney R. Kennedy. (Macmillan, 6s.)

GUIDES.

The "Queen" Newspaper Book of Travel, 1905. (The *Queen* Office, 2s. 6d.)
Throup's North of England Cyclists' and Motorists' Guide. (T. Throup, Bradford, 6d. net.)
Seaford and Newhaven with their surroundings. Homeland Handbooks. (Homeland Association, 6d. net.)

REPRINTS.

The Sowers, by H. Seton Merriman. (Newnes, 6d.)

HANDBOOKS.

Cats for Pleasure and Profit, by Frances Simpson. (Pitman, 2s. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Italian Letters of a Diplomat's Wife, by Mary King Waddington. (Smith, Elder, 10s 6d. net.)
A Treatise on Plague, by W. J. Simpson, M.D. (Cambridge University Press, 16s net.)

ODDS AND ENDS.

THIS is the season of catalogues of angling appliances, and Messrs. Hardy Brothers of Alnwick issue a specially comprehensive one, devoting several pages to the education of beginners in all branches of this most fascinating sport. This firm are widely known for their large output of built cane rods, and have also a special department for the equipment of tarpon and sea fishermen generally.

—o—

MOST householders have at one time or another suffered heavily from the visits of an inefficient plumber, whose work has given rise to the impression that he was content to leave things in such a state as to ensure his services being soon required again. Apart from the annoyance caused, bad work very often is positively dangerous from a sanitary point of view, and this point is emphasised in a pamphlet recently brought to our notice by Mr. A. S. Scull, F.I.S.E., of 17, Redcliff Street, Bristol, which contains, besides, much useful information on the subject generally.

—o—

MESSRS. STORR AND SON, Exeter, are supplying an excellent Perfumed Furniture Cream, which does away with the strong smell that usually hangs about freshly-cleaned furniture, and we are assured that its utility is more, not less, than the old-fashioned preparations.

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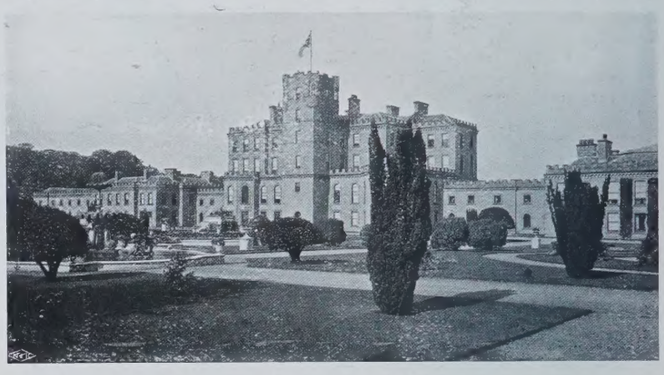
GORDON CASTLE and the adjacent village of Fochabers are being supplied by electricity, generated by utilising the water of the Spey by means



GORDON CASTLE.

of two horizontal turbines supplied and fixed by Messrs. Drake and Gorham of 66, Victoria Street, S.W., who claim that at a charge of 5s. a lamp the supply of light to the village will be cheaper than that of any other place in the country. The same firm are installing an electric plant in Stobo Castle, near Peebles, for purposes of lighting and heating.

—o—

A REALLY beautifully illustrated book, called "Historic Sites and Scenes of England," has just been published by the Great Western Railway Company. It is designed to act as a guide-book for Americans, and, as this great company's system includes the Thames Valley, Shakespeare's Country, and the moors of Devon, no railway is likely to carry more of these visitors seeking to verify with their eyes what their fathers have told them. The photographs are by no means confined to scenery, the Alfred Jewell, a chest taken out of the Armada, and John Penn all being depicted, while the letterpress teems with allusions likely to interest Transatlantic tourists.

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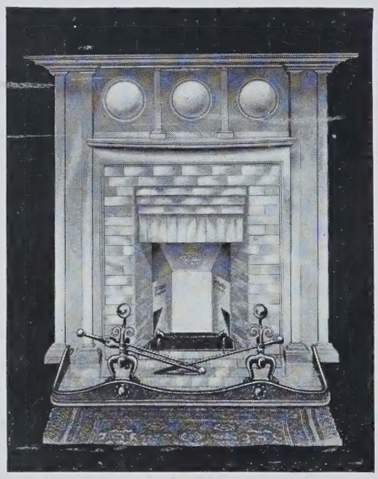

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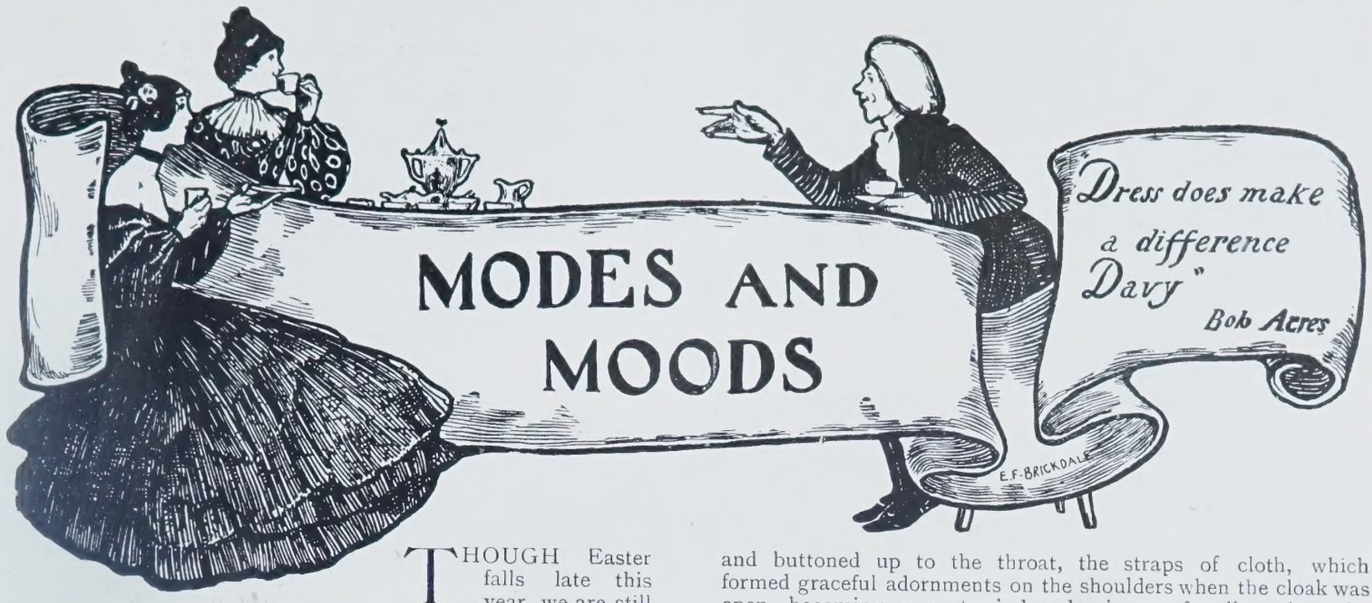

THOUGH Easter falls late this year, we are still within the time of April showers, which often characterise May as well; therefore no one should start on a holiday without making due provision against Aquarius. Such provision cannot take better shape than one of the new "Cravenette" waterproofs. They are made in innumerable shapes and designs, but for practical use and smartness nothing could beat the "Elvira," of which I give an illustration, that also shows the back view of the coat with its graceful and original arrangement of stitched centre pleat and side gaugings which give such welcome room for the dress underneath. The Cravenette Company's process of "proofing" materials against rain is a dry one, and can be applied to all kinds of fabrics. Manufacturers send not only cloths, serges, and friezes to be cravenetted, but silks and fancy materials as well, not only to have them made rain-proof, but because the process that secures immunity from wet gives a surface that is impervious to spots. This dry-proofing of the Cravenette process not only makes a material rain-repelling, but imparts a beautiful finish which nothing can affect; and even the grease-spots one contracts so easily when travelling, motoring, or cycling can be removed from a cravenetted surface with benzine without in any way affecting the proofing. When all these advantages are combined with perfect ventilation, a most important feature in anything intended to keep out wet, one cannot wonder at the ever-increasing popularity of the "Eminent Waterproofs," the name adopted by the Cravenette Company for their delightfully-cut coats of varied design, among which may be cited for special praise the "Claudia" and the "Cingalee," as well as the "Elvira" of the illustration.

My last week's article did not at all suffice for all I have to say on the subject of cloaks, for they really are the most important garments at this precise moment of the year, when the early season has finished, and the real Season (with a capital S) has hardly begun; so I shall continue on the same text this week also. I am the more impelled thereto because since I last wrote I have been to Messrs. Hyam's (134 to 140, Oxford Street) in search of a cloak that would do for my Easter requirements of travelling, and yet be smart enough for other surroundings than railway platforms and steamers. I found an immense variety of choice, which, though exceedingly interesting, is decidedly embarrassing; but I at last anchored my unstable affections on the "Ascot" wrap, which is portrayed on the left of the illustration on the next page. This particular one was in soft grey tweed, delightful to eye and touch, and proof against both rain and showing dust. It was cut very full, long, and ample, for there is nothing more uncomfortable when travelling than a skimpy garment; and the shawl-revers were of plain silver grey cloth relieved by a charming design in fancy galon, which gave a distinctly "dressed" appearance when allowed to show. If required, however, these shawl-revers could be crossed and buttoned up to the throat, the straps of cloth, which formed graceful adornments on the shoulders when the cloak was open, becoming a neat wind and rain proof collar when the fronts were crossed and closed. A delightful feature of the coat was the cape-sleeve; for now that we have wisely returned

THE ELVIRA CRAVENETTE WATERPROOF

to sleeves that are puffed on the shoulders, a cloak or wrap requires sleeves that are proportioned to the requirements underneath. The cape-sleeves of Messrs. Hyam's wrap do this to the perfection of comfort, besides adding considerable grace and ease to the garment. The smart little travelling toque that is sketched with this cloak deserves mention. It was in fine white straw, very neat and trim, and of a shape that would permit of the wearer's head resting in a railway carriage against the cushions, which to my mind is a *sine quâ non* in any travelling hat. It had a broad band of black and white velvet binding the upturned brim, and its only adornment was a plume of cock's feathers, which have not the drawbacks of ostrich feathers for a travelling hat. The other coat in the sketch is meant for motoring or travelling; it is known as the "Goodwood," and is in great demand at this time of year, when one may hope that the weather will become too mild for fur-lined garments even on the breezy motor. This one was in black and white check Sutherland tweed, which was smartness itself, for checks of all kinds, and especially black and white, are more fashionable than ever this year. It was most beautifully and intelligently cut, as may be seen from the drawing; and its special feature was the graceful groups of pleats, which not only added height to the figure, but also gave the most delightful and comfortable fulness round the knees when sitting in a motor-car or railway carriage. The coat was fitted to the waist at the back with lines of gaugings, from each side of which started a belt bound with black leather, which held the coat to the figure at the sides, and was buttoned at either side of the central double-breasted panel with big black leather buttons, such as those which adorned the front. The sleeves were roomy and full at the shoulder without detracting from the smart "tailor-made" appearance of the coat in any way. The little motor-hat was charming in its sensible simplicity of shape, which would take a motor-veil so comfortably round its straight brim, and, being made of fine straw, its lightness was an additional virtue for a headgear one may have to wear for many hours at a time. Messrs. Hyam make rather a speciality of hats, which are both inexpensive and charming. I was specially taken with a tricorne in finest Dunstable straw, bound with ribbon velvet, an ombré buckle in front of the crown, and a hackle plume falling over the side, which was only 23s. 9d. At the same price was one of the ever-popular and comfortable "torpedo" hats in real Tuscan straw, trimmed with coloured velvet ribbon, and quaint rings of Tuscan straw at one side, through which were run large quill feathers. These were both travelling hats, but there were many others of a more ornamental and elaborate description, among which I noticed a very picturesque one in Tuscan straw, with a brown velvet rouleau inserted in the double edge, the bandeau underneath and the crown above swathed in brown tulle, and the whole crowned with a garland of wallflowers in lovely tones of brown and orange. This hat, in spite of its elaborate trimming, was the same inconspicuous price as the travelling hats I have quoted, as was also a tricorne in fancy burnt straw mixed with black, a wreath of cream and tea roses surrounding the crown and back, and a bow of black velvet at the front and sides giving an exceedingly smart finish.

TWO CLOAKS SKETCHED AT MESSRS. HYAM'S.

Now that the awful moment of spring-cleaning is upon us, and domestic upheaval and chaos are inflicted on the suffering community, it is well to give a helping hint as to the merits of Stone's Perfumed Furniture Cream. This excellent household article is admirable for cleaning and imparting a beautiful lustre to all furniture, whether french-polished or not. It is economical, too, for one does not require to pour it on the object to be cleaned, which should be wiped free from dust, and then rubbed lightly with a flannel on which a little of the Cream has been poured; after which a very little rubbing with a clean flannel will leave the chair, table, or bureau shining like new. The Cream only costs 1s. a bottle, and is manufactured by Messrs. Stone and Son, manufacturing chemists, Exeter, and can be obtained everywhere.

Those who wish to give as an Easter gift something a little more lasting than an Easter Egg should go to Messrs. Osler's, 100, Oxford Street, and see their great variety of novelties for the season in porcelain and glass. Foremost in dainty attractiveness are the quaint Dutch figures in white porcelain, the baskets and head-dresses of each figure being decorated with silver and gold, which has a charming effect. These figures are suitable as decorations for the dinner-table, as they can be used as fern and flower-holders, or as bonbonnières; and the effect of the pure white of the porcelain, with the touches of silver and gold, among foliage and flowers on a white cloth,

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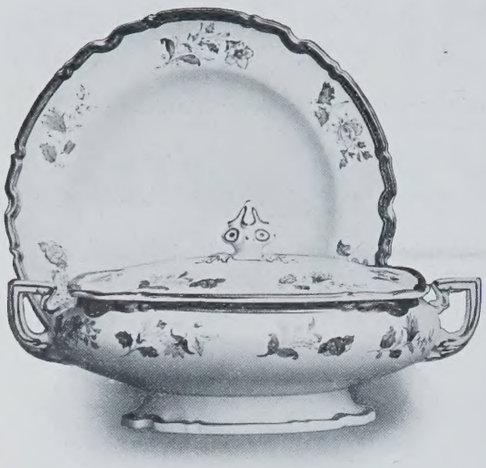

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is most decorative. Another novelty is the series of vases and flower-bowls in a richly-coloured opalescent glass, which look charming when filled with flowers of delicate tones harmonising with the iridescent hues of the glass. A most admirable novelty is the "Plate and Vegetable Dish," which, with the rest of the dinner-service, was copied from an antique silver service. The ware of which it is composed is made solely for Messrs. Osler by the successors of Mr. Spode, Messrs. Copelands, and it can also be had in earthenware and porcelain. This particular design of dinner-service is known as the "Guelph," and it can be had in prices ranging from a few pounds upwards. The great variety of toilet-services at Messrs. Osler's should certainly attract attention at this period of annual renovation of domestic requirements, and a word should be said also about their immense range of designs for electric-light fittings, manufactured at their Birmingham works. The fine galleries of the firm in Oxford Street give an excellent opportunity for showing these

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LAMIA.

SHOOTING NOTES.

Poaching and Railways.

An excellent new method of detecting poached game or stolen eggs on transit is now permitted by some railway companies. A qualified detective may open, under supervision, any suspected parcel. If it contains contraband, it is quite easy to catch the receiver at the other end. To avoid this, says a contemporary, "a man, dressed in ordinary country attire, but wearing some conspicuous article, such as a glaring big red tie or a hat of peculiar shape, arrives at a busy railway station just as an express train is about to leave for London. He carries a heavy hamper, with which he rushes to the guard, and asks him to put it in the van, and he will take it on arrival at the terminus. The package bears an ordinary tag label, and on it is written: 'So-and-so, passenger to Paddington, Liverpool Street, etc.,' as the case may be, but rarely has affixed the company's label. The owner rather conspicuously carries a railway ticket, and, having given the hamper to the guard, does not wait for a reply, but forthwith rushes down the platform, with an intention, apparently, of seeking a seat. The ticket he so plainly displayed is an old one, or a twopenny one to the next station, and, mingling with the crowd, the man disappears from the station. The guard has only obtained a mere glimpse of him, but fixed in his mind is the vision of the glaring tie or curiously-shaped hat; so he thinks all is right when an individual dressed the same turns up at the terminus and claims the hamper, and if suspicious at all, a tip is sufficient to ensure silence. Of course, the whole thing has been cleverly arranged. The time of the departure of the eggs, or whatever it may be, and their arrival has been communicated to a confederate in town, and a similarity of dress between the sender and receiver agreed upon. No one travels with the consignment, and the company has no record of its having been conveyed; neither does it receive payment for having carried the hamper to London. In the way described both game and eggs have freely been sent to town, and detectives in quest of senders and receivers are advised to keep their eyes open for signs of this clever business. They will have to be careful, or the receiver will not show up at the terminus, and there is nothing on the package to reveal the identity of anyone connected with the transaction."

Sheep and Grouse.

In the interesting article by "Argus Olive" on sheep and grouse in Country Life of March 20th, Askrigg is cited as a moor where very large bags of grouse are made, though it is heavily fed with sheep. When the writer happened to be there last August he gathered that, though this hay been the case, there was a feeling that the area of heather had considerable decreased owing to the sheep, and miles could be pointed out on the sides of the Northern Pennines where what was heather is now mainly grass, for the samd reason. But discussing the sheep *versus* grouse question in the abstract, and coming to particular instances of the possible removal of sheep, are different things. In many parts of Yorkshire, Cumberland, and Westmorland the moor is common of pasture, where, though the lord of the manor has the sporting rights, every freeman has a right to feed so many sheep, and is just as free to walk over it as is the lord of the manor himself. In other places the moorland feeding forms a very important part of the assets of the farms below. In this case the landlord could, no doubt, gradually withdraw the sheep, allowing for the difference in rent to the farmers as leases dropped in. A useful and practical arrangement is that by which Sir Walter Spenser Stanhope at Dunford Bridge Moor makes it a condition of the sheep being on the moor that the keepers shall act as shepherds. This is said to answer very well. But it is clear from the foregoing that there are few places where the sheep question can be dealt with *in vacuo*.

Late Timber-hauling.

If all the cut faggots and small timber are not hauled out of the coverts by the end of the month, great mischief is done to the stock of wild pheasants or of wild-laid eggs. Pheasants are particularly fond of nesting near rides, which has the double disadvantage that the eggs are seen by every man employed in moving faggots who passes along them, and that sitting birds are far more likely to be disturbed. It is not too late to cut fresh rides in places where experience last year has shown that they are needed, but this should be done by the keeper or by some man whom he can trust.

Disease among Pheasants.

The following is an example of "how not to do things" in the way of pheasant rearing, though whether it could have been prevented, and how, we cannot say. Five thousand pheasants were hatched out on a soil of clay and loam. The birds were affected with gapes, though not in a very marked way till just before the time for putting them out in the coverts. Though they were then very bad, they were all turned into the woods, in the hope that things would right themselves. It was a fine July and August, and birds did well elsewhere. On this property, however, they died like flies, and of the 5,000 birds rather less than 2,000 were shot. The prospect for this year, judging by the way in which the gapes parasite flourishes in clay soil, must be a poor one.

Partridges on Grassland.

Some very charming illustrations were noticed the other day, in a magazine devoted to shooting and game preserving, of English-bred and trained pointers standing and backing game on the prairies of Manitoba. We have always held that the pointer, though scarcely used in England, will still be bred and trained in numbers here for use in the "new countries" and Colonies. In an article on partridges on grass land, the writer holds out very little hope of ever getting up a stock where there are arable fields near. We agree. But where the whole neighbourhood is grass partridges can be preserved. Quite a good head is obtained on grass land even in Middlesex. But in that county there are practically no hawks, which decimate the birds on the meadows where there is no cover. Hawks and the mowing machine are the great enemies of the meadow partridge; but if there are rough fields and bits of gorse or fern the birds have a far better chance of breeding safely.

LITERARY NOTES.

In the "Highways and Byways" Series of books many interesting volumes have been issued, and it is a compliment to say of the latest, *Highways and Byways in Derbyshire* (Macmillan), that it is not unworthy to take a place beside its predecessor. The writer is Mr. J. B. Firth, and his text is illustrated by Nelly Erichsen. In the composition of these books various ideals and methods have been adopted. That of the present writer may perhaps be best judged by his omissions. He says, "Of natural history and geology there is frankly nothing in the book, of science nothing, of sport nothing." Its distinguishing feature is its treatment of literary associations. The rugged beauty of Derbyshire is felt rather than described in many an interesting passage; but as a rule the author is intent on finding out the connection between the scenes he visits and the literary people associated with them. Incidentally he shows that the present delight in mountain charm is a very modern fashion. The attitude of the elder poets is very fairly exemplified in the following passage from the "Polyolbion":

> "But to th' unwearied Muse the Peake appears the while
> A withered beldam long, with bleared, waterish eyes,
> With many a bleak storm dimmed, which often to the skies
> She cast, and oft to th' earth bowed down her aged head,
> Her meagre, wrinkled face being sullied still with lead."

However, let us follow the itinerary and see what Mr Firth makes of it. He started from Kegworth in Leicestershire, whence he travelled to Melbourne in Derbyshire, through the fields almost the whole way. Naturally enough this led him to Donington Hall, which would have given a rare text to a writer on sport. Here is all that Mr. Firth makes of it:

"A little beyond we get a glimpse of Donington Hall, a plain, two-storeyed building with chapel attached. The whole estate has recently

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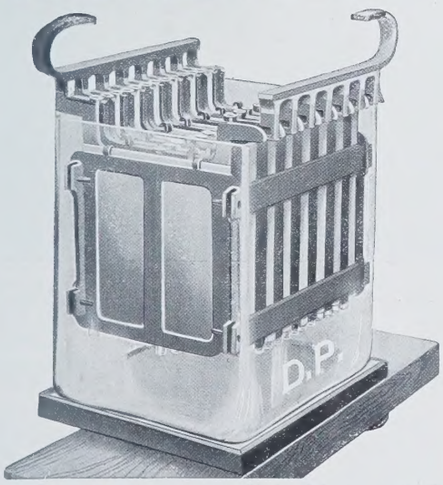

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passed into new and wealthier hands from neighbouring Burton. It was long the seat of the Earls of Huntingdon, ancestors of the first Marquis of Hastings, who lent it to Charles X. of France during the time of his exile in England. The house enjoyed a brief blaze of celebrity in the lifetime of the last Marquis, who in a few years squandered away a noble fortune. The story of Hermit's victory in the Derby of 1867—that well-remembered struggle in a snowstorm which beggared the racing Marquis—belongs to the history of the Turf. Racing may be the sport of kings, but it is a sorry amusement on which to fling away a fine estate like Donington Park."

Near Donington Hall is Melbourne Hall, where Baxter began to write "The Saints' Everlasting Rest." In later times Tom Moore often came to Melbourne, and he described its beauties in his "Pegasus." From Melbourne Hall Mr. Firth travelled to Swarkeston Bridge, Bancroft's eulogy of which is quoted with admiration. He brings the account up as late as the time of Herbert Spencer, who, when he was a young man, fished there by moonlight. It is a fine old bridge, and many will echo the author's regret that "a practical but prosaic county council should have been guilty of filling in some of the arches with vile blue bricks." Tutbury Castle is, of course, full of interesting associations, especially those connected with Queen Mary. "At Norbury we are in George Eliot's country," concerning which the author says:

"Her Loamshire is, of course, Staffordshire; her Stonyshire is Derbyshire, and the barren hills of which she speaks are the mountains of the Peak. Those who read 'Adam Bede' again after visiting this part of England, and wish to identify the places named in the novel, will not err if they interpret Oakbourne as Ashbourne, Snowfield as Wirksworth, Eagledale as Dovedale, Norbourne as Norbury. The Donnithorne Arms at Hayslope, or Ellaston, is the square, substantial-looking Bromley Arms at the cross-roads. Donnithorne Chase is either Wootton Hall, a fine old mansion a mile to the north, or Calwich Abbey, a mile to the east on the wooded right bank of the Dove—probably, we should say, the former."

Wootton Hall, which most of our readers will know, by illustration at least, was for some time the home of Jean Jacques Rousseau, who began to write his "Confessions" there. Ashbourne, again, is chiefly noteworthy in the author's eyes from its connection with Dr. Johnson. A very different literary man, Canning, refers to it in his "Loves of the Triangles":

"So down the hill, romantic Ashbourne, glides
The Derby Dilly carrying three insides;
One in each corner sits and lolls at ease,
With folded arms, propt back and outstretched knees;
While the pressed bodkin, pinched and squeezed to death,
Sweats in the midmost place and scolds and pants for breath."

The following is a description of the house in which Johnson used to visit Dr. Taylor:

"It lies opposite the Grammar School and near the Church, the last house but one on the south side of the principal street, a solid, substantial brick building, known simply as 'The Mansions.' Local tradition says that the façade was designed by a travelling Italian architect, who also designed the façade of Dr. Boswell's house—the name is most appropriate—on the other side of the street. We know from Dr. Johnson himself that the house was partly rebuilt in 1784, for he makes rather fretful reference to the building operations."

This Dr. Taylor Mr. Firth has fished out of an unpublished manuscript as having been described by the Ashbourne people as "A very good man only vicious." The famous Boothby memorial has a dedication, which the author properly enough describes as one of the mort pathetic to be found on any child's monument in England. It is this:

"To Penelope,
Only child of Sir Brooke Boothby and Dame Susannah Boothby.
Born April 11th, 1785, died March 13th, 1791.
She was in form and intellect most exquisite
The unfortunate parents ventured their all in this Frail bark,
And the wreck was total."

As he points out, the one most comparable to it is written on a simple stone in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. It is only this: "Jane Lyster, deare child."

Dovedale, it is unnecessary to say, supplies a splendid text for a writer of Mr. Firth's idiosyncrasies. He quotes his Wordsworth to good purpose, but the praise he gives to Cotton is almost unmeasured in the following lines:

"O my beloved nymph, fair Dove,
Princess of rivers, how I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a summer's beam;

And in it all that wanton fry
Playing at liberty,
And with my angle upon them,
The all of treachery
I ever learned, industriously to try!"

It would, however, take us a very long time, interesting though the task would be, to follow our author into all the nooks and dales in which he has found himself. We expected to find more about Scott in Derbyshire, but there is only a short page. Jane Austen's use of Chatsworth is minutely analysed, as will be seen from the following passage:

"The party entered Chatsworth from the Beeley side. There is mention of the sudden turn in the road near Edensor, the drop down to the bridge, the high woods behind the house, and the stables at the rear, the river, partly natural, partly artificial, and the ten-mile circuit of the park. Another

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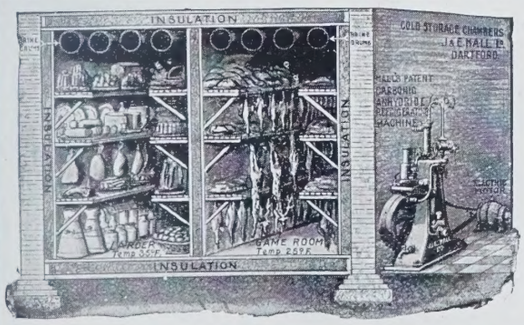

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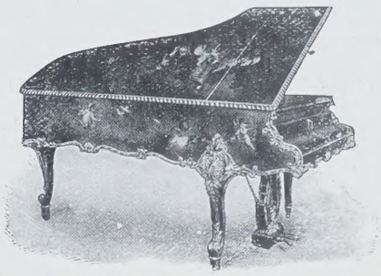

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touch of local colour is Mr. Darcy's invitation to Mr. Gardiner to fish in his waters. How Elizabeth was shown over the house—trembling as Miss Austen's heroines always tremble, lest she should meet the owner—and was suddenly confronted by Darcy, who was not expected till the morrow, how she went for a walk with her uncle and aunt in the woods, and then saw Darcy following, and how she was happy and timorous at the same time, and all in the prettiest way—these things readers must find out for themselves in 'Pride and Prejudice.' If they have read and forgotten, let them read it again. Disraeli owned to having read it from cover to cover no fewer than seventeen times!" The book altogether is a charming one, and equally calculated both to delight those who love books and those who love the country.

We have read much of the beauty of the right association of colour in the garden, but have no recollection of a book confined to this subject alone. At last it has appeared, and its title, *Garden Colour* (Dent), is certainly comprehensive. Unfortunately the work is not worthy of its excellent name, but its appearance whets one's appetite for a masterly treatise on this important phase of gardening from the pen of Miss Jekyll, in whose garden at Munstead the colour schemes are the result of a true perception of colour harmony and a thorough knowledge of plant life and culture. We are sorry to condemn the present work as "hotch-potch," but in these days of hastily-compiled gardening works the public must be protected. The description of winter by the Hon. Vicary Gibbs is simply a reproduction of a paper read by him before the Royal Horticultural Society, and reprinted in the Journal of that institution. Surely in a book costing a guinea the purchaser has a right to expect something more than a lecture repeated in a journal whose circulation is immense. The book is divided naturally into four parts, spring, summer, autumn, and winter. Mrs. Earle, and, we presume, the editor, Margaret Waterfield, are responsible for spring; E. V. B., Margaret Waterfield, W. Richard Powell, Helen Crofton, and George Mount for summer; Rose S. Kingsley for autumn; and Mr. Gibbs for winter. The opening pages are from the pen of Mrs. Earle, who, in spite of a certain charm in the communication of her gardening knowledge, is greatly puzzled by botanical nomenclature. Errors of nomenclature in such a book as this should not have escaped the eye of the editor. The following are a few of the more noticeable blunders: Thersoidens for thrysoideus, Mittalia for nuttallia are repeated more than once, and Acomitefolius for aconitifolius. Even the index is not free from blunders. We have Bongainvilla for Bougainvillea, Eccromocarpus for Eccremocarpus, viburnam for viburnum, Candoblii for Candollei, and Zauscheneria for Zauschneria. We have only picked out these blunders at random from many others. A very practical contribution is that of Mr. George Mount, the well-known rose-grower; it is concerned with the "Culture of Roses," and is a valuable little essay, the selection of varieties being of much use to the beginner. The book is illustrated with many reproductions of water-colour sketches by Margaret Waterfield, which are, on the whole, deserving of much praise. They teach the value of simple grouping and massing certain colours to gain a good effect. "Crown Imperials" in Mrs. Earle's garden at the Woodlands, Cobham, is quite charming. Cyclamen coum, Anemone blanda and the Cernuus daffodil, Madonna lily and delphinium, oriental poppy and lupin, and Japanese iris in the Royal Horticultural Society's Garden at Wisley, are worth more than passing notice. It is, however, a book from which it is impossible to gain much help. There are no plans to show how to plant a mixed border with a view to beautiful colour effect, although this is exactly what so many gardeners desire. It is scrappy, and evidently hurriedly prepared—a poor imitation of the beautiful "Some English Gardens" by Gertrude Jekyll and George Elgood.

GAMES IN . . COUNTRY HOUSES.

At this season of the year now and again the hours hang rather heavily, and with the boys at home any sort of exercise is welcome. The turf is hardly in condition yet for net practice. But if an asphalte pitch has been laid down—say a patch 12yds. by 3yds.—nothing better can be wished for to give confidence to eye and hand in the opening matches of the season—matches which are rather important if school colours or a "Blue" are within sight. Balls come along so accurately on these pitches that their increased liveliness matters nothing. Cocoanut matting laid on them is an improvement, or at a pinch can be put down on a hard-rammed piece of bare earth, or even very finely-crushed gravel.

Racquet and tennis courts are, of course, for the few, but it is always a matter of surprise that more people have not taken up squash racquets. It is as quick a method of getting a good "sweat" as anything there is, and is such an accommodating game that a very little expense will soon provide a court, whether indoors or out. A coach-house door, with a concrete pavement in front, makes an excellent makeshift, and many a good game has been played in a loose box cleared of its fittings. A back wall always adds to the interest of the game; but if sheer exercise is an object, the outdoor court will give more without it. The best ball is a little red india-rubber one, which used to be procurable in Winchester, and the racquet can be anything, from a lawn tennis to a slightly shortened racquet bat. The advantage of playing in the open air will incline many to an out-of-door court, and the game does not entail that stooping, as in fives, which finds out weak spots in elderly or stout persons.

Bicycle or pony paper chases may be dismissed with the remark that they are most effective in bringing impending engagements to a head.

If a sheet of water is available it may interest some to know that a great deal of sailing can be got out of the ordinary dinghy. True, it is apt to sag to leeward when beating, but it stands up to quite an astonishing amount of sail, and the experience thus gained may some day save greater risks, for small lakes, surrounded by woods or hills, are sure to have the dangerous, sudden gusts that the yachtsman has to guard against when skirting a mountainous and indented coast. Younger brothers may be warned here that their sisters' beautifully cushioned punt is not exactly improved by shooting waterfalls in. No doubt the sport is exhilarating, but "he who pays" is apt to demur when complaints of such doings reach him.

A good deal of amusement can be got out of putting the ponies that have been hunted all the winter into tandem harness. In some cases they absolutely rebel, and the sight of one, who had been put middle horse in a farm team of three, being dragged along with all his four toes dug well in, was most comical.

Indoors, if by good luck the billiard-table is on the eve of being done up, fives may be allowed, and fine exercise it gives; though, if played at all wildly, is a bit dangerous to any glass cases there may be in the room.

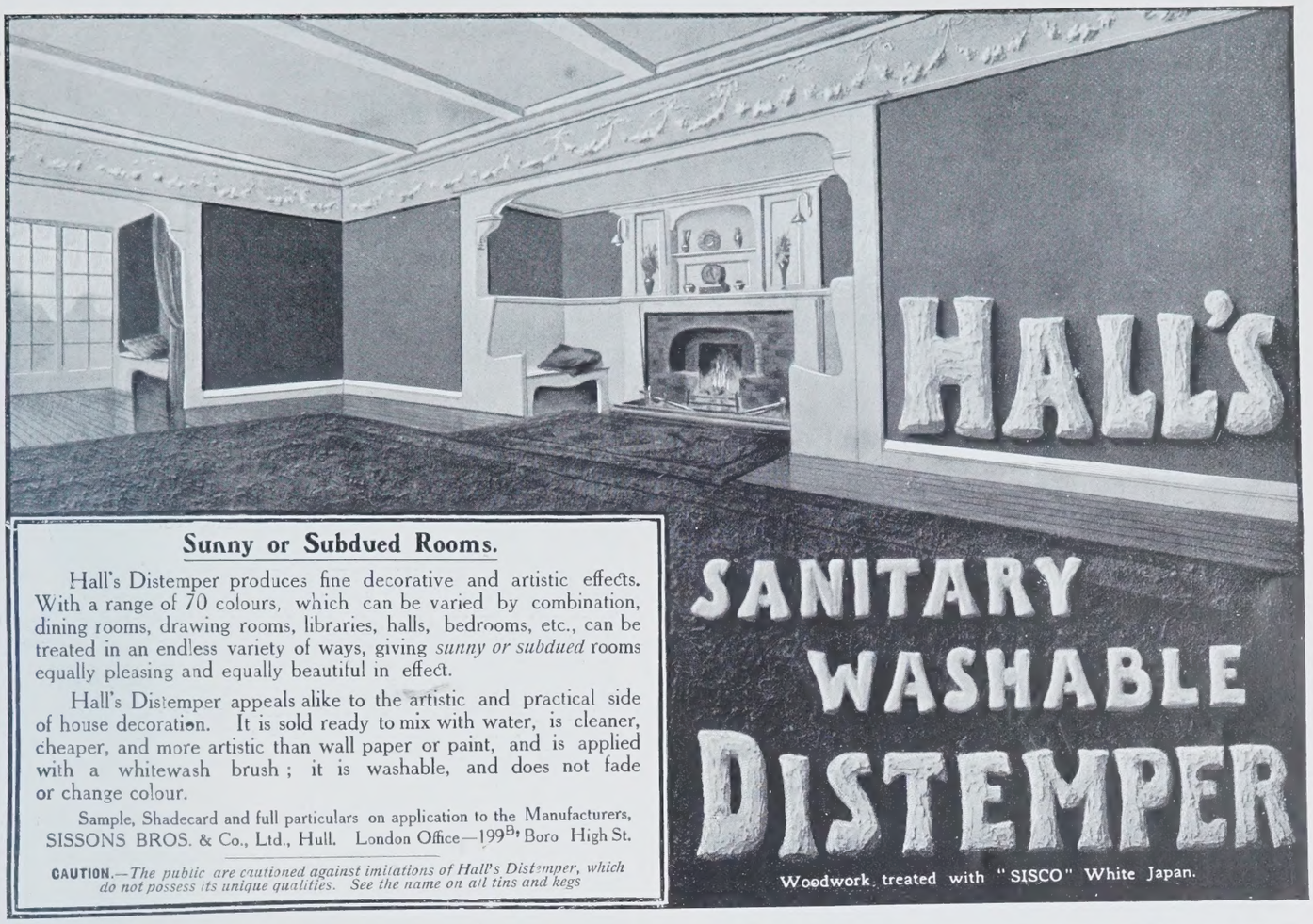
ON THE GREEN.

Evidently the fashion of modern golf is running very strongly in the direction of travelling team matches—we have the historic instance of the Inverallochy fishermen most conspicuously before us. The Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society was about the first to set the example, and has gone further than others, notably to America, where it did remarkably good things. More lately it has been touring in the St. Anne's, Formby, and Hoylake country, and a feature of the tour was the defeat of Mr. John Ball by Mr. Hoffmann, on a green, too, that Mr. Ball knows well. It is said he broke his driver at the third tee, but if there is a golfer who has natural gifts which make him little dependent on this or the other particular form of club, it is Mr Ball. I remember Mr. Graham, who knows his play so well, telling me that he did not believe there was another golfer who could make so much of one club, and who could make one club serve for so many strokes, and serve so well, as Mr. Ball. The two had often hit about together with one club on the Hoylake links. So we need not, perhaps, make much deduction from Mr. Hoffmann's win because of the accident to Mr. Ball's driver. Evidently, Mr. Hoffmann is *très fort*, as one learns to say, thinking one is talking French, at Biarritz, and may give trouble in the amateur championship. He also ought to challenge the attention of the selectors (unhappy men!) of the international team. A comparatively newcomer (all things in the professional ranks are relative to those generally undefeated old stagers Vardon, Taylor, and Braid) may be troublesome, as appears in the light of some recent performances in the open championship, and that is A. H. Toogood. As a very fine player we have known him long, but as a player fine enough to finish three strokes ahead of the next best in a field containing Vardon and Braid and White, which is what he did at Rochford the other day, we had not recognised in him before, any more than in any other golfer. So he is a force to be heavily reckoned with, if he can keep anything like this class of game going. Another instance of the travelling team tendency is the tour of the New Luffness Club, also in the Cheshire and Lancashire country. The Sassenach seems to have been a little too powerful for the Scot in some of these encounters, though the Scotsmen beat the Wallasey team; but, of course, the Sassenach had the advantage of playing at home, which always counts for something.

Although the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society's team was beaten in the match at Hoylake, the result is principally remarkable for the success of its leading players. On the Hoylake side were Mr. Ball, Mr. Graham, Mr. Hilton, Mr. Hutchings, and Mr. Dick as the five leaders, playing on their own ground. It is not possible to have followed the course of golf with any interest and not to recognise the remarkable strength, on paper, of this noble company, and it is a very great record, on the part of the five who were opposed to them, to win, on the thirty-six hole matches played, no less than twenty holes from them. Mr. Ball, after being two holes down to Mr. Hoffmann on the morning round, eventually won the long match by a single hole. But Mr. Hunter beat Mr. Graham by three, Mr. Darwin defeated Mr. Hilton by the same number, Mr. Low was six up on Mr. Hutchings, and Mr. Beveridge beat Mr. Dick by no less than nine. The tail of the Hoylake team wagged the head home victorious. The work of the leading players is the most interesting part of the business, and in those upper circles the visiting team had a strong and noteworthy advantage. Certainly it would not be possible to pick a team of five amateurs of whom one could say that one would care to back them to beat, at Hoylake, the five who thus suffered defeat; and even taking in professionals as well, I do not think one could find five that one would back to be twenty holes up on them, as these Oxford and Cambridge players were.

A competition in the Midlands, for professionals only, having for chief result that Williamson and Sherlock tied for first place, is evidently played out very much on its merits. Probably, if one who knew the form had had to select, out of all the large field, the two that were most likely to finish in front of the rest, these would have been just the two that he would have chosen. From which it appears that, in spite of all its glorious uncertainties, and of the results at Hoylake, golf is a game that does now and then turn out according to anticipation. The draw for the Parliamentary tournament is out, and the number of entries appears legion to a casual glance. Only a legislator could have enough spare time to count them.

Horace Hutchinson.



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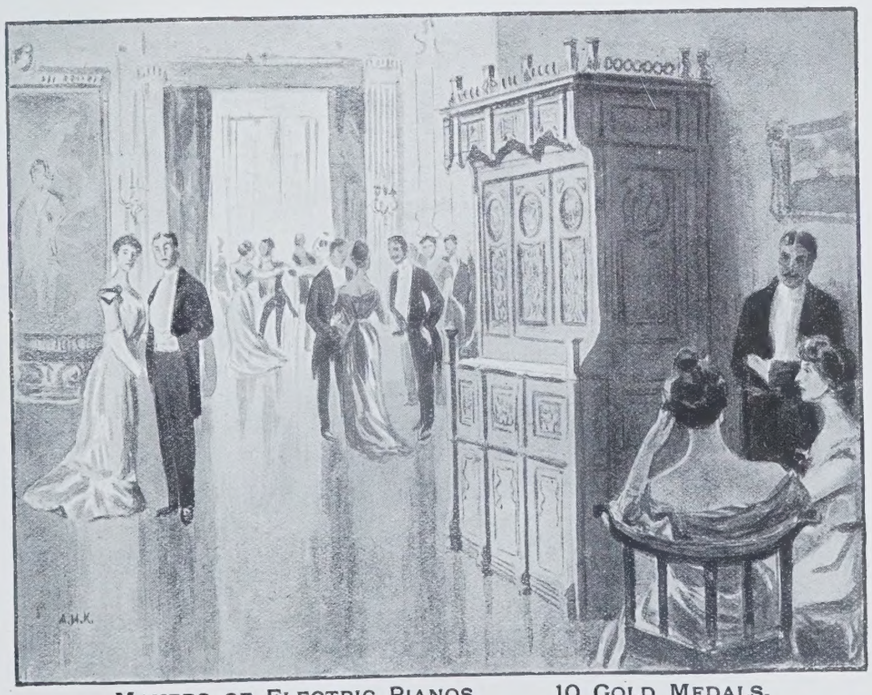

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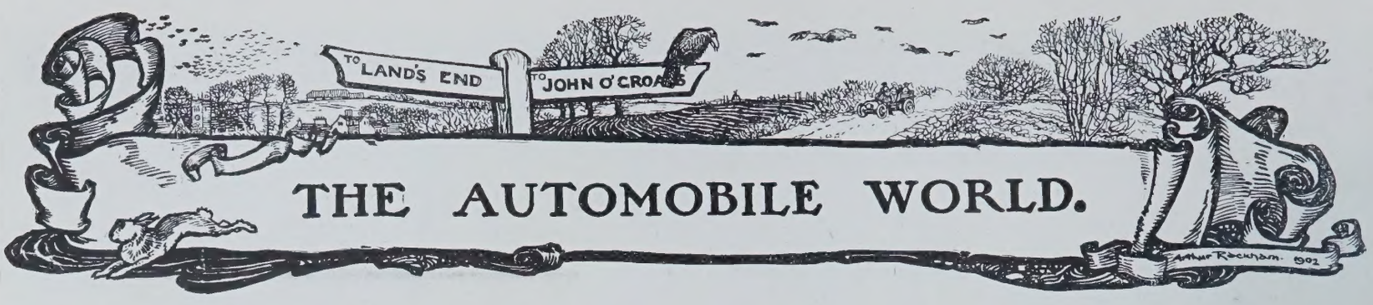
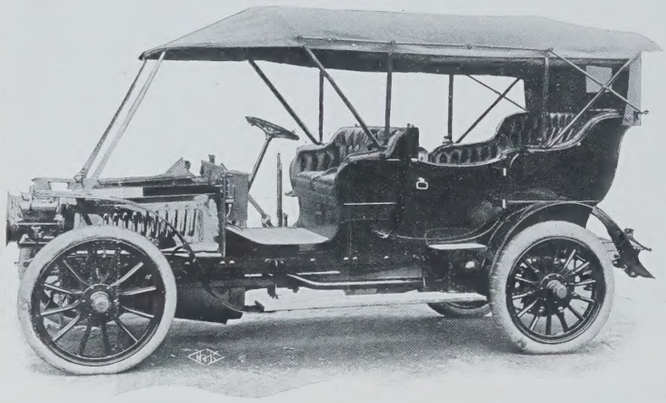


THE AUTOMOBILE WORLD.

"WHAT is the best car to start with?" is a question which many a novice asks himself; and by this I mean not the most reliable make, but the most suitable type of vehicle. Most people would be ready to rejoin "A single-cylinder, of course," and there is certainly much that may be said in favour of that conclusion. In using the word "novice" I refer to the non-wealthy type of owner who means to tend and drive his own car; the wealthy man who keeps a professional naturally approaches the subject from a totally different point of view.

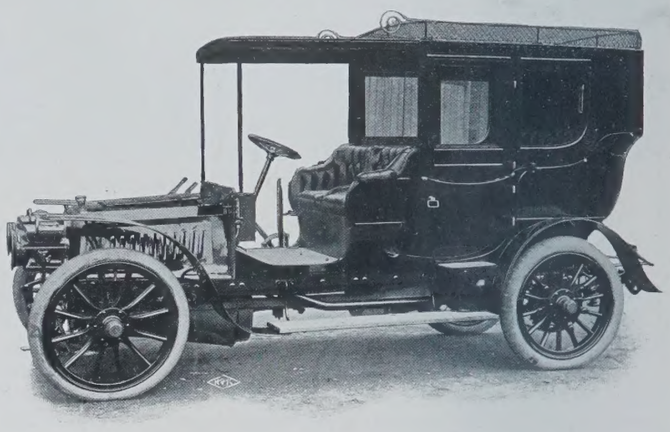
The single-cylinder car, it may be said, is cheap as regards initial outlay, inexpensive to maintain, and involves the owner in comparatively small loss when he comes to sell it in order to buy a larger car. There is now a large array of single-cylinder cars of truly surprising efficiency, and provided the owner of such a vehicle does not essay at all times to drive it at its hardest, nor endeavour to keep pace with much more expensive and more powerful cars, and provided, above all, that he is content to have a two-seated pattern instead of overtaxing the engine, frame, tyres, and all working parts by carrying more passengers, he may derive from it an amount of pleasure and practical utility combined, which is amazing when compared with anything which even a pair-horse carriage can accomplish.



COLONEL FERGUSSON'S 18 H.P. PANHARD.

The body was built by Messrs. Hooper, and the hood is arranged so as not to interfere with the side entrance.

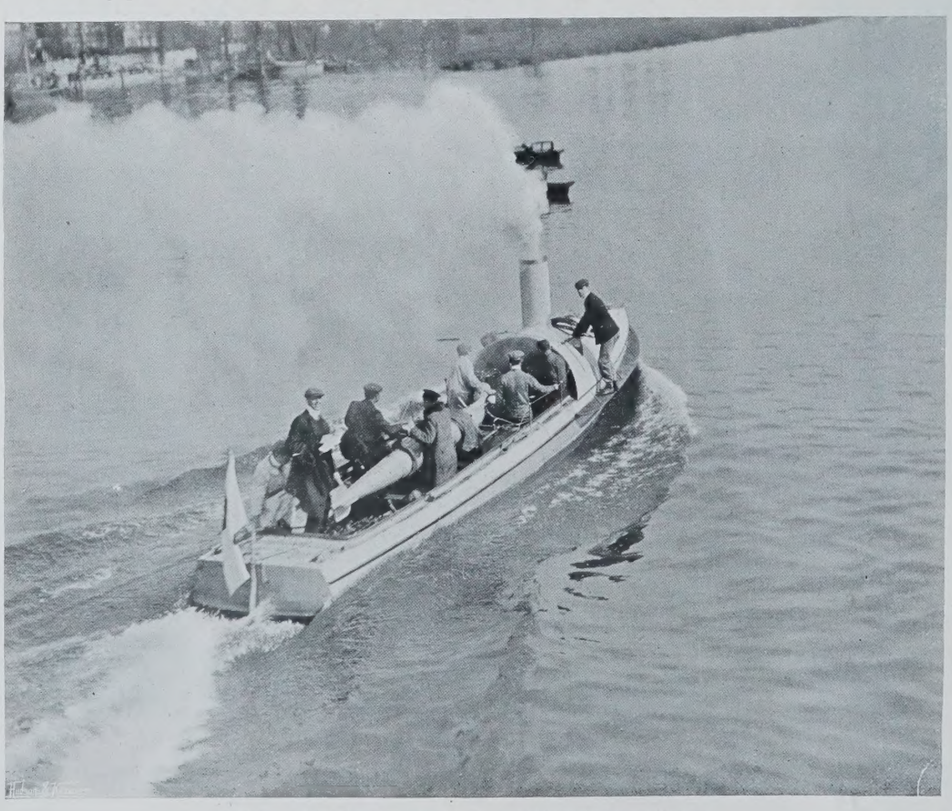
There is one aspect, however, which is generally lost sight of, and might more frequently be borne in mind by the prospective purchaser. One invariably hears the word "simplicity" used in connection with the single-cylinder motor, and what I wish to show is that certain advantages attach to the use of the twin-cylinder type which make it at least an arguable point that the single cylinder is not necessarily the best for the novice to acquire. I am approaching the subject solely from the standpoint of diagnosing the causes of possible trouble.



FOR WINTER USE.

This photograph shows Colonel Fergusson's car with removable brougham top in place.

Despite all that may be said by experts and others who believe that automobiles of all types are now of such proved efficiency that reliability trials and the like are no longer necessary, I venture to assert that nine out of every ten possible automobilists, if asked what prevented them from taking the plunge and ordering a car forthwith, would answer, "The fear of breakdowns." Even if one pointed out to them what motor-cars had actually done, and adduced the cases of Jones, Brown, or Robinson, who were driving automobiles with every satisfaction, the answer would probably be, "Oh, yes; but they are mechanically minded. I am not." I am convinced that the average non-automobilist is firmly of opinion that he would find himself in difficulties on the road if he acquired a car of any type; and certainly the novice who does obtain his first, and takes it out on the highway, does so with more or less apprehensiveness as to what may happen. The mysterious is always more terrifying than the actual, and it is not the possibility of having to repair a puncture or effect some definite and intelligent repair that affrights the novice, but of finding himself stranded ten miles from anywhere, and unable to determine why the engine has gone wrong.



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The Thornycroft Dragonfly, which was on view at Olympia.

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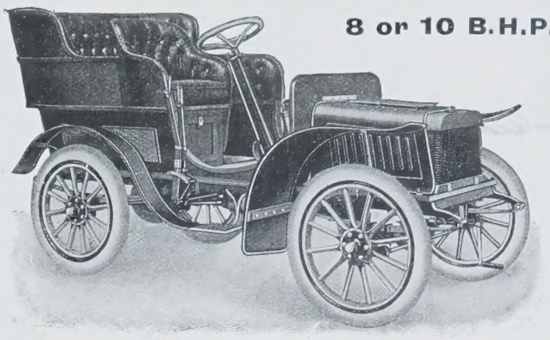

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Dear Sirs, Carlisle, Feb. 28th, 1905.

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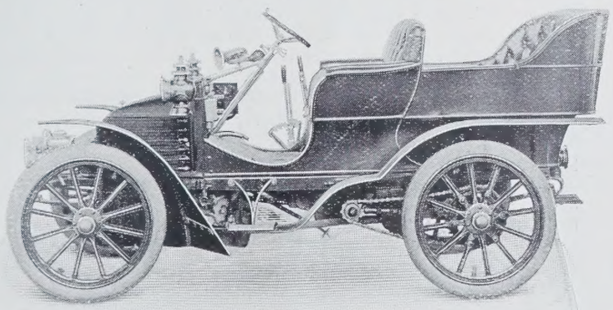

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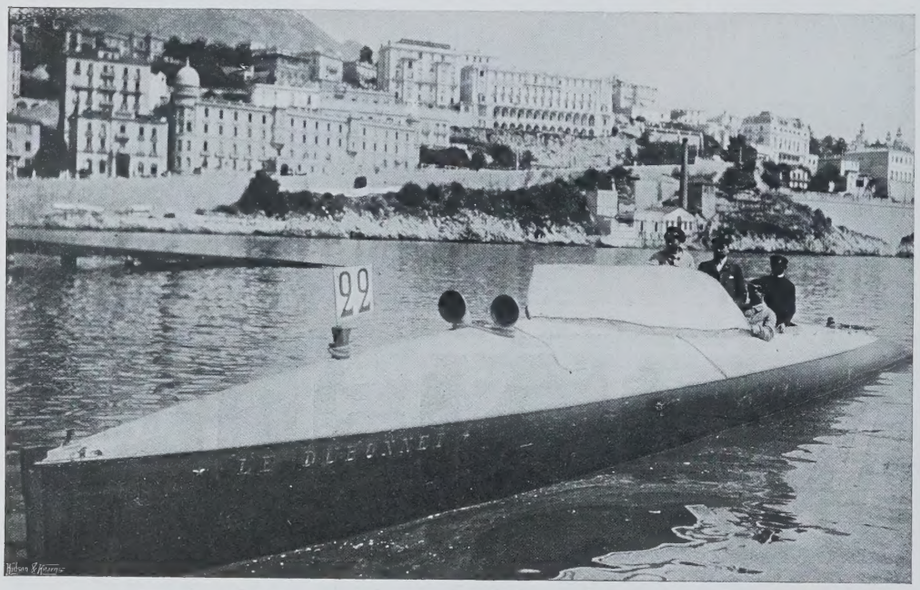
the best to put into the hands of a novice of this type. If a single-cylinder motor stops, the driver of the car has mentally to run through the whole gamut of possible causes. He may hit on the right one at the outset; on the other hand, he may not fix upon it until he has tried everything else in vain. One might compile a lengthy list of items which the owner of a two-cylinder car, oftener than not, does not need to consider. Let us suppose, for example, that his motor is running, but on one cylinder only. Obviously the defect concerns the idle cylinder, and not any main source. The two-cylinder man has no need to examine his batteries, to see if they are run down, or to peer into his petrol tank, to see if it is empty; he does not need to examine his carburettor, in case it may be choked. The trouble is obviously not due to overheating, defective circulation, or a short circuit in the "earth wire"; in fact, these and other possible contingencies he can exclude at once from his diagnosis so long as the motor is running at all. On the other hand, he addresses himself at once to the non-working cylinder, and probably finds that it is merely a sparking plug which has broken or become foul; or, possibly, it may be a broken strand, or short circuit from some other cause, in the wiring which leads to that particular cylinder.

The single-cylinder man, on the other hand, may find himself in a quandary to know where to start his diagnosis. Naturally, he is anxious not to waste any time by pulling out his sparking plug, or examining the wiring to see if the battery itself has run down; *per contra*, he is equally loath to waste time by testing the battery and examining the wiring when the seat of the trouble is in the plug. Then, again, the owner of the two-cylinder car has the advantage when his engine does happen to stop as a whole. Unlike the single-cylinder man, he does not need to speculate as to whether the cause of stoppage is from a local or main source; he knows at once that the former is the case. Hence he can proceed to business straight away.



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To an experienced hand there may be little to choose between the two types of motor, as he generally knows in what quarter to look for the most likely cause of any temporary trouble. With the novice, however, the case is entirely different. The fewer factors there are in the equation he has to solve the better. It is vastly more encouraging, moreover, to a man who has one cylinder of a two-cylinder motor running, and knows that he has only to locate an individual defect, than to be confronted with a single-cylinder motor which obstinately refuses to start.

COMMUTATOR.

THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB AND INCONSIDERATE DRIVING.

THE committee of the Automobile Club has once more issued an appeal to all drivers of motor-cars to show every consideration and courtesy to other users of the highway, and calls upon the members of the club to set a good example in this respect. The public are invited to report to the secretary, at 119, Piccadilly, any flagrant offences against the laws of etiquette and good feeling, and an assurance is given that the special committee which sits to consider such complaints will take the proper measures for penalising offenders. Of course, the powers of the club are limited to its own members and the members of its numerous allied organisations, but as these number many thousands the influence that the committee can bring to bear, either directly or indirectly, is very great. The appeal, which is signed by the chairman, the Hon. Arthur Stanley, M.P., concludes in the following words: "It cannot be too well known that we intend to exercise our powers rigidly and impartially over all persons subject to our authority, since we recognise that nothing could be more prejudicial to automobilism than a general belief that the leaders of the movement are indifferent to the safety, the comfort, and the good opinion of the public."

A SEQUEL TO TWO RECENT CONVICTIONS.

During the last few weeks two of the drivers nominated for the British Eliminating Trials have figured in police-court cases. Bianchi was fined at Farnham for driving a Wolseley racer to the common danger, and Mr. Lisle of the Star Company was involved in a serious accident near Liverpool, when in charge of one of his firm's old Gordon Bennett cars. Mr. Lisle was fined £50, and his licence was suspended for two years. This, however, in itself would not prevent his taking part in the Eliminating Trials, as the Motor-car Act does not apply to the Isle of Man. These two cases having been brought to the notice of the Automobile Club, Messrs. Bianchi and Lisle have been summoned before the committee to show cause why they should not be struck off the competitors' register. In taking this action the club is carrying out the policy announced a year ago, when it decided to prevent, as far as possible, the tuning-up of racing cars on the roads of this country. A resolution was then passed that any car built to comply with the Gordon Bennett conditions, which was driven on the roads at a speed exceeding the legal limit, should be liable, together with its driver, to be disqualified from taking part in the race.

REPORT OF THE ALCOHOL COMMITTEE.

Those motorists who have come to regard the industrial alcohol question as one that mainly concerns the future of that spirit as a fuel for motor-vehicles, will read the report of the Departmental Committee, which has been sitting for some months past, with a sense of disappointment, and possibly of surprise. Out of twenty-five pages of closely-printed matter, only three short paragraphs are devoted exclusively to the use of alcohol as a source of motive power, and these dismiss the subject as one of little present importance from the point of view of the committee. "Spirit is not used at present in this country," says the report, "as a fuel for motor-vehicles. Nor is it used to any great extent either in Germany or in France, in spite of the fact that both these countries are most desirous of encouraging the use of a material that is indigenous, in preference to a material, like petrol, that has to be imported. Where spirit is used for motor or other engines in these countries, it is almost entirely for agricultural engines. For motor-cars, spirit presents certain special difficulties which require to be overcome, the principal being the behaviour of alcohol in very cold weather, and the tendency of the acids generated by its combustion to cause corrosion of the metal surfaces with which they come in contact." This latter point is one that has been either overlooked or ignored by the advocates of alcohol in this country, and it is, therefore, of interest to ascertain on what evidence this statement in the report was founded. The witnesses who gave evidence before the committee as to the possibility of using alcohol for motor-cars were Professor Vernon Boys, F.R.S., representing the Automobile Club, and Dr. Ormandy, representing the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. Professor Boys admitted ignorance as to the alleged corrosive effect of alcohol, and Dr. Ormandy threw little light on the subject except to state that the exhaust gases from German motor alcohol contained little or no acid products. It is clear, however, that the sub-committee, consisting of Sir Henry Primrose and Dr. T. E. Thorpe, which went to Germany to study the use of industrial alcohol in that country, obtained very strong evidence on the subject of corrosion in alcohol motors. No mention of this vital question is made in the sub-committee's report, but the questions put to Professor Boys by Dr. Thorpe, which are to be found in the bulky minutes of evidence, place the matter in a startling light. Dr. Thorpe, in the course of his interrogations, and in order to explain them, made the following statements: "We were told that all the running parts of the machinery were very quickly corroded, and that that was due to the relatively large quantities of acetic acid which were produced. We were informed also that although theoretically much better results might, from a mechanical point of view, come from the use of high compression, nevertheless it appeared that the increase in the formation of these acid products was so considerable that an effective stop was soon brought to this economical effect." Dr. Thorpe also stated that although even the police tried to enforce the use of alcohol for motor-vehicles, in certain cases their efforts were rendered nugatory owing to the corrosion that resulted, with a consequent increase in repair bills. On the subject of the difficulty of starting in cold weather he was equally emphatic. "We were also informed," he said to Professor Boys, "and we were in Berlin at a time when we could ourselves verify the fact, that any alcohol engine which they have at present had occasion to use is, in very cold weather, practically unworkable on account of the difficulty of starting it. It is not only the starting, but it is also the running for some time after the starting has taken place, that is the difficulty."

These statements seem to prove that alcohol as a fuel for motor-cars is hardly at present within the range of practical politics, though it by no means follows that the difficulties may not be overcome in the future. The recommendations of the committee, if adopted by the Government, will have the effect of materially reducing the price of methylated spirit, which, apart from the objections inherent in all varieties of industrial alcohol, is admitted to be suitable for use in explosion engines; and although its price can never approximate to the present very low price of petrol, the reduction may be sufficient to encourage experiments with a view to overcoming the present difficulties that beset its use for motor-cars.

Here and there in the report are to be found items of interest to the motorist. On the all-important question of price it is stated that at the present time industrial alcohol is cheaper in this country than in Germany,

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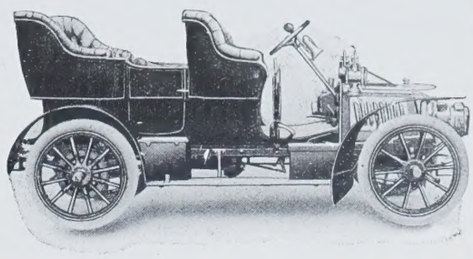

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and that even in normal years its price is not as much below the price in this country as the committee had been led to suppose. If the proposals of the committee are adopted it is anticipated that the average price of industrial spirit in the United Kingdom will be even lower than the average price in Germany. The large consumption of spirit for heating and lighting in the latter country is attributed solely to its cheapness as compared with coal gas and oil. In the United Kingdom, with cheap gas and oil, no conceivable reduction in the price of methylated spirit would enable it to compete with them. So far as stationary engines are concerned, even Dr. Ormandy, who is a strong advocate of alcohol for motor-cars, admitted that no liquid fuel could ever hope to compete with suction gas so long as coal is at anything like its present price. It has often been held out as an argument in favour of replacing petrol by alcohol, that the farmers would benefit by growing the potatoes from which the spirit is distilled. The report is emphatic in disposing of this fallacy, as it states that "in the present agricultural conditions of this country, it would not be possible to found a profitable industry on the employment of potatoes as a material for distillation."

A Veteran's Opinion of the Auvergne Circuit.

To an interviewer who questioned M. Girardot, on his return from Clermont-Ferrand, as to his impressions of the Auvergne Circuit, he said that he found the course very tiring to the arms, and till the Eliminatory Trials took place he intended to take up physical exercises and boxing to fit himself for the strain. On being asked what he considered likely to be the average speed made by the winning cars, he stated that, after careful consideration, he had come to the conclusion that the car which did each round in 1hr. 40min. to 1hr. 45min. would have the best chance of success. Drivers would very likely exceed this speed in the first round or two, but he believed that those who did so would run grave risks of not completing the course.

M. Meyan's Challenge.

It will be remembered that M. Paul Meyan, fired by a statement in an advertisement in *The Times*, to the effect that an English car held the world's record for reliability, recently expressed his willingness to run his French car, which he has had in daily use for over a year, against any British-built machine. He suggested a total distance of 5,000 kilomètres, the daily runs to be from 350 to 400 kilomètres, and the stakes 10,000fr. aside. This challenge was promptly accepted by Mr. Siddeley, the only conditions attached to his acceptance being that half the distance should be run in this country and that for that part of the contest the daily distance should be reduced in order to comply with the speed regulations. One's faith in M. Meyan's anxiety to test his car against the Siddeley is somewhat shaken by the very weak objections which he has raised to Mr. Siddeley's proposals. He has replied that, as a trial of endurance and regularity in running, twice 2,500 kilomètres is not equal to 5,000 kilomètres without a break, and that during the transport of the cars across the Channel there would be a cessation of the strain of running, which was contrary to the object he had in view in issuing his challenge. It is difficult to believe that M. Meyan puts forward this objection in a serious spirit. The passage of the Channel occupies a couple of hours at the most, and it would be easy to finish one day's run at Calais, and commence the next at Dover. He also takes his stand on the question of the daily maximum. Possibly, Mr. Siddeley may give way on this point, as it is one that concerns the endurance of the driver rather than that of the car. The average speed must, of necessity, be lower in England than in France, but this could be made up by longer hours of running.

Road Accident Statistics.

Some interesting statistics have been forthcoming of late concerning the number of accidents due to various forms of locomotion within the metropolitan area. There was some amount of outcry in anti-automobile quarters when the first official statistics were published, as these related to automobile accidents alone, and were embodied in a reply to a question in the House of Commons by Captain Donelan. Since then, however, both Mr. Vincent Kennedy and the Hon. John Scott Montagu have put questions concerning accidents due to horse traction. Mr. Kennedy's question concerned horse accidents from June, 1904, to March of the present year, while Mr. Montagu's return comprises the whole of the year 1904, and includes the causes of accident under seven different headings, as follows: Horses, horse-driven vehicles excluding trams, horse-driven tramcars, mechanically-propelled tramcars, motor-omnibuses, motor-cars, and motor-cycles. The following table gives the complete figures:

Cause of Accident.	*Accidents to Persons or Property.*	*No. of Accidents to Property.*	*No. of Accidents to Persons.*	*Persons injured in Accidents shown in Col. IV.*	*Nature of Accidents enumerated in Column.*		
					Slight.	*Serious.*	*Fatal.*
I.	*II.*	*III.*	*IV.*	*V.*	*VI.*	*VII.*	*VIII.*
Horses	641	444	193	209	181	28	—
Horse-drawn vehicles, excluding trams ...	21771	16834	5798	5989	5193	676	120
Tramcars (horse-drawn)	1287	1060	246	260	222	35	3
Tramcars (mechanically propelled)... ...	2292	1785	528	539	470	65	4
Omnibuses (mechanically propelled) ...	30	12	19	22	18	2	2
Motor-cars	1775	1395	426	458	367	78	13
Motor-cycles... ...	274	151	153	164	146	14	4
	28070	21681	7363	7641	6597	898	146

A Comparison.

Grouping the first two items, it will be seen that there were 22,412 accidents caused by horses and horse-drawn vehicles to persons or property,

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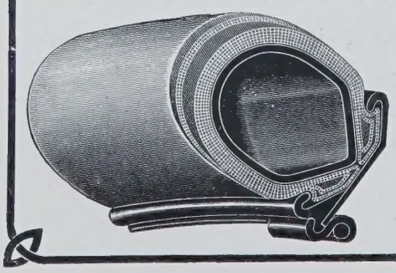

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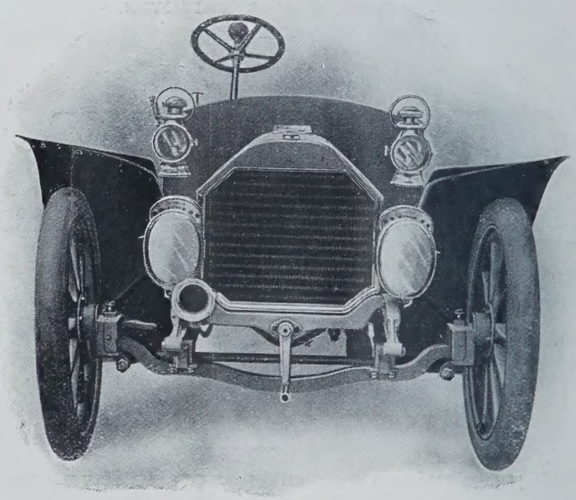

(20 H.P. 4 CYLINDERS).

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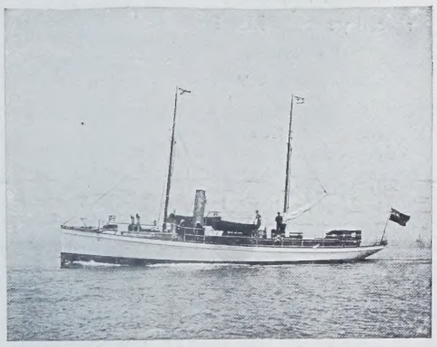

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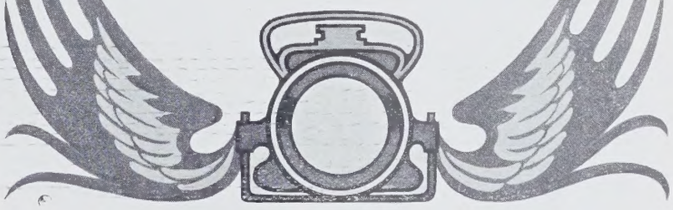

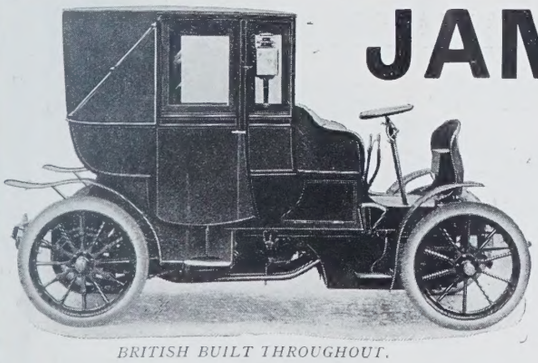

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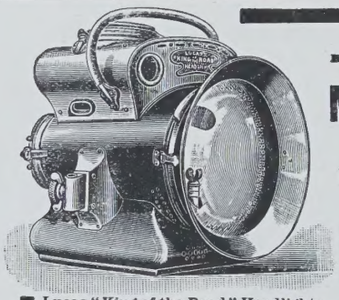
while the total for motor-cars and motor-cycles was 2,049. Of accidents to persons, horses and horse-drawn vehicles were responsible for 5,591, while in the case of cars and motor-cycles the figures were 579. As regards fatalities, those due to horses and horse-drawn vehicles amounted to 120, while in the case of motor-vehicles the total was 17. Of accidents defined as serious there were 704 in the former category, and 92 in the latter. As to the extent to which the various accidents related to persons injured by vehicles, as compared to injuries to persons on the vehicles, it is impossible to do more than surmise, and no argument can be deduced therefrom, either for or against horses, or for or against motor-cars. One cannot, moreover, determine the degree of importance to be attached to the police definition of a "cause," nor to the differences between slight and serious results; the fatalities, however, speak for themselves. It can hardly be said that the figures as to horse traffic, generally, are capable of affording much satisfaction to believers in animal locomotion. What the number of horses in use in the metropolis may be it is impossible to state, but the percentage of casualties is undoubtedly high. Of course, it may at once be pointed out, concerning the vast preponderance of accidents due to horse-drawn vehicles, that they vastly outnumber motor-vehicles. It is only fair, however, to the automobile to state that even if the figures were ascertainable, the comparison would be very far from being exact, for the simple reason that the travelling capacities of the two types are so tremendously diverse. The average motor-vehicle undoubtedly travels at least ten miles for every one accomplished by the horse; indeed, the ratio is probably much higher. Obviously, therefore, the possibility of casualty is increased in the case of the vehicle with the widest radius of travel, and it would be fairer to discuss the problem on a basis of actual mileage. It may further be pointed out, moreover, that while the factors as to horses are tolerably constant, everything about motor-cars is in a more or less transitional state. Some of the accidents, no doubt, are due to side-slip, but as time goes on, and highways are improved, it may be hoped that this source may be eliminated. Taken altogether, however, the figures relating to horse-drawn or self-propelled vehicles alike may be regarded as showing that the toll which we pay for locomotion of any kind is heavy, and that greater efforts should be made by the authorities in the shape of widening roads and streets, rounding dangerous corners, and in many other respects improving the facilities for traffic and reducing to the minimum the sources of possible disaster.

WOLSELEY MAIL VAN.

A WOLSELEY MAIL VAN.

We illustrate herewith a Wolseley mail van which has just been supplied to the postal authorities. The body is 7ft. 2in. long, 5ft. 3in. wide, and 5ft. 10in. high, and the maximum load for which the van is designed is 20cwt. The motor is a standard 12 h.p. Wolseley, having two horizontal cylinders $4\frac{1}{2}$in. bore by 5in. stroke, and running at 800 revolutions per minute. The transmission mechanism follows the usual Wolseley practice, and is geared to give four forward speeds, of five, eight, twelve, and seventeen miles respectively, and one reverse, of five miles per hour. The total weight of the vehicle is 24cwt., and the wheels are shod with solid rubber tyres, front and back. The Wolseley cars are famed throughout the world for their reliability, solid construction, and durability, and should therefore prove particularly suitable for the work of the Post Office.



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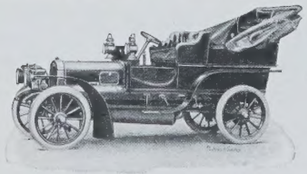

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"I completed my first year's running on the 5 h.p. OLDSMOBILE I had on Feb. 16th, 1904, and think you may like to hear how I've got on. I had **no previous knowledge of cars**, and have looked after the car myself. **It has been out almost every day**, and there **has never been a day on which the car was not fit to run. . . . . It has run in all weathers**, including **frost and snow**, over an **extremely hilly country**; most of my hills have **a grade of 1 in 6 (measured)** somewhere on them. **In the twelve months I have covered 4,572 miles, and have never had a tow. . . .** The car has the **record of having climbed the worst hill** in my district **without having to turn out its passengers. The 'Olds' has been such a boon that I cannot say too much in her favour.**"

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Extract from "Autocar," April 8th:—

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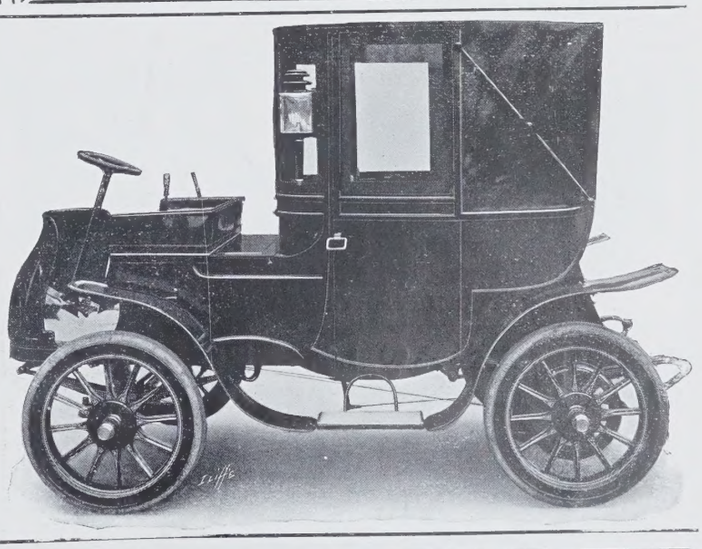

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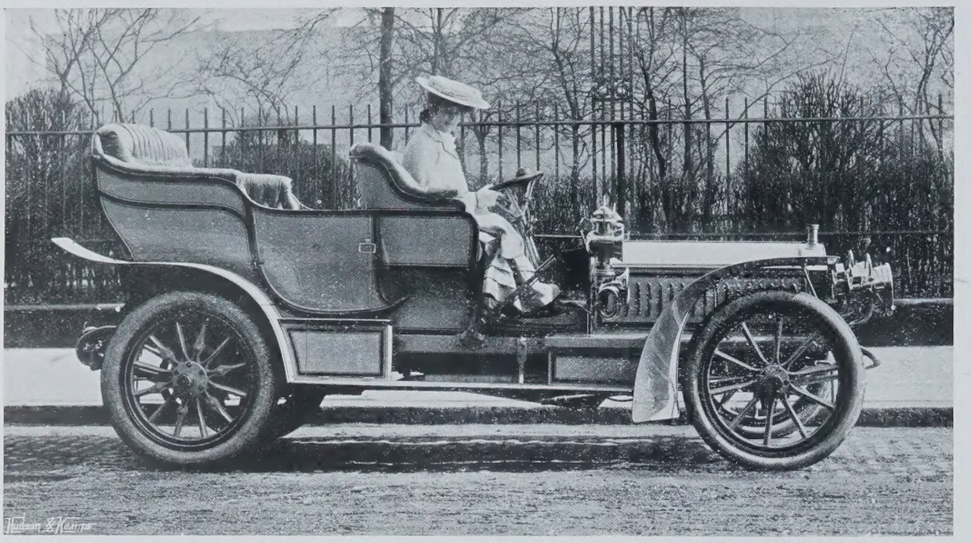


MISS MAUDE LAWTON ON HER 24 H.P. NAPIER.

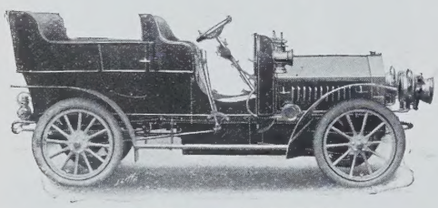
Miss Lawton, who is only eighteen years of age, is an expert driver, and has accomplished some lengthy non-stop runs.

MOTORISTS AND DOGS.

The vexed question of dogs and motorists has again arisen in connection with a letter in *The Times* from Mr. H. Plunket Greene. He relates how two nurses with two children were walking along the Andover Road, just above the village of Hurstbourne Priors. "They had a small Aberdeen terrier with them. A motor-car containing two men and a lady, and travelling very fast, came up behind them. The nurses and children got out of the way in time, but the dog was not so fortunate. The chauffeur shouted at him, and then deliberately ran him down and drove on." The driving on, in the circumstances, was unquestionably heartless, and incapable of defence, but the culpability of the driver in respect of the death of the dog is quite another matter. Everybody knows how dogs will dash suddenly in front of the wheels of a motor-car, and often just at the time, moreover, when the driver is avoiding something else. Mr. Greene, in a later portion of his letter, unconsciously refutes his own allegation as to the fast driving of the car. Being anxious to detect the culprit, he gives full details as to the car and its occupants, according to description, and also gives a time-table of the car's journey along the Andover Road. He states specifically that it passed through Hurstbourne Priors at four o'clock, and the village of Whitchurch at 4.15. The distance between these two places is just two miles! On his own showing, therefore, he proves the car to have been travelling at the rate of eight miles an hour, and how any accusation of furious driving can be laid against a driver who proceeds at so moderate a speed, it is difficult to understand.

ROAD IMPROVEMENT.

There is much that is commendable in the annual report of the Roads Improvement Association, and traffic on our highways would be a very different matter if the aims of that body could be carried into effect. At present there is no central administration of the roads, and the control of continuous highways, like the Great North Road, for example, is split up among numerous authorities. In many cases the jurisdictions of the different authorities overlap, and it is impossible to tell where one begins and the other ends; while, as for bringing pressure to bear on any with a view of carrying through any scheme of reform, that also is equally impracticable. A striking illustration of the evil which results from this state of things has been afforded recently in the case of the tramway extension on the road to Barnet. The obnoxious central standards have been erected for four miles through North Finchley, in spite of protestations from outside. The Board of Trade has expressed its disapproval of these standards on general grounds, and the Middlesex County Council endeavoured to prevent their erection, but the District Council were able to snap their fingers at these higher authorities, and insist upon the erection of what is notoriously one of the most dangerous attendant features of tramway usage. It is interesting to note, therefore, that the Roads Improvement Association has prepared a Highways Bill to give effect to the principal recommendations of the Departmental Committee on Highways, which was appointed at the instigation of the association in 1903, by the President of the Local Government Board. The main objects of this Bill will be as follows: "(1) To create a central department for the purpose of assisting the local highway authorities. (2) To increase largely the highway powers of the county authorities. (3) To provide for the construction of new main roads through and out of the large urban districts. (4) To protect the interest of the ratepayers by providing that suburban districts shall be laid out according to some definite plan, under which new trunk roads of adequate width shall be built, and the existing ones widened before building operations commence, and so render unnecessary costly street widening and improvement schemes. (5) To amend the law relating to the maintenance of bridges."



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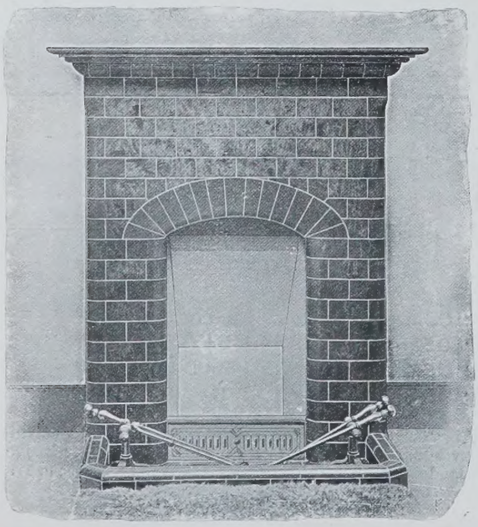

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Burns for 8 to 10 hours without attention.

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Prices, slabbed in one piece, complete with wood shelf, as illustrated,

13-inch fire, £6 5s.; 15-inch, £6 10s.; 18-inch, £7 10s. 15-inch, 30/-; 18-inch, 35/-. Hearth Tiles, 2/- dozen. Curb, 13-inch and Carriage paid.

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Keep out the wet and are free from condensing heat. They have been tested in every climate and temperature, and everywhere pronounced the best.

BURBERRYS Patent Pivot Sleeve Golfing Jackets (for men and women) give an amazing freedom of arm swing and improve play 25 per cent.

BURBERRYS Slip-on is light to carry, cool to wear, gives ample protection in wet, is a handy and durable spring overcoat and perfect raincoat in one.

Many new models in Travelling, Country, and Sporting Gowns and Headgear, and 1905 Novelties in materials, viz., Rainbow Cloths, Gameleathers, Plus Beau, and Airylight Herringbones are now displayed in Burberrys Ladies' Department.

"The principle of the SLIP-ON is a fine freedom everywhere, which keeps him dry and unfettered during a hard day's work in the rain."
—*The Field.*

"I have had several of your Slip-on coats, and as a country doctor I have found them very successful in every respect, and since using them I have practically discarded all mackintoshes, and have recommended your coats to several of my friends and patients, and they all speak very well of them."

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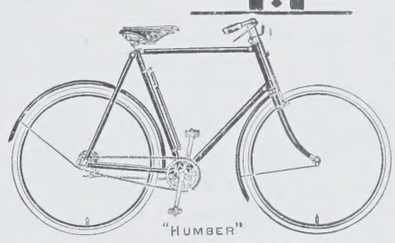

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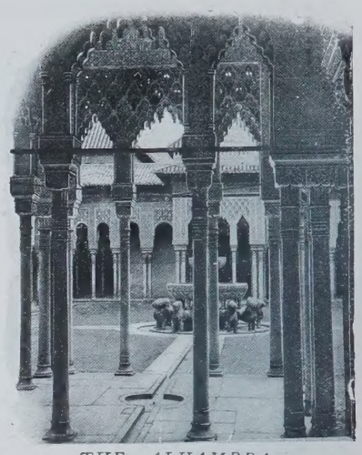
Algiers is, of course, most interesting for its combination of the gaiety of French life with the more stolid ways of the East; but the tourist who is bent upon gathering novel impressions will probably devote most of his hours here to the Arab quarters, which are full of picturesque corners. In addition, there are numerous walks or drives in the vicinity of the city, having for background the glittering peaks of the Atlas Mountains.

Perhaps, however, the tourist will look forward with most interest to the next stage of his journey, which will take him to the beautiful Bay of Palma, the capital of Majorca in the Balearic

AT CINTRA.

Islands. Nor need he anticipate disappointment. Few more memorable sights will meet his eyes than the view of Palma from the bay, a picture in which the dominant note is struck by the magnificent Gothic towers and south front of the cathedral. That ancient fane, and many of the smaller churches, will amply repay a visit, and among the other buildings which should not be overlooked are the Louja and the Castle of Bellver. Also, several delightful excursions may be made during the halt at Palma; and in all his wanderings the tourist will have the satisfaction of knowing that he is here more off the beaten track than at any other stage of his cruise.



THE ALHAMBRA.

There are still, however, the sights of Barcelona and Malaga and Gibraltar awaiting him. If, too, he would gain a more adequate idea of the Alhambra than is possible from its namesake in Leicester Square, he should leave the Vectis at Malaga, travel overland to Granada, and enjoy the actual vision of the renowned citadel and palace of the Moorish kings. To have seen those marvellous galleries, courts, and fountains will prove ample recompense for missing some of the sights of Gibraltar, at which port he will join the ship for the journey home.

RACING NOTES.

DURING the past week there has been but little racing of any importance upon which to comment. The Hawthorn Hill Spring Meeting is always a popular fixture, and, in spite of an extremely bad outlook as far as the weather was concerned, the specials on both the South Western and Great Western Railways were well filled with enthusiastic race-goers. Backers began well in the Windsor Handicap Hurdle Race, but they had some little excitement before they could safely reckon up their gains, for the favourite, Mr. T. Brown's Perigarnet, only just got home by a neck from Miss Cronkhill. The victory of Sir R. Wilmot's Demonstrator in the Grove Selling Handicap Steeplechase was very popular, and Mr. W. G. Bulteel, who rode him, received quite an ovation on returning to scale. Dollery rode quite a brilliant race when he squeezed Precocious home by a head in the Monday Selling Hurdle Race; and Mr. C. Bewicke, who is, I think, a nephew of "the" Captain Percy Bewicke, had a comfortable winning ride on his own horse Euskan in the Farm Selling National Hunt Flat Race; and his example was

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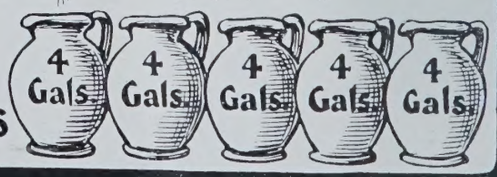

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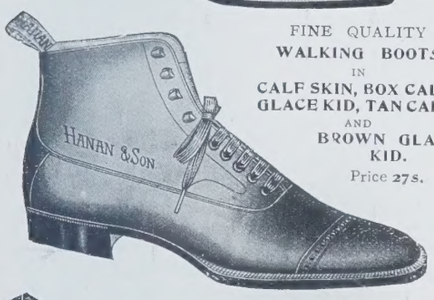

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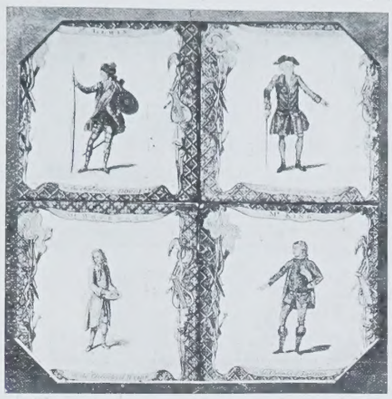

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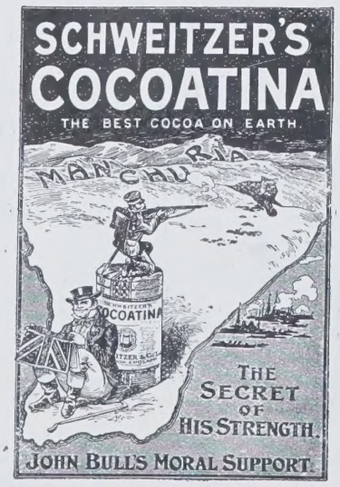

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followed by Mr. H. Ashton and his mare Ellaline II. in the Bracknell Handicap Steeplechase.

On Tuesday, the second day of the meeting, the weather was altogether cold and disagreeable, but the attendance was quite up to the average and the sport was interesting throughout. St. Vincent had apparently won the March Maiden Hurdle Race, the principal race of the afternoon, when he fell and left the favourite, Gallant Blue, to go in and win by a length after a good race home with Venezia. In the Binfield Handicap Steeplechase, Questionable, with Mr. H. Rich in the saddle, followed up his success at the Beaufort Hunt Meeting, and won easily by ten lengths from Ellaline II.

Messrs. Pratt and Co. are to be congratulated on the success of the Folkestone Meeting on the 19th inst., and it is pleasant to note that under their able management the pleasant Kent gathering is rapidly acquiring a firm hold on the favour of the public. It was certainly unfortunate that Griggs, who is riding extremely well, should have had the misfortune to break his collar bone, owing to his mount, Luke Delmage, crossing his legs and coming down after passing the post. However, medical assistance was speedily forthcoming, and, after all, a broken collar-bone is not in itself a very serious injury, and it is to be hoped that in a few weeks' time Griggs will be once more in the saddle.

There are few items of news of any interest, as far as racing is concerned, to record. The regrettable incident of the supposed scratching of Dean Swift for the City and Suburban Handicap by means of a telegram purporting to have been sent by Mr. Joel, and entirely repudiated by that gentleman, caused a momentary sensation of a very mild description; and it is difficult to understand the motives which could have prompted the perpetration of a singularly ill-timed attempt at a joke. Whoever he or she may be, they are perhaps unaware that, if detected, they are liable to a prosecution for forgery, with its attendant penalties.

The Queen's Prize at Kempton Park, the City and Suburban, and other races of importance will have been decided before these notes appear; but, for whatever it may be worth, my opinion as to their probable results has been already given, and I must perforce abide by it. The City and Suburban, in particular, has been won by many first-class horses, and has been the medium for many a heavy gamble. Amongst all the races for this popular handicap, perhaps not the least memorable was that which took place in 1854, when the wonderful mare Virago performed the extraordinary feat of winning both the City and Suburban and the Great Metropolitan on the same afternoon, and within the space of about an hour. There was a battle-royal that day between the great Danebury establishment and the celebrated Findon stables. The Findon division backed the mare as if the race was already over and won. Nothing loth, the Daneburyites stood by their champion, Marc Anthony, and by sheer weight of metal brought him from 8 to 1 to 7 to 2, young John Day in particular declaring that nothing short of a flier would beat him. Do what they would, however, the adherents of Virago were true to their faith in the flying mare, and when the numbers went up 6 to 4 was the best offer obtainable against her, and even that they took, her owner and his friends, moreover, taking 20 to 1 about her winning both races. The result of the City and Suburban was never in doubt, for she won in a canter by three lengths. Within the hour she went to the post with a 5lb. penalty, to start for the Great Metropolitan, a race of two miles and a quarter, and, showing not the slightest trace of her previous exertions, won cleverly by a length. She must have been an exceptionally brilliant mare, for she ran eleven times as a three year old and was only once beaten. Before going to Epsom she was tried with a horse called Little Harry, and the weights were Virago, 3 years, 8st. 7lb., Little Harry, 5 years, 7st. 7lb., and the mare was beaten by a neck. Little Harry afterwards won the Ascot Stakes, carrying 8st. 7lb.

The City and Suburban of 1872, which was won by Digby Grand, reminds one of the story told about George Fordham by Sir George Chetwynd. The day after the race Fordham was to ride the horse in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, but it appeared that he was a horse of rather an uncertain disposition, and that his owner believed that a little stimulant was likely to be of benefit to him. "When," says Sir George, "Fordham was adjusting his saddle previous to mounting, he observed Harry Woolcott, the trainer, with a black bottle in his hand. 'What's that, Harry?' he asked. 'A bottle of old port Mr. Graham has sent to give Digby,' replied Woolcott. 'Let's have a look at it,' said Fordham, and, holding out his hand for the bottle, he meditatively took a long pull at its contents. Silently he handed the bottle back to Woolcott, who followed his example, and then Fordham regained possession of it, observing, 'I don't believe it would do him any good!' saying which, he raised it again to his lips and tilted it considerably before he put it down. 'I believe it generally is bad for them,' rejoined Woolcott, who very nearly emptied it, and Fordham, looking to see if there was any left, found that there was a little, and quietly finished that, Digby Grand looked on, and it is impossible to guess what he would have said if he could have spoken." However, it can at least be said that if the port did not benefit the horse, it did Fordham no harm, for he brought his mount up at the Bell and won easily.

As regards any speculation on the Two Thousand Guineas, nothing much will be done until M. E. Blanc has disclosed his intentions. Last year it was stated that, owing to the pronounced superiority of his horses, and especially of the produce of Flying Fox, there had been a marked falling off in the returns from the betting at the Pari Mutuel in France, and there are unmistakable signs that wherever his horses are engaged in races in this country there is considerable reluctance on the part of the fielders to open out against them. It is true that we have no clearly-defined champion to oppose the best of M. Blanc's representatives in our classic races; but, on the other hand, there is up to the present no proof that there is any really first-class three year old on the other side of the Channel. Personally speaking, I believe that Jardy is quite a good horse; it may be that Val d'Or is even better, and recent running goes to show that in default of either of these horses, M. E. Blanc has other good animals in Genial and Adam. There is every reason, therefore, to think that the French attack will be very formidable during the present season. But there is no cause for despair; a

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gallant foe is always welcome, and laurels won without a struggle are not worth wearing. It is much to be hoped that after all Cicero may prove to be a worthy successor to Ladas and Sir Visto, and although he has not been seen out for some time, we may be sure of this at least—that no stone will be left unturned to enable him to take his part in defending the interests of his owner and the public in the struggle for the great race of the year, and to my way of thinking, Rouge Croix, if all goes well with him, will win at least one of the principal events for Mr. Henning.

After the Epsom Meeting come two very interesting days' racing at Sandown Park, which will take place on Friday and Saturday, the 28th and 29th inst. Imperial II. has such a tremendous burst of speed that, including his 5lb. penalty, he should be returned the winner of the Prince of Wales's Handicap on the Friday, and the Cobham Two Year Old Maiden Plate may be won by Sophron, while the 6lb. breeding allowance which can be claimed by Scotch Mistake will give the daughter of Ayrshire and Miss Springfield an undeniable chance of accounting for the Sandown Park Stud Produce Stakes. On the Saturday Buckaway II. (9st. 12lb.) would seem on his running in the Grand National to be remarkably well in, but he may be found to be a trifle short of speed on the galloping Sandown course. TRENTON.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

BIOGRAPHY.

Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay (1778-1840). Edited by her niece Charlotte Barrett. Vol. V. (Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net.)

APPLIED ART.

English Table Glass, by Percy Bate. (Newnes, 7s. 6d. net.)

TOPOGRAPHY.

Norway, by Nico Jungman; text by Beatrix Jungman. (A. and C. Black, 20s. net.)

Nuremberg, painted by A. G. Bell; described by Mrs. A. G. Bell. (A. and C. Black, 7s. 6d. net.)

FICTION.

My Pennycook's Boy, by J. J. B. (Scots Pictorial Publishing Company, 1s. net.)

Lucie and I, by Henriette Corkran. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

Peace on Earth, by Reginald Turner. (Alston Rivers, 6s.)

Sandy, by Alice Hegan Rice. (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.)

Sins of the City, by William Le Queux. (F. V. White and Co., 6s.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Yearbook of the United States' Department of Agriculture, 1903. (Washington: Government Printing Office.)

Change for a Halfpenny, by the authors of "Wisdom While You Wait." (Alston Rivers, 1s. net.)

The Japanese Spirit, by Okakura-Yoshisaburo, with an introduction by George Meredith. (A. Constable, 3s. 6d. net.)

The Simplest Cure; Suggestions for a Rational View of the Prevention and Treatment of Disease, by F. Marsden Burnett, M.D.Lond., D.P.H.Cantab. (Lawrence and Bullen, 2s. net.)

The Ring of the Nibelung, by Richard Wagner. Part I. (A. Owen and Co., 1s. and 2s. net.)

NATURAL HISTORY.

Insect Life: A Short Account of the Classification and Habits of Insects, by Fred. V. Theobald, M.A. (Methuen and Co., 2s. 6d.)

GUIDES.

Concise and Practical Guide to Rome, by Lina Duff Gordon. (Lawrence and Bullen, 1s. net.)

London: a Pictorial and Descriptive Guide. (Ward, Lock, 1s.)

REPRINTS.

The Hungry Forties. (Fisher Unwin, 6d.)

MAGAZINES.

Captain, Wide World, Edinburgh Review, Cornhill, Quarterly Review.

ODDS AND ENDS.

WELL-KEPT gravel drives and paths are as essential to the surroundings of a beautiful country house as well-kept lawns, and both entail no little labour. A new weed-killer in either powder or liquid form, "The Eureka," is brought to our notice by Messrs. Tomlinson and Hayward, Limited, of Lincoln. They claim that it is most effective, whilst the cost of treating 100 square yards is only about 1s. 6d.

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THE Atkins Filter Engineering and Water Softening Company, 74, Southwark Bridge Road, S.E., call attention to the report of the last Royal Commission on Water Supply, in which evidence was given tending to prove the superiority of soft water over hard for household purposes. This firm supply all kinds of apparatus for softening water, and have already many country houses on their list in which it has worked satisfactorily.

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THE British Vacuum Cleaner Company, Limited, whose machines are becoming so familiar to everyone at spring-cleaning times in London, have just shipped two to Alexandria for use in the Royal Palaces of His Highness the Khedive, while they also inform us that enquiries are being made about them on behalf of the Japanese railways.

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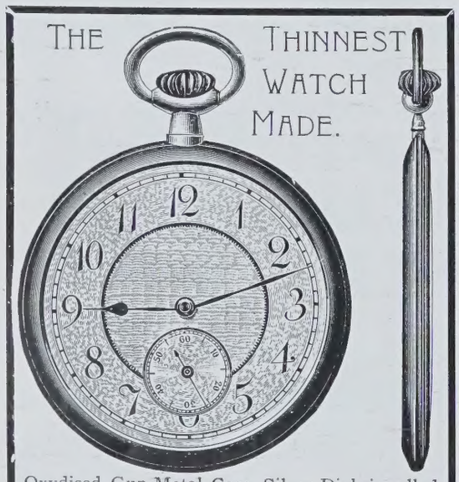

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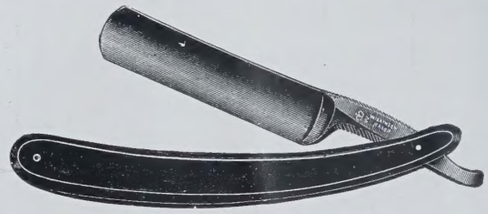

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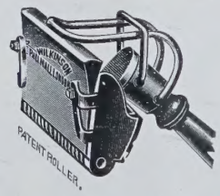

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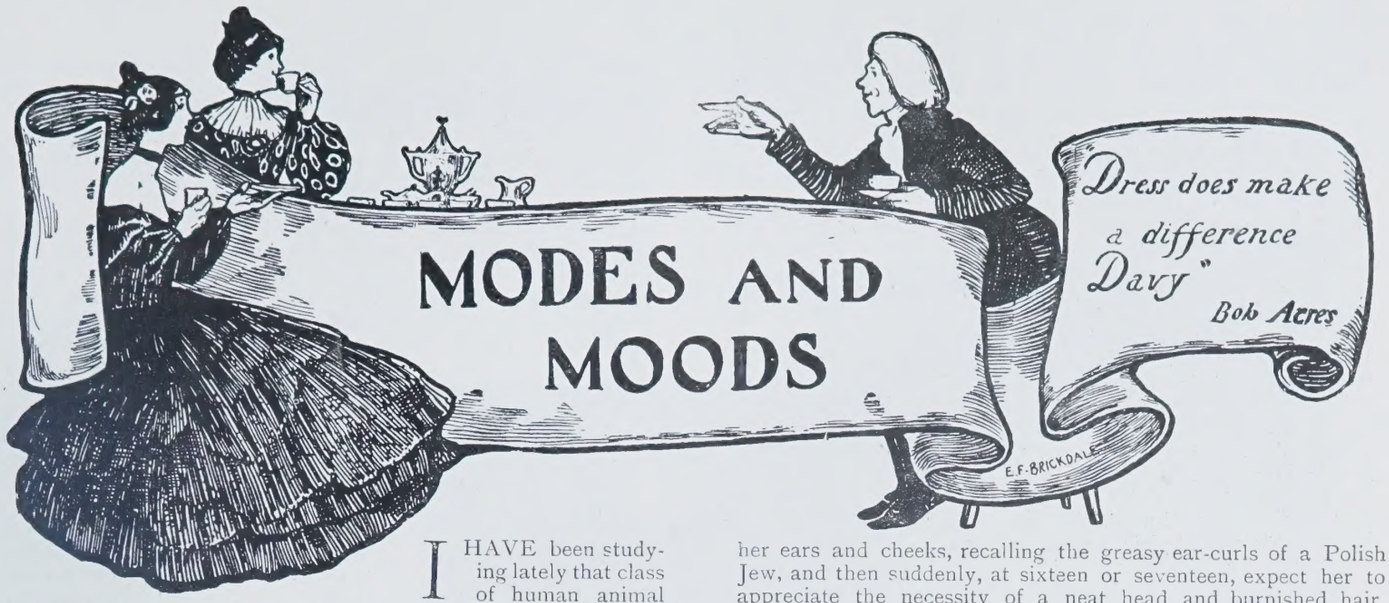
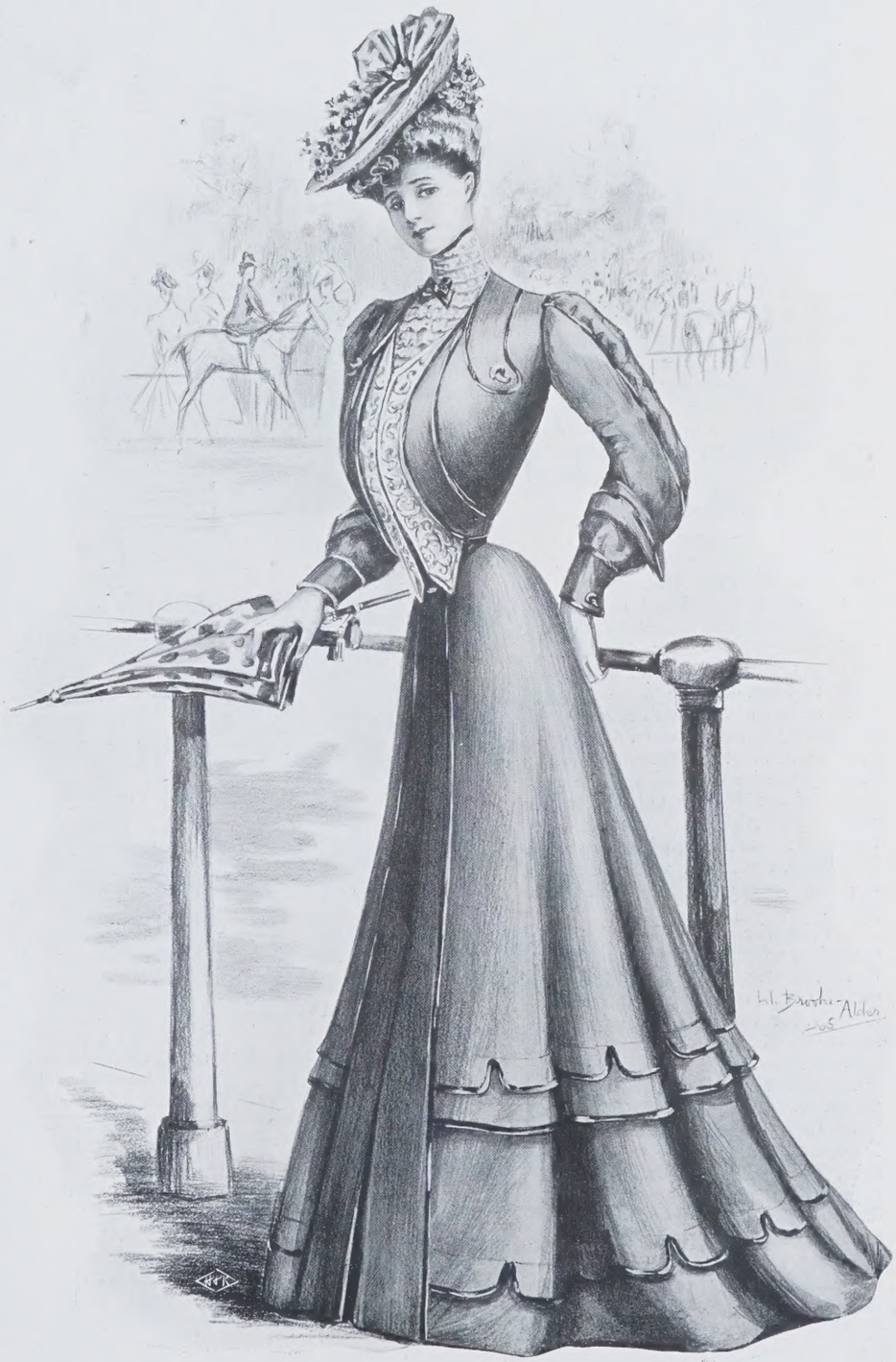


MODES AND MOODS

I HAVE been studying lately that class of human animal whom the Germans expressively call a "backfisch," and who in English is known by various designations, such as tomboy, filly, or minx, as the case may be; and I have come to the conclusion that the explanation of the indifference which characterises the majority of Englishwomen as regards their hair is directly traceable to the way they are allowed to neglect it as young girls. "As the twig is bent, so the tree will grow," and how can you expect a girl suddenly, almost from one day to another, to know how to dress her hair or show it to its best advantage when she "comes out," if from her babyhood she has been allowed to neglect it? Where I have been staying during the Easter holidays there were a number of "backfisch" of various ages, from seven to seventeen; they all possessed a most liberal allowance of locks, and there was not one among them whose hair was in the least attractive. The untidiness of those heads was appalling; hair "streeling" down their cheeks, over their ears (necessitating that most characteristically minx-like action, the "toss" of the head, at every moment), into their eyes, unkempt and uncared for. As I do not like the idea of an addition of floating hair in my soup or in my butter, I was careful to avoid the neighbourhood of a "backfisch" at meal-times; but the sight of these loose, unclean locks at table, even at a distance, was not appetising. These young girls had evidently never been taught to care for their hair; it hung lankly together, it had neither gloss nor sheen, it was of uneven lengths, and had manifestly but the most inadequate acquaintance with a brush. Now why should this be allowed? One does not see young girls on the Continent brought up to neglect one of the greatest attractions they can possess. If these young English maidens had been French, their hair, instead of hanging "just anyhow," would have been suitably and becomingly arranged; the fore part would have been caught up on the top of the head with a bow of ribbon, from which it would have been loosely plaited, or else it would have been merged in the heavier plait of the rest of the hair, which would hang down the back, with a bow at the end to match the other bow on the top of the head. The hair would be well brushed and glossy, and would not cause anyone qualms by falling into the soup; the girl would look smart and well groomed, which English young girls, as a rule, do not look; and, besides, she would thus be trained in the idea of the necessity of her head being neat, and her hair properly attended to. English girls have unusually beautiful hair, but they are often most extraordinarily careless about its treatment and appearance, and I believe it is all owing to the way they are brought up in this respect. You cannot allow a girl to grow up with the habit of having her hair hanging in lank wisps about her ears and cheeks, recalling the greasy ear-curls of a Polish Jew, and then suddenly, at sixteen or seventeen, expect her to appreciate the necessity of a neat head and burnished hair Personal neatness and attention to detail is a habit, and cannot be successfully acquired in a week, or a month, or even longer;



WALKING DRESS SKETCHED AT ERNEST'S.

and the indifference to hair-dressing of the average Englishwoman is, I am certain, due to the unpleasant way she is allowed to wear her hair as a child and young girl. She will spend guineas galore on hats which are created by artists for well-dressed heads of hair, and will be vaguely surprised that somehow they do not look as well as she expected on her own neglected locks. Picturesqueness in children is a British fad, but it is often only another name for untidiness, especially as regards hair; and the "picturesque" child often grows into the untidy girl and the "floppy" woman.

In spite of recent cold "snaps," which made us shrink back into our furs, the season is advancing, and it is well to look around for lighter clothes than those we have been wearing in this chilly spring. A charming "intermediate" dress is that illustrated on the previous page, which is one of Mr. Ernest's latest creations. It is of dark blue alpaca, extremely simple in design, but full of that quiet distinction which always characterises Mr. Ernest's dresses. The skirt is almost plain, except for a scallop and a deep tuck round the hem, and, again, a little higher up. The little bolero is charming, with its double curved fronts, held by single gold claws here and there, and opening over a beautiful waistcoat of ribbed white silk, with a heavy gold embroidery, like that on the coats of diplomats, outlining the edge. This embroidered waistcoat gives a remarkably rich effect to the otherwise severely simple gown. The sleeves are very original, with a rucked piece down the outside of the arm, enclosed between the plain pieces which keep the outline of the arm defined. To wear with this excellent costume is a charming hat in deep blue straw, of the French Breton sailor shape, trimmed with fringed scarves of soft blue silk, and a mass of shaded cornflowers in all tones of blue. On anyone blessed with golden or auburn hair, this hat and dress would be a delight to the eye, and would be equally appropriate to wear in either town or country. Another of Mr. Ernest's designs which is immensely and deservedly popular is his three-quarter coat in white serge or white alpaca. The back has broad folds, which are held to the waist by a band that starts from each side passes under the arms, and disappears under the fronts, leaving them to hang straight from neck to hem. These fronts button back at each side, with round gold buttons if the coat is worn open, thus making a most ornamental finish; or they can be crossed and the coat buttoned double-breasted. In cream white alpaca, this coat is quite charming, and smart enough for town wear if desired, though it would look its best, of course, on the deck of a yacht.

With the word "May" on the calendars and newspapers, proving to us that winter is over and done with, our thoughts turn to shirts and blouses, for they are things we can seldom do without when the time has come for abandoning furs and winter garments. Those in need of these necessary articles should betake themselves to Messrs. Shoolbred's; but they should go when they have time in hand, for the choice of shirts and blouses at Messrs. Shoolbred's is the most bewildering one I have ever seen. Their tailor-made shirts have met with such well-deserved popularity that the firm has broken its own record this year in the amazing quantity and variety of patterns which it has provided for those who desire these delightful accessories to a tailor-made frock. Nothing looks so bad as an untidy blouse with a severely-plain and workmanlike tailor-built gown; nothing looks so well as when this indispensable dress is finished by a shirt of equally impeccable build and design. All Messrs. Shoolbred's shirts are cut and made by men in the Men's Shirt Department, so that an absolutely-workmanlike effect is guaranteed. This beauty of cut and workmanship does not add to the cost of the shirts, for many of the most charming examples are made to order at 11s. 6d. There are over 2,000 patterns of delaines, Oxford and Newmarket shirtings, mercerised and silk zephyrs, Indian gauze, and silk mixtures for the happy but somewhat bewildered visitor to choose from; and best of all is Messrs. Shoolbred's delightful specialité "Japleen," which combines the brilliant appearance of Japanese silk with the washing and wearing properties of an ordinary zephyr. There are innumerable varieties of designs in Japleen, and nothing could be prettier than the series of delicate colours with round white spots (such as in the accompanying illustration), or diamonds in blue, grey, pale green, black, and white. Fancy stripes, too, are much to the fore, and, when made as Messrs. Shoolbred's shirts are made, a design with stripes is becoming and charming, though I have seen nightmare shirts elsewhere, in which the stripes met, as the Scotsman jokes, "wi' deeficulty." These Japleen shirts, in any design, are made to order for 11s. 6d., and a better investment for the coming summer months than half-a-dozen of these shirts would be hard to find. Silk zephyr shirts can be made for 13s. 6d. apiece, and the Newmarket shirtings may be recommended as both serviceable and smart. Another charming material is the "Nette" shirting, which has a canvas ground of pale colour and stripes in white and colours, or can be had in all white. When anything so important as shirts is contemplated, it is, of course, best to pay a personal visit; but those for whom this is not possible can write to Messrs. Shoolbred, Tottenham Court Road, W., for patterns, of which an immense selection will be sent, with a form for self-measurement, which is so accurately yet simply drawn up that a perfect fit is guaranteed if the instructions for measurement are followed. Those of my readers who go to Messrs. Shoolbred's in person should make their visit doubly profitable by paying a visit to the linen department, where there is a stock of Irish hand-loom linen on sale at most exceptional prices. This hand-loom linen is extraordinary for its wearing quality, and this, allied to its beautiful appearance and texture, makes it beloved by all good housewives who take a proper pride in their linen-closets. To return, however, for a moment to the shirt and blouse question, it may be as well to warn my readers that more white than ever is going to be worn this year. White shirts with short skirts of white serge or white hopsack for morning wear; white blouses of embroidered muslin and lace, or embroidered linen with skirts of greater length and elaboration in muslin, crêpe de chine, or eolienne; white "fronts" of beautiful old lace and knots of Pompadour ribbons to lighten up darker dresses—white as a dominant note will be worn at all times of the day. This is news to be welcomed heartily, except on the ground of expense for washing, cleaning, and replacing; for it is undeniable that nothing suits both young and old like plenty of white round the face. What makes every sister of St. Vincent de Paul appear possessed of an exquisite complexion? The wide-spreading white cornette that sets an aureole of white around her head and shoulders; and the lovely caps of delicate old lace that our grandmothers so wisely wore, with fichus of filmy muslin and lace ruffles at their wrists, could anything have been more becoming? Therefore let us welcome the rage for white that promises to be the feature of the coming fashions; or at least let us not fail to adopt it to the extent of having plenty of white showing round our necks, for every complexion is heightened and improved thereby, and the air of fresh cleanliness it gives to those among us who have to live in grimy London is of itself an attraction.

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Every woman who is thinking about her clothes at this moment—and what woman is not?—should send for Messrs. Dickins and Jones's new catalogue of summer fashions, which is quite the most complete thing of the kind I have ever seen. Every description of dress, from the most elaborate to the most severe, of cloaks, of chemisettes and blouses, of every garment or dress accessory the most particular woman can require, is illustrated in the pages of this delightfully bulky and most interesting volume, a careful perusal of which will very greatly lighten the problem of shopping. For the further convenience of their customers Messrs. Dickins and Jones have opened commodious luncheon-rooms, where hot and cold luncheons and afternoon teas are served in the most comfortable way, and at most moderate prices.

Referring to complexions and London grime, I hope that all my readers have been laying in a store of Dr. Dys's famous Sachets de Toilette and Sève Dermale before the season's rush is upon us, for nothing preserves the one and counteracts the effect of the other so well as the daily and nightly use of these admirable discoveries of the French specialist who has devoted his life to make woman's chief beauty, the radiance of her complexion, impregnable against the assaults of the great destroyer, Time. Dr. Dys sets his face resolutely against all "make up"; and his disciples may also adopt this superior attitude, for the velvety rosiness of skin which is attained by the constant use of these two chief specialities of his, needs no artificial heightening. He has many other things of excellence in his Arsenal of Beauty, such as his greaseless cream Dysaline, his Lotion Supra, his Rosée de Beauté, and his soap and powder, all of guaranteed purity and efficacy for the preservation of the skin; but first and foremost I place the Sachets de Toilette and the Sève Dermale, which I have used for years and would not be without on any account. Occasionally it has happened, when travelling, that I have run out of my Sachets, and I find a difference at once when I have not one of them to turn the water of the hand-basin into a milky, rosy lotion, which refreshes the skin in a wonderful way Those who have not yet made acquaintance with these invaluable toilet articles should write to Dr. Dys's sole agent, V. Darsy, 54, Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris, who will send a descriptive booklet and all particulars. LAMIA.

SHOOTING NOTES.

THE SPRING FIELD TRIALS OF POINTERS AND SETTERS.

FOR the whole of the last forty years the younger generations of shooters have learnt that dogs are going out of use, but, at the same time, the field-trial societies have been increasing in numbers, and their events attract more and more entries. This year, for instance, the National Society has had a best on record of young dog entries, and the attendance has been attracted from the furthest away of British possessions, as well as from foreign countries, including America. In reviewing the work of the dogs this year I propose to take each class of competition, and to follow the fortunes of the dogs engaged in them from the first to the last trial.

A start was made by the Gun-dog League with its annual Brace Stake. It was so badly contested that Mr. Smale and Mr. W. B. Austin exercised their undoubted powers withholding the chief prize. But this is hardly good business, for as no limit has ever been discovered to the badness of scent, so no arbitrary limit of bad work can be fixed, beyond which good dogs may not descend by force of circumstances. The danger of such verdicts was seen when, at the Kennel Club meeting immediately following, and with one of the same judges, the same dogs obtained the chief prizes in the Equivalent Stake. In the International it was Mr. A. T. Williams's Rock and Ruby of Gerwn second, with Mr. W. Arkwright's Diarmid and Lay third. In the Kennel Club Trials Mr. Arkwright's Diarmid and Lay were first in the Brace Stake, and the discredited Rock of Gerwn actually beat all the old dogs in the Single Stake, and won first.

The following week the brace work was improved upon by the advent of a brace of great slashing puppies, namely, Mr. A. N. Hall's Gruiniard Dash and Spot. But it was natural quality they won on, and quite rightly, too; for the circus business should only be rewarded when it is added to the highest natural qualities, and should be of no avail to set off moderate ability. At the National Trials, which rounded off the spring series, and where the competition was much higher generally, the Brace Stake was again only moderate, so much so, that again a pair of puppies could win; these were Mr. Nicholson's brace of setters, Rubina and Rural Life. The former also won in the Setter Puppy Stake, and although she is a very handsome little blue belton, she is of wholly inferior calibre to Mr. Hall's dogs mentioned above. Mr. A. T. Williams's brace are highly broken, but were outclassed at the later trials of the month.

The Kennel Club Derby for young pointers and setters had three pointers at the head of affairs. These were Mr. B. J. Warwick's Compton Rector, Captain A. Stirling's Kitty Keir, and Mr. Sawtell's Melksham Sprinter. At the English Setter Club's Trials these dogs appeared again, but competition gained in strength, and although Rector was once more first, it was in defiance of a rule of the society which insists on first and second winners being run together before prizes can be awarded. The winner there of second was Colonel Cotes's Pitchford Bloom, a handsome young pointer that followed up this excellent beginning by defeating Rector at Shrewsbury, getting first money, and then beating the winning setter, Rubina, and so becoming champion puppy of the year. The second best young setter was a fine, fast game-finder belonging to Captain H. Heywood Lonsdale. The third, named Glory of Lyndhurst, is the property of the Hon. G. Lascelles; and the fourth, named Glimmer, is one of Mr. Herbert Mitchell's Lingfield lot. Following Pitchford Bloom amongst the young pointers were Captain Stirling's Keir Kestrel second, and Mr. E. Armstrong's Glaizdale Sis third, this last-named animal being remarkable as the result of breaking by a man of seventy-four, and a forty years' attendant at these trials. There certainly was no better broken one in the stake. Fourth at the National was the same pointer puppy that had won everything at the two previous meetings, viz., Mr. B. J. Warwick's Compton Rector. As much better work is usually expected from aged dogs than from puppies, it was a surprise to see how badly the six last in the stake performed at the Kennel Club meeting.

Up to the time of their selection they had performed well, but, when it came to placing the winners, it was a question of the least worst. An exception can be made in favour of the winner, Mr. A. T. Williams's lemon and white setter, Rock of Gerwn; but Mr. Warwick's Compton Pride left game behind, and also refused to back. Mr. F. C. Lowe's Grant of Bobbing, a big winner of last year, did less wrong and more right, but only got third place. The fourth was gained by one of the only two Irish setters at the trials this year. This was Miss Amy Stobart's Pepper Judy. This form was not good enough for the following trials, as the English Setter Club Stake was won in fine style by Ightfield Duffer. This is a very fine worker, and had for its principal competitor a pointer named Pitchford Duke, belonging to Colonel C. J. Cotes. Perhaps as good a trial as seen at the meeting was one run by Pitchford Ranger, in which Pride once more showed her indisposition to "back." The award was to Ightfield Duffer first; Compton Pride and Pitchford Duke divided second and third.

At Shrewsbury the National Society provide two stakes for aged dogs—one for non-winners, and the other for champions or previous winners. The first of these was won by Mr. Elias Bishop's Bang Pedro, a highly-broken pointer, second in this event going to Mr. Murgatroyd's Humby Madge. The aged setters in this stake were not a very fine lot. Miss Bibby won with a partly-broken dog, the others having been short of game-finding ability.

This brought us to the final stage of all, the Champion Stake. Colonel Cotes's Pitchford Ranger fairly smothered the crack setter of last year, Mr. Llewellin's Countess Carrie. Then Pitchford Duke eclipsed the chances of Mr. A. T. Williams's Rock of Gerwn, and Captain Lonsdale's Ightfield Duffer had very little the best of it with Pitchford Bang. Mr. Llewellin's very old Kitty Wind'em had to give way to Mr. Warwick's puppy, Compton Rector, and Mr. Bishop's pointer, Bang Pedro, disposed of the chances of Mr. Warwick's twice champion, Compton Pride. This was once through the card except for the bye dog, Mr. Sawtell's Melksham Bragg. With him Colonel Cotes's Pitchford Ranger ran a faultless trial. Afterwards, Pitchford Duke took all the points in a trial with Ightfield Duffer. Mr. Elias Bishop's Bang Pedro and Mr. Warwick's Compton Rector both poked up birds, which was not good enough for the company, so that Mr. Sawtell's Melksham Bragg was called to run with Colonel Cotes's Pitchford Duke. Although Duke had gained all the points from the great Duffer, Bragg completely out-pointed him; so much so, that the trouble was to get a point for Bragg to back before giving him second prize. Colonel Cotes's Pitchford Ranger took champion honours very easily by virtue of his previous run with Melksham Bragg. G. T. TEASDALE-BUCKELL.

WILDFOWL IN FRANCE.

THE institution of a close time for water-fowl in France is an admirable measure, and one that may have a good effect on the stock of fowl coming to our own shores; but the change of date for the commencement of the close season, which is now announced, is a little surprising, and rather apt to rob the measure of much of its possible usefulness. The date originally contemplated for the beginning of the close time was March 31st. A later announcement of the Minister of Agriculture was to the effect that the close time would be postponed until April 23rd. But many of the fowl are such early nesters that much of their domestic business is begun well before this. The provision will apply to twenty departments.

ROEDEER.

The marked increase of roedeer in Dorsetshire, and the addition which these pretty little bucks make to the bag in a day's covert-shooting when a few are killed, suggest the question why they are not more generally introduced and preserved. They are a beast of the moor and heath in North Germany quite as much as of the forest, and any good sportsman there will tell you whether a carcase is that of a "moor buck" or of a forest-bred roe. Roe wander very little. The buck has a regular haunt which he never leaves, and where he "stands" for a time every evening before feeding, at which time the German sportsman stalks him with a rifle in proper form.

THE LION'S STRENGTH.

Further accounts of the fatal lion-hunt in Kathiawar show that Major Carnegy was killed by a single blow on the left shoulder by the lion's right paw The fearful strength latent in the mass of muscle which coats the forearm of the great felidæ is again shown by this deplorable accident. A native hunter, a servant of a French merchant at Khartoum, landed from a steamer to shoot a lion which he saw on the Nile bank. The man advanced bravely with a single rifle, and fired. The answer was an instant charge, and the lion struck the man on the shoulder. "The effect was awful," says Sir Samuel Baker. "The man was dashed violently to the ground, and the lion fell across his body; after a few gasps it also rolled over and died. The hunter never moved. The steamer was then run alongside the bank, and Mr. Lafargue, with a number of men, went ashore. Both the man and the

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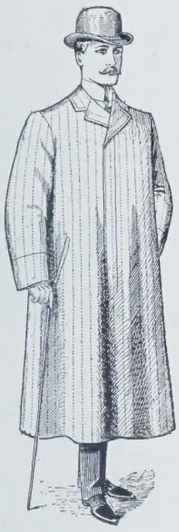

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lion were quite dead. The bullet had struck the animal in the chest and had passed through the heart. The hunter's arm was hanging from the hip. It had not only been completely dislocated at the shoulder by the blow, but it had been torn or struck downwards with such extreme force that the flesh had been entirely stripped from the ribs and the side; the arm at the extremity of this ruin was lying on the ground, hanging only to the hip by the flesh attached."

AMMUNITION.

Kynoch's Journal, which deals mainly with guns and ammunition, contains in its present number some useful chapters on the history and manufacture of the cartridge. The writers disagree with a contemporary, which says that the pressures of military cartridges are generally put at some 30 per cent. too high, and that the German military cartridge only gives a pressure of 15·5 tons instead of 20 tons. The German reports give the pressure at 20·5 tons, and other military cartridges, by the Kynoch tests, conform pretty closely to the figures claimed for them. Of more general interest is the great difficulty experienced in getting the brass of cartridge-cases to be of a uniform small crystalline grain, though the greatest pains are taken to examine the structure of the ingots of brass used for the cases. The workmen, too, are very carefully trained to use their own eyes in inspection and testing. Brass is one of those metals which are useful but never quite satisfactory for any purpose.

A NEW LIGHT ON LIONS.

Sportsmen and naturalists alike will read with the liveliest interest Captain Crawshay's paper on "The Field Natural History of the Lion," just published in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society. The common opinion that the lion is an animal almost exclusively of nocturnal habits is, says Captain Crawshay, quite erroneous. "I have seen," he says, "lions at all times of the day, under all sorts of conditions, in all sorts of country, in all sorts of weather, from misty rain to the hottest noonday sun of the tropics." How hot the sun can be in these regions will probably surprise even travellers, judging from a description of the author of a lioness which he watched "crossing the bare scorching lava-coloured plain . . . in the fierce heat of noon at midsummer, with the heat radiating in lambent tongues from the ground, giving her the appearance of being enveloped in fire." And he goes on naïvely to remark, "Nothing had disturbed her, as this country was uninhabited by man; she was making her way to the water." Very naturally! That the lion is, indeed, protectively coloured we may gather from an instance which he quotes, where he passed within twenty paces of one without being aware of the fact, though there was "nothing whatever intervening between us but the bare fire-swept ground. He did not catch my eye as he lay in a black patch of shadow—so black that when the man afterwards pointed him out to me from above, and not in relief, I could not make him out." As to man-eating lions, Captain Crawshay does not believe that this is the last resort of very old animals. On the contrary, he believes that he acquires a taste for human flesh in the first instance, under the impulse of hunger or passing caprice, and "having thus overcome the natural repugnance and instinctive fear which all the lower animals have for man, finds in him an easy victim, and henceforth constitutes him his especial prey." Lions, it would seem, are by no means fastidious feeders, inasmuch as they will eat putrid meat greedily. On one occasion, indeed, one of these animals ate the skin of a sable antelope dressed with arsenical soap! That the lion will occasionally vary his diet with the flesh of porcupines seems evident, from the fact that portions of the quills of these animals have been taken from the pads of the destroyer by Captain Crawshay.

RACING NOTES.

QUITE a remarkable feature in an exceptionally busy week has been the success at the Manchester Meeting of horses trained by Coulthwaite, the Hednesford trainer, five races on the first day and three on the second falling to their share. It is only fair to mention that to the brilliant riding of F. Mason, who steered them all to victory, not a little of the Hednesford luck was most certainly due. Another extraordinary performance during the Easter week was that of Mr. W. Bulteel at the Torquay Steeplechase Meeting, where he rode five consecutive winners on the first day, and on the second had four winning rides, and finished second in his fifth attempt, making a total of nine winners in two days out of the ten races in which he took part. This is certainly a very remarkable performance, and, speaking without book, both F. Mason's series of winning rides at Manchester and Mr. W. Bulteel's succession of victories at Torquay are record performances.

It is impossible to deal in detail with the vast amount of racing which took place all over the country during the past week. It may be of interest, however, to point out that the winning form of the season, as far as it has gone, is working out in a fairly satisfactory fashion, and to notice especially that the Brocklesby form appears to be considerably better than it was considered to be at the time, and it will be no surprise if the winner of that race should prove to be a really good horse. Such animals as Glenamoy, the Lady Lena colt, Ravilious, Sweet Mary, and others must have amply repaid those backers who had made up their minds to follow the "book," while Colonel Wozac and Pharisee have supplied a further proof that if horses are capable of standing a searching preparation they will not flinch when the final struggle for victory has to be fought out to the bitter end.

W. A. Rouch. *BACHELOR'S BUTTON LEADS THE PARADE.* Copyright

Pharisee, the City and Suburban winner, if I remember rightly, was bought by "Ashplant" for Mr. Prentice to gallop with Pekin, who was supposed to have some sort of chance for the Derby, but the Grately stable found that there was no merit in him, and he was sold back again to Blackwell for considerably less than his purchase price, to undertake, amongst other labours, the onerous task of leading Rock Sand in his work. He must be an animal of exceptional soundness and hardy constitution, for he has never looked so well as he did on the City and Suburban day, and it is not likely that even his accomplished trainer can ever effect any further improvement on the form he showed in that race.

The Great Metropolitan Stakes, which was won by Long Tom, supplied yet another instance of how it sometimes happens that a horse may eventually fall into the hands of a trainer who, for some reason or other, finds him to be possessed of qualities which others have entirely failed to discover. Drafted out of the Kingsclere stable, Long Tom had a varied and chequered career; he passed through many hands, and descended to the ranks of the selling platers over hurdles, and was finally bought by Woodland for a little over £100, and passed on by him to his present owner for a profit of £10 on the deal, a transaction which Escott has no reason to regret. Last year the rich Sandown Park Produce Stakes was won by Vedas, and, by a somewhat curious coincidence, last week the race went to his own sister, Gemma, bred and owned by Lady Meux. The daughter of Florizel II. and Agnostic is a beautiful filly of great quality and extremely bloodlike appearance, and does not seem to have any trace of the wayward character of her brother. She is, perhaps, a trifle light of bone, and some exception might be taken to her feet, but she was clearly the best of her field, and plenty of races should fall to her share. While on the subject of Sandown Park, it is somewhat singular that at such a meeting more care should not be exercised in the revision of the race-cards issued to the public. It cannot be said that the colours of the Duke of Westminster are not well known; and it is difficult to understand why against the name of Rydal Head in the Esher Handicap Stakes colours other than those of the owner should have been substituted for those of the Duke of Westminster.

At Kempton Park on Easter Monday thousands of people assembled at this always-popular meeting to witness the race for the Queen's Prize, for which just a dozen horses went to the post, including Glenamoy, with a 7lb. penalty, and Sansovino, who was penalised to the extent of 14lb.; and the handicapper's opinion of their respective merits would seem to have erred considerably on the side of leniency, for, in spite of their penalties, they finished first and second respectively, and the performance of Glenamoy may be even better than it looked, for he was not a little hampered by the attention of Gold Lock, who hung towards him when beaten. Lord Falmouth's colt by St. Frusquin out of Cereza won the Rendlesham Two Year Old Stakes in very good style, and should be heard of again.

The ordinary fare to Epsom and back, first class, from Victoria is 3s., and it does seem somewhat strange that the railway company should charge 8s. 6d. for the same journey on a race day. In any case, this exorbitant charge would appear far too heavy; but the grumbling would have been less if some compensation had been given to passengers in the shape of increased comfort and acceleration of travelling. Neither of these, however, was forthcoming. I sincerely hope that those who have not already given in their adhesion to Lord Carnarvon's proposed memorial to the Jockey Club on the subject of railway charges to racing folk will take notice of this and other kindred matters.

The very disagreeable state of the weather no doubt accounted for the somewhat scanty attendance on the opening day of the Epsom Spring Meeting, but as far as the racing itself was concerned there was no cause for complaint. Proceedings commenced with the Tattenham Plate of 200 sovs., in which Mr. D. Clarke's chestnut filly Sweet Mary, by Cyllene out of Auricula, again

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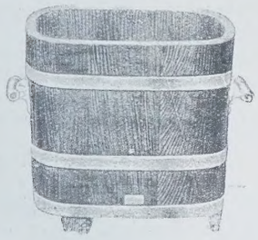

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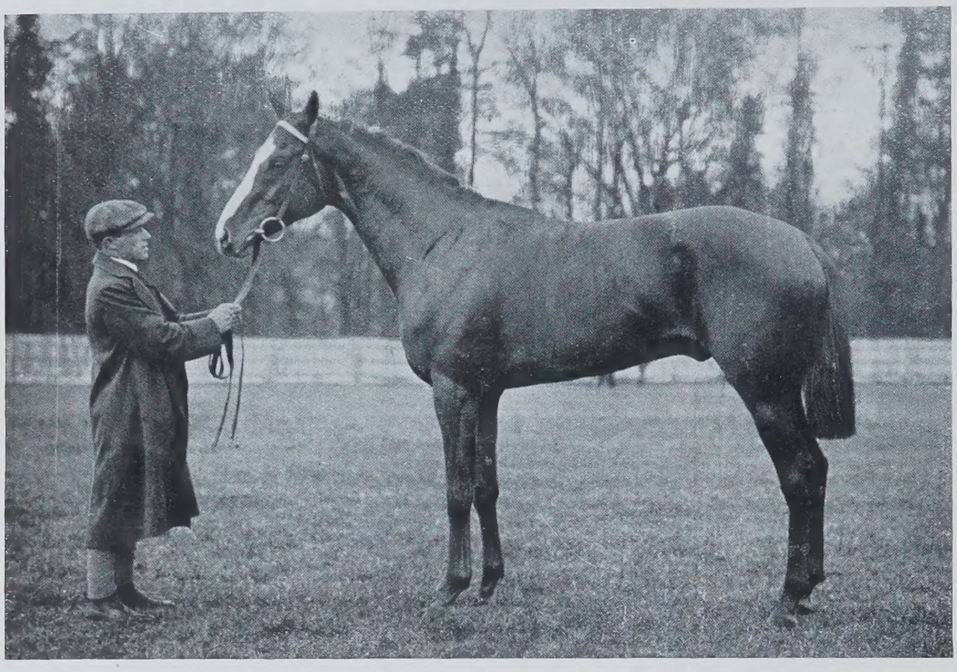
showed a clean pair of heels to her field, and won in a canter by four lengths from Mr. L. de Rothschild's Croisette. Just a baker's dozen went out for the Great Metropolitan Stakes, which is always an interesting race to the public, both on account of the distance of 2¼ miles over which it is run and from the peculiar shape of the course, in which the advantage of station is changed during the progress of the race, the sharp bend to the right in its early stages being compensated for later on by a similar sweep to the left. For nearly two miles the leading lot, consisting of Alderman, Long Tom, Sandboy, Solano, and Pure Gold, took part in the fighting; at the top of the hill Pure Gold and Long Tom held a slight advantage, with Sandboy and Solano close up. As they swept into the straight Karakoul challenged on the inside and Caro on the outside, but their efforts were of no avail, and Long Tom, striding along at



W. A. Rouch. *PHARISEE, WINNER OF THE CITY AND SUBURBAN.* Copyright

a great pace and with the utmost resolution, romped home a gallant winner by four lengths; Karakoul was second, and Caro third. In addition to the satisfaction of having converted a selling plater into a winner of a race of such importance, Escott had the further pleasure of seeing his horse ridden to victory by his son, C. Escott, who has but lately returned from South Africa. Those who were not satisfied with the sport provided at Epsom on Wednesday must, indeed, be hard to please, the race for the City and Suburban in particular being of exceptional interest from every point of view. In the paddock previous to the race the air was full of rumours and gossip as to the probable winner of the popular handicap. Ambition, who had at one time been confidently expected by many good judges to defeat all opposition, was reported to have gone amiss, and the report was apparently confirmed by the betting; but one expert at least stood to his guns, and would not hear of anything else in connection with the race, and if half the wild stories put into circulation concerning Laveuse had been true, she would have won by the length of the proverbial street. When it came to inspecting the horses, however, there was no getting away from the splendid condition and business like look of Pharisee. Flower Seller and Palmy Days both looked well, the former especially so, and he should win a good race before long. Nabot I did not like the look of, and I am convinced that he is by no means at his best just now. Grey Green seems to get bigger and more lusty the more he works, and whatever may be the racing merits of Dean Swift, he is anything but taking in appearance, being an exceptionally hairy-heeled and common-looking animal. Ob, the representative of France, is a useful, sturdy sort of colt; he lacked nothing as far as condition went, and had the advantage of being ridden by G. Stern, but a mile was about the length of his tether, and he had nothing to do with the finish of the race, for which nineteen horses went to the post. The light was none too good, but as far as one could see, Dean Swift and Nabot jumped off when the barrier went up, with Ob close on their heels, for about half a mile, when Ambition took up the running in earnest, and striding merrily along, maintained his place in the van till nearly halfway up the straight, when Maher brought up Pharisee with a rattle; but Ambition was by no means done with, and, fighting his race out resolutely enough, was only beaten by half a length. Dean Swift ran well, and finished third, a length behind the second. That Pharisee ran a great race there is no denying, but he owed his victory to the splendid condition in which he was turned out by Blackwell, and to the artistic riding of his jockey D. Maher. The meeting came to an end with the Apprentices' Plate, which went to Mr. L. de Rothschild's Falconet, by Gallinule.

Thursday, the 27th, found all things in apple-pie order at Sandown Park to welcome the good attendance present on the occasion of the inauguration of the new 1½-mile course, over which the Esher Handicap Stakes, with its added trophy, was run. The silver-gilt tankards and the bowl, which constituted the *objet d'art*, became the property of Mr. J. B. Joel through the victory of Ravilious, who thereby followed up his success in the Copthorne Handicap Plate at Epsom. Mr. G. Thursby just got home by a head on his own filly by Prisoner out of Fairing in the Juvenile Selling Plate. Try as he would Imperial II. could not give the weight away to Cape Verde, who was returned a very lucky winner of the Princess of Wales's Handicap owing to Saxby, on Early Bird, making a mistake as to the whereabouts of the winning-post; and the unexpected victory of Signet in the Cobham Two Year Old Plate added to the confusion of backers and supplied another instance of the futility of racing over four furlongs. On the following day Galgreina maintained the reputation of Gallinule as a sire by winning the Tudor Plate. In the Walton Two Year Old Selling Plate Mr. C. Bewicke's filly by Ayrshire out of The Rouken squandered her field and won easily by four lengths. The Sandown Park Stud Produce Stakes has already been alluded to, and Best Light, by winning the Twickenham Handicap, drew renewed attention to Mr. Henning's stable and the chances of Rouge Croix in the classic races of the year.

Saturday, the concluding day of the meeting, may be looked upon as the close of the jumping season, and was mainly noticeable for the continued success of horses trained by Coulthwaite, who accounted for three races during the afternoon, thus completing the extraordinary record of eleven wins out of the twelve races for which his horses had started during the week. The Grand International Steeplechase was easily won by Mitchelstown, ridden by F. Sullivan. TRENTON.

ON THE GREEN.

SOME while ago I fell into quite a lot of trouble by saying of a certain golf links, which shall be nameless for the moment, that it was the most picturesque in the world. It shall be nameless, because I now have to put it into the second place, at best, for picturesqueness. I fell into trouble because everyone else who had any interest in any other golf links wrote abusing my judgment, and saying that his own was the most beautiful in the world, which is quite the right spirit in which to take the world in general and everything to do with golf in particular. Quite lately I have played on a green, newly opened, on the island of St. Mary's, one of the Scilly Islands. This, beyond possible dispute, is the most beautiful in the world. Golden gorse, blue sea, seascape studded with islands all round—these are the elements of its beauty; and you may compare the picture of them with as much imagination as you please; you cannot beat the reality. Here, with hazards of gorse and of the stone walls which the islander, for reasons best known to himself, calls "hedges," a course of nine holes has been laid out, and a club has been formed, by the name of the Isles of Scilly Golf Club. A cup has been given by Mr. Dorrien-Smith, Lord Proprietor of the Islands, besides other prizes, of which I had the personal honour to win one that was given by the captain of the club and really the chief inspirer of the whole undertaking, Dr. Brushfield. All the holes are interesting, and the greens are very good, considering that the course has only been redeemed from unmitigated gorse within rather less than a year. The approaches to the greens want a little attention, which it has been promised to give them, and when that is done the golf will be a much more true test of form.

The remark that golf is a queer game is a very commonplace one, but it would have received very remarkable evidence indeed in support of it if Cambridge had not beaten Oxford this year. On the public form Cambridge looked like having a decided advantage, and in Mr. Hoffmann an unusually formidable player. On the other hand, it did not look as if the advantage ought to be as heavy as the result indicated. The win, by fifty-eight holes to three, was a wonderful one. It was the turn of Cambridge to score a victory, for she has not won the Inter-University golf match since 1898, and Oxford is still two ahead on the balance. The only man on the Cambridge side who was down at the end of the first round was Mr. Martin Smith, four down at that point to Mr. Rathbone, but he must have played a very fine round in the afternoon, holing the difficult and long Sunningdale course in 76. He turned his four holes down into three holes up. Mr. Hoffmann's second round was also 76. The only winner for Oxford was Mr. Gordon, put in, I believe, at the eleventh hour as a substitute, who scored the three holes which were all that Oxford had to her total credit. Of course, Mr. Hoffmann gained a great deal of renown by beating Mr. Ball in one of the matches of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society's tour, and being beaten by him by a single hole only in another match of thirty-six holes. At that time it was said that Mr. Ball was not playing up to his proper form. How that may be I do not know, for I did not see any part of either performance, but it is quite certain that both before then and since Mr. Ball's game has had nothing the matter with it. He played an extraordinarily good round at Leasowe in a competition just before those matches with the University people, and at Hoylake quite lately his score of 77 on a bad day was not only a good one, but it was by four strokes better than any other man in the field could do. It was not a bad field, for both Mr. Graham and Mr. Hilton were in it; but the second best to Mr. Ball was Mr. J. Crowther, with 81, beating both Mr. Graham and Mr. Hilton by a stroke. At Westward Ho Mr. Osmund Scott has been invincible, as usual, for the scratch prizes, and the handicappers had to work hard to keep him out of first place on the handicap list too.

All these and other good performances of various good players seem to make the life of a selector of the English team for the amateur international match not altogether a happy one. There is always comfort in the reflection that the task of the Scottish selectors will be no less difficult. There is, perhaps, an equal embarrassment of riches on both sides of the Tweed. HORACE HUTCHINSON.

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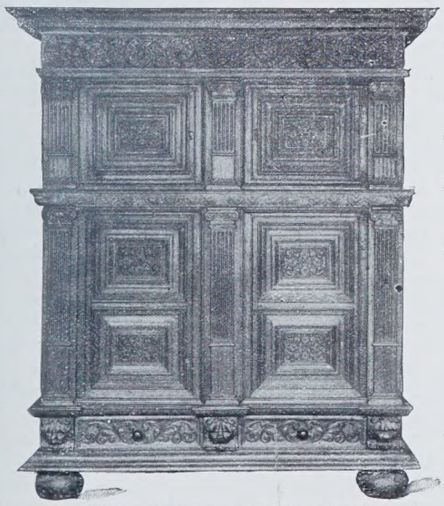

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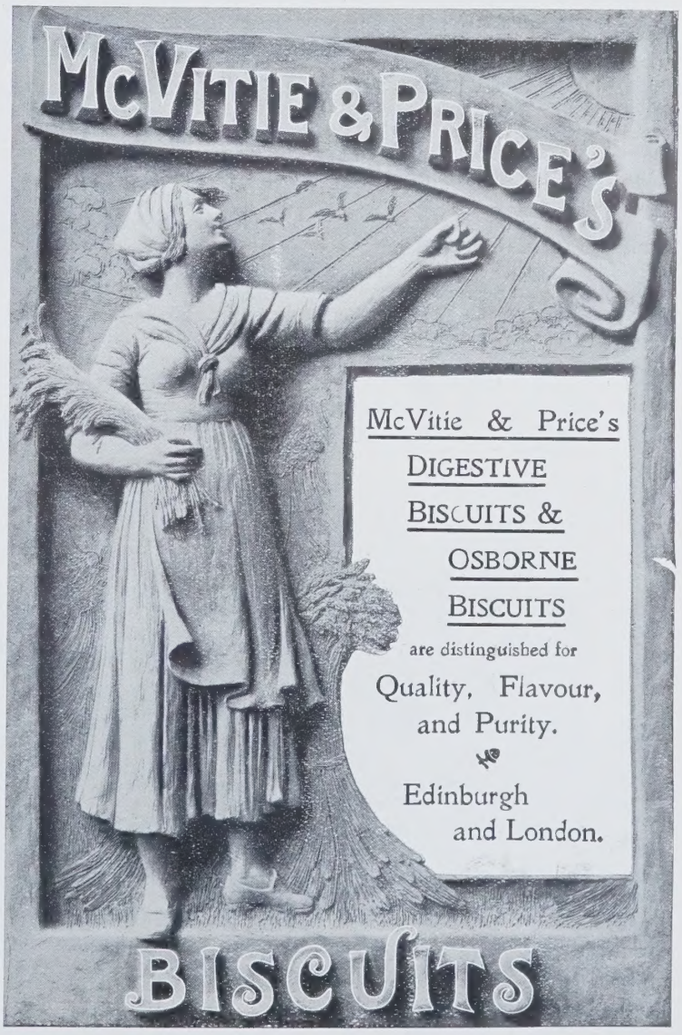
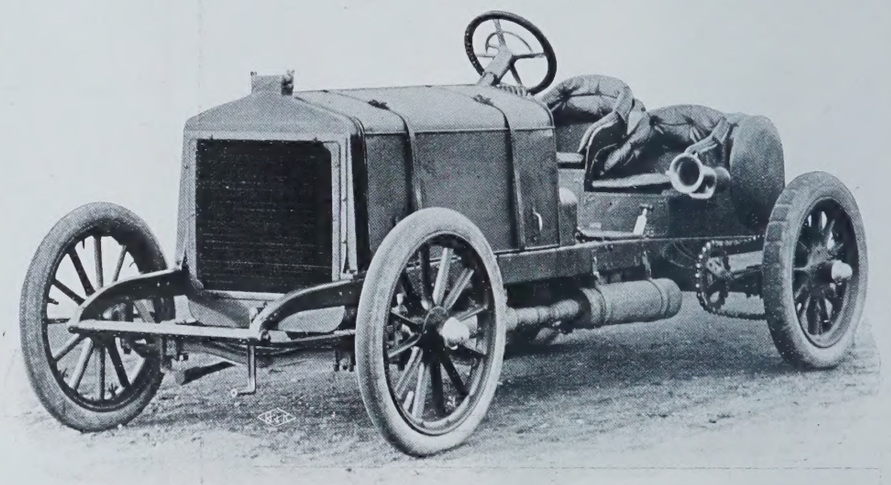


THE AUTOMOBILE WORLD.

By a regrettable coincidence the commencement of the spring months is not infrequently marked by an epidemic of motor-car accidents. The present year has, unfortunately, proved to be very far from an exception to the general rule, and the mishaps, which for a time were recorded almost daily in the columns of the newspapers, were more numerous and more serious in their character than has ever been the case in the previous history of the movement. Full advantage of these occurrences has been taken by the avowed enemies of automobilism to endeavour to visit the sins of the few upon the great body of good motorists, and to bring discredit upon the motor-car as a means of locomotion because its powers are sometimes misused. We are far from seeking to minimise the gravity of the situation, as we recognise that genuine public opinion, which does not find expression in intemperate letters to the daily Press, has been strongly stirred by the events of the last few weeks. At the same time, it is only fair to examine the facts dispassionately and see how far they bear out the suggestion, so frequently made, that the motor-car is a dangerous vehicle, as a rule recklessly driven, and that the existing laws are insufficient to safeguard the interests of the non-motoring public.

In the first place, it must be remembered that the motor-car is no longer the comparatively rare type of vehicle that it was only two or three years ago. The last available official returns show that in round figures 40,000 automobiles had been registered in the United Kingdom up to the end of June last. That these numbers have grown enormously is patent to everyone, and some idea of the increase is afforded by the fact that the London County Council, which had then registered 3,619 cars alone, has just been given a new index letter, because the five-figure limit has been reached. We must, therefore, be well within the mark if we estimate that there are 50,000 cars and motor-cycles at present in regular use in this country. Taking their average mileage as equivalent to that covered by three times the number of horsed carriages and pedal cycles, one arrives at an amount of traffic that would be fairly represented by at least 150,000 vehicles of the older types. Indeed, it is highly probable that if the number and daily mileage of the automobiles in use in the United Kingdom could be ascertained, these figures would be largely increased. The moderate estimate that we have given, however, is sufficient to show that, in spite of the fact that the motor-car is the most easily controlled vehicle that uses the roads, a certain proportion of accidents is bound to occur, unless motorists of every class are to possess a degree of infallibility that is not expected of the rest of mankind. The only serious question is whether the total of accidents is such as to point to anything approaching habits of recklessness or want of skill among automobilists in general.

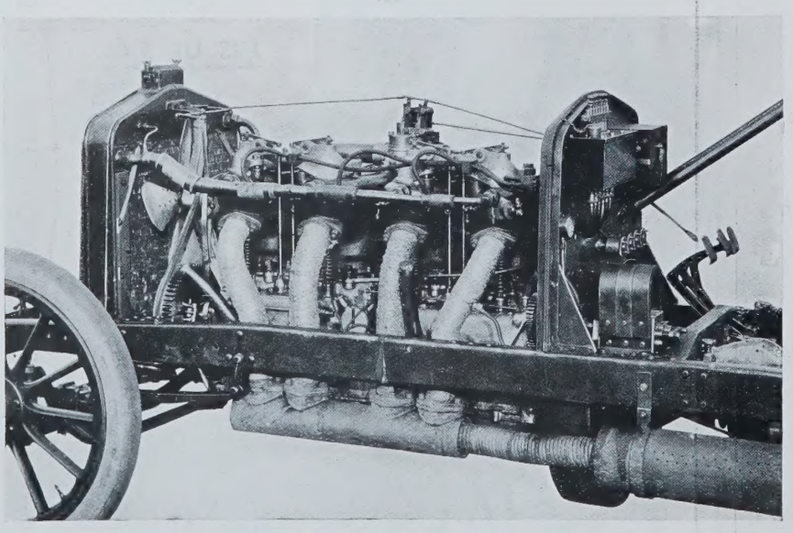
Last month, admittedly, witnessed an abnormal number of accidents, but, except in three or four notorious cases, there were no grounds for supposing that the motorist or his machine was in fault. Where fatal results ensued, the coroner's juries, which are drawn from a class generally supposed to be hostile to the motor, returned verdicts of "Accidental death," and exonerated the driver from all blame; and it is noteworthy that the police accepted the decisions without hesitation. Probably these cases would never have been recorded in the daily papers were it not for the fact that, a "motor scare" having once been started, every local reporter in the kingdom becomes keenly alive to the fact that any "copy" bearing on the subject is certain of acceptance by at least a dozen different sub-editors, and for a time is careful to let no incident, important or unimportant, escape his pen. We say it in no disparagement of that useful servant of man, the horse, but there is no doubt that, if the same minute record were made of his vagaries, the public would stand aghast at the unsuspected tale of daily victims.



Wakefield. MR. LIONEL DE ROTHSCHILD'S NEW SIDDELEY RACER. *Brentford.*
This huge machine is entered for the British Eliminating Trials, and will be driven by Sidney Girling.

Apart altogether, however, from the pure accidents, the relative number and significance of which have been greatly exaggerated, there remain several occurrences of an entirely different nature, which have excited widespread indignation among motorists and non-motorists alike. Even here it is only fair to suspend final judgment on the guilt of the offenders, as the cases are still *sub judice*, and it is possible that the sworn evidence, as distinct from the newspaper reports, may place a different complexion upon the cases. At the worst they will only prove that among the great body of motorists there are a few persons criminally indifferent to the safety of others. Two wrongs do not make a right; but as the Markyate tragedy, to take an instance, has been used as a weapon against the motor-car, it should be remembered that an exact parallel has more than once been recorded against drivers of horsed vehicles.

Perhaps of more serious import to the welfare of automobilism than the accidents, either avoidable or unavoidable, that have recently occurred, is the feeling that motor cars and cycles are too often driven without proper care and consideration for the safety and convenience of others. Taking the country as a whole, and including every class of driver, there is, unfortunately, little doubt that the instances of this sort of misconduct are sufficiently numerous to give some grounds for the



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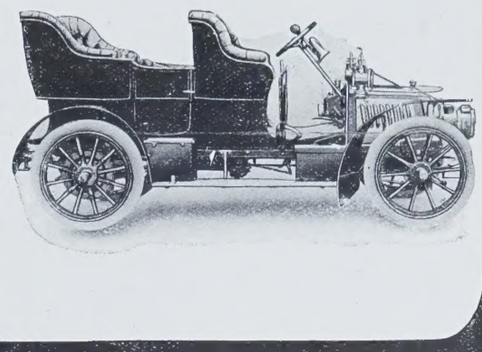

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A POPULAR RENDEZVOUS ON THE PORTSMOUTH ROAD.

impression. On the other hand, no impartial observer will deny that the vast majority of automobiles are used in a perfectly proper manner, and that the minority of offenders is tending to become relatively smaller. We believe that the two classes of motorists chiefly to blame are the professional drivers, who, as a rule, are ignorant of, or indifferent to, the traditional courtesies of the road, and, in spite of repeated assertions to the contrary in the columns of the technical Press, the owners of abnormally high-powered machines, who too often appear to lose entirely all sense of speed. The matter lies mainly in the hands of motorists themselves. If the present agitation serves to draw their attention to the danger in which they stand owing to the sins of the few, it will, perhaps, have been a blessing in disguise.

The Automobile Club is doing excellent work in this direction, and the executive has reiterated its resolve to exercise its powers firmly and impartially whenever an undoubted case of inconsiderate or reckless driving is brought before its notice. So far as private persons are concerned, these powers only extend directly to its own members, and indirectly to the members of its numerous allied organisations. As, however, the membership of these latter bodies includes a considerable proportion of the aggregate of private motorists in the kingdom, the club's powers of social punishment are very considerable, so long as the public assist in bringing the offenders to book. Over the professional class the powers of the Automobile Club are at present somewhat limited, except in the case of those drivers who may at some future time desire to take part in a competition of any sort. Here the ability to punish is very real, as is evidenced by the suspension, announced in another column, of a competitor in the forthcoming Eliminating Trials. If, however, as we hope may be the case, owners insist on their men providing themselves with certificates from the Automobile Club, in accordance with the scheme recently inaugurated, that body will be placed in a position to control what is undoubtedly the most dangerous class of motorist, and the elimination of the black sheep will be speedily accomplished.

A MOTOR PICNIC.

THAT the unexpected usually happens is an axiom the truth of which few will deny. It was with no very definite object in view that I clambered wearily on to my bicycle one day recently, and set off whither the fates should lead. The presence there of a very fine new Panhard may have influenced me in selecting a certain house as my immediate goal; at all events, lunchtime found me eagerly discussing with my hostess the points of her new acquisition. Being myself in the transition stage between two cars, a new motor acts upon me like an irresistible magnet, and I eagerly availed myself of an offer to stay for lunch and join a picnic party in the afternoon. There are many forms of conveyance less agreeable than an 18 h.p. Panhard, with a huge double phaeton body and 10ft. wheel-base. After lunch a party of five (exclusive of the driver) prepared for the start. A troop of shaggy bears would have presented an appearance similar to our own, as we packed ourselves and an ample tea basket into the car. Though the sun shone in a cloudless sky, yet the wind had an edge about it which made us bless our warm coats before we had gone far. The dust had been laid by some showers on the previous day, and fortunate it was for us that this was so, for the entire motoring population of the country seemed to be out, determined not to miss such a glorious afternoon.

Bookham Common had been the site selected for the scene of the tea party, but a motor-car is apt to get over the ground in a surprisingly short space of time, and we found on our arrival that it was barely a quarter past three. Even the two schoolboy members of the party were not *quite* sure that they were already equal to supplementing a decidedly hearty lunch, so after assuring themselves that ammunition for a "fir-cone fight," upon which they had set their hearts, was not to be procured in the immediate neighbourhood, they were quite agreeable to prolong the round until we should arrive in a country better suited to their warlike operations.

It would be hard, indeed, to find more charming scenery than that afforded by the lanes and byeways of Surrey. On this sunny afternoon the whole country-side, with the new fresh green

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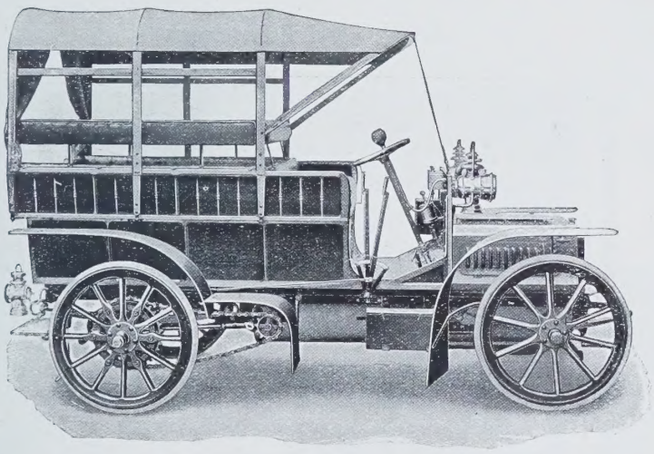

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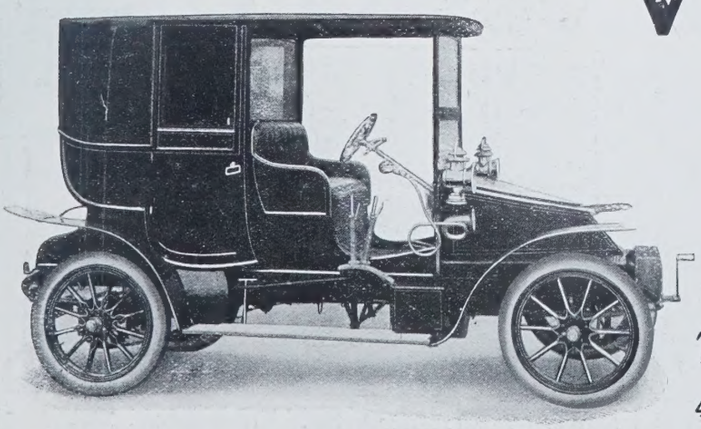

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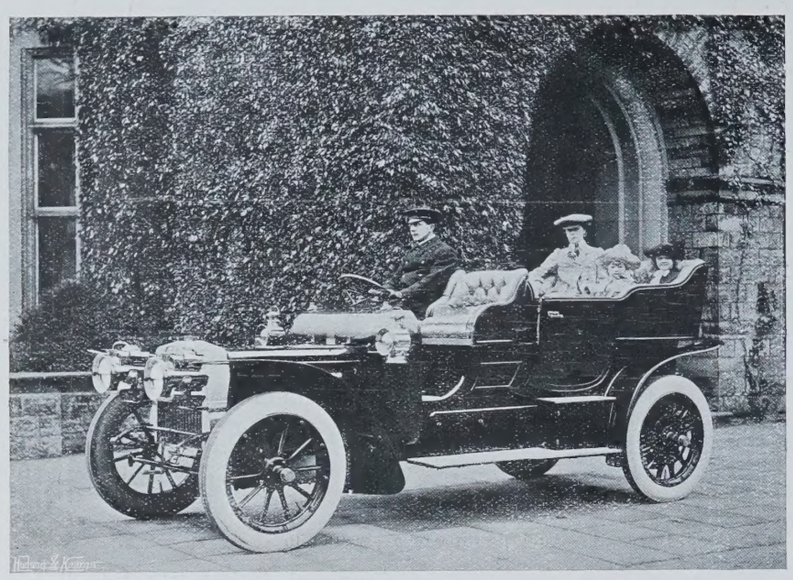
clothing the woods and hedgerows in a fairy mantle, and reflected from the mirrors of many a pool and lake embowered among the trees, was a sight to cheer us with the thought that winter was over and spring at last was come. Bookham, Fetcham, and the sleepy Horsleys were visited. In this bustling work-a-day age it is good to find within easy reach spots which give the impression to the wayfarer that time has but mellowed,



LADY WALKER OF OSMASTON ON HER 30 H.P. DAIMLER.

without marking them with the brand of change which has gradually destroyed the poetry in so many of our wayside hamlets.

Such thoughts as these passed through my mind, punctuated by speculations on the part of the boys as to the suitability of various localities for the commencement of fir-cone hostilities. It was not until we had passed the Hautboy at Ockham, and entered the Portsmouth Road at the foot of the rise outside Ripley, that the plan of campaign was fully matured. By the way, speaking of the Hautboy at Ockham, I always feel somewhat aggrieved that the curious chapel-like building, in which tea is served, has no history to match its appearance. It ought to date from Reformation times, and to be connected in legend with disestablished monasteries, instead of which, it is an arrant fraud, dating from 1864, and built for the purpose of receiving rents therein. However, it serves as an excellent tearoom.

We turned to the right on entering the Portsmouth Road, and then went down the track leading to the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens. Some few hundred yards down, there was discovered a spot suitable for all purposes, and the car was backed into the rank grasses by the roadside, while all hands were told off to the task of preparing the contents of the tea basket. While the water was boiling the long-deferred hostilities commenced. The boys raged furiously together, so furiously that, one fir-cone having landed with great violence in my eye, and another in the butter-dish, the immediate neighbourhood of the tea was declared neutral territory, and an infringement of neutrality entailed loss of tea.

About this time our attention was directed to a coal-cart which had stuck in some soft ground at the side of the road The horse, having reviewed the position, was firmly of opinion that to pull the cart clear was not in the contract, consequently an armistice was declared, and we sallied forth to aid the hapless carter. By the time that the cart was free the tea was ready, and the boys had got themselves into such a state of grime from mud and coal-dust that they were thoroughly contented. The armistice was most effective, only one breach occurring, and even then, after a fir-cone had been removed from the jam, things quieted down immediately.

As soon as the tea things had been stowed away (there is a huge fortune awaiting the person who invents a machine for automatically packing up after a picnic), we got under weigh. The Portsmouth Road was simply blocked with cars homeward bound, and the crowd outside the Hut at Wisley was a sight to see. Our equipage attracted no small amount of attention as we sailed majestically past, one face at least wreathed in smiles of conscious superiority. I do not believe that I am really a snob, but I always experience a positive glow of pleasure in meeting friends when I am on a fine car, and I certainly had cause for

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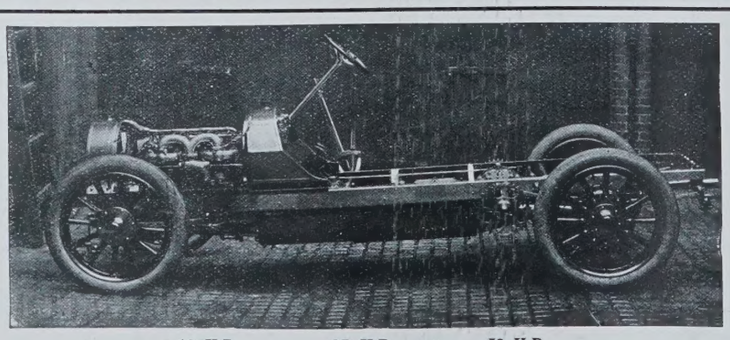

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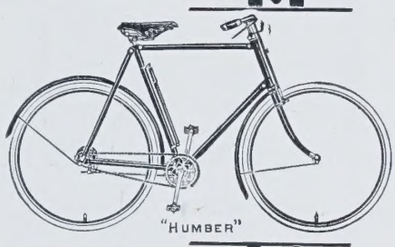
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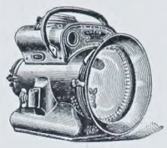
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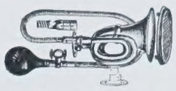
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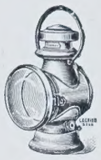
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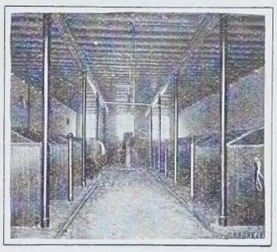

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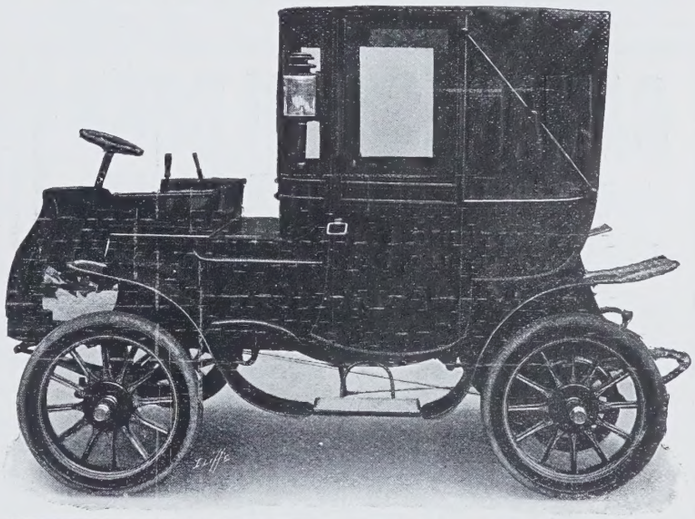

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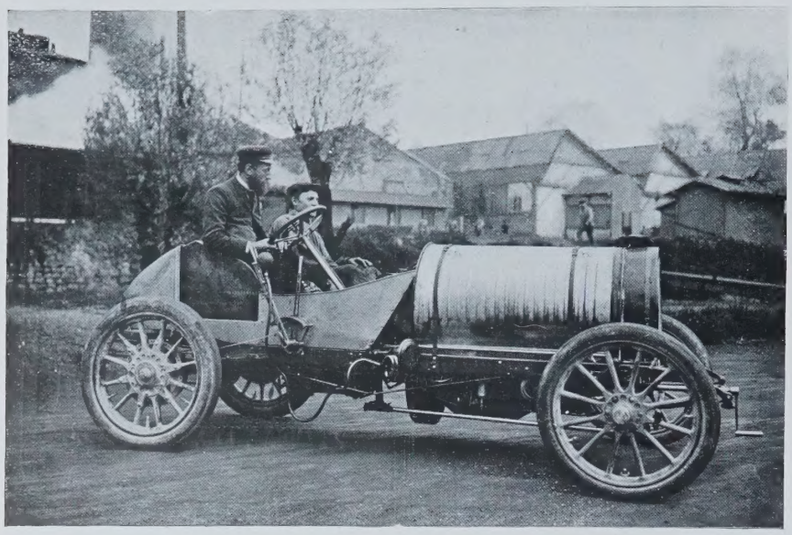
LEEDS,
BRISTOL,
NEWPORT (Mon.).



THE NEW HOTCHKISS RACER.
The motor of this car has a bore of 160m.m. and a stroke of 180m.m.

self-congratulation on this occasion. Panhards have not the reputation of being particular "flyers" on hills, but this one seemed in no way troubled by them. She simply tore up on her third speed, leaving everything behind in her rapid course. It was fortunate that there was ample accommodation in the back of the car, as the warriors kept up a little gentle sparring just to keep their hands in for future occasions. As I arrived home on my bicycle I decided that the day had turned out far more amusing than I had anticipated. H. C. L.

THE SIDDELEY RACING CAR.

PRESSURE on our space prevented our including in last week's issue the handsome photographs of the new Siddeley racer, which are reproduced on a previous page. This car has been built to the order of Mr. Lionel de Rothschild, and is entered for the Eliminating Trials in the Isle of Man, where, if one can judge from appearances, it should render an excellent account of itself. The engine, which is rated nominally at 100 h.p., is apparently of enormous size, and has all its valves arranged on the left side, the inlets being placed above the exhaust valves and operated by vertical rods and horizontal rocking levers. Both low-tension and high-tension ignition are fitted, the latter being of the coil and accumulator type. The three-point system of suspension is adopted for both the engine and the gear-box, so that all the main bearings remain unaffected by any strain to which the frame may be subjected. The clutch is of the multiple-disc type, and a flexible coupling is interposed between it and the gear-box. The latter gives three forward speeds and a reverse, the power being finally transmitted to the road-wheels by means of side-chains. The new Siddeley is said to have shown an extraordinary turn of speed during its trial runs.

THE BIANCHI AND LISLE CASES.

Last week the committee of the Automobile Club summoned before them Messrs. Bianchi and Lisle, two of the drivers nominated for the British Eliminating Trials, who have recently been fined for furious driving. The decision of the committee in the case of Mr. Lisle was that he should not be admitted to the Competitors' Register, subject to the matter being reconsidered when the appeal to Quarter Sessions had been heard, should Mr. Lisle apply for its reconsideration. The effect of this decison is to debar Mr. Lisle from taking any part in the Isle of Man trials. In the case of Bianchi, one of the Wolseley drivers, the decision was that "the committee, considering that this is the first case which has occurred under the regulation of July 4th, and that there has been no previous complaint against Mr. Bianchi, resolved that he be severely reprimanded and suspended for one month." As the Eliminating Trials are fixed for May 30th, Bianchi's sentence will not entail exclusion from that event.

THE RACE FOR THE MEDITERRANEAN CUP.

This contest, from Algiers to Toulon, is supposed to start on Friday of the current week, but whether it will do so is a matter of the gravest doubt. It has all along been intended that the order to go shall not be given until the meteorological stations on the Mediterranean announce that the weather has set fair. And, since that amount of precaution was intended in the early days when motor-boat-builders had a good opinion of themselves and their craft, it may be taken that any erring will be on the side of prudence, now that the Monaco Meeting has taught a few useful lessons. Up to then, motor-boat racing had gone all too smoothly, and French builders and designers had been so cock-a-hoop about their succession of victories over the sea (as witness the fact that a whole fleet of boats was able to cross the Channel last summer), that they had scouted the possibility of mishap; but all this is changed, and out of the fifteen entries for the Mediterranean Cup Race it is probable that there will be, at the utmost, seven starters. These will be:

Mercédès-Mercédès (Herr Jellineck-Mercédès).
Mercédès C. P. (Charley and Pitre).
Ouand Meme (the Duke Decazes).
Le Camille (Mme. du Gast).
Mab (Mr. Thubron).
Heracles II. (Société Heracles).
Fiat X. (F. I. A., Turin).

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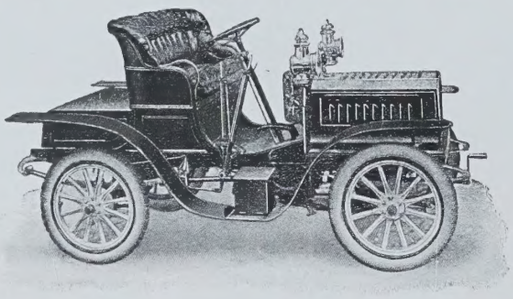

RELIABILITY TRIALS.
The best reliability trials are the experiences of customers. Read the following from "The Motor," January 31st, 1905.
POWER OF FOUR-SEATED CAR.
"Sir,—In a recent issue you state, in reply to a query of 'A.L.M.' (Bowden), that 8 h.p. is a very low power for a four-seated car, etc. Last year I purchased a Gamage car fitted with a 6 h.p. De Dion engine and four-seated tonneau. On several occasions I drove it from London to Brighton and back, taking all hills, with three heavy persons and myself on board. On another occasion a motor friend of mine asserted that a 6 h.p. engined car would not take a certain hill used for testing cars. I therefore took the trouble to try mine, and it went up quite easily. It is surprising what these little engines can do.—Yours faithfully, H.H."
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2 " " " - - £125
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12-15 h.p. Four-Cylinder, Tonneau	430
16-20 h.p. " " "	515
24-30 h.p. " " De Luxe	660

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The American boat Gregory, now on her way from America, is not likely to arrive in time, as she is reported to be waiting for supplies at the Azores. The two Napier boats will not compete, whilst Dubonnet has also been withdrawn from the contest. The journey will be made in two stages, being broken at Mahon, where a day's rest will be allowed—and longer, if the weather should change.

A Stiff Hill-climb.

The Auto-Cycle Club's hill-climb, which takes place to-day (Saturday), is one of great importance. Thirty-eight machines have been entered, six of them being tricars. The hill is in the grounds of Blackdown House (Mr. F. S. Philipson Stow), near Haslemere, and it is nearly a mile in length, of an average gradient of 1 in 11, 380yds. rising at the rate of 1 in 8, whilst 250yds. have the exceedingly stiff grade of 1 in 4½—an exceptionally severe rise. The motor-bicycles have been divided into classes, according to the size of the engine, one being for machines the engines of which have a maximum capacity of 76 by 76, or its equivalent; one for machines not exceeding 80 by 80; one for machines not exceeding 85 by 85; and one for machines with engines of unlimited size. The last-named class has attracted entries from some twin-cylindered machines ranging up to 10 h.p., so some exceptional speeds should be witnessed. The tricars are divided into two classes, the first being limited to those with engines of a capacity not exceeding 85 by 85, whilst the other class is unlimited, but every machine in either class must be provided with a variable gear. The racing commences at 2 p.m., and Mr. Stow has kindly arranged that the public shall be admitted to witness the events, ample accommodation for the cars of visitors being provided.

The Scottish Trials.

We have received an advance proof of the programme of the Scottish Reliability Trials, which commence on Wednesday next, and continue for the remainder of the week. It is a bulky document of over fifty pages, and contains the rules and conditions, list of entries, instructions to observers, tables of distances, and very full notes on the itinerary, together with maps, plans of the hill-climbs, and other useful matter. Of particular interest is the chart of the Cairnwell hill-climb, which is likely to prove a very severe test for the smaller four-seated cars. The timed portion is about 1,200yds. in length, and includes the famous Devil's Elbow, an awkward double turn with a steepest gradient of 1 in 6·5. The pass is 2,200ft. above sea-level, and is said to be the highest road in Great Britain. To automobilists touring in Scotland, and using in whole, or part, the Scottish Reliability Trial route, this programme would be invaluable, and we are authorised to state that it may be had on application to the hon. secretary of the Scottish Automobile Club (Western Section), 59, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, in exchange for fourteen stamps.

Items.

It is rumoured that the Swiss team will not take part in the Gordon Bennett race, as neither the makers nor the Swiss Club are prepared to share in the enormous expenses of organising the contest.

Among the many new tyres placed upon the market since the lapse of the famous patents, are those manufactured by the Imperial Tyre and Rubber Company of Brooke Street, Holborn. We understand that these tyres have been thoroughly tested, with most satisfactory results, and the firm are prepared to make special terms to anyone desirous of making a trial of their merits. The Imperial tyres are made with grooved square treads, and also with the ordinary round tread; the walls are of extra strength, and we are assured that the workmanship and material used are of the very highest class. The company also manufactures and fits the Imperial non-skid, a steel-studded tread composed of compressed fabric and rubber, for which it is claimed that, the attachment being rubber to rubber, there is no risk of the band leaving the tyre. The Imperial works are close to the offices of the firm, and customers will at all times be gladly allowed to inspect the process of manufacture.

Among the latest purchasers of Hotchkiss cars from the London and Parisian Motor Company of South Molton Street, the British concessionnaires, are the Marquess of Salisbury and Sir Philip Grey Egerton, Bart. The Hon. Francis Egerton, Major Laycock, D.S.O., and Mr. Lewis Waller have also placed orders for cars with this firm.

A 24—40 h.p. Fiat has recently been purchased by the Duke of Genoa, brother of Queen Marguerite of Italy, Commander-in-Chief of the Italian Navy, and President of the Automobile Club of Italy.

The Dunlop Tyre Company has just been favoured with a contract for the supply of motor-tyres to the War Office.

We have received a copy of the latest catalogue of Messrs. Weldhen and Bleriot, the makers of the famous Bleriot motor-lamps. Conspicuous among the many interesting novelties described and illustrated is the new auto-generator, which is a clean, safe, and easily-manipulated apparatus for producing gas from ordinary carbide. These generators may be obtained fitted in strong oak boxes ready to fix on the car, either singly or in batteries of two, three, four, or six, which can be used in turn. Each generator is sufficient to feed two lamps, and the average capacity is five hours' supply for the largest Bleriot made. Besides acetylene headlights, the firm make side and tail lamps, roof lamps for covered cars, and side and search lights for motor-boats. A new electric incandescent lamp has been placed upon the market by Messrs. Weldhen and Bleriot, which may perhaps revolutionise the existing methods of illuminating motor-vehicles. The filament is composed of a rare earth instead of ordinary carbon, and is said to consume about half the current only of the old glow lamp, while giving a powerful white light.

The Ryknield Engine Company has received an order from the Leeds City Tramways Committee for two 35 h.p. omnibus chassis. Leeds is well known as being among the most up-to-date municipalities, and the fact that the order was obtained in competition with other well-known manufacturers is an indication of the excellence of the Ryknield work.

Argyll Motors, Limited, have purchased a large tract of land, over sixty acres in extent, upon which new works will be erected. The ground is excellently situated, as it lies between the river Leven and the railway on the one side, and the main road to the Western Highlands on the other. Motor-boat trials will be possible on Loch Lomond, which is only three-quarters of a mile distant. It is hoped that the first bays of the new workshops will be completed and supplied with machinery within three months.

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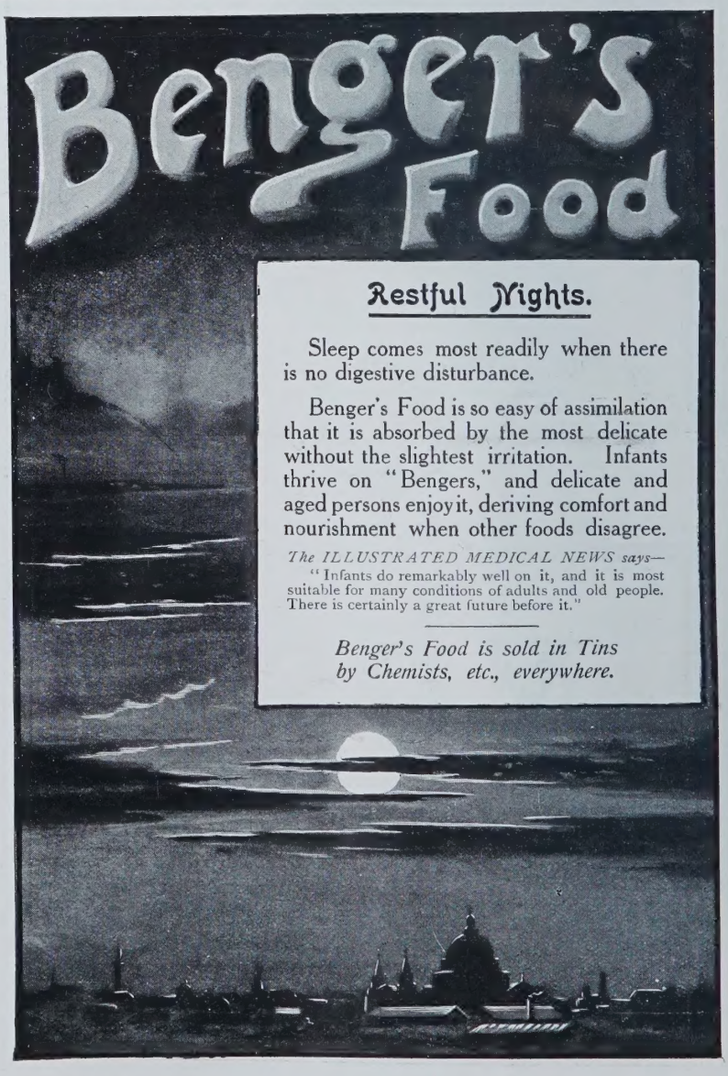

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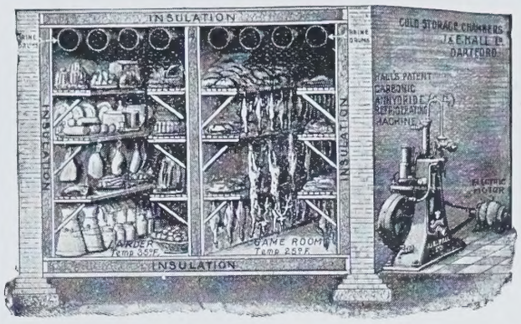

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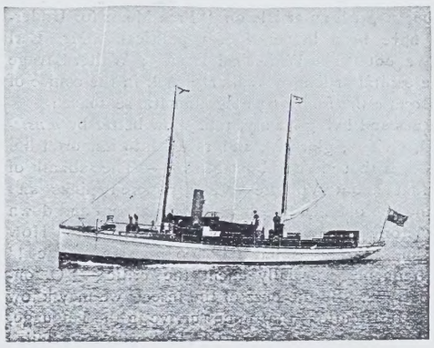

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MAY MAGAZINES.

THE *Fortnightly Review* is, as usual, extremely topical. In addition to the ordinary outfit of political articles it contains several of general or literary interest. "Ouida" rather falls between the two stools of literature and politics. Her article "Watchman, What of the Night?" is an attempt to forecast the results of the Japanese War. Here is her opinion about East and West:

"The East has always been a toxine to the West. The white man who cohabits with the coloured woman deteriorates. Even the Hindoo, so refined, so gentle, so delicately formed, does the white man no good. What will, then, result from the union between white races and Japanese, which must inevitably follow on the crazy enthusiasm of the former for the latter? Meantime, it is certain that white influence on the yellow race is, despite the resisting power of the latter, by no means salutary, and one cannot but marvel that the latter, whilst so stubborn in rejecting many points of white influence, is yet so easily impressed in others that it can imitate the ridiculous attire, civil and military, of the European and American, and that its own easy and useful working garb, as seen in its populace, and the magnificent national costumes of its dead daimios have been, and are being, replaced by the ugliest and silliest forms of dress copied from the fashions and habits of the Western continents."

The latest of Hamlets, Mr. H. B. Irving, discourses of his own calling with the pathetic truth always before him that an actor "can but live as a memory, and memory is proverbially short." Mr. E. A. Wodehouse gives us a not very flattering "valuation" of Mr. Stephen Phillips. He thinks that the decline of Mr. Phillips's popularity is due to a calmer and maturer estimate of his powers, but we are afraid Mr. Wodehouse is not a very illuminating critic. Mr. Aflalo writes on the Sportswoman, Mr. Stephen Gwynn on the Irish University Question, and Mr. Edward Dicey on Journalism, New and Old.

The *Monthly Review* begins with an article on "Free Meals for Underfed Children" that would have been better if less political. Mr. Earl Hodgson gossips pleasantly about "The Whimsical Trout"; Walter Savage Landor is the subject of a capital article by Walter Sichel, in the course of which he takes occasion to quote the following epigrammatic sentence:

"'As pictures and statues and living beauty, too, show better by *music-light*, so is poetry irradiated, vivified, glorified, and raised into immortal life by harmony.' How fine, too, is that phrase about Milton—'The sabbath of his mind'; how happy that about Voltaire—'The papered pinks and powdered ranunculuses'; and the one about Gibbon—'Pacing up and down the unventilated school of rhetoric with a measured and heavy step.' How pregnant, also, the aphorism, 'Wrong is but falsehood put in practice!' Satirical tropes, too, are frequent, especially anent the critics—'Onion-eaters by the pyramids of poetry'; 'By the buzz of the insects we may know that the summer has come.' It is curious that none survive in the language, except one which Disraeli borrowed in substance—'Those who have failed as painters turn picture-cleaners; those who have failed as writers turn reviewers.'"

An anonymous writer contributes a well-informed paper on "Irish Education."

As usual, the *National Review* is strongly political. Holland, Russia, the Transvaal, and Australia all receiving articles; while in regard to home topics the most conspicuous article is that by Mr. D. S. MacColl on "The Royal Academy and National Art." What he advocates is a council, "Whose members would be partly nominated by the constituent societies, partly elected by the body of exhibitors in each year."

In the *Contemporary Review* Professor Lloyd Morgan leads off with a thoughtful essay on "The Interpretation of Nature." It is a vigorous effort to reconcile what we used to call science and religion, only Professor Morgan never uses the word religion. He says: "Just in so far as I am one with Nature, and therefore in physical relationships with other manifestations in terms of matter and energy, is the purpose of my being one with the purpose which underlies the manifestations of Nature, and am I in spiritual relationship with the wider and richer purpose which is thus manifested." George Brandes writes pleasantly on Hans Andersen, but the rest of the articles are mostly controversial in their character.

The *Cornhill Magazine* is quite as light and pleasant as usual. It contains articles by Sir Cyprian Bridge and Mrs. Frederic Harrison among others. From an article on Port Arthur we take the following story about Baron Nogi: "Before he sailed for Manchuria his first son climbed the frightful Nashan Hill, to get a bullet in the brain as he sabred a Russian lieutenant across the parapet. The corpse arrived in Tokyo the day the General left, and Nogi said to his wife: 'Delay funeral services until Hoten and I are brought back to lie with Shoten.' Shoten was the dead son. Hoten went with the father as a lieutenant in the first division. On December 18th a *keissheitai* (certain death party) was called for to make the last assault against the hill known as '203 Mètre.' Hoten led it. The hill fell. Hoten went to join Shoten."

Mr. Anthony Collett writes a charming article in *Macmillan's Magazine* on the "Coming of Spring." The last sentence will give a fair idea of it: "The new verdure thickens over all the land, first filling the sheltered thickets and hedge-bottoms, then the barer woods and copses, and lastly the naked fringes of the meres and streams; and in swift succession the armies of the migrant birds come pressing across the sea to tenant the new harbourage thus provided for them, and to fill the thick green places, so bare and shelterless a few weeks ago, with the songs and activities of nesting-time." Other contributors to this number are Mr. E. J. Moyna, Mr. Charles Oliver, and Miss Blissett.

In *Good Words* one of the most interesting contributions is that by Mr. A. W. Jarvis and A. Turtle called the "Greatest Library in the World." Familiar as we are with the British Museum, it is doubtful if many people knew beforehand that it originated in 1753 with the purchase of 40,000 volumes belonging to Sir Hans Sloane; and here is another astonishing bit of history: "It comes somewhat as a shock to present-day notions—especially in the light of these pious words—to learn that the Government having decided to avail themselves of the proffered advantage, proceeded to obtain the requisite funds by means of a public lottery. This was authorised by a special Act of Parliament, in which it was laid down that a

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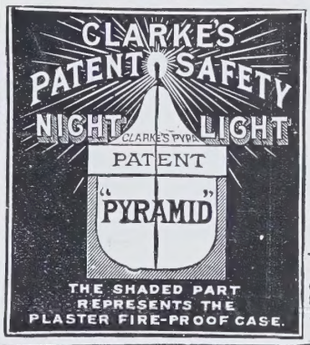

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sum of £300,000 should be raised. Of the proceeds £200,000 were to be awarded as prizes, and the remainder, after defraying the cost of the lottery, was to be applied: To the purchase of the Sloane collection and of the Harleian Manuscripts; for the provision of 'one General Repository' for the reception of these two collections together with the Cottonian Library, which was already public property; and the creation of a fund of £30,000, the interest on which was to be used to meet the working expenses of the new establishment. The Act also appointed a body of Trustees."

Temple Bar frequently has articles of great literary interest, and the feature this month is a paper containing nine letters from Edward FitzGerald to Mrs. Kendal. The following is a characteristic passage: "I have spun out Waverley for more than a month; finished him only last night; the End rather too prosperous, like that of many a Drama we have known. Scott had not got out of that sort of thing. But the Eve of Preston Fight—and the Fight itself. No such *raconteur* as Goethe said of him. To-night perhaps we shall begin Antiquary—or Lammermuir—a word in which there is since him a growl of Thunder. I believe these Scotch Novels will see the Winter and Spring out with me; as each closes I think I shall never open them again." "New Ways with Old Acres" is a dissertation on modern farming. Here are some of the achievements of the federation: "The Cardigan Society sold ten tons of poultry at good prices, and sent a weekly average of fifty pigs to the London markets—pigs, be it noted, that it had first bought at good prices from their breeders in the villages round. At a village in Notts a small society with a microscopic capital bought a reaper and binder last year. The receipts from members as payment for use of this machine cleared the cost of it in the first season. At Bewdley they have erected a sheep-dipping bath or depôt, where farmers can dip their sheep at 1d. a head—a great boon, especially as sheep-dipping will be made compulsory before long. Such are some of the small beginnings of a great movement, and I should like to point out the main principles on which the societies work."

Mr. Robinson's *Flora and Sylva* is as beautiful in printing and get-up as ever, while much of the writing has a charming distinction of style, as witness this extract from a paper on "The Giant Reeds":

"When the first little rounded olive bushes begin to stud the warmer slopes, when the black cypress appears here and there in the landscape, then the great reeds begin to rise and thicken upon the river bank and beside the water-courses, till as one nears the sea they spread into wide belts of waving grey, shutting in the river between living walls as instinct with life and motion as the hurrying flood itself. They gave the name to many a little sun-bathed town village, as in Cannae, Cagnes, Cannes, Cannossa, and, in far-off days, Canna of Galilee—this 'reed shaken by the wind' thriving throughout Syria and all down the valley of the Jordan. Through many generations the great reed has played a part in the daily life of the ancient world, from the days of the early hunters and the classic warriors of old, till reed-pipes heralded the dawn of a more pastoral age, and later still the husbandman learned to adapt it to the arts of peace."

Beautifully illustrated and printed, the *Boudoir* is one of the most charming of ladies' papers. The May number contains a delightful article by Mr. Cuming Walter, who has devoted many years of study to the work of the late laureate, on Tennyson's "Gentlewomen." Mr. Laurence Irving tells us how best to commemorate Shakespeare, and the rest of the contents are up to the best standard.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The Sword of Islam, by Arthur N. Wollaston, C.I.E. (Murray, 10s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Asquith, by J. P. Alderson. (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

FICTION.

Dorset Dear: Idylls of Country Life, by M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). (Longmans, 6s.)

John Inglesant, by J. H. Shorthouse. (Macmillan, 2s. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Wild Irishman, by T. W. H. Crosland. (T. Werner Laurie, 5s.)

The Rational Almanac, tracing the Evolution of Modern Almanacs from Ancient Ideas of Time and Suggesting Improvements, by Moses B. Cotsworth of York. (5s. net.)

The Geese of Europe and Asia, being the Description of most of the Old World Species, by Sergius Alphéraky. (Rowland Ward, £3 3s. net.)

An Autumn Romance, and Other Poems, by Alice Maddock. (Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.)

The Polo Annual for 1905, edited by L. V. L. Simmonds. (Alston Rivers, 1s. net.)

Mrs. Dane's Defence, a play in four acts, by Henry Arthur Jones. (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.)

Problems of a Scottish Provincial Town, by J. H. Whitehouse. (Saint George Press, 3s. 6d. net.)

Royal Academy Pictures, Part I. (Cassell, 1s. net.)

How We Recovered the Ashes, by P. F. Warner. (Newnes, 1s.)

MAGAZINES.

The Boudoir, Cassell's, Fortnightly Review, Strand, Sunday Strand, Grand, Badminton, Chambers's Journal, Longman's, Monthly Review, English Illustrated, National Review, Cornhill, Book Monthly, Windsor, Sunday, Good Words, Pearson's, Flora and Sylva, Gentleman's, Contemporary Review, Macmillan's, Temple Bar.

ODDS AND ENDS.

THE countryman is getting quite accustomed to the sight of the little metal windmills which now dot field and farm in all directions, and denote the presence of artesian wells. Water companies are "kittle cattle" to have dealings with, and owners of agricultural land, "farmeries" on the outskirts of towns or country houses have found out the benefit of securing a constant water supply that they can depend on from within their own property. Messrs. C. Isler and Co., Bear Lane, Southwark, have taken advantage of the demand for this class of machinery, and can

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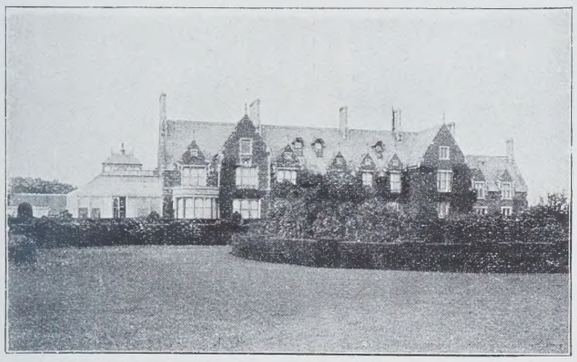

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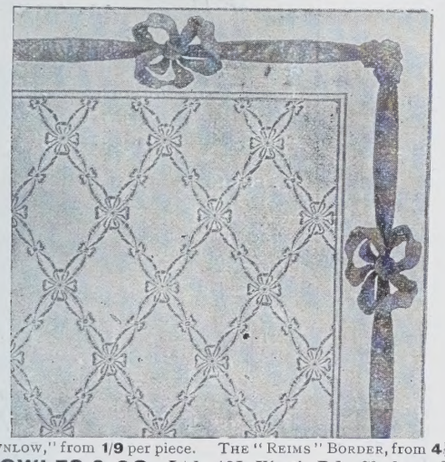

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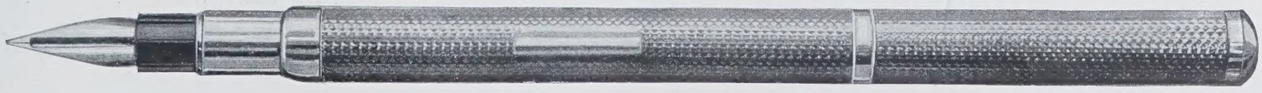

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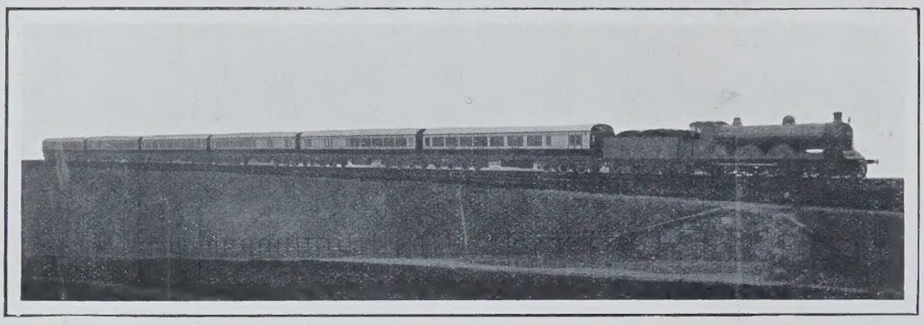
—o—

In connection with the approaching visit of the King of Spain to this country a good many officials are said to be studying the Spanish language. It may interest these gentlemen to know that His Majesty Alphonso XIII. is reported to have already acquired a good and working knowledge of German and French under the guidance of the teachers of the Berlitz School of Languages in Madrid, as is shown by the fact that he was lately able to receive a Royal visitor and converse with him in the latter language. The method of this school, in whatever country it happens to be situated, is described as "a common-sense system, which overcomes the difficulties of grammar and renders the study of languages a real pleasure," and if it can indeed live up to this definition, its practical value cannot be over-estimated in these days in preparing for a career, either diplomatic, social, or commercial, or even, as is shown by the present case, that of a reigning monarch himself.



A SCOTCH TRAIN "DE LUXE."

—o—

The Great Eastern Railway are doing their utmost to remove the reproach of insularity so often alleged against us by foreign nations. In connection with the exhibition held this year at Liège, they announce an accelerated service *viâ* Harwich and Antwerp, and from May 1st issue cheap returns, which include a short visit to Brussels.

As the English visitor to the North looks about him in any Scotch hotel he cannot but be struck by the fact that quite a large proportion of his companions are Scotsmen. Like wise men, their first idea when taking a holiday is to explore their own country before wandering elsewhere, and additional proof is given of this tendency by the recent institution by the Caledonian Railway of a corridor express between Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, on a scale of comfort, not to say luxury, hitherto locally unknown. A feature of the train is the length of the carriages, 65ft. from end to end, and a novel, and we think a most valuable, adjunct is the presence in the guard's van of a safe locker for consignments of special value. No doubt the linking up in this way the three great Scottish centres will be of inestimable value also to business men throughout the year, whose affairs necessitate frequent visits to one or other of the towns, and who will appreciate even more than the holiday maker the ability to make them rapidly and in comfort.

—o—

Burton Holmes, whose travelogues, or finely-illustrated "travel talks," made such a fine impression at Queen's Hall, London, last spring, will soon be heard at Bechstein Hall, Wigmore Street, W., in a new series. His season there will cover three weeks, he giving four matinées and two evening travelogues each week. He is at present appearing at some of the principal theatres and halls in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington, where he is actually turning patrons away from nearly every performance, and is obliged to give extras to accommodate his would-be fellow-travellers. Even in the Auditorium, Chicago, the largest theatre in America, he talked to crowded houses, and was obliged to give two extra items. His London season begins at Bechstein Hall on Monday, May 8th, his travelogues being new to English audiences, with the exception of the Yosemite Valley, which is to be repeated in response to numerous requests.

—o—

A concert, by the kind permission of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, will be given at Stafford House on May 17th in aid of the Cottage and Orphans' Home Fund of the Furniture Trades' Provident and Benevolent Association. It will take place under Royal patronage, and Mme. Albani has consented to sing. The opportunity of seeing the interior of this beautiful house will doubtless be an added attraction for many. The object of the association is to train and educate the orphan children of those who have been employed in the furniture trade, at cottage homes built for them at Radlett in Hertfordshire. The concert will be preceded by a reception and followed by a soirée.

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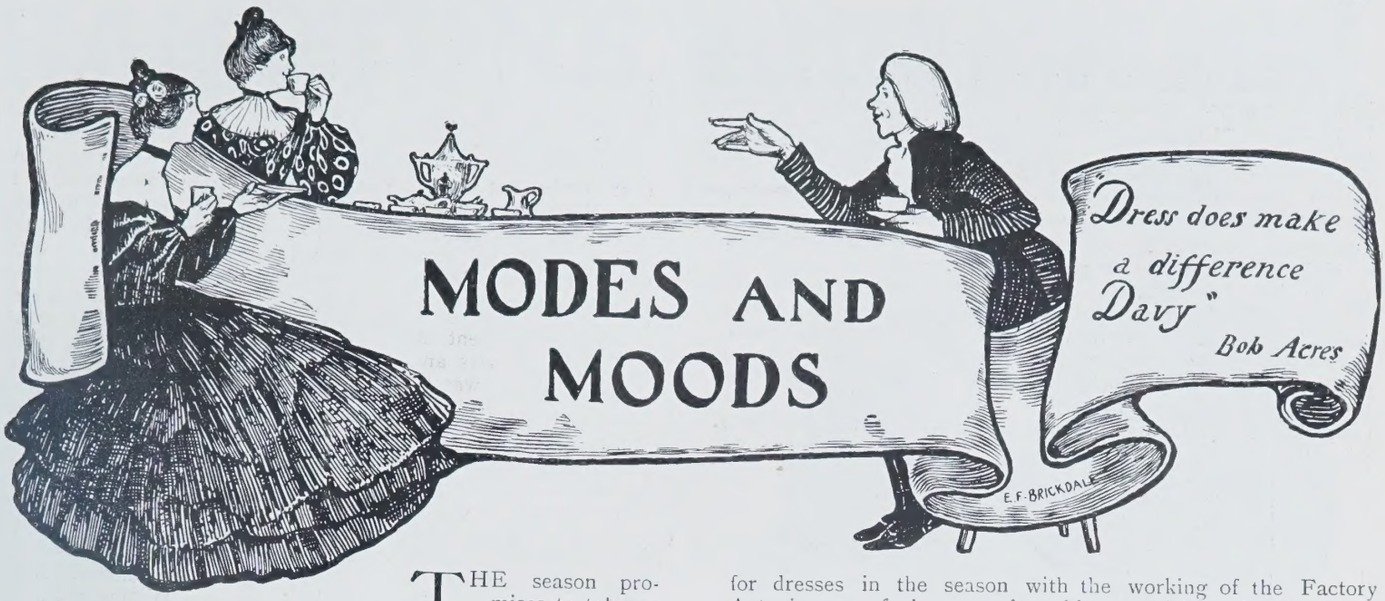
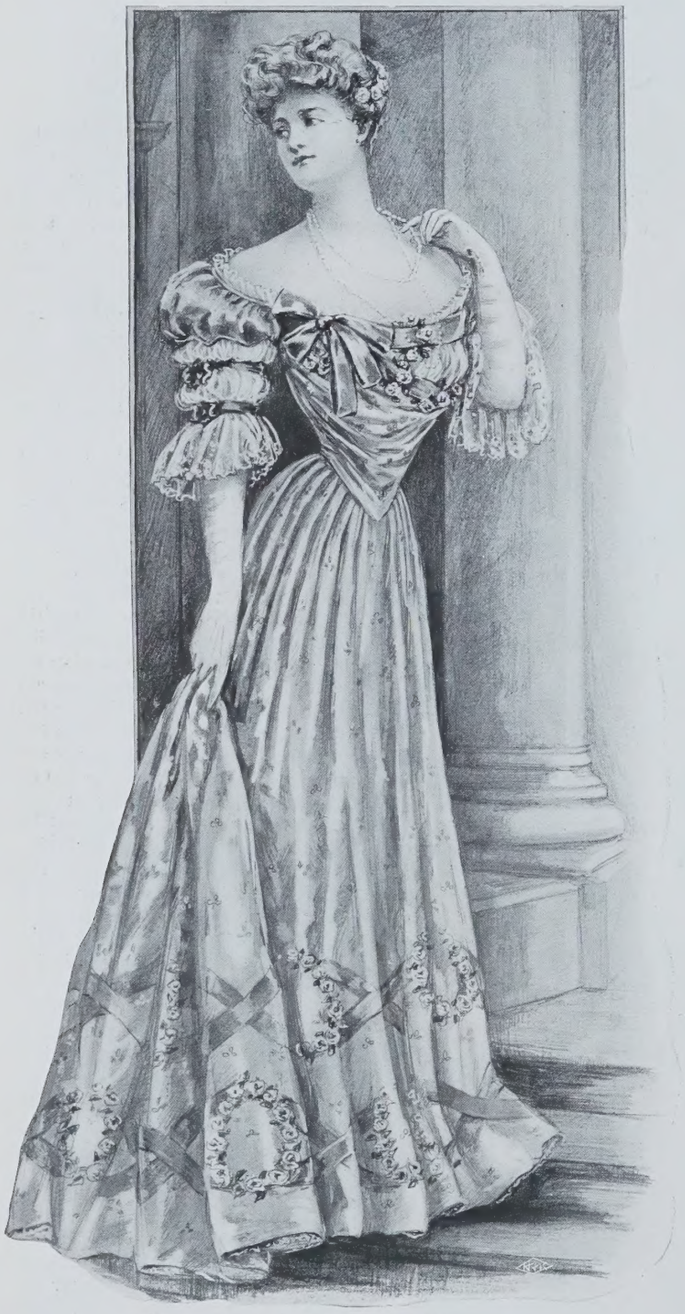


THE season promises to take as its chief text the old Scottish song, "For she shall walk in silk attire, and siller hae to spare"; though it is, perhaps, open to doubt whether she who does the first will also fulfil the second part of the prophetic strain. I do not think many women will have "siller to spare" if they are at all sensible to the charms of the fashions of this year; for never have colours and materials and designs been more tempting and picturesque than they are this season. The gamut of silks alone is an irresistible temptation to multiply one's frocks in a way that will certainly leave no "siller to spare" in most feminine pockets. For it is silks all along the line, for both day and evening wear; silks so soft that they could be drawn through a ring; silks of colours so delicate that they put the inside of a shell to shame; silks united with tiny brocaded flowers or imperceptible lines that add a sheen to the surface—a bewilderment of silks which are a caress to both eye and hand, and are, above all, the most complete expression of the Eternal Feminine.

As I have chosen silks for my text this week, it is well that I should illustrate the subject worthily; and every woman who looks at the accompanying sketches will acknowledge that they leave nothing to be desired as regards proving the attraction of silk. The first one is a dress designed for the Cup Day at Ascot; for, though we seem to have only just begun the season, yet time flies by so quickly during May and June that it is well to decide on the armour for one's campaign beforehand, especially as by doing so one obtains an amount of attention at the hands of the dressmakers which is not to be had when they are working overtime, and heads of establishments are devoutly praying that the inspectors will not "happen in" to their workrooms too often. How to conciliate the frantic demands for dresses in the season with the working of the Factory Acts is one of the annual problems which make the male dress-maker prematurely and frankly bald, and drive his feminine counterpart to wear "transformations" which often get shoved away in desperate moments. Therefore, as a matter of loving-kindness to one's neighbour and of benefit to one's self, it is well to order one's clothes in good time. Hence the Ascot frock on this page. It is in a rosy orchid mauve taffetas chiffon, shot with silvery white. The skirt is very slightly gathered at the hips, and strikes a new note in being innocent of gaugings or flounces. Its trimming consists of large diamonds of the ubiquitous Valenciennes lace, outlined by pale pink chiffon roses, the diamonds being combined by festoons and loose bows of orchid mauve ribbon velvet. The bodice is made of white Valenciennes lace over pale pink taffetas, held to the figure by a deep-pointed corselet made of the ribbon velvet, finished by a series of graduated bows down the front, the largest bows being at the top of the corselet. Across the bust is a line of the pink chiffon roses, held by straps of the velvet which pass over the shoulders, and are finished with bows at the back, and a little bow of the velvet finishes daintily the transparent collar-band of lace. The sleeves of taffetas are very fully puffed at the shoulder, the fulness being caught tightly to the arm in a series of folds on a level with the bust, held in place by chiffon roses, the sleeves being finished at the elbow by frills and bouillonnés of Valenciennes lace with a double band of velvet. The hat is of white crin, caught into a tricorne shape by a cluster of small roses at one side, and a large single rose at the other. The sunshade is of mauve taffetas, with a printed border of roses in chiné tones, and lined with frills of pale pink chiffon. Given the blessing of a sunshiny Cup Day, will any dress look daintier than this one in the enclosure?

A DAINTY DRESS FOR ASCOT.

The second illustration deals with the allurements of taffetas for evening wear. It, too, shows the prevailing affection for the Louis XV. form of decoration in its garlands of roses combined with velvet ribbons. It is more emphatically Pompadour still, for it gives the mixture of pale blue and pink which was the special affection of the artistic soul of the famous marquise. The pale blue silk skirt is pleated at the waist, giving a pleasant roundness to a slight figure, and it is trimmed with oval garlands of pink Banksia roses, or *roses pompon* as they are known in France, joined by crossed ribbons of blue velvet of a slightly (but very slightly) deeper shade than the silk itself. The bodice is deeply pointed, the silk being draped across the figure diagonally, showing a chemisette of white chiffon at the left side, the silk being outlined by a garland of roses. Above the chiffon is a band of velvet finishing in a loose double bow and ends at one side, while an upstanding tucker of chiffon encloses the shoulders.



FOR EVENING WEAR.

The sleeves are very quaint and original, the upper part being a full puff of the taffetas, below which is a full sleeve of chiffon divided into two small puffs with bands and bows of velvet, and finishing in a frill of Valenciennes at the elbow.

An artist who can design such charming costumes as those with which Mr. Percy Anderson has enriched "Véronique" and "The Little Michus" must also have some original ideas on modern clothes; and artistic originality being always an attraction to me, I went to see some of the newest creations at Mr. Nettleship's in Wigmore Street this week. There I fell in love with what may be called an "unpublished work" of Mr. Anderson's, the most dainty *débutante's* dress I have ever seen, which, though not finished, filled me with admiration. The skirt was of white tulle, embroidered with a lovely running design of forget-me-nots and microscopic roses, the embroidery being entirely done in ribbons. The flowers looked as if they had been blown on the tulle; and how such work could be done on so diaphanous a material, I do not know. The bodice was a little Louis XV. coatee with small square basques, and was made of turquoise blue taffetas with an almost invisible line of paler blue in it that broke the surface and gave an extraordinary sheen. It opened over a full vest of white tulle, and over all ran the embroidery of forget-me-nots and roses, the tulle and silk of the dainty sleeves being caught with hanging bunches of the little ribbon flowers. The whole dress was like a breath of spring, the freshest, daintiest thing I have ever seen for a young girl. Of quite a different character was a cloak of Mr. Anderson's designing. It was an evening cloak to cover the whole dress, and the material was black velvet cut out on a lining of copper chiffon. The beauty and continuousness, as well as gradation, of the design from hem to shoulder, were specially remarkable, for it was quite unlike the ordinary appliqué designs of commerce; and well it might be, for the cloak was first made entirely in velvet and the design then traced on it from Mr. Anderson's drawing, and the material cut away. It really gives one rather a pang to hear of so much beautiful velvet being wasted; but the effect of this lovely design, shown up by the copper chiffon underneath, was extraordinarily fine and altogether uncommon. Many were the beautiful Paris models I saw in Wigmore Street, especially a dress for that neglected section of society, the elderly lady who wishes to dress well, but has the wisdom (rare nowadays) to object to being asked to wear clothes fit for her granddaughter. This dress was mouse-coloured silk muslin, the skirt very much trimmed with gaugings and flounces, interspersed with medallions of black and white lace. The bodice was a coat of beautiful black lace over mouse-coloured chiffon, fitting at the back, with full picturesque basques of a sedate and dignified length, but loose in front, where there was a charming confusion of chiffon and lace, with a bow of soft rose satin at the throat to enliven an elderly complexion. It was a most charming dress, rich, dignified, and picturesque withal, as it should be, for there is no reason why a woman should not dress well and take an interest in her appearance, even if she should have passed the milestone of sixty and is not ashamed of the fact.

The immense saving of time and trouble which can be gained by studying such a catalogue as that just published by Messrs. Peter Robinson of Oxford Street is almost beyond description. In this charmingly-illustrated book, "Fashions of To-day" (which will be sent gratis and post free on application), one can practically wander mentally through the whole of Messrs. Peter Robinson's immense establishment and make one's choice of dresses, cloaks, millinery, under-linen, hosiery, and all the thousand and one things modern dress requires, while resting comfortably on one's sofa. Then, when one knows exactly what one wants, and in which department the various objects of one's affections are to be found, one can either write for them or go straight to inspect them in person. The book bears the appropriate quotation from Tennyson:

> "Let never maiden think, however fair,
> She is not fairer, in new clothes arrayed,"

and certainly the latter-day maidens and matrons are lucky in being thus encouraged by both poet and purveyor to set off their charms to the best advantage. The illustrations of the dress department alone are worth sending for the book to see, for they give a most admirable idea of the immense variety of design which characterises this section of the great establishment in Oxford Street. I particularly admired the "Victorian" dinner-dress in soft satin, at the remarkably low price of 8½ guineas, lined throughout with silk; and another charming evening model is the "Irene" in crêpe de chine, which is still less expensive, being only 8 guineas. One of the specialities of the moment is the delightful little morning frocks with sun-ray or pleated skirts and neat bolero bodices, the complete costume in serge or fancy tweeds, or in the new fancy check materials, being only 52s. 6d. Nothing neater for morning summer wear, either in town or country, could be imagined than these dainty little dresses, which can be had in all colours. The variety of blouses is extraordinary, and in connection with these may be mentioned the large selection of fancy belts, for nothing finishes off a blouse so well and effectively as a pretty belt. Space fails me to describe in detail all the wonderful opportunities set out in Messrs. Peter Robinson's "Fashions of To-day," but a desire expressed on a post-card will bring the book itself, and my readers can then judge for themselves of its attractions.

Those who have not yet taken advantage of Messrs. J. W. Benson's sale of the fine stock of a West End jeweller (which they recently purchased), will be glad to hear that the firm have decided to continue this most advantageous sale for a few weeks longer. Rings, pendants, bracelets, head ornaments, etc., of the finest quality and the newest patterns are offered at two-thirds of the original marked prices. This sale, combined with Messrs. Benson's plan of selling on *The Times'* system—the whole payment not being required at once, but spread over a lengthened period—offers a most unusual opportunity for obtaining fine jewellery at most moderate prices.

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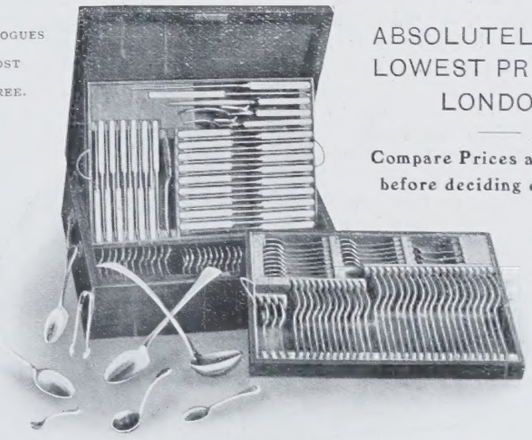

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When writing a week or two ago about the great merits of the Cravenette waterproofs, I find I made a small error in saying that the Cravenette Company had adopted the name "Eminent" for their materials. This name is the sign-manual of a well-known firm who make up the Cravenette materials into the desirable waterproofs I wrote about, the Cravenette Company dealing with the stuff in the piece. The "Eminent" garments can be obtained from all the leading retailers. LAMIA.

A DAY'S DUCK-SHOOTING IN KASHMIR.

HAVING heard glowing descriptions of the duck-shooting to be obtained in Kashmir, I left England in the autumn of 1904 with my friend C., and sailed to Bombay. From there we took train to Rawal Pindi, whence our journey to Srinagar, the principal town of Kashmir, was done in "tongas." A tonga is by no means an uncomfortable vehicle, provided you sit in the back seat, where you escape the greater part of the dust, and also the splinters of steel which flake off the pole, and cause great irritation if they get into your eyes. There are no springs to the conveyance, which is set on two rough wheels, the whole turn-out looking rather like a small farm-cart tented over with a canopy of rough canvas, and drawn by two ponies, who usually go at a gallop. The distance from Rawal Pindi to Srinagar is nearly 200 miles, and the ponies are changed about every five miles. The journey can be done by "mail-tonga" without break; but for rest, and for the sake of the two ladies who were with us, we stopped at "dak bungalows," or rest-houses (equivalent to our British inns) for two nights *en route*. The scenery was very grand and magnificent, and for the greater part the road follows the course of the river Jhelum. At times we passed through forests of splendid firs, and at others we caught glimpses of lofty mountains capped with snow. The road is really a fine piece of engineering, being hewn out of the sides of the steep mountains, and in many places only a loose wall of stones, some 2ft. high, separates one from a precipice hundreds of feet in depth. It was surprising to suddenly turn a corner and come face to face with such a modern invention as a steam-roller, which seemed most incongruous with so wild and beautiful a *mise en scène*. After three days' driving we reached Srinagar, an Oriental town some 6,000ft. above sea-level, with a somewhat Chinese appearance, the houses being for the most part two or three storied, and with thatched roofs. There is a large floating population, who live in houseboats, or "doonghas," in which they carry on the business of bringing hay and fodder from the more eastern parts of Kashmir. The white population numbers under fifty, but is greatly increased in the spring and summer by visitors, who come up to escape the Indian hot weather, and who live in luxurious and well-appointed houseboats which transform the river Jhelum into an Oriental Thames. The date of our arrival in Srinagar was December 5th, and we drove straight to the houseboats we had taken for the month. Here we found every luxury—fires in the bedrooms, excellent drawing-room and dining-room, and cookboat in attendance for our servants. Having comfortably settled down, we called next day on our friends at the Residency, and also on the Maharajah,

ON THE EDGE OF THE "JHEEL."

and were delighted to hear that a duck-shoot on a "jheel" preserved by the Maharajah had been arranged for December 7th. Our cartridges and guns were well looked over, and on the morning of the 7th we met at the Residency at 9.30, where we were introduced to the seven other guns, who, with C. and myself, made up the party of nine. From there we drove down to the "jheel" known as Hokra, about seven miles out of the town.

This "jheel" is an ideal resort for wildfowl of all kinds. It is surrounded with rushes and reeds some 6ft. high, while in the centre is a large expanse of water for the most part shallow and full of aquatic vegetation. Having drawn for places, it happened that C. and I drew 1 and 2, and we proceeded to embark in boats to be rowed to our respective positions. These boats resembled what we know as canoes, but which are about 15ft. long by 4ft. broad, being manned by two natives, one armed with a pole, the other with the heart-shaped paddle peculiar to the district. We each took 500 cartridges in our boats, also a liberal luncheon and "solar topees" for the sun in the heat of the day, as well as heavy overcoats to put on directly the sun went down. Piano stools with screw tops were also thoughtfully provided, so that we might the easier swing round when duck were coming, as we had to shoot sitting, since the reeds were not otherwise high enough to screen us. The ladies, having expressed keen desire to see the sport, accompanied us, one going with C., the other with myself; and both made themselves extremely useful by handing second guns and otherwise assisting us. Each boat was followed by one or two others as "pick-up" boats, the duties of these being to keep near, and go after any ducks that they saw fall. We shoved off about 10.15, and for the first quarter of an hour pushed our way through the tall reeds, disturbing as we went several Kingfishers, who dashed off glittering like jewels in the morning sun. Only an occasional flock of Wild duck rose near us, and it was not till we emerged on the open water that we saw what masses of duck were there. The water in front of us was black with them, there were thousands, tens of thousands, even hundreds of thousands. When a whole batch of them rose they looked like flies on a window-pane in winter, and the noise of their wings was like the roar of a waterfall. It was almost incredible. As far as the eye could see were masses upon masses of wildfowl, making black patches where they sat on the water, and obscuring the view when they circled round and round. They were mostly Wild ducks (Anas boscas), though there were a goodly number of Teal (Querquedula crecca). The noise of the wings deadened every other sound, and it was only very occasionally that the quack of a Mallard, or the shrill piping note of a drake Teal, could be distinguished in the general hubbub. Strict orders had

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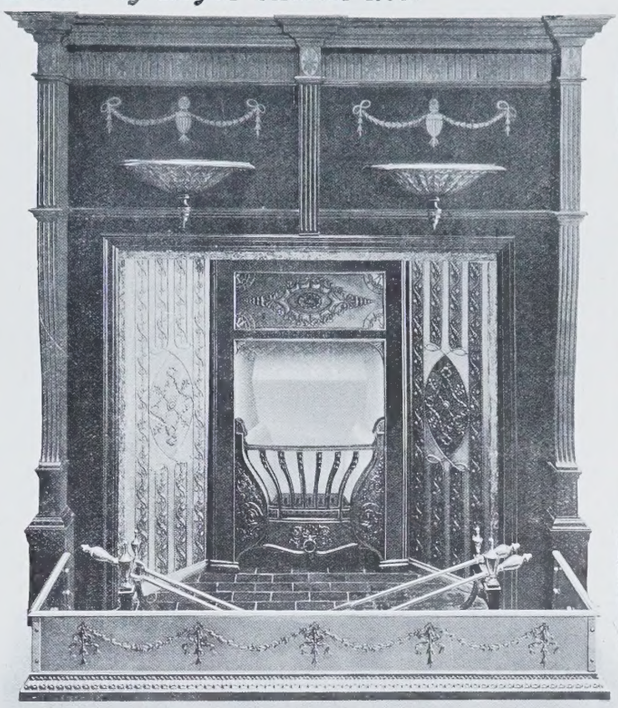

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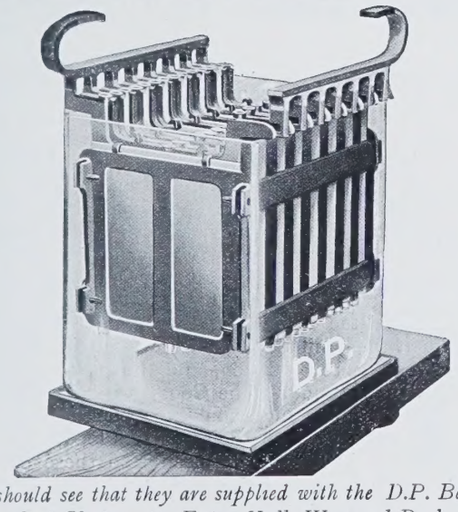

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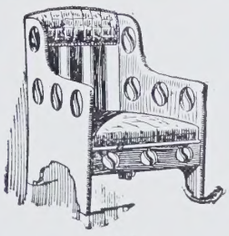

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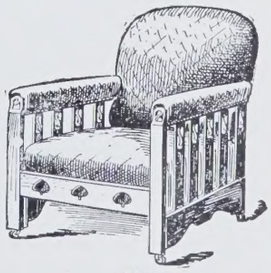

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been given to us all not to fire till we got to our places, and not then till we heard a signal shot; but most of the wildfowl were sufficiently wary to rise out of shot of our boats even had we been allowed to shoot. At 10.45 we got to our position, which consisted of a rather larger canoe-shaped boat moored in a clump of rushes with open water in front of it, and for about 80yds. behind it, where a fringe of tall reeds commenced and stretched right back as far as could be seen. The guns, cartridges, luncheon, etc., were quickly transferred, and the piano stool was clamped down fast into our new boat; the two pick-up boats were then sent to either side, about 200yds. apart, and we had time to arrange the reeds and rushes so as to make a better screen. The view from our position was magnificent; in front stretched the open water for about half a mile, then came a tall fringe of reeds; behind these could be seen the avenue of silver poplars on either side of the main road to Srinagar, and beyond the trees towered the purple Himalayas with their snow-clad summits. In fact on every side the horizon was formed of snowy peaks, and the sun being bright and the air keen and frosty, the reflection in the still water was particularly clear, and the whole scene one of more than ordinary beauty. Natives or coolies in canoes were now rowing about in the open water, and the neighbouring "jheels," to keep the wildfowl on the move, while others on foot disturbed the marshes behind us; but it was not till 11.20 that the signal shot was fired. Instantly the firing all around began. Ducks came from all directions, at all heights and angles, and for the first fifteen minutes it was a case of load and fire as fast as we could. The guns were about half a mile apart, and C., at No. 1 stand, was the most favoured. He made the most of his opportunity, for in the first hour he knocked over sixty-one ducks. After the first half-hour the ducks got far more wary; they seemed to have found out where the guns were posted, and came circling over at a great height, shearing off from our boat just as we thought they were going to come nicely to us. The masses of wildfowl having now split up into smaller lots or pairs, the different species were more readily distinguishable. Quite 60 per cent. were Wild duck, 20 per cent. Teal, 10 per cent. Gadwall (Anas strepera), while the remainder were made up of Shoveller (Spatula clypeata), Red-crested Pochard (Fuligula rufila), Pochard (Fuligula ferina), Wigeon (Mareca penelope), and White-eyed Pochard of both the Eastern and Western types (Nyroca baeri and Nyroca nyroca). A flock of twenty-four Grey lag Geese (Anser cinereus) passed high overhead out of shot, and speedily left the locality, though they came back again late in the afternoon to see what was going on, when one was knocked down, but not eventually brought to bag. The Pintail (Dafila acuta) is, we were told, seen here later in the season, and amongst other varieties of ducks that have been got on this "jheel" are Ruddy Sheldrake (Tadorna casarca), Garganey (Querquedula circia), Stiff-tailed Duck (Erismatura leucocephala), Smew (Mergus albellus), Goosander (Mergus merganser), Marbled Teal (Querquedula angustirostris), Golden-eyed Duck (Clangula glaucion), and Tufted Duck (Fuligula cristata), some of which are of very rare occurrence; in fact, several have only been got here once or twice, but specimens of most of them can be seen stuffed in the Museum at Srinagar. The majority of these ducks are not bred in Kashmir, but are visitors from the Tibetan breeding grounds. But to return to our day's sport. At 1.30, as prearranged, there was a half-hour's interval for lunch, and also to allow the wildfowl a chance of recovering from their morning's scare. It was very exasperating and tempting to see ducks flying within easy shot without being allowed to fire, and I fancy some of us yielded to the temptation. Perhaps we each thought the luncheon interval was to have been at a different hour; but, whatever the cause, shooting was practically incessant at some part or other of the lake. During the respite, a pick-up was made of the ducks that had fallen. I had kept as careful a count as possible of what I had knocked down, and out of eighty-one I claimed, my human retrievers brought sixty-seven to hand. Of course, a duck which is winged and which falls far back has a good chance of escape, and the recuperative powers of a wounded duck when in the water are well known; but the following day I heard a far more suggestive reason for the shortage, namely, that the natives can get four annas apiece for each Wild duck, and three annas for each Teal that they bring to the Srinagar market. The Kites, which were continually circling near on the chance of picking up a wounded duck, are very rarely successful; and an occasional long shot at one kept them at a respectful distance. After the pause for lunch the ducks seemed even more 'cute than ever. They came very high and seldom straight over our hiding-place. Often and often the No. 5 shot rattling all over their bodies told us that they were out of shot, but the clearness of the air was deceptive, and we kept on firing many impossible shots; for after all, as the old Scotch keeper who taught us to shoot used to say, "They're in more danger than yersel." But as is always the case with high shots, when one came off it was worth ten of the lower flying order, and certainly there were some fizzers. Shooting off the very top of the shoulder, absolutely straight overhead, we killed two or three ducks, which fell dead fifty yards behind, making such a splash in the water as to throw up a veritable geyser. A wisp of Teal would occasionally dash past, and one lot nearly knocked my cap off, coming as they did from behind me, having escaped the vigilance of my fair marker, who, it should be recorded, had several times during the day drawn my attention to birds I should never have seen had it not been for her keen look-out. About four o'clock the ducks from all sides appeared to make a decided flight to the "jheel," and thousands could be seen, mostly in little skeins or parties, hundreds of yards up in the air, circling round and round, and ever dropping towards the centre of the water. As they got nearer, the rush of the air through their wings and tails made a wonderful sound that will never be forgotten. But the firing all round, and the boats moving in the open water, would not allow them the peace they required, and by degrees the incoming flocks grew less numerous as the ducks went off to distant and more secluded lakes. And now the sun was setting, tinting the snow-clad mountains an ever-intensifying shade of rose, which, with the foreground, afforded by the avenue of silver poplars, was reflected as in a mirror, in the still waters of the "jheel." At every moment the scene was bathed in fresh colours of indescribable beauty till, as the sun went down behind the Himalayas, the darkness as quickly came on, and with it the chill air so peculiar to this Eastern climate. Fur coats were hastily put on, and the pick-up boats called to make their final round. The Coots, which hitherto had not put in much of an appearance, could now be seen half flying, half shuffling, across the water to their quarters for the night. Only a very occasional duck could be seen, and these could not be expected to come near with the noise and flurry of the pick-up going on. The ducks were sorted out before leaving our moorings, and I found my natives had found 52 Mallard, 33 Teal, 8 Gadwall, 2 Red-crested Pochard, and 1 Eastern white-eyed Pochard; in all, 96. I had reckoned that I had 117 down; but it was too dark for further search; as it was we did not get off with all our impedimenta till nearly six o'clock. Getting back to the morning's starting-place we found the other eight guns. The highest individual total had been got by C., which equalled my own; but he had had fearful bad luck. About four o'clock, as the duck seemed to have entirely ceased to come in his direction, he made signs to his boatmen to move somewhere where he could have better shooting, but his natives either misunderstanding

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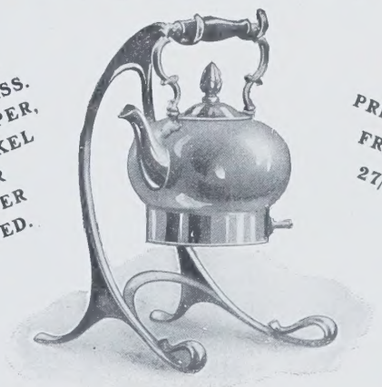

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him, or through laziness (probably the latter), promptly took him home. He, too, had failed to get all he shot, as he was confident of having killed 113. The ducks which had come to his position in masses in the earlier part of the day gradually grew scarcer and scarcer, which was very different to my place, to which the ducks came on and off all the time, though never in such great flocks. The total bag to the nine guns was 526 wild-fowl, but owing to each gun taking those he wanted home with him, it was impossible to find out exactly how many of each species had been obtained; however, the bag included Wild duck, Teal, Gadwall, Shoveller, Red-crested Pochard, Pochard, Eastern and Western white-eyed Pochard and Wigeon. A whisky "peg," on the banks of the "jheel" was most acceptable before our drive back to our houseboat, where, after a bath and dinner, we enjoyed (as is usual on such occasions) a great "bukh" over the performances of the day. I can fancy that the reader may wonder what was done with so many ducks in such an out-of-the-way spot. Those that were not taken by the individual guns were heartily welcomed by the inmates of the State Hospital at Srinagar. Our shoulders were pretty sore, and we were both very stiff, for all our shooting had been done in a sitting posture, so we were not slow in getting to bed, where we ended a most satisfactory day in the soundest of sleep.

CLAY-BIRD-SHOOTING . . . . AT COUNTRY HOUSES.

WHEN the last day of covert-shooting is long past, and even the wild-fowler has been compelled to lay aside his punt-gun, then really begins the season of the clay-bird-shooter, whose love of the gun and its use is not in any way controlled by the laws of game preservation. About the middle of March the little bird of clay becomes the leading feature not only at the shooting schools, which then become busy, and the gun clubs, which then open, but also at the numerous country houses, where sets of traps and birds are to be found available for amusement and practice in the surrounding policies during the close game season. There is much to be said in favour of the shooting of clays, not only as an amusement available to every gunner during the close season, but also as a means of preparing young shooters for the greater delights of the actual pursuit of game. The sport as followed for instance at a country house requires little outlay, no great sacrifice of time, scarcely any previous preparation, and is always possible to the gunner be the weather wet or dry.

The original clay-bird and trap, as we all know, was invented by an American, and, like many useful and profitable inventions, was discovered mainly by accident. We need not retell the story of how that American was led to his discovery by picking up some clam shells and getting a small boy to throw them in the air to give the shooter some practice at flying objects. But the truth of the story is evidenced by the construction of the trap and clay even at the present time; the trap is made on the principle of the small boy's arm, having a strong coil wire spring for the muscle power, an arm of steel swinging on a pivot at the elbow, and a carrier which holds a clay as the boy's fingers did the clam, the saucer-shaped disk of clay being moulded and baked into the shape of a clam shell, so as to skim through the air as nearly as possible in the manner of a flying bird.

The club system of shooting clays has not been the success in this country that it has been in America, but, on the other hand, on this side the popularity of the bird of clay for private practice with the gun, and in obtaining instruction in its use, has increased in recent years by leaps and bounds. The drawback to clay-shooting at clubs, in the eyes of game shots, is that success can only be achieved in it by possession of a gun fully choked in both barrels, a cylinder game-gun, however great the skill of its owner, having no chance at all at the clubs in competition with full-choked barrels. The reason is that almost all the clays used in competitions at the clubs are thrown away from the shooter; and the objects being small, and the distances long, particularly for the second barrel, the clay, in the absence of a sufficiently close pattern, may fly end first through the pellets unsmashed. With the closer-patterned chokes these clays would have been unfailingly broken up. Competitors accordingly realise that to succeed in such club competitions they must purchase either new guns or new pairs of barrels, which would be useless to them, from the large amount of choke they possess, for any other purpose. And they further realise that even if willing to go to the expense of special guns, they would purchase them to enable them to smash birds flying away from them, the very opposite to the conditions which obtain in game-shooting, where driving reigns supreme. Both these disadvantages in the club system of clay-shooting are absent from private practice with clays at a country house, or even in the grounds of a shooting school. There the clays can be, and are, sent over the shooters in the manner of driven birds, and the very best gun that can be used for such shooting is the ordinary plain cylinder game gun. Further, in private grounds, the beginner in shooting can generally find some one able to give him hints and advice, which will aid him in avoiding errors. The same kind of shot can be offered again and again at clays thrown in a certain fixed direction over his head until he succeeds at last in smashing them every time. He finds out peculiarities in alignment and aim that have to be guarded against and overcome, and realises the reasons why such peculiarities are detrimental to good shooting. He gradually becomes a more expert shot than he has been before, and acquires in progress of time that confidence in taking difficult shots that is so necessary, if he is to be seen at his best at a shooting party.

As a basis of practice, as well as of instruction in shooting, the popular clay is unsurpassed; there is no other artificial aid to acquiring skill in shooting that approaches it. It is, indeed, more than doubtful whether as an educator in shooting, it is not superior to the actual shooting of game itself. Nor does clay shooting prove beneficial only to beginners or novices at a private ground; the aid it affords for practice of the most difficult shots appeals with equal strength to the finest, as well as the worst of game shots, for even the crack shot has his weak points in regard to some variety of difficult shots, which he finds himself occasionally missing in his covert shooting, but which he can reproduce and take by the aid of the driven clay as often as he chooses until perfectly certain of bringing them off without fail every time.

An objection sometimes raised against the shooting of clays for practice is that, while winged game rise slowly and increase their speed of flight as they progress, the clay starts its flight at a very high rate of speed, and slows down gradually until it falls. It is argued that shooting at such a flying object tends to spoil the form of a good game-shot. It is quite true that the clay does so slow down after it has gone some distance in the air, but in practice this peculiarity, absent from the flight of live game-birds, is not permitted to affect the calculations of the shooter or to change his style. If properly erected, the traps are concealed from the gunner behind a wooden or other erection—a natural or artificial screen—from which the driven clay emerges in imitation of partridge or pheasant, according to the height of the screen. It has travelled, however, the first 10ft. or more of its flight—its fastest portion—before the gunner can fix his eyes on it at all. It is seen only when sailing over or across the shooter at a steady speed, similar to that of driven partridge or pheasant, as the case may be, and only during that time of travel is he expected to shoot at it. The speed of a partridge or pheasant in flight does not increase after it is well on the wing, and for about 40ft. or 50ft. of travel the speed of the clay varies very little, if well driven, averaging as nearly as may be the rate of driven game-birds, though, of course, its rate of flight can be increased or diminished by skilful manipulation of the screws of the trap. The strong point of the clay in sport, both for entertaining and amusing practice at driven birds and for improvement in shooting skill, is its great adaptability, by easily-understood mechanical means, to all descriptions of shooting to be had in this country in which a shooter is desirous of perfecting himself.

Nor is it necessary in these days in the country to go to the trouble and expense of laying out a shooting-ground with a set of traps for the throwing of clays to obtain excellent practice wherever there may be a small area of cleared ground, bounded by a hedge or bank sufficient to conceal the thrower of the clays using a hand-flinger. This is a very useful invention on the principle of the hand of the clay trap, but without any springs or other mechanism, the arm of the thrower doing the work required. By its use clays can be fixed in it and thrown as if from a sling over the shooter in any direction and from any angle he desires. The working of this instrument has now been brought well nigh to perfection, avoiding the breaking of its birds in fixing them in its hand, and throwing them with all the speed of flight and accuracy of those thrown from a trap, that costs four times the price, and requires more trouble to fix securely in the ground so that it gives satisfaction in working. For competition, even in the country, a trap or two may be preferable to a hand-flinger, but for practice or instruction in shooting the latter is quite as serviceable as the former, and owing to its handiness and inexpensiveness, is yearly coming more and more into use for the throwing of clays over the gun in private practice in any open field in the neighbourhood. To begin with, birds may be thrown away from the shooter. The gunner stands a yard or so in front of the thrower, who is about three yards to his left. The bird is thrown up at an angle of 30deg. or so, and it can be easily broken by the shooter, having been thrown about 4ft. above the ground straight and fast. Others may be thrown to the left varying the height and the angle. Then crossing shots may be tried, the thrower standing about 20yds. in front of the gun and about the same distance on either side, throwing directly crossing or slightly quartering birds, which may be greatly varied both in height and angle. Having in this way accustomed the gun somewhat to the flight of the clay discharged by the hand-flinger, the thrower may get behind a hedge or fence and fling his birds over the head of the shooter in the open, sending them over the hedge as a driven partridge would come over a stand at a drive. A great amount of pleasure can be derived from the hand-flinging of clays in this manner, and excellent practice for the shooting of driven game can be enjoyed. The position of the thrower and the angle of flight can be changed with every bird, or the same direction can be adhered to for fifty birds in succession. The two hand-flingers most used are those of Messrs. Westley Richards and Co. and Messrs. Cogswell and Harrison, but we prefer the former as the lightest, weighing only 6oz. against the 13oz. of that made by the latter firm. But with either flinger and a barrel of birds no gunner need find time hang heavily on his hands at any house surrounded by a sufficient extent of open grounds to permit practice with the gun. He may rest assured that either with the aid of trap or hand-flinger the ubiquitous little clay bird can provide him with the means of keeping his hand in as a marksman, and even of improving in some measure his form as a game shot, with very little trouble or expense and a good deal of healthy pleasure to him if he really is a keen devotee to the gun.

INCREASE OF NESTING WOODCOCK.

FROM all the accounts of keepers and others who have an opportunity of judging, it seems certain that the change in habit of the woodcock in its nesting has been developed this year at even a greater rate of progress than usual. In the middle of the last century, it is evident from what we read in the pages of such authors as those of "The Moor and the Loch" and "Wild Sport in the Highlands," that the nesting of woodcock in Scotland was very rare; and it is within the memory of most of us that not in Scotland only, but all over the kingdom, the idea that the woodcock bred at all regularly in the country was hardly entertained. For a good many years it has been evident that a change of habit was taking place, the birds nesting with us in numbers that showed a steady increase. Of recent years the rate of this increase has been much accelerated, and in the present nesting season it is reported that some of the favourite coverts in many places, and especially in the Border district, are "full" of nesting woodcock. The actual figures returned by the keepers show, presuming their accuracy, that this is hardly a figure of speech. No doubt, in some parts the woodcock is beginning to be a fairly common nesting-bird.

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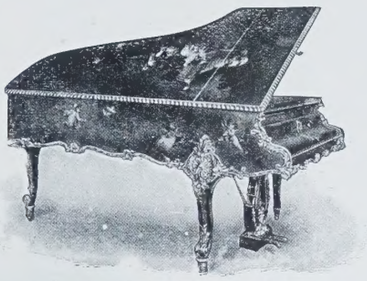

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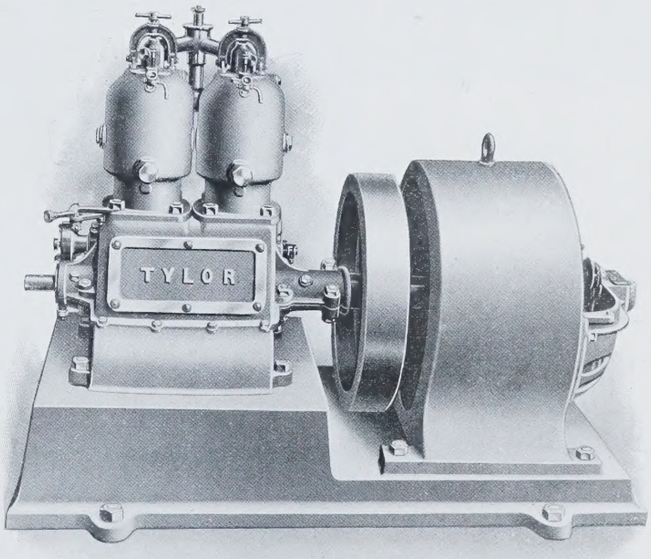

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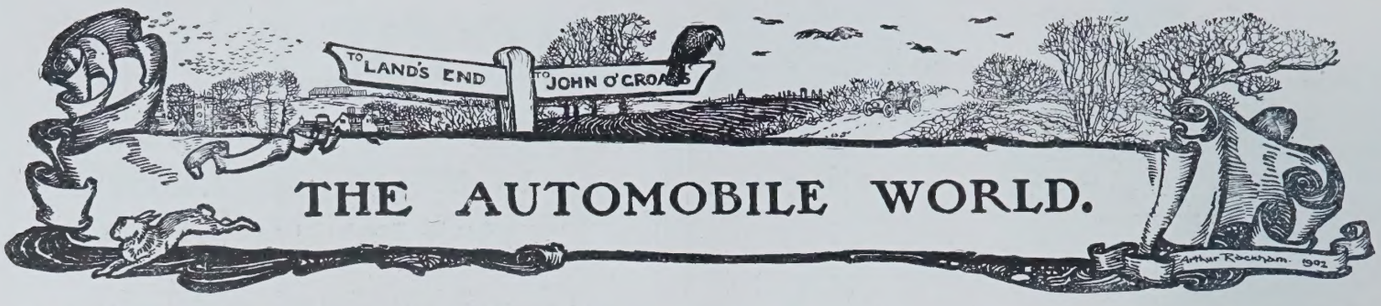

THE AUTOMOBILE WORLD.

THE interesting announcement is made that a new body is in process of formation to which the Automobile Club is about to hand over its work in connection with the encouragement of the sport and pastime of motor-boating. Particulars are not yet forthcoming, though the reports in the Club *Journal* of the proceedings of the committees concerned in the matter indicate that the scheme will shortly be made public. The connection of the Automobile Club with marine motoring is hardly self-evident, and a disposition has been sometimes evinced to question its right to interfere in a sport which is more allied to yachting than to motoring in the ordinary sense. As a matter of fact, the Automobile Club took upon its shoulders the burden and expense of the necessary pioneer work for the reason that there was no other club in existence willing or able to take its place. The Marine Motor Association, it should be understood, is a purely legislative body, and holds in respect to motor-boating a position similar to that of the Yacht Racing Association in the case of yacht-racing. The organisation of races and competitions for the purpose of bringing into prominence the capabilities and advantages of the motor-boat was undertaken, as a temporary measure, by the Automobile Club, which appointed a special sub-committee to deal with the matter. It is now felt, we presume, that marine motorists are sufficiently numerous to manage their own affairs and to safeguard the interests of their pastime, and the new club, the latest offshoot from the parent body, will doubtless secure the support of everyone interested in this most delightful form of automobilism.

A DANGEROUS CORNER.

Crundall on a Humber, just before he ran off the course at the Auto-Cycle Club's Hill-climb.

HINTS FOR BEGINNERS.—I.

THE art of motor driving and management is not to be learnt from books alone. It can only be completely mastered in the school of practical experience, through the teaching of the workshop and the sometimes painful lessons of the road. At the same time, written instruction is not without its value to the novice, as a foundation upon which to build up a wider knowledge of the working of his car and a greater skill in meeting emergencies and diagnosing defects. These notes will therefore be of an elementary nature, and are intended mainly for the guidance of those numerous readers of COUNTRY LIFE who are about to join the ranks of automobilists or have only recently done so.

The working of the ordinary four-cycle petrol engine has frequently been described and illustrated in these pages, and it is therefore unnecessary to refer to it here. Premising this small amount of theoretical knowledge, there are two matters of vital importance to which the owner of a new car should immediately direct his attention. To avoid causing damage at a period of its life when the mechanism is most susceptible to careless treatment, he should make a careful study of the lubrication system. To escape early troubles on the road, he should thoroughly master the details of the ignition apparatus.

There are at least three different kinds of lubricant used on every car, and with which the motorist must therefore provide himself from the outset. There is the oil used for the engine itself, a thicker and cheaper quality for the gear-box, and grease for the screw-down lubricators which are fitted to certain of the important bearings. The engine oil may generally be employed for various minor working parts, but sometimes a thinner variety is preferred. Castor oil is also required for the clutch leather, and graphite grease for the chains. The most important of all, however, is the oil used for the engine. This should be of the highest quality and of a suitable nature for the particular type of motor fitted to the car. It is by no means necessary, however, to pay the extravagant prices charged when the oil is bought in small quantities. It is far more economical to purchase a 5gal. or 10gal. drum, which many of the best makers will supply at the rate of about 3s. a gallon. A quart tin, with a screw cap and a spout, should also be obtained for carrying on the car itself as a reserve. Gear oil is about 2s. or 2s. 6d. per gallon in bulk, while, as comparatively little is used, a 5lb. or 7lb. tin of grease is ample to buy at one time.

The motor requires the most constant and careful lubrication of any part of the car, as neglect in this respect will, sooner or later, result in a "seized" piston, and consequential damage which may be of a very serious character. The most usual method of keeping the engine supplied with an adequate quantity of oil is a sight-feed lubricator on the dash-board. From this a pipe or pipes lead to the crank chamber, the sight-feeds being adjusted to give the number of drops per minute prescribed by the maker or dictated by experience. These pipes, besides lubricating directly those portions of the motor to which they lead, generally the big ends of the connecting rods, also serve the important purpose of keeping the oil in the crank chamber at its proper level, so that the revolving cranks may splash the oil on to every part, including the cylinder walls. There is one correct level for the oil, though curiously enough very few manufacturers make any provision for ascertaining whether that level is maintained. Too much oil produces a smoky exhaust, and clogs the valves with carbon deposit, too little is detrimental to the engine, and results in loss of power. It is, therefore, somewhat difficult for the novice to hit the happy mean.

Perhaps the best guide, especially when the engine is new and requires, if anything, more than the normal amount of lubrication, is to feed oil to the crank chamber by means

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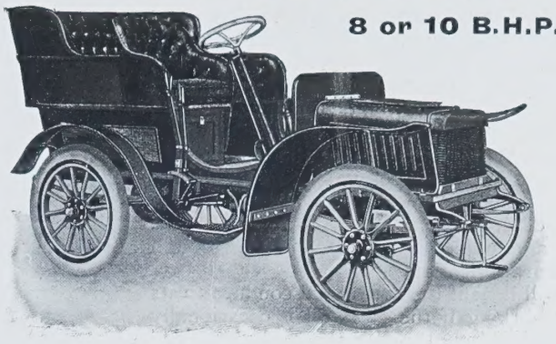

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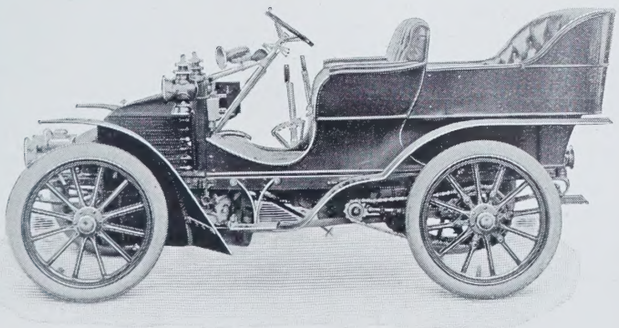

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of the auxiliary hand-pump, until the exhaust shows a slight tinge of smoke when the engine is running fast. This will pass off in a few minutes, and so long as the sight-feeds are working properly there is little chance of the oil falling below its proper level. To make assurance doubly sure, an occasional stroke of the hand-pump can be given while on the road, and especially when the engine is working its hardest on a hill. No good motorist would tolerate the pungent clouds of smoke which seem so dear to the heart of the professional driver, but it is perfectly legitimate, before starting on a run, to satisfy one's self in the manner described that there is no chance of spoiling a valuable piece of mechanism through insufficient lubrication.

It will benefit the motor and conduce to its efficient working if the stale oil is occasionally drained off entirely through the cocks provided for the purpose, and a fresh charge introduced after the crank chamber has been flushed with paraffin. The engine should be revolved several times by hand and the paraffin allowed to drain off for an hour or two before the taps are closed and the clean oil pumped in. Some small cars are only provided with an oil pump on the dash-board worked by hand, and the usual direction given is to pump a charge into the crank chamber every twenty miles or so. I have generally found it better to give half a charge every ten miles, as the correct level is maintained better thereby; but the arrangement is at best a makeshift one, and a drip-feed should always be fitted if possible. At the same time, one of the longest-lived engines on the market is generally lubricated in this manner, and if proper attention is given to the pump the results are fairly satisfactory.

The inaccessibility of many change-speed gears often results in their receiving insufficient care in the matter of lubrication. A charge of thick oil is placed in the gear-box, and nothing further is done for perhaps some thousands of miles. I believe this to be a vital mistake. In the first place, the oil loses its virtue and the level is reduced by leakage. Far greater mischief, however, is caused by the fine particles of steel which are constantly being broken off the edges of the gear-wheels, however carefully and skilfully the speeds are changed. These mixing with the oil cause increased wear and tear on the face of the teeth, and are apt to find their way into the bearings, where they are obviously very much out of place. The gear-box should be drained every 500 miles or so, and fresh oil introduced, or the old oil might, perhaps, be filtered and made to serve again. Of course on a long tour this might hardly be practicable, but when the car is in ordinary use the lubrication of the gear-box is worthy of more careful attention than is usually given to it. F. P. A.

A STEEP GRADIENT AT THE HASLEMERE HILL-CLIMB.

The Gordon Bennett.

THE number of expert drivers who have publicly expressed their dissatisfaction with the course chosen for this year's Gordon Bennett race grows week by week. The latest is Rigolly, the breaker of many records, who has been studying the Auvergne Circuit on a 30 h.p. Gobron-Brillié. He states that he counted 145 really bad corners, and that only between Laschamps and Rochefort, and between Pontgibaud and Volvic, will anything like high speed be possible. Like all the other critics, he considers the course an exhausting one, and that only a driver in the best of training will be able to endure the strain. As for the cars, the race will test not so much the motors as the brakes, differentials, and tyres. Rigolly has narrated in a French contemporary an incident which illustrates the urgent need for some modification of the present intention to run the race without controls, apart altogether from the question of the risk to the competitors. After passing Bourg-Lastic, although only driving a touring car, he came up with a racer practising on the course. The Gobron was much the slower vehicle of the two, but Rigolly repeatedly caught up the big machine and tried to pass it. This, however, proved quite impossible, unless the racer ran on to the side path and stopped. Such conditions would be unspeakable in an actual race, as no driver would consent to stop in order to let a rival pass. The latest suggestion put forward in order to obviate this particular difficulty is to stop and restart the cars at those places which mark the commencement of the narrowest portions of the course. Otherwise, a competitor who had gained on his rivals during the open parts of the road might lose his advantage by being blocked by a slower car ahead when he came to one of the narrow stretches.

Mr. Austin, the manager of the Wolseley Company, has also been studying the Auvergne Circuit, and his opinion of the course coincides with those of the other experts whom we have frequently quoted. He was able to discover only one really straight piece of road, and that was merely about four kilomètres in length, with a very bad surface. We reproduce a photograph of one of the turnings taken from the back of the car on which he was travelling.

Rumours have been current for some time past that the Hon. C. S. Rolls will drive one of the Wolseley cars in the Eliminating Trials in the Isle of Man. No definite announcement has been made on the subject, but it is a fact that Mr. Rolls made a very close study of the Isle of Man course during the Easter holidays. Six rounds were made on one of the heavy 20 h.p. Rolls-Royce cars, which are specially designed to carry limousine and other covered bodies. Of course, it is possible that the journey was also undertaken for the purpose of making experiments for the Tourist Trophy Race, for which two Rolls-Royce cars are entered.

A Difficult Hill-climbing Task.

Glorious weather, a private road in perfect condition through Mr. Philipson Stow's estate at Blackdown, near Haslemere, an exceedingly stiff hill, and a large and representative entry were the conditions which favoured the Auto-Cycle Club's hill-climb on Saturday. The climb starts at the lodge gates which face Windfall Wood Common, the height above sea-level being 268ft., and the road goes steadily uphill for over a mile. At the point a mile from the start a height of 720ft. has been attained, so that the average gradient is about 1 in 11. For 200yds. the gradient is 1 in 8, and about two-thirds of the way up the hill there is a right-angled bend, when the gradient jumps to 1 in $4\frac{1}{2}$ for nearly 150yds. The hill is thus exceptionally steep, and the need for caution in negotiating the sharp corner badly conflicts with the equal need for rushing up to the commencement of the sharp pitch. Mr. Stow dispensed his hospitality to the officials of the club in a very quiet and unostentatious way; but he must have gone to considerable expense in preparing the course and carrying out the arrangements. In the class for machines with engines having a cylinder capacity not exceeding 76m.m. by 76m.m., two out of seven competitors surmounted the hill, F. Hulbert on a $2\frac{3}{4}$ h.p. Triumph covering the mile from a flying start in 2min. 28 4-5sec., A. F. Ilsley on a $2\frac{3}{4}$ h.p. Phœnix taking 2min. 38sec. Four of the others stopped on the steep pitch, and one (a two-cylinder Werner) on the 1 in 8 portion. Class 2 (engines not exceeding 80m.m. by 80m.m.) did not produce even such good results. The winner was A. E. Lowe on a 3 h.p. J. A. P., whose time was 2min. 31 4-5sec. (or 3sec. slower than the first man in the previous class),

WHERE THE GORDON BENNETT RACE WILL START.

The first tree on the right marks the starting and finishing point of the great race.

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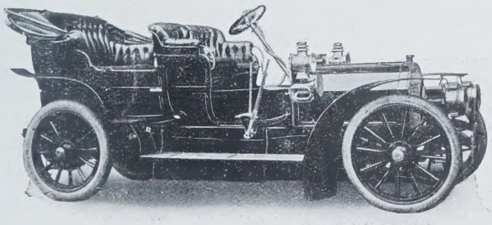

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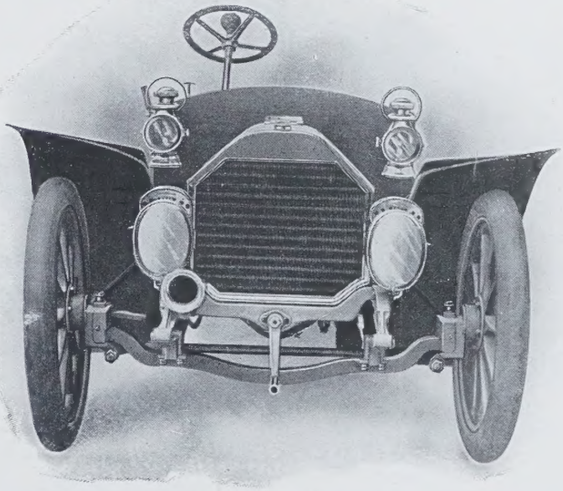


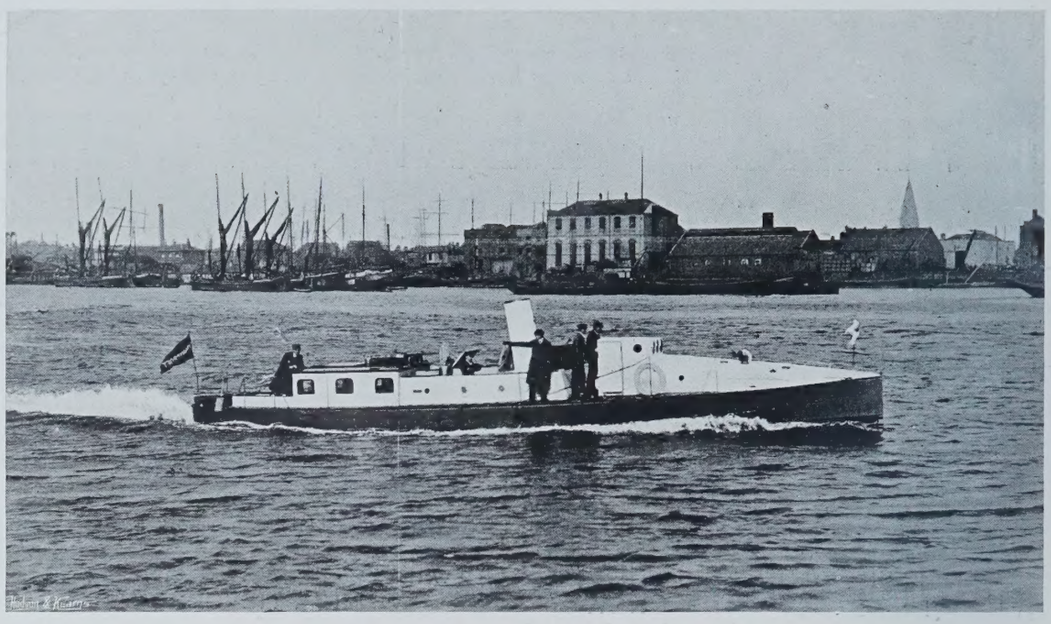
(20 H.P. 4 CYLINDERS).

"We had an opportunity of trying the new Brotherhood, under the expert control of Mr. Percy Richardson, who has been mainly responsible for its production. The point which struck us most was the excellence of the Carburetter, which allowed of the engine running efficiently at something like 150 revolutions per minute. In fact, Mr. Richardson drove us for miles through traffic without ever taking the clutch out, and at times the pace was a regular crawl. The control is altogether effected by a side movement of the right foot. There could not possibly be an easier way of application or more instantaneous. In fact, taken altogether, the control of this car is perfect. We noticed, too, that it picked up with extraordinary rapidity. At one moment we would be crawling through dense traffic, then an opening would suddenly occur, and a slight movement of the toe would send the car bounding forward like a projectile, only to be pulled up further on, as the traffic closed in, almost as quickly. The way Mr. Richardson handled the car was a liberal education in what can be done with a good motor. In this car the flexibility of the engine was good, while for power it seemed extraordinarily efficient, to judge from the one or two short bursts we were able to indulge in."—*Extract from MOTOR NEWS, March 4th, 1905.*

BROTHERHOOD-CROCKER MOTORS, LTD.,

19, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

whilst the second man was R. W. Ayton on a 3 h.p. Triumph, whose time was 2min. 42 4-5sec. Five machines of equal calibre failed on the stiff part of the hill and one on the milder gradient. The 85m.m. by 85m.m. class did better, six out of eight overcoming the task. J. Hancox on a 3¼ h.p. Roc covered the mile in 1min. 58 1-5sec., T. Silver on a 3 h.p. Quadrant being second in 2min. 9 4-5sec. The other times were: 3½ h.p. Roc, 2min. 35 2-5sec.; 3½ h.p. Ormonde, 2min. 59 3-5sec.; 3¼ h.p. Rex, 3min. 7sec. Class A was for motor-bicycles with engines of any size, and the absence of most of the high-powered machines was a fortunate occurrence rather than otherwise. The 7 h.p., 8 h.p., and 10 h.p. machines would never have rounded the corner. As it was, the crowd were wisely put back 20yds., J. F. Crundall, who made fastest time, doing 1min. 48 2-5sec., sweeping right over the grass on which the people had previously been standing, his pace at the corner being quite 35 miles per hour, for his average speed was over 33 miles per hour; Crundall rode a 5 h.p. Humber. E. D. Fawcett on a 4 h.p. Bat took the corner in good style, and was second in 2min. 7 3-5sec. Wilbur Gunn on a 5 h.p. Lagonda took 2min. 30 2-5sec., and J. B. Walford on a 3½ h.p. Ortona took 2min. 52 3-5 sec. for the journey. The only starter in the light fore-car class was A. F. Ilsley on a 4¼ h.p. Phœnix with two-speed gear, but he, unfortunately, punctured. Wilbur Gunn's 10 h.p. Lagonda made best time for the two-passenger machines, covering the distance in 4min. 4 4-5sec., whilst Crundall drove his 6 h.p. Humber up in 4min. 31 1-5 sec. During the day some of the cars essayed the climb, but the gradient was manifestly too much for most of them.



A MOTOR-BOAT FOR HARBOUR DUTY.
Built by Messrs. Thornycroft for the Swedish authorities.

THE MEDITERRANEAN MOTOR-BOAT RACE.

Seven boats reached Algiers and were made ready for the race across the Mediterranean to Toulon, Mr. Thubron's Mab not being able to be got ready in time. The race could not be started until six o'clock on Sunday morning last, on account of the weather, but the sea was practically calm then. The starters were Mercé'ès-Mercédès, Mercédès C.P., Camille, Malgré Tout, Quand-Même, Heracles II., and Fiat X. Heracles II. and Malgré Tout broke down very early in the contest, and were taken in tow by the torpedo-boat destroyers which accompanied the contestants. Seventy miles out Fiat X. had secured a substantial lead over Mercédès C.P., whilst Quand-Même was lying third. Fiat X arrived at Port Mahon at 9 p.m., having completed the first stage of the race in fifteen hours. The distance is 198 sea miles, so she must have averaged 13 1-5 knots. Camille, with Mme. du Gast on board, was second.

MIDLAND AUTOMOBILE CLUB CONSUMPTION TRIAL.

To-day the Midland Automobile Club will hold a consumption trial for touring cars over a circular course, starting from Wishaw Hall Farm, which is eleven miles from Birmingham, and situate just off the main road between Coleshill and Lichfield. The competition is confined to members of the club. Each car will be supplied with the same kind of spirit, and will be officially weighed after the tank and carburettor have been filled and sealed. At the finish of the trial, the tanks and carburettors will again be filled, and the car and load weighed. The amount required to fill the tanks at the finish

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"Cars for men of moderate means."

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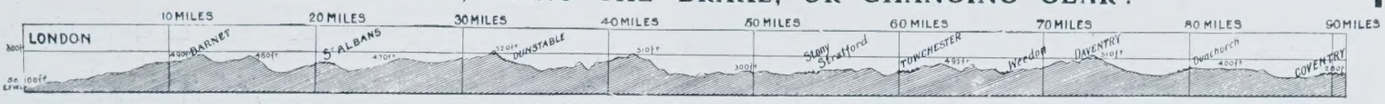


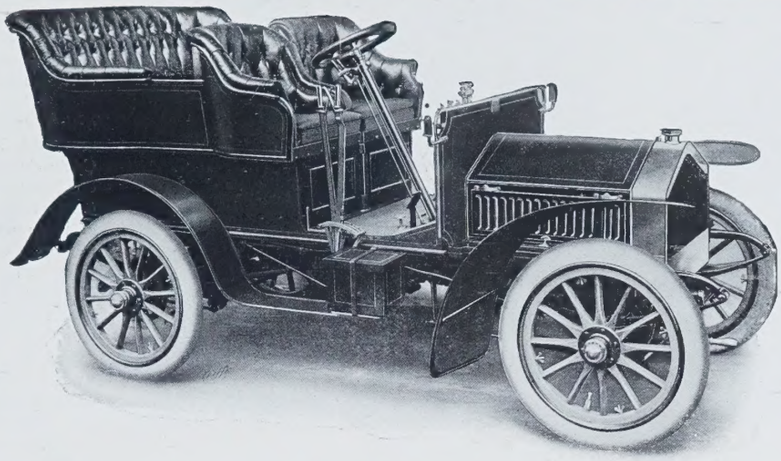
THE ROAD FROM LONDON TO COVENTRY.

This splendid performance was accomplished, under the surveillance of the Editor of the "Autocar," by the

4-CYLINDER COVENTRY HUMBER CAR.

The Editor of the *Autocar* writes in the issue of May 6:

"The start was made upon the third speed, the clutch being clipped sufficiently to allow the engine to pick up its load. This it did immediately, without the least shock. Thence onward the control was entirely by the throttle, with an occasional touch of the ignition lever. The long inclines up to Tally Ho Corner were taken with the greatest ease on the top gear, and the car showed such a reserve of power that we had not the least doubt, even at this point, about its completing its performance, and it ran right through without once changing the gear. The engine is perfectly balanced, and runs with the greatest smoothness. It is an exceedingly well designed engine; in fact, its performance proves that the same remarks apply to the car throughout. It was proved that the car had a very high turn of speed indeed. So far as we are aware its performance for a car of its size has not been equalled."



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of the trial, plus any spirit taken in during the competition, shall be taken to be the amount consumed. Any competitor, however, may elect before being weighed at the start to have such a quantity of spirit removed from his tank as he chooses, and in that case at the finish, after his tank has been filled, and before his car is weighed, an equal amount shall be removed from his tank. The carrying of passengers is optional, a somewhat questionable proviso, as if a vehicle without passengers makes a good record no one can possibly know to what extent economy of consumption is due to absence of load. Sufficient time will be allowed for the cars to proceed over the course within the legal limit. Three medals will be awarded by the club, viz., a gold one as first prize, and silver and bronze respectively for the second and third. The formula upon which the prizes will be given will be:

$$\frac{\text{Weight of Car and Load.}}{\text{Quantity of Spirit Consumed.}}$$

The contest should provide interesting results, inasmuch as it is a long time since anything of the kind was held, and no one has any means of knowing how current types of cars compare with each other in the matter of economy of fuel consumption. Now that supplementary air regulators are so general, of course this item in the working cost of a motor-car ought certainly to manifest an improvement; but there is very little evidence on the subject that is available to all and sundry. The fact of the International Tourist Trophy Competition in September next being largely in the nature of a fuel test renders the Midland contest still more interesting.

A STEEP APPROACH.

The daily task of a White Steam Car belonging to a Pittsburg motorist.

SOME MOTOR-CYCLING FIXTURES.

To-day the first of the Auto-Cycle Club's penalty runs for members will be contested, the competitors having to ride 100 miles out and home, and to pay into the pool sixpence for every stoppage. The club provides the nucleus of the prize fund, and if three or fewer than three competitors go through without mishap they will take the whole of the pool in prizes. If more than three get through, some other method of division will be arranged. The contest created a large amount of fun last year. The idea is better suited to a place-to-place run, however.

It has now been decided that the eliminating trials for the selection of a team to represent Britain in the International Auto-Cycle Cup Race will be held in the Isle of Man on Wednesday, May 31st, the day after the Gordon Bennett selection trials. The distance of the race will be $163\frac{1}{2}$ miles, or three times round the course, which is $54\frac{1}{2}$ miles long. The riders will be started in small batches at intervals of about two minutes. Eighteen entries have been received, whilst for the race for the *Motor* Cup, which will be run concurrently, the entries so far total nineteen, the date of entry having been extended to May 13th, in consequence of the postponement of the event.

AN INDIAN MOTOR SERVICE.

A new motor service has been established in India in connection with the Madras Railway between Bezwada and Masulipatam, and three 10 h.p. Turner Miesse steam cars have been selected for the work. Each vehicle has a carrying capacity of eight passengers, together with luggage and mails. On February 19th a trial trip was made over the whole route, a distance of 44 miles. A full load of passengers, including the Postmaster-General, was carried, and we are informed that an average speed of $22\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour was maintained. The fare between the two places has been fixed at Rs. 2. 8 per head. As is well known, the fuel used on the Miesse cars is ordinary paraffin, which costs Rs. 3 per 4gal. tin. With a full load the consumption is said to average about $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the gallon.

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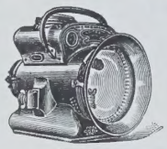

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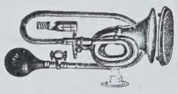

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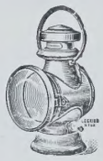

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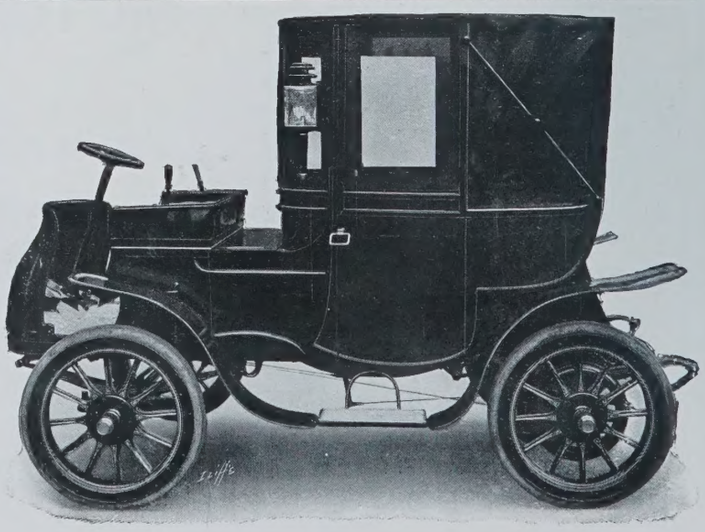

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April 14th-15th, 1905.—
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1st.—SCHWOB, on a Berliet Car.
2nd.—LIÉGEARD, on a Peugeot Car.
3rd.—PORTAL, on a Corre Car.
4th.—SIEGMAN, on a Renault Car.

April 14th, 1905.—BRAKE TEST TRIALS.
1st.—SCHWOB, on a Berliet Car.

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may sell cars, but it does not prove their merit. Facts and demonstration do. They show in Daimler cars simplicity in all mechanism, attained through scientific construction, which minimises the possibilities of getting out of order. Accessibility of all parts, which saves time and trouble. Efficiency of transmission of power and ball bearings throughout make easy and quiet running. Beauty of design in body and fitting, which is the last word in comfort and satisfaction.

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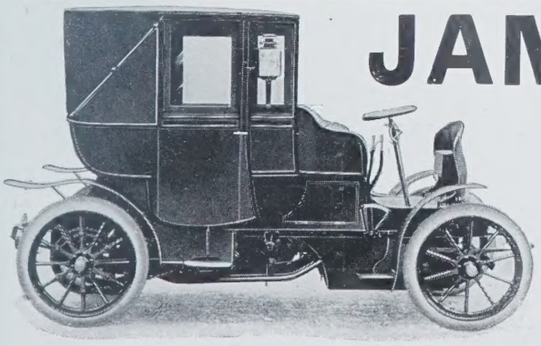

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MOTOR VOLUNTEERS IN GERMANY.

The German Automobile Club, acting in concert with the Minister of War, has formed a Corps of Automobile Volunteers. Prince Henry of Prussia is the head of the new body, and Baron von Brandenstein the General Director. The corps consists of owners for at least six months of petrol cars of not less than 6 h.p. The owner must be certified as able to drive his car with proper carefulness, and during his periods of instruction must be accompanied by a driver who must also be the holder of a certificate. The volunteer automobilists will have to undergo annually three periods of training, each of ten days' duration. The corps will take part in the Imperial manœuvres which are to be held in the autumn.

ITEMS.

The first annual dinner of the Roads Improvement Association will be held at the Trocadero Restaurant on Wednesday, May 17th. Tickets may be obtained from the hon. secretary, 16, Down Street.

In consequence of the number of cars registered in London being on the point of reaching 10,000, the Local Government Board has assigned to the county the additional index letters L.C.

The British Empire Motor Trades' Alliance, whose object is to assist and encourage the home industry, is compiling a register of British manufacturers of automobiles, motor-engines, component parts and accessories. The register will be available for both private and trade enquiries.

The *Motor World*, Scotland's automobile organ, has now come under the editorship of Mr. W. Gray Nixon, who has served his apprenticeship on the staffs of two of the leading English motor journals. Another interesting appointment is that of Mr. Jeyes, for a long time assistant-editor of the *Standard*, who has undertaken the editorship of the *Automobile Club Journal*.

The German Emperor has ordered a 24 h.p. Fiat.

We illustrate on a previous page the new Thornycroft motor-vessel undergoing her trials in the Thames. She has been built for harbour duty in Sweden, and is 55ft. long, 8ft. 6in. beam, and draws 3ft. of water. The propelling machinery consists of two 108 h.p. motors and twin propellers of a new reversible type of Messrs. Thornycroft's design.

The Society of Motor Manufacturers will give a dinner at the Hotel Cecil on Friday, May 19th, when Dr. Ormandy will read a paper dealing with the necessity of obtaining from the Government greater facilities for the manufacture of alcohol for industrial purposes. According to a communication which we have received from the society, the motor industry is not satisfied with the report of the Alcohol Committee, and intends to use all means possible to draw public attention to what it regards as a most important question in regard to the future of automobilism.

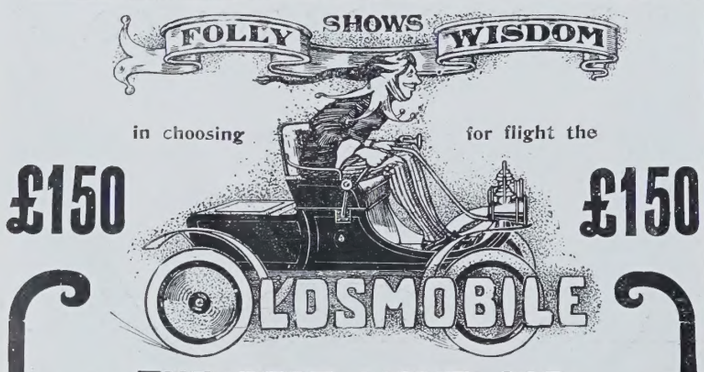
The Motor Car Emporium, Limited, has secured the output for this country of the heavy vehicle department of Messrs. De Dion, Bouton and Co. of France. It is hoped that the first double-decked omnibus of this make will shortly be running in London. We are informed that this will be the forerunner of over 100 other vehicles of this make.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR,—In your issue of April 29th, under the heading of "Motorists and Dogs," you refer to a recent letter of mine to *The Times*, and make the following comment: "Mr. Greene, in a later portion of his letter, unconsciously refutes his own allegation as to the fast driving of the car. . . . He states specifically that it passed through Hurstbourne Priors at four o'clock, and the village of Whitchurch at 4.15. The distance between these two places is just two miles! On his own showing, therefore, he proves the car to have been travelling at the rate of eight miles an hour, and how any accusation of furious driving can be laid against a driver who proceeds at so moderate a speed, it is difficult to understand." If you will kindly refer to the letter in question, you will see that, so far from making any specific statement as to the times given, I expressly qualified each with the word "about." "About four o'clock" was quoted from the nurses, "about 4.15" from the police-constable who saw the car pass through Whitchurch. The times throughout were distinctly quoted as approximate, and were, of course, given solely for the purposes of identification, not as indications of excessive speed.—H. PLUNKET GREENE, Hurstbourne Priors, Hants.

LITERARY NOTES.

GOOD literary essays are hard to find nowadays, and we are all the more inclined, therefore, to extend a hearty welcome to *In Peril of Change* (Unwin), by C. F. G. Masterman. Here is a thoughtful and clever writer who is trying to take a steady, sane, and rational view of the time in which he lives, its movements and people. The eyes that look out on it appear to be a little sad, and the pages of the book are full of that "divine discontent" which so often characterises very high talent. Mr. Masterman's theory, or rather assumption, is that in the later years of the Victorian era, and in the early part of the twentieth century, we were in the middle of a literary reaction, and the school at which his fiercest attacks are levelled is that of the late W. E. Henley. His opinion is that Henleyism, in so far as it was an attempt to be natural, was a relapse into paganism; in so far as it was imperial it was a mere affectation. The men who wrote "Songs of the Sword" had never themselves fought in, or witnessed, war, or knew its horrors, and when the conflict broke out in South Africa the reality of it put their fanciful descriptions to flight, and people would no longer listen. In other points Mr. Masterman thinks that William Watson is nearer being on the right side than Mr. Kipling. It is an interesting view for him to take, and would have been valuable if it had been speculative instead of so very dogmatic as he has made it. The author does not see things in their due proportion, and as it were "hymns the greatness" of many who have no claim to anything beyond mediocrity at all. His account of Mr. Henley, for instance, is a very superficial one indeed. Mr. Henley's was no new spirit. His was not even a formative mind; one of his close friends on a certain occasion described him as a steam engine to grind out other men's ideas, and this was a very accurate description. But



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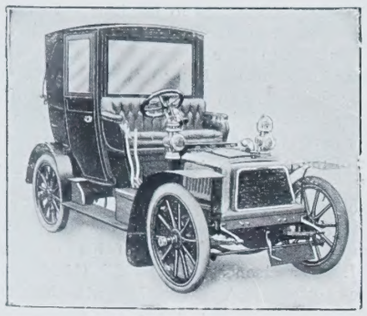

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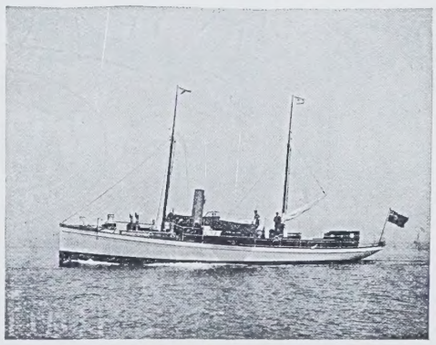

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if it be so, it quite knocks the bottom out of Mr. Masterman's essay. On the other hand, there are several very appreciative passages, of which we will give the following:

"It is for the child elements that he will stand in literature. He possessed a child's quick apprehension of the sensuous aspect of things—the dying year and the coming of spring, night and the sea in storm, and all the magical world of out-of-doors. He loved with a child's delight the pageantry of war, the sword's 'high, irresistible' song, the bright flash of steel, and the tramp of armed men. He had a childlike, unreserved love of England, expressing in a few magnificent ballads the mystery and sacredness of a Patriotism rare in these latter days. And in the most appealing and universal of all his poems, it is the child shrinking from the Unknown and the Future: the child that has suffered so much wistfully asking the meaning of it all: the simple, pitiful note of fear and surprise of

'The terror of Time and Change and Death,
That wastes the floating, transitory world.'"

If Mr. Masterman will turn to the poem that Mr. Henley contributed to the Christmas Number of this journal just previous to his death, he will find a key to some part of the poet's character that he has quite missed. Perhaps the most instructive chapter in the book is that devoted to Spencer and Carlyle, where he brings out the contrasts between the two men in a very complete and delightful manner. We put two passages side by side, of which the first relates to Spencer:

"Spencer describes his early friendship with George Eliot, 'The most admirable woman, mentally, I ever met.' He took her to the opera and the theatre, where he had free admissions, more used 'because I had frequently—indeed, nearly always—the pleasure of her companionship, in addition to the pleasure afforded by the performance.' He was then but thirty-two, and the philosophy had scarcely been projected. There were out-of-door walks, discussions on the terrace outside Somerset House. 'People drew inferences.' 'Quite definite statements became current.' 'There were reports that I was in love with her, and that we were about to be married. But neither of these reports was true.' In the reflections at the end, forty years afterwards, some indication of the reason was revealed. He had described in painful detail her actual physical appearance. 'Usually heads have here and there either flat places or slight hollows; but her head was everywhere convex.' He had once criticised a great beauty, alike in face and figure, 'I do not quite like the shape of her head.' 'This abnormal tendency to criticise has been a chief factor,' he sadly acknowledged, 'in the continuance of my celibate life.' 'Physical beauty is a *sine quâ non* for me; as was once unhappily proved where the intellectual traits and the emotional traits were of the highest.'"

And with this should be read the following from the Carlyle portion of the chapter:

"Each obscure human life was for him a matter of infinite import. London, as he looked down on it from the Surrey hills, 'its smoke rising like a great dusky-coloured mountain, melting into the infinite clear sky,' became a meeting-place of Eternities in the 'everflowing stream of life and death.' In the graveyard of the dead, where 'they all lay so still and dumb, those that were once so blithe and quick at sight of us; gathered to their sleep under the long grass,' the old man 'could not forbear a kind of sob, like a child's, out of my old worn heart, at first sight of all this.' Read if you can without emotion the letter, magnificent in its simplicity, in which Carlyle describes to his brother in Canada the last days and death of his mother. It is the end of an obscure life, full of toils and sorrows; the dust returning to the earth, as it was, through that last indignity which is the common lot of man. But to the eyes of one watching with a love unconquered by the fretfulness of time, the voyage of this humble soul 'through the gloomy clouds of death' was charged with a solemn splendour and triumph. All the mystery of the greatness of human existence gathered round the moment of the passing into eternity of the spirit, returning to the God who gave it."

The practice of publishing biographies of living men is not one to be entirely recommended. Whoever undertakes the task is bound either to get into personal contact with the subject of his memoir, or risk being inaccurate. Mr. J. P. Alderson's *Mr. Asquith* (Methuen) is open to this criticism and many others. A biographer who has to chronicle such small beer as that Mr. Asquith when he misses the ball in golf never says anything stronger than "Dash it all!" has been reduced very nearly to the inane and futile. Many of the chapters, too, read simply like abridged reports from *The Times*. We might take that called "In Opposition—Part II." as an example. It gives an account of the dinner to Sir Alfred Milner on the eve of his departure to South Africa in 1897. That is the beginning of the chapter, and the rest is a mere summary of the speeches delivered on this and other occasions. At intervals the author seems to feel himself bound to give opinions of the Press, such as those commonly attached to advertisements of books or sent in by a Press-cutting agency. "*The Times* says," "the *Daily News* says," "the *Westminster Gazette* says" are constantly-recurring phrases, and we frequently come across such information as this, "the *Birmingham Daily Post* says, commenting on it as 'an uncommonly good maiden speech.'" Mr. Asquith, fortunately for himself, has a reputation so solid that even the ridicule to which this sort of stuff is likely to give rise will hardly do any permanent harm; but, at the same time, we cannot help saying with some emphasis, that the growing practice of publishing biographies of men who are still in the height of their activity is most unbecoming and undignified.

Animals I have Known (Unwin), by Arthur H. Beavan, is a lively account, written, as we are informed in the preface, without reference to scientific theories or the origin of distribution of the animals the author has met with in various countries. In the book will be found much lore full of interest to our readers, particularly in those chapters which deal with the badger and the wild cat, the fox, otter and seal, the hare, the rabbit, and other inhabitants of our woods and fields and coasts. Chapters are also given to some of the British domestic animals, such as horses and donkeys, dogs and cats. Then comes the author's experience of animals encountered by him in Australasia, on the West Coast

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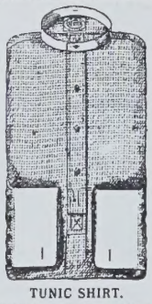
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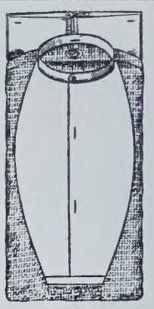
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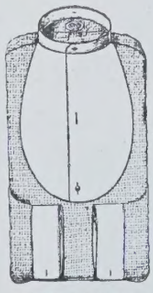
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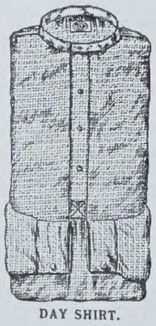
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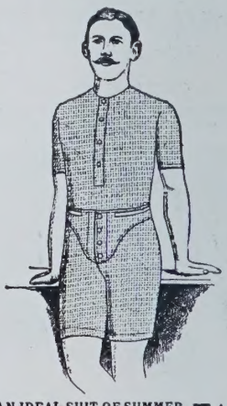
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of South Africa, the river Plate, and Brazil. It is a volume full of information for the elementary student of natural history, and this information is conveyed in language that is simple and free from pretence or intellectual swagger of any kind. A word might be said as to the illustrations, some of which are fairly good, but it would be an improvement to state where they came from, and what is meant by the apparently silly caricature opposite page 82, called "Hedgehogs Skating."

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

TRAVEL.

In a Syrian Saddle, by A. Goodrich-Freer. (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)
Rifle and Romance in the Indian Jungle, by Captain A. I. R. Glasfurd. (Lane, 16s. net.)

FICTION.

The Brooding Wild, by Ridgwell Cullum. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)
A Cheque for Three Thousand, by Arthur H. Vesey. (Arrowsmith, 3s. 6d.)
Rose of the World, by Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)
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REPRINTS.

Robert Orange, by John Oliver Hobbes. (Fisher Unwin, 6d.)
Mademoiselle Ixe and the Hôtel d'Angleterre, by Lanoe Falconer. (Fisher Unwin, 1s. net.)
Lord Beaconsfield, by T. P. O'Connor. (Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Russia in Revolution, by G. H. Perris. (Chapman and Hall, 10s. 6d. net.)
Compatriots' Club Lectures. First Series. Edited by the committee of the Compatriots' Club. (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net.)
Sportsman's and Tourist's Guide to the Rivers, Lochs, Moors, and Deer Forests of Scotland. (118, Pall Mall, S.W., 1s.)
Wild Ducks: How to Rear and Shoot Them, by Captain W. Coape Oates. (Longmans, 4s. 6d. net.)
The Crisis in Ireland, by the Earl of Dunraven. (Chapman and Hall, 1s. net.)
Animals I Have Known, by Arthur H. Beavan. (Fisher Unwin, 5s.)
Automatic Speaking and Writing: A Study, by Edward T. Bennett. (Brimley Johnson, 1s.)
The King and his Navy and Army. Vol. XIX.
With Russian, Japanese, and Chunchuse: The Experiences of an Englishman during the Russo-Japanese War, by Ernest Brindle. (Murray, 6s. net.)
Spring in a Shropshire Abbey, by Lady C. Milnes Gaskell. (Smith, Elder, 9s. net.)
In Peril of Change: Essays written in Time of Tranquillity, by C. F. G. Masterman. (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

MAGAZINES.

Leslie's Monthly, Woman's Home Comtanion, Blackwood's, Art Workers' Quarterly, Estate Magazine, Nature Notes.

ON THE GREEN.

CERTAINLY the St. Andrews course is responding kindly to the care and money that are being expended on it so much more liberally than in the days of old. We have advanced since the time when the idea seemed to be that a golf course could "run" itself without any necessity for fostering care. The greens are far better than they used to be, and the lies through the green are certainly no worse, which is much to say, considering how the golf has increased. Moreover, the tees have been put far away back, so as to stretch the course and make its distances as nearly as may be equivalent to what they were before the ground was so hard packed that the ball runs for ever, and before the Haskell introduced a new measure of golfing distance. All this is said of the old course, but it may also be noted that the new course is now very good, and really almost justifies the brave assertion of many that it is as good a course as the old. For all that, if they have the option, very few will play on the new course from preference. In spite of the tees being put back, there is no doubt that the classic course is easier than it used to be, because the whins guarding the sides have virtually gone. Many bunkers have been dug to take their place, but they are not nearly as ubiquitous as the whins were, and although the general meeting of the club last week authorised the making of many more bunkers, still they will not pervade the path of error as the whins once did. But all the work that they will do in punishing the crooked goer will be, so far, good work, in the interests of better and more accurate golf. When the Spring Medal was competed for last week the course was heavy in consequence of abundance of lately-fallen rain, the ball did not run much, and the distances were good and testing. The day was altogether as favourable for golf, and for good golf, as a kind providence possibly could have bestowed on a never sufficiently grateful people. The general ingratitude was shown by the figures of the returned scores, which were, as a rule, no better than they should have been. On such a day, with such a field, there should have been at least half-a-dozen scores under 80, instead of which only two were returned below that round number; 79 was scored by Mr. C. Wedderburn, who thus won the second medal, and Mr. Pease won the first medal with a really rather remarkable score of 76. What makes the score remarkable is that it included a six at the short hole coming in. This is a hole that ought by rights to be a three hole, and this means that the rest of Mr. Pease's round was equivalent to a total score of 73; 73, as the course was laid out, that is to say, at greatest possible length and with some of the holes, such as the eleventh, the sixteenth, and the seventeenth, placed not in the centres of the greens, but in the most catchy corners, is a score that can hardly be made without a little luck coming to the aid of very good play, and the very fact that Mr. Pease had four threes in his score, although he missed his legitimate three at the second short hole, is a sign of some luck in itself. But it was his turn to have a little luck, because everyone has known for a long time that he was a very sound player, and yet he has never before won a medal at St. Andrews. All things do not come to all those that wait, as has

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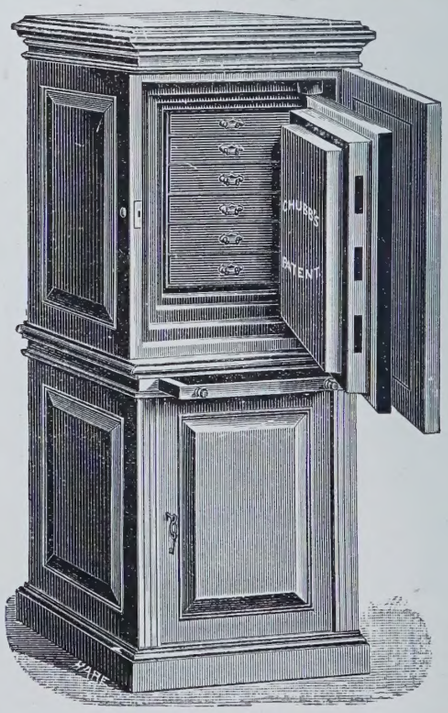

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been said, but they come to some of them. To Mr. Pease came not only the glory of the medal, but also the financial opulence of the sweepstakes. Handicapped to owe two, he just beat Mr. Wedderburn, who started from scratch. The two heaviest handicapped men in the field were Mr. Maxwell and Mr. E. Blackwell, each at plus four.

A. H. Toogood has fairly established himself in the position of rival to the three great men, Taylor, Vardon, and Braid—a position which he has been challenging rather shrewdly lately—by beating them all for the Tooting Bec Cup of the Professional Golfers' Association. Braid has won this cup, I think, in each of the previous years in which there has been a competition for it, but this year he had to take equal third place with Harry Vardon at 153. Toogood was 151, and Taylor had a putt at the last hole of the thirty-six to tie with him, but failed. The arena of the contest was Northwood, and its result is most interesting, as putting Toogood up along with the three acknowledged leaders. His performance in the open championship at St. Andrews will be keenly watched.

The Sussex County championship, played at Rye, was won by a team of the Ashdown Forest Club, Mr. O. C. Bevan of the same club returning the lowest individual score. This is the second time that the Ashdown Forest Club has won this championship. HORACE HUTCHINSON.

POLO NOTES.

THE polo season has begun with the Ranelagh Handicap Tournament, and next Saturday will see the final of the Eden Park Opening Tournament. The weather has been cold, wet, and changeable, and the winter garden at Ranelagh has drawn a good many spectators, and caused us to praise the foresight which, in our variable climate, has provided such a refuge for those who have to look on. However, we are not cast down, for we recollect what a bad beginning we made last season, and how much we enjoyed ourselves before the close. So may it be now. In the meantime, we may note that all the grounds are in excellent order, and that whereas ten years ago polo players had but two grounds in London, now there are eight well-kept polo and three practice grounds, but little inferior to the playing grounds. As to players, we have indeed some losses, for Mr. John Watson has finally retired, and Captain Marjoribanks is in South Africa. On the other hand, Mr. G. A. Miller has come back. Mr. John Hargreaves was in excellent form at the Blackmore Vale Tournament last week, and we are to have a new team—Moreton Morrell, Messrs. C. Nickalls, Garland, and C. L. R. Grenfell, which will, no doubt, be engaged in some good tournaments in London. Mr. Buckmaster played for this team in the final of the Warwickshire Spring Tournament, and showed that he was in his usual form. He is captaining a team against Rugby next Saturday at Roehampton, and that should give us a match worth seeing. Of other teams the Magpies (soldiers past and present), Handley Cross, and the Tigers will all be seen out next Saturday. After this week we shall probably, if the grounds are playing well, have a very fair idea of the form of most of our leading players of 1905. It is too early to write yet of the newcomers, but great things are hoped from one or two players who came out last year. Messrs. Carr, Garland, and Barrett should all be valuable additions to the strength of English polo. We are also looking forward to seeing Mr. Crane, who belongs to the famous Dedham, Mass., Team, more than once winners of the American championship. Like Mr. Foxhall Keene, who, by the way, is also over here, Mr. Crane is an all-round sportsman. As Mr. Agassiz is also coming, and Mr. L. McCreery must be allowed to be an American, we ought to have one or two international matches of considerable interest to give variety to the season. Writing of American polo, I am not surprised that the American Polo Association has allowed stick crooking. It was an open secret that several of their leading players were in favour of this change, and it has been expected for some time. At the same time, however, that this change was made, the associations made known their objection to anything like an "off-side" rule. As it is well known, that while the majority of players in England and India are agreed on the desirability of retaining "off-side," there are many people who consider that the present rule requires some modification, it is hardly likely that the American Polo Association will consider the matter until we have made up our minds in this country. Perhaps a less severe penalty in cases where No. 1 is put off-side in consequence of a defensive manœuvre of the opposite back would be the best solution. Then, again, "off-side" should not be allowed merely because it is claimed, but only when the umpire has seen the rule violated with his own eyes.

The Ranelagh Polo Committee—Lord Harrington (in the chair), Major Milner, Captain Fitzgerald, Major Stanley Barry, Mr. Gill, and Captain Jenner—met last week to consider the conditions of certain leading tournaments. The Army Cup, which is a challenge cup presented by Colonel Frowde Walker, C.M.G., for officers past and present, will be played for June 12th—17th under the following conditions: Teams may be composed of officers past and present of Household Cavalry, Dragoons, Dragoon Guards, Hussars, Lancers, Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, Brigade of Guards, and Infantry. The idea is that teams will be selected to represent these different branches of the Service. But if a regimental club wishes to enter a complete team, they can do so provided two players are selected from past officers of the regiment. The winning team is not to be eligible for the Novices' Cup. The Subalterns' Tournament (July 10th to 15th) will be open to all regiments, whether of the Regular Army or the Auxiliary Forces. Two battalion regiments or those quartered in London or within a forty-mile radius can enter composite teams. In the same way the Hunt Tournament conditions have been altered and improved. A player to qualify must have hunted ten times with the Hunt he represents, or have subscribed not less than £5 to its funds. Only one man whose name is on the recent form list can play in each team; the winners in the Hunt Cup, which remains an open tournament, are not eligible to play. These two tournaments, the Hunt Cup and the Hunt Tournament, ought to prove attractive to the many polo players who are also members of the various Hunts. The restrictions are wise, for just now the Warwickshire Hunt could put a team of overwhelming strength in the field. X.

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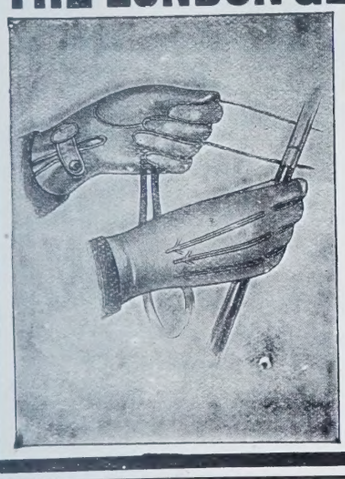

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RACING NOTES.

THE First Spring Meeting at Newmarket is always looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation by those who take a real interest in racing for its own sake, and to lovers of the thorough-bred horse there is the added interest of seeing for themselves to what extent the candidates for classic honours have improved since they retired into winter quarters, and of endeavouring to discover amongst the two year olds, now making their first appearance in public, some colt or filly whose name may become enrolled for ever in the annals of equine fame. Dealing first with the two year old form, it would appear that too much reliance should not be placed upon the result of the First Spring Two Year Old Stakes, a remark which probably will be found applicable to not a few of these abominable four furlong scrambles, which for some inscrutable reason have received the approval of the Jockey Club. As far as the two year olds seen out during the Guineas week are concerned, Noisy Bill Crathorne (the recently named colt by Donovan out of Lady Lena), and Gemma were the best of the known lot which took part in the First Spring Two Year Old Stakes on Tuesday. The first-named has made decided improvement since his first appearance, and he is such a beautifully bred colt that he may be expected to show even better form in the future. Gemma although possessed of a tremendous turn of speed, is none too powerful of build, and her defeat was principally owing to the fact that she could not give the weight away. Crathorne is a really good colt; he will be better served by races over a longer distance, and ran well under the substantial burden of 9st. 6lb. In Black Auster, by Persimmon out of Crusado, Sir E. Vincent owns a colt of great promise; he is a fine upstanding animal, with plenty of substance and racing-like quality, and is sure to be well worth following. Parlamante, a chestnut daughter of Simontault and Star, is also a useful filly, and was running on strongly at the finish. The Maiden Two Year Old Plate brought out, amongst others, Sir J. Miller's colt by Sainfoin out of Aida, and Lord Howard de Walden's Peter Jackson. The former is one of the most perfectly balanced and symmetrical two year olds one could wish to see; if he has a fault it is that he is, if anything, too "set," and too much developed to leave much room for improvement, but taking him all round he is a remarkably nice colt. Peter Jackson, on the other hand, is very lengthy, and has size, scope, and quality enough to develop into a really high-class racehorse; both of these colts were beaten in the race itself by Mr. L. de Rothschild's Sonnet, by Lactantius out of Zobeyde, an extremely sharp and active filly, but it is doubtful if she will ever again finish in front of either of the other two. Snow Glory, by Ayrshire or Ninus out of Perce Neige, who ran second in the Wilbraham Plate for two year olds on Wednesday, is a very nice filly, who will win plenty of races, but neither she nor any of the other competitors had the slightest chance of beating Sweet Mary, a flying daughter of Cyllene and Auricula. I did not notice any two year old of much account in the Maiden Two Year Old Plate, but there was no mistaking the racing capacities of Black Arrow, the winner of the Newmarket Two Year Old Plate, for which, although there were eighteen runners, 11 to 8 was freely laid on this son of Count Schomberg and Black Cherry, who spread-eagled his field in remorseless style, and cantered home with his ears pricked six lengths in front of his nearest attendant. He is certainly the best two year old colt seen out up to now, and many congratulations were offered to his popular owner and breeder, Mr. W. Hall-Walker after the race, only to be renewed with even more heartiness when Cherry Lass, by Isinglass out of Black Arrow's dam, placed the One Thousand Guineas to the same gentleman's credit.

With regard to the three year olds which took part in the Two Thousand Guineas, little that is good can be said, and unless Cicero should come to the rescue, it is difficult to see from whence will spring a champion capable of withstanding the onslaught of the French-bred son of Flying Fox. Vedas won, it is true, by two lengths, but to my way of thinking he had had quite enough of it, and taking a line through Signorino on the book he could never expect to finish in front of Jardy, who in the Middle Park Plate last year gave 7lb. to Signorino, and beat him in hollow fashion. Mr. Henning's Rouge Croix is a very commanding colt, with every appearance of a racehorse of the highest class, but he was palpably backward, so much so that he looks more like being ready to run for the St. Leger than for the Epsom Derby; be that as it may, unless he totally belies both his looks and his breeding, he will win more than one good race for the Heath House stables.

The First Spring Meeting commenced very quietly on Tuesday with the Two Thousand Guineas Trial Plate, which Mr. R. Hanbury's Sauterelle won by a head from Mr. G. Lambton's Zanoni. The victory of Sir E. Cassel's Exchequer proved to be but the first of a series of terrible disasters for backers, who experienced a severe blow in the following race, the First Spring Two Year Old Stakes, in which Kempton Cannon brought off a 20 to 1 chance on Mr. Homan's Noisy Bill, who won by three-quarters of a length from Black Auster, with Parlamante just beaten into third place by a head. In the betting Gemma was a hot favourite at 11 to 10, 7 to 4 was the best offer against Crathorne, 100 to 8 Black Auster, and 20 to 1 any other. It has already been pointed out in connection with this race that too much reliance must not be placed upon the order in which the horses finished, and from a betting point of view it would be advisable to treat the book form of the race with the utmost caution. Lord Dalmeny had the satisfaction of seeing his recent purchase, Ritchie, win the Hastings Plate of 500 sovs. at the remunerative price of 8 to 1, Mr. D. Baird's Fusilier and Lord Durham's Flashlight filling second and third places respectively. The prettiest race of the day was that for the Maiden Two Year Old Race, and, curiously enough, Kempton Cannon once more was on a winner which started at 20 to 1, his mount, Mr. L. de Rothschild's Sonnet, by Lactantius out of Zobeyde, just beating Sir J. Miller's beautiful colt by Sainfoin out of Aida by the shortest of heads, with Lord Howard de Walden's slashing colt, Peter Jackson, third, two lengths behind the leaders. The concluding race of the day, the Apprentices Handicap Plate, brought no relief to backers, for another complete outsider, in the shape of Mr. D. Marnes's mare, Guilty, upset the favourite, Gay Gordon, who could only struggle into third place, two lengths behind Sir Willliam, who was beaten a length and a-half by the winner.

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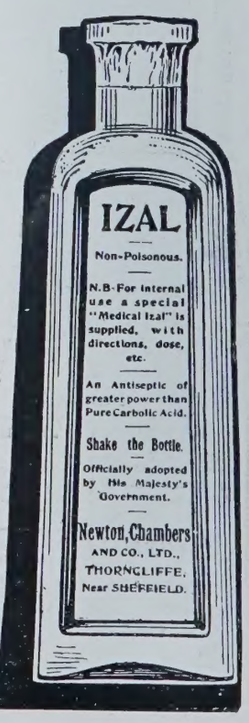

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The match between Lord Cadogan's Frusquinette and Lord Wolverton's filly by Ugly out of Bramble Jelly, with which proceedings commenced on the Wednesday, savoured somewhat of a farce, for it is difficult indeed to know how bad either of the performers are. It is, however, worth noticing from the fact that by permission of the stewards the use of the starting-gate was dispensed with, and that badly as both of these animals had started in the First Spring Two Year Old Plate on the previous day, they were infinitely more difficult to start without the gate than with it. Two of the races on the day's programme consisted of the new four furlong scrambles, to which the Jockey Club are evidently giving a thorough trial, and it is most earnestly to be hoped that, apart from their own opinions, they will give some heed to the almost universal outcry against this useless and misleading form of racing. In the Wilbraham Plate for two year old fillies, Mr. D. W. Clarke's charming filly, Sweet Mary, gave us another exhibition of her speed, and won by two lengths from Snow Glory, to whom she was conceding 9lb.; Queen Camilla was only beaten a head for second place, and should be worth remembering at Kempton Park. The runners for the Two Thousand Guineas have already been taken stock of, and there is but little to add, except perhaps to notice how accurately the result of the race bore out the opinion of an eminent trainer, who remarked, as they went down to the post, "They are all bad, and the fittest of them will win." With one exception, I quite endorse his opinion that they are a very moderate lot, and, as regards condition, there is no sort of doubt that Vedas was the "fittest" of the lot; in fact, his trainer, Robinson, received numberless congratulations, not only upon winning both the Two Thousand and the One Thousand Guineas, but also upon the splendid condition in which he sent his horses to the post throughout the week, with regard to which it seems that the great majority of the Newmarket trainers are of opinion that they are under great disadvantages in their endeavours to get their horses fit to run, owing to the needless and arbitrary restrictions placed upon the use of the different gallops on the Heath, and, as far as one can see, they are perfectly justified in their complaints. As to the race for the Two Thousand Guineas, it can only be described as disappointing and uninteresting; the two year old form of last year, which was anything but good, was reproduced quite in accordance with the book, and Vedas, quietly and steadily ridden by H. Jones, won by a couple of lengths, with a head dividing Signorino and Llangibby for second and third places. The apprentice Evans showed to great advantage in the Selling Plate, when he drove the Braw Lass filly home a short head in front of Tongue Tied, ridden by Otto Madden. Captain J. Orr Ewing's Song Thrush by Missel Thrush—of whom, by the way, an excellent picture appears in another part of this week's COUNTRY LIFE—won the Three Year Old Handicap by a head from Sir E. Paget's Singaway; and Mr. H. Lindemere wound up the day by winning the Mildenhall Plate with Outbreak.

No one had been found possessed of sufficiently sporting instinct to challenge for the time-honoured Whip, for which Lord Durham's Osbech was indulged in a walk-over by way of starting the racing on Thursday, which does not call for much comment, except to notice that Nabot, with a tremendous pull in the weights as compared with the City and Suburban, cantered home for the March Stakes in front of Whitechapel and Flower Seller, the latter of whom ran sufficiently well to draw attention to his chance in the Kempton Park Jubilee Handicap. Black Arrow won the Newmarket Two Year Old Plate in grand style, and Mr. G. Thursby rode his first winner at Newmarket in the Mile Selling Plate on his own horse Aggressor.

Few trainers have hitherto had the satisfaction of training the winner of both the Two Thousand and the One Thousand Guineas. Matthew Dawson did it in 1875 with Camballo and Spinaway, and again in 1879 with Charibert and Wheel of Fortune. Pilgrimage, trained by T. Cannon, won both these races in 1878, and in 1885 Charibert and Wheel of Fortune were sent out to win these races by John Porter, and as recently as 1902 both of these classic contests were won by the famous Sceptre. Vedas and Cherry Lass have now accomplished the feat for the famous Foxhill stables, presided over by W. Robinson.

Nineteen fillies went down to the post for the One Thousand Guineas, and when, after a short delay, the barrier flew up Koorhaan was the quickest beginner and got well away, followed by Lindal; then came Cherry Lass on the left, Queen of the Earth, Renaissance, Chain Stitch, Jongleuse, Chiavenna, Galantine, and Amitie; so they ran to the Bushes, where Cherry Lass was apparently beaten, and swerved on to Queen of the Earth, and I rather think that Koorhaan was a sufferer also. McCall, however, straightened Cherry Lass, and, riding with the utmost determination, the filly answered gamely to his efforts, and, forging ahead once more, wore her opponents down and won rather easily by a length from Koorhaan, who beat Jongleuse into third place by three lengths. The successes of the Foxhill stable and the brilliant riding of George McCall were the principal features of the week's racing, and, curiously enough, Melayr, also trained by Robinson, and sold only the day before the race, won the Bretby Stakes for his new owner, Colonel Kincaid-Smith. At Kempton Park, on Friday, Ravilious may win the Manor Plate, Noisy Bill the Spring Plate, and Roseberry, if reports are true, should run well for the Stewards' Handicap; and on Saturday Romer, Ambition, or Flower Seller should supply the winner of the Jubilee Handicap. TRENTON.

SUNRISE ON THE MARSHES.

DAY is breaking over sea and earth, and the world seems filled with a great cold greyness. The slow-growing light is dimmed and strangled by heavy mists that roll in from the sea, hugging every hollow, blurring every line, and chilling every object with their clammy touch. The waning moon still struggles to shed a thin and sickly light that pales before approaching day, and one by one the stars die out. A deep stillness reigns over the low-lying levels, and only the distant droning of a steamer's foghorn can be heard on the damp-laden air. Meanwhile the mist-billows

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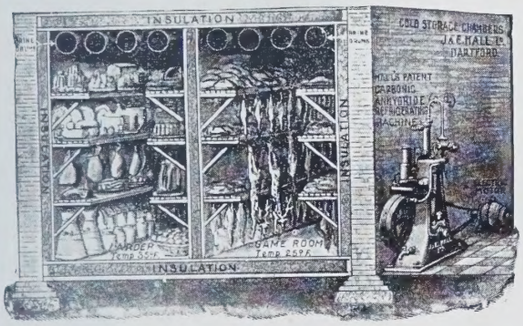

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creep on and on, drenching the grass and covering the clothes with minute beads of moisture that look like a mildewy rime. The grey grows lighter, but the mist increases; and now a gentle patter, as of falling rain, can be heard along the waterways as heavy drops roll from the dank-withered reeds that bend beneath their weight, and the growing grass straightens but slowly where the boot has pressed it down.

Further on the clang of a closing marsh gate is answered by the startled bleating of young lambs, and shadowy forms are seen on all sides, the munch, munch of grazing ewes being plainly audible in the breathless stillness. But soon the murmuring sea is heard, then the distant cries and pipings of wildfowl on the misty ooze-flats; and grass gradually gives way to sand. Suddenly, like a miniature mountain range, the dunes rise up in front, and the rich marsh pasture becomes more coarse—till now spiky herbage and tussocks of wiry grass are all that sparsely clothe the sand. The murmur grows to a dull roar, for the top of the hills is reached, and a breeze blows gently in from the sea, driving the fog before it—and suddenly the world is light. To either side the sand-dunes stretch away in tawny, undulating mounds, and straight ahead the creamy breakers pound upon the open beach. The cool air strikes sharply on the brow; grey turns to white, white to yellow, and then the mist disperses around, recoiling inland before a flood of light. From under the clear horizon come great glowing beams, and the sea turns a deeper blue. Crowds of gulls stand packed on the gleaming spits and hail the morning with loud, hoarse calls, while others skim and drift above like spectres, light as thistledown. Further off, where the ooze lies deeper, a herd of curlews is gathered at the water's edge, some feeding, some sleeping, but the inevitable few alert and keen for any sign of danger.

And now there is a burst of gold, and the edge of the sun has appeared. Up and up he comes in a blaze of dazzling light, and soon stands over the sea to stare at an awakening world. The sullen mists creep inland and disappear in filmy wisps, and there is in the air a tremor of true gratitude. Soaring larks pour out their morning song, and the rich grasslands glisten in the blessed light. The colt's-foot raises its drooping head, and the starry celandine opens timidly to the warm caress. From the topmost branches of the pollard willows mellow-voiced thrushes shout their richest notes, while shank and plover wheel around with wild and joyous cries. A hare, startled from her form near by, bounds off and dashes through the long, coarse grass, scattering the dew in glittering showers. Then a heron, taking warning at her mad race, lurches forward on his ample wings and flies heavily away to a more distant fleet.

It is, indeed, a chorus of joy that rings over the flat, patient marsh. The sweet freshness of the morning air, the cloudless sky, the sights and sounds of early dawn, the timid ripple of awakening spring—what else can equal these when one would be alone, yet not alone, with Nature at her best? The earth seems better, purer, at this hour—the birth of untarnished day.

But now from far away come other figures which cast long shadows after them. They move slowly, and from many points. These are men, men who come to work and toil that they may live—the day is, indeed, begun. WALTER J. FALLON.

ODDS AND ENDS.

THE Midland Railway Company send us their annual guide for holiday-makers throughout the British Isles. The principal feature in it is the list of lodgings available in seaside and country districts, which will make the choice of locality an easy task for those who have large parties to consider. The company, having acquired the North of Ireland railways, draw special attention to that district and the Isle of Man, and this illustrated book will be sent free to anyone on application.

—o—

ONE does not usually accuse the merry little wren of having apiarian tastes, but a gentleman who keeps bees, says that, noticing some of his hives becoming weaker and weaker, he kept a look-out to try to find a cause. Seeing that a couple of wrens were almost constantly about the hives he shot one of them, and opening it was surprised to find it stuffed with bees! It is a pity to think that this pretty little bird should take to such naughty ways, but it was evidently a "true bill" in this case, at all events.

—o—

As a locality for feeding at lunch-time, the Strand is already unrivalled; and yet, no doubt, a blank has been apparent to old frequenters of it during the time that the Gaiety Restaurant has been closed for rebuilding. This last week has seen the reopening of this famous house, and, apart from its cuisine, the visitor cannot but be struck by the luxurious and rich way in which the interior has been furnished and decorated by Messrs. James Shoolbred and Co.

—o—

THE roads are getting into good order; the parks hint to the cyclist how delightful he will find the country lanes in the lengthening evenings; and in good time Messrs. Rudge, Whitworth, Limited, send us their catalogue of "cycles" for this season. The name of this firm is a guarantee that the workmanship will be found reliable, and their highest price stands at £15 13s.; while the fact that each new design has had to face a final riding test of some 5,000 miles in a month, is a proof that no pains are spared in their efforts to provide a really good machine at whatever price it is listed.

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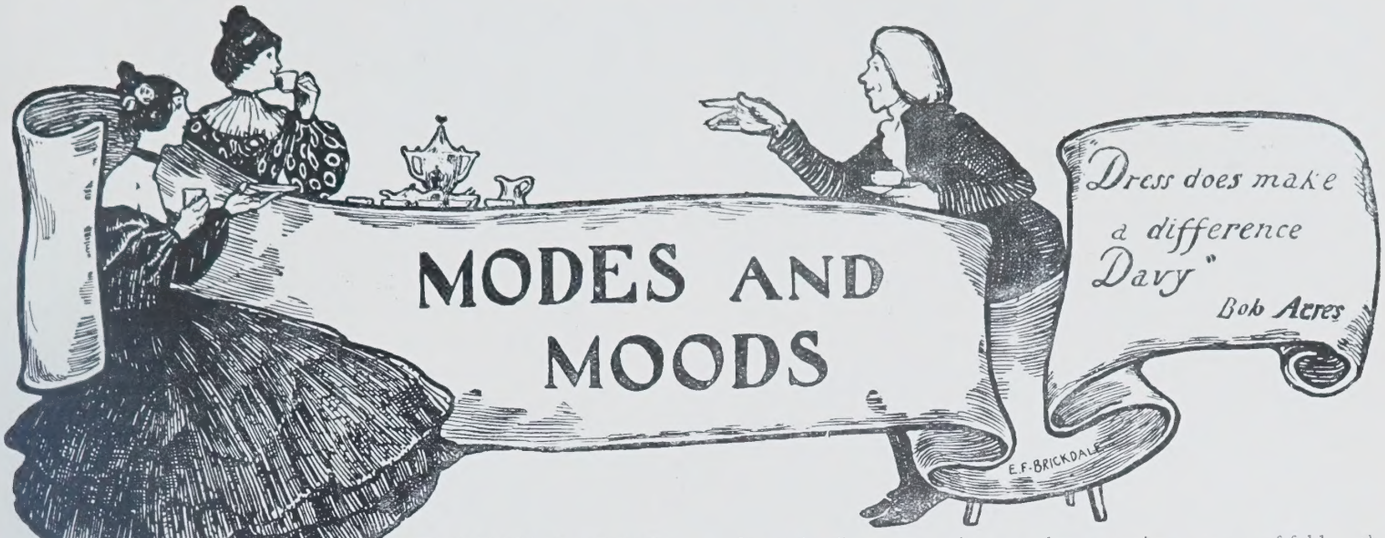

I HAVE just returned from Paris, whither I ran over for a few days to inspect the latest ideas in frocks and millinery. It is in the hats that the dominant note of the year has been sounded. The dresses are exquisite this year, the authorities having wisely restored to us the long close-fitting lines which make every woman look her best; but there is not so distinct and complete a change in the dresses as in the hats. The tilt, the slant, and the perpendicular are the three most salient features of Parisian headgear at present. The tilt is universal; every hat on a fashionable head, whether in the Bois, at Ritz's for tea, at the races, or at the theatre in the evening, is tilted on one side and forward to an amazing degree of Louis XV. impertinence. With hats at such an angle, it would be impossible to place feathers or aigrettes in an upright position; hence the slant of all trimmings. This is most accentuated in the sheaves of straight feathers, such as quills of all sizes, or peacock's tail feathers, which are most popular. The brim of the hat (all the brims are very narrow in front, and very wide at the back, which suggests at first the idea that the hat has been put on hind side before!) is pinched up over the left eye, and the sheaf of quills laid thereon, slanting almost horizontally backwards. The back of the hats are built up, whether the brim is turned up or not, with bows of soft ribbon or flowers to about 6in., which gives the forward tilt desired. An exceedingly smart woman had a hat of electric blue straw built up in this way to such a degree that the hat, viewed in profile, was very nearly perpendicular. It is curious to compare in one's mind's eye a silhouette like this with the mushroom hats and early Victorian bonnets of last year! Many of the hats have been evidently inspired by, if not actually copied from, pictures by Watteau, Lancret, or Nattier. Their shepherdesses would certainly have found these pretty, tilted, rose-wreathed, be-feathered little hats altogether to their taste; and one in Leghorn straw with pastel blue velvet ribbon, shaded blue ostrich feathers interwoven with a sheaf of silver and gold wheat-ears, looked altogether appropriate in one of the boxes at the Variétés during the sumptuous scene at Versailles under Louis XV., for which all the exquisite costumes were designed by Gerbault. I have never seen more lovely dresses on the stage; and if they caused a revival of the paniers, and the square-cut, long-pointed bodices, which make the bust look so full and the waist so slender, it would not be surprising. In the meantime, however, though we have the long-pointed effect in our corselet belts and bodices, we are still allowed the slender lines of hip; and I was particularly delighted with a dress of Doucet's, whereof the skirt was cut entirely on the bias in two pieces, which were joined in front and at the back in the only two seams the skirt possessed. The material was the finest satin cloth, in colour between champagne and apricot; the cloth moulded the hips like wax, but swept out round the feet in the fullest folds. The cut and fit were the whole beauty of the skirt, which was absolutely devoid of all trimming; and to be worn with it was a bodice of silk muslin in the same colour, heavily gauged on thick cords where the fronts crossed over, and trimmed with a tiny frill of kilted apricot silk, with an edging of Valenciennes lace. The bolero, to be worn out of doors, was of the apricot cloth, a mass of mysterious folds, and trimmed with very fine embroidery in self-coloured silk and silver. All the wraps for afternoon and evening wear in Paris at present are exceedingly voluminous; the sleeves are mostly copied from those of kimonos or Chinese coats, and nothing could be more truly feminine than these masses of drapery in delicate colours. One in brilliant orange cloth gave me an even greater spasm of envy than Mlle. Lender's cloak of ruby velvet, with gold embroideries and sable, that she wears in "L'Arge du Foyer," and that set all Paris gasping. My orange cloak (alas! that the possessive pronoun should be simply figurative!) was very long, and a voluminous mass of folds; the fronts and the kimono sleeves were edged with a wide band of silk embroidery in shades of dull Chinese blues, the opening of the sleeves where the hand emerged being marked by cascades of lace. Large silk tassels of blue, orange, and gold weighted the different points of the sleeves; and the cloak was lined throughout with kilted pale blue chiffon, which gave a shimmer of colour over the orange lovely beyond words. This cloak, of course, was for

AN ORIGINAL DRIVING WRAP.

evening wear; but another cloak, which would serve equally well for the afternoon or for the evening, is the one illustrated on this page, which was unusually graceful and original in design. It was of very fine cream satin cloth, lined with taffetas

glacé in the palest young leaf green. The skirts of the cloak were cut in three receding steps in front, and again in smaller points at the breast, the outline being marked by two rows of trellis braid of white silk intermixed with silver threads, the wider braid at the edge and a narrower one following it with about 1½in. of space between. The sleeves were somewhat like the shoulder-piece of an Inverness cape, cut in one with the rest of the cloak in a mysterious but most graceful fashion; and they, too, were finished in square steps like the fronts of the cloak, and edged similarly with the double line of braid. The fronts of the cloak did not meet; and in between was a little waistcoat of bright green velvet not quite reaching to the waist, over which it hung in bolero fashion. This little velvet vest was edged with silver braid, with simulated knots like buttons, though the vest really fastened with invisible hooks and eyes. The pointed fronts of the cloak were finished with large tassels of white silk and silver. The gleam of the pale green taffetas lining, visible whenever the wearer moved, had a most charming effect, and the velvet waistcoat made the cloak a good deal warmer garment than it looked. For wear in a carriage or at a smart race-meeting, such as Longchamps or Auteuil, nothing could have been better devised; and many were the compliments received by the happy wearer, for originality and grace in so hackneyed a garment as a driving wrap are not always easy to attain. I should like to see this cloak copied in fine black cloth, with black silk braid, lined with blue taffetas glacé, and a waistcoat of Royal blue and silver; it would be a delight to the eye and a far more useful garment for daily wear than the original in cream cloth and pale green.

There is nothing in which contrast is so attractive as in the great question of clothes; and after having drunk deep at the fountains of Doucet, Beer, Paquin, and all the other big houses in Paris, I returned to London with a distinct desire for one of those workmanlike tweed dresses which are alone to be obtained with satisfaction in England. Burberry's, therefore, claimed my attention at once; and I give a sketch of a tweed dress for country wear or travelling, which quite delighted me. It is the perfection of the true "tailor-made," admirable in cut and in workmanlike smartness. The material is a tweed, soft to the touch, but of a hard close make, greenish grey in colour, with a dull golden brown line outlining the big squares of the woven pattern. The skirt is quite plain, except for a stitched panel in front, with tabs and buttons at intervals, and a double pleat inserted below the revers to give extra width and comfort in walking. The half-length coat is tight-fitting at back and sides, with transverse pockets in front, and is fastened with two buttons placed rather low, which has a becoming effect in lengthening the waist-line, which is also increased by the long revers of the turned-down collar. The sleeves are perfect in their simplicity, and are finished with a neat cuff. As the coat is intended to be worn over a plain shirt, there is no vest, for such things are not needed in summer. The hat is made of the same tweed, with a soft stitched brim that can be turned up according to the pleasure of the wearer, and is trimmed with a band and knot of satin ribbon and an upstanding wing. It is a delightfully complete and smart costume, which would be invaluable for hard wear, and has quite as much individuality in its outline as all the "creations" I saw in Paris, for in this particular section of dress nothing can equal a London tailor.

SKETCHED AT MESSRS. BURBERRY'S, HAYMARKET.

It is the way of modern commerce to operate on a large scale, but it is not often that some £35,000 worth of art furniture is offered to the public in one sale, and at a rate of reduction which brings these beautiful objects within the reach of persons of moderate means. This is what Messrs. Oetzmann and Co. of 62-79, Hampstead Road have done and are now doing; for they recently purchased for this large sum the whole of the stock of Messrs. Norman, Stacey, and Co., Limited, of Tottenham Court Road, and are now offering it for sale at reductions that vary from 30 to 50 per cent. off the original prices. In addition to this, purchasers can, if they prefer it, pay on the deferred instalment system, which is often particularly convenient to young couples who are starting housekeeping. To those who cannot visit the sale personally, Messrs. Oetzmann will send, post free, on application a fully-illustrated sale catalogue, from which they can make their choice without further trouble. The catalogue covers the whole range of house furnishing from garret to basement, and particular attention may be called to the beautiful drawing-room furniture, the immense range and variety of carpets and bedroom furniture, and the admirable specimens of antique furniture from the well-known collections of the late Duke of Cambridge, Marquise d'Auban, and others.

Talking of furniture reminds me of the triumphant success which has been achieved by Messrs. Shoolbred in the new Gaiety Restaurant, which everyone is rushing to see. The furnishing has been particularly happily treated, as regards being in keeping with the Adam style which prevails throughout the building. The pearl velvet hangings of the Masonic Temple, the comfortable curule chairs in green morocco, and the splendid blue carpet accentuate the beautiful proportions of the room, with its marble columns and frescoed ceiling; and the three private dining-rooms, alongside the green and white Adam

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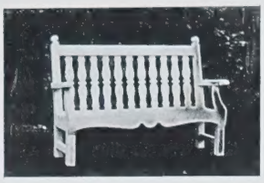

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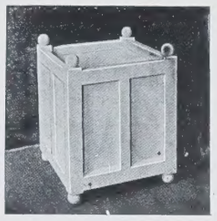

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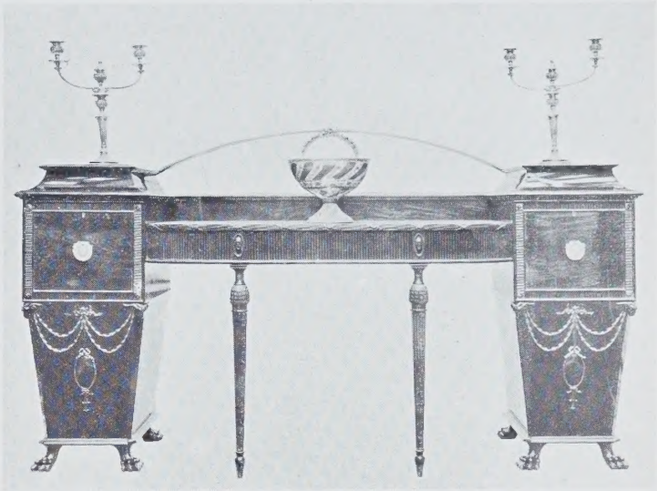

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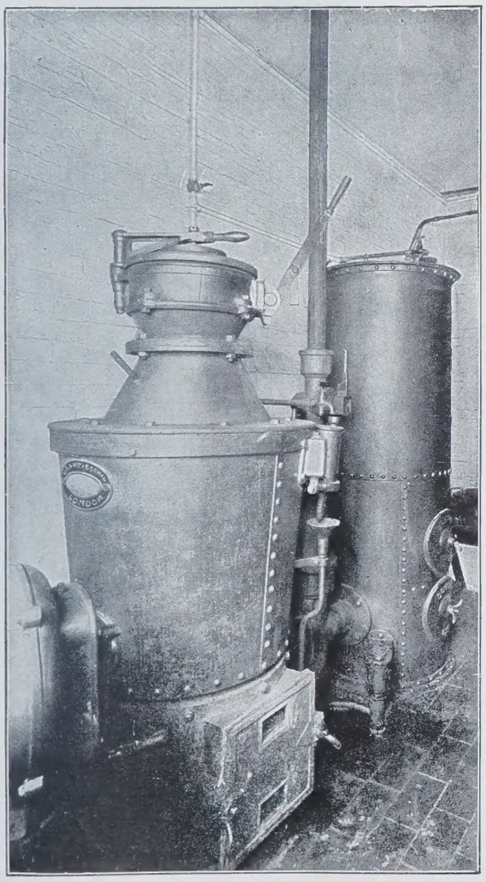

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banqueting hall, are furnished with a degree of taste worthy of the three former stars of the old Gaiety, Nellie Farren, Kate Vaughan, and Fred Leslie, whose names are inscribed in letters of gold over the doorways.

The rage for silk is one of the most notable features of the fashions of this year, and Messrs. Liberty's latest creation in silks is likely to create a sensation, so distinct and original is it in every way. This "Aurora" silk is not a glacé, but is delightfully soft and yet substantial, taking most beautiful folds in draperies; it has an opalescent surface, and is made in a great variety of parti-coloured "shot" tints which are quite beautiful in effect. One of the loveliest is a silver grey, shot with rosy mauve and pale green; and another is a wonderful blending of copper, gold, emerald, and turquoise, all blended so subtly that the general effect is subdued though magnificent. For day and evening dresses and blouses the "Aurora" silk would be difficult to surpass in effect, and the price of 4s. 6d. a yard, with a width of 28in., is distinctly moderate for so original and uncommonly beautiful a material.

The medical authorities have recently been launching out into diatribes against the use of alcohol for fatigue and depression; but now that the ruck of the season is upon us, something is needed by most people to help them through the fatigues of social life. Nothing will supply this want better than Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, which is both a stimulant and a food at the same time. Our forefathers recognised its benefits, as far back as 1656, when the fashionable chocolate houses and the famous "Cocoa-Tree" were first established; but then it was a luxury for the rich alone. Now the popularity of the beverage is universal, for its great benefits have been recognised by science. In Fry's Cocoa the consumer has a light refreshing beverage of most easy digestion and rapid assimilation, and a cup of fresh cocoa will be found the very best kind of "pick-me-up" imaginable, for there is none of the reaction caused by the momentary fillip given by alcohol; on the contrary, the sense of exhilaration is accompanied by the nourishment of the body, so that the result is unalloyedly good. LAMIA.

LITERARY NOTES.

IT is a very great pleasure to have on our table at one and the same time two books of poetry, written by contributors to COUNTRY LIFE. Mrs. Tennant has happily chosen for her book of verse the title *Windlestraw* (the Chiswick Press), and she has modestly taken for her motto three lines from Herrick:

"A little stream best fits a little boat,
A little lead best fits a little float,
As my small pipe best fits my little note."

Of her work our readers are very well able to judge. The best she has done in our opinion are those verses in the Wiltshire dialect, some of which appeared originally in our pages. "The Fire o' Logs," "The Bee and the Butterfly," and "Jack o' Lantern" would all be worthy of a place in any collection of dialect poems. Next to them we would be inclined to place those verses which have some local reference. Mrs. Tennant's mind is, indeed, full of her neighbourhood, and one of the men with whose memory it is closely associated has, undoubtedly, been an inspiration to her. We mean George Herbert. One of her poems to him is entitled "With a Volume of the Temple," but Herbert's influence is felt more in those which have no direct reference to him. As an example of the rest of her work we cannot do better than quote the legend of the Ass:

"'What means the mark upon thy back, dear Gris?
I trace it on thy shoulders as I ride,
Slender the cross it seems that shadowed is
Even to thy side.'

'Well may'st thou ask of me who bear'st this sign,
Albeit unseen upon thy tender brow,
Are we not signed with the self-same sign,
Even I and thou?

Behold an heritage; and who may know
What mystic virtue the great sign contains?
Where is the hardship of the cruel blow
Of whip and reins?

Nay, when Life's bondage is so harsh and rude,
Dawns a far vision that all sorrow calms,
We hear the shouting of the multitude,
We see the palms—

And all else falls from us. It matters not
If we with suffering keep patient tryst.
We, as a race, O child, may share thy lot,
We have served Christ.'

The grey ass halted in her pattering pace,
High-hoofed and obdurate, sleek-eared and mild,
A world of wisdom in a velvet face
Turned to the child.

'So have we patience. And in fortitude
Do thou wax stronger as the years pass on,
So shalt thou in thine heart, a living rood,
Carry God's Son.'"

Mrs. Tennant is entitled to the credit of having written a thoughtful, unconventional, and inspiring book of poems.

The other lady contributor whose new book is before us is Miss Ethel Clifford, whose "Songs of Dreams" must live in the memory of many readers. She dedicates it to her mother, and the first two lines are a little wistful and pathetic:

"I think the spell is gone from out my singing,
The music from my songs."

But Miss Clifford may take heart of grace. She endeavours perhaps to do too much, and might do worse than remember the old command, "To do but little, yet do that little well." In *Love's Journey* (Lane) she is a little given to harping on one idea. Such a sequence as "The Song in the Orchard," "The Song on the Hill," "The Song by the River," "The Song by the Willow," "The Song in the Beech Wood," "The Song by the Mill," "The Song by the Larch Wood," "The Song in the Valley" appals the reader by its very appearance in the "Contents." But that the music is not gone from her singing will be apparent to anyone who reads the following:

"THE SENTENCE.

Oh! to be leaving the green earth
And the skies above;
The gladness of sleeping and waking
And the glory of love.

To be losing the still waters,
The rivers and streams,
To be losing hope and remembrance,
Thoughts and dreams.

To be dead to the wonder of winter,
The miraculous spring,
The marvel of sunlight and moonlight,
Of leaves and of blossoming.

To hear nor the wind's whisper,
Nor the song of rain,
To be one with those that are vanished,
And come not again.

To be passed beyond the rose-trees
And their shadows beneath,
To yield life's certain kingdom
For uncertain death."

Miss Clifford possesses a very great talent, but she requires to bring the exercise of it under control, and to be a little more self critical.

A poetess of quite another description is Lady Mary Sackville, whose *Hymn to Dionysus, and Other Poems* (Elkin Mathews) is now before us. Her work is all at a high, but none of it at the highest, level. As an example we may quote one verse from "A Ballad of Change":

"O where is Greece and all her power,
Her songs and her philosophy,
Her gods who shed a golden shower
Of beauty over earth and sea?
All past, all vanished utterly;
Plato, the great Republican,
Aspasia eke and Pericles:
Time lays them all beneath his ban;
And every man shall pass as these."

The Carthusian Memories (Longmans), by Dr. Haig Brown, transports us into another world. The book consists of trifles done by a scholar. There are prologues to plays, occasional verse, hymns, translations, school songs, and other compositions such as we might expect from a leisured scholar, who is able to rhyme in four or five different languages. As a specimen of it we may give the following verse written for an album:

"Dear Mariquita, if my skill
Bore due proportion to my will,
I'd write you for your album's proem
A bright and charming picture-poem;
But four score years have dulled my wit,
And age has left me all unfit
To make such dainty verse as might
Be pleasing in a lady's sight;
Let me, my want of power confessing,
Give you herewith an old man's blessing."

There are many other minor poets lying on our table, but from a casual glance they would be worth noticing only to gibbet, and doing that is rather a thankless task. They belong to that class of warblers whose productions go to fatten the waste-paper basket. One often wishes it were possible to convey to them some such rules as the following: 1. No poem will be accepted that has for its subject spring, summer, autumn, or winter. 2. The months of the year are also barred, and it is useless to indite melodies to January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, or December. 3. Short shrift will be given to every poem beginning with Alas! Oh! or Beloved. It would easily be possible to extend these rules, because there are several others that might be attended to with advantage, both to the contributors and the recipients of their favours. But the main objection to the minor poet still remains to be stated. He and she, to use a slang expression, always go for the subject in a manner that is too bald-headed. They are of the four-and-four-make-eight style of writer. They wear their hearts on their sleeve. They are entirely lacking in what the French call *esprit*.

In case they do not know what we mean we will, for their benefit, quote what is, in our opinion, one of the finest examples of minor poetry extant, viz., John Dunlop's song:

"Oh! dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee,
Troth, I dar'na tell;
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye,
Ask it o' yersel'.

Oh! dinna look sae sair at me,
For weel ye ken me true;
Oh, gin ye look sae sair at me,
I dar'na look at you!

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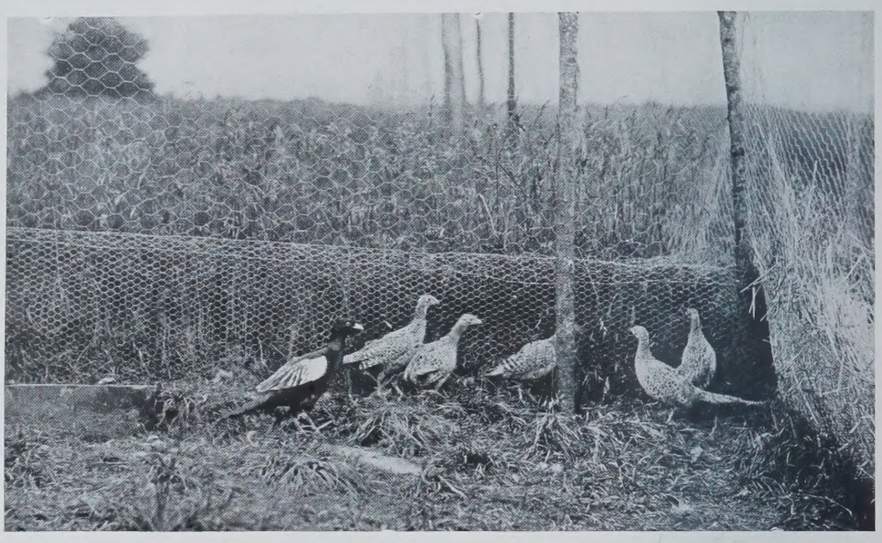
When ye gang to yon braw, braw toun,
And bonnier lassies see,
Oh, dinna, Jamie, look at them,
Lest you should mind na me.

For I could never bide the lass
That ye'd lo'e mair than me;
And oh, I'm sure my heart would break
Gin ye'd prove talse to me!"

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PHEASANT.

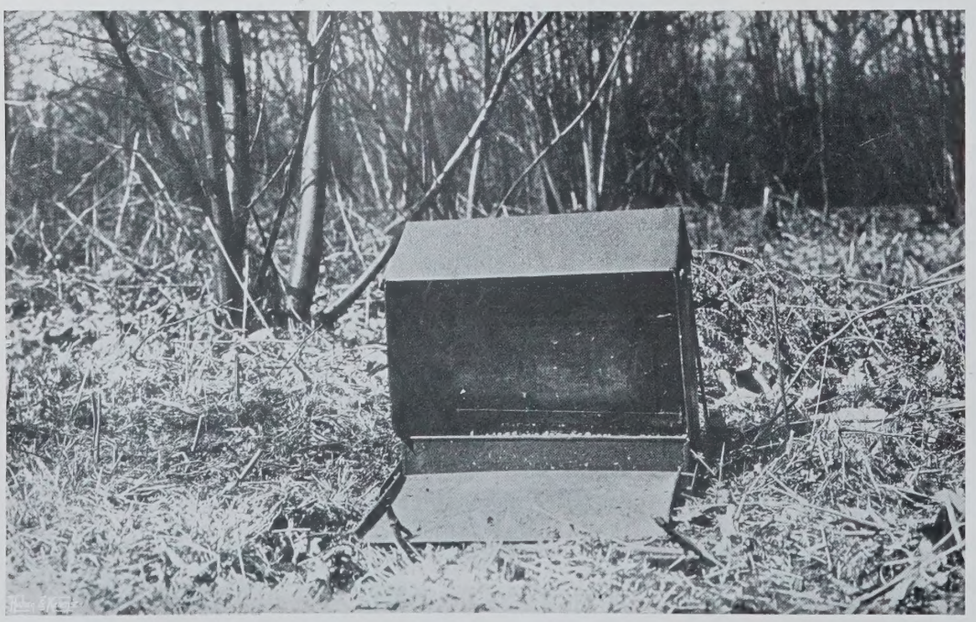


LAST YEAR'S BIRDS.

OF all the sportsmen interested in the proposals to add to our stock of wild pheasants some of the fine breeds of Central Asia and Mongolia, Colonel Marsden Sunderland is, we believe, the only one who has practically succeeded in doing so. It should be said, by way of premise, that the Mongolian pheasants constantly mentioned in the reports of the United States Game and Fisheries Commission are only the ordinary Chinese, or ring-necked pheasant, Phasianus torquatus. That very fine pheasant, Phasianus Mongolicus, with white shoulders, and an interrupted and very broad neck-ring, though procured and turned down by the Hon. Walter Rothschild some years ago, does not seem to be obtainable, pure bred, anywhere in the country. Doubtless, when the war is over, the demand—which, judging from the number of enquiries sent to COUNTRY LIFE, is considerable—for the pure-bred Mongolian breed will be met. A large variety of the torquatus, with an interrupted ring, much wider than that of the ordinary Chinese ring-necked pheasant, is pretty common in pheasant farms, and is sometimes advertised as Mongolian, but it is not. The Prince of Wales's pheasant has much in common with the Mongolian in its appearance, though it is not so large and heavy. On the other hand, it has the white wing coverts, or shoulders. But whereas in the Mongolian a creamy white (over the whole of the wing coverts) and a splendid deep bronzy red are the main theme of the colouring, the Prince of Wales's pheasant, though it has the white wing, has, as a rule, no ring round the neck whatever.

At the same time, it cannot be considered certain that this pheasant *never* has a white ring. It has a fairly wide distribution, and probably where it comes in contact with ring-necked breeds there will be signs of a ring. Of the members of the Afghan Boundary Commission with whom Colonel Sunderland has corresponded, three feel pretty sure that some of the cocks had white feathers on their necks, while another is equally positive that they had not. The colouring is also made very rich by the spangling with blackish purple or black. The Chinese ring-necked pheasant is the hardiest of the two species now common in our coverts. But there is very good reason to think that the Prince of Wales's pheasant is a very hardy bird also. This is inferred from its great abundance in the places where it is indigenous. With every kind of vermin eager to attack it, and no check upon any of them, from eagles and kites to wild cats and leopards, the life of a pheasant in the reed-beds of the Marghab River cannot be altogether a happy one. Yet when the officers of the Afghan Boundary Commission were able to snatch a moment from their arduous labours in the service of their country, they sometimes bagged fifty in an afternoon. "It is extraordinary what a number of pheasants there are in the reed-beds of this valley," was the remark of one of the officers. "This year they seem more numerous than last. I know no country in the world where one can get such good wild pheasant-shooting as here. On the 21st we brought in a bag of seventy-two birds, and as on the first day lost a good many wounded." While marching thirty miles up the river 500 were killed. Yet the climate is severe in winter, and the summer no longer than ours. It would seem particularly well suited to wet and low-lying coverts, for it is reported to be so fond of water as even to swim.

After failing in an experiment with imported eggs in 1901, Colonel Marsden Sunderland went out himself, in 1902, to Asiatic Russia, and obtained a number of these pheasants. He brought them back safely and established them in very large enclosures, rather than pens, at Conholt Park in Hampshire, at the end of February, 1903. It is evidence of the good constitution of the species that they stood the journey well, and quite recovered before the spring from their long confinement. They were a little late in laying, as might be expected, but, beginning at the end of April, laid freely. In one pen the average was thirty eggs per hen. They hatched very well, and were quite as easy to rear as the chicks of ordinary pheasants.



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Colonel Sunderland wisely carried out his experiment on a very considerable scale, with the object that the fine breed he was introducing should not be regarded as, or become, what is known as "aviary pheasants." He enclosed whole fields as pens for a few birds each, with wood and arable inside the enclosure. This answered admirably; indeed, though the first lot were pinioned, it was most difficult to catch them. The pens were sown with buckwheat and corn, which were allowed to stand, and were surrounded with wire-netting 10ft. high. The hens, which acted as foster-mothers, ran at large with the broods.

Towards the end of the year the birds were moved to Findon, near Worthing, where enclosures on the same ample scale were made. Each contains three acres of arable land, wood, and pasture, and the arable was sown right out with corn and buckwheat early in the year. Consequently, the birds bred this year will be as wild as those of the first season. The ground has been so

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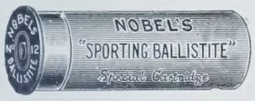

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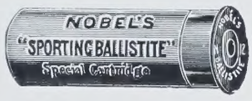

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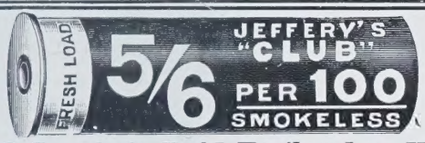

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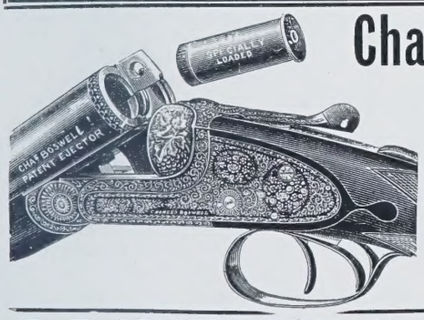

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selected that each pen runs through three sections of a different surface. The site is on the slopes of the South Downs facing the sea, by no means remarkable for a mild climate, but rather the contrary. Even the little poults are wilder than hawks. Unlike the ordinary tame pheasant poults, which will run up to a stranger if he throws food, these are mainly invisible after being turned out with the hens. Even when very small, in the coops they are nearly as shy. C. J. CORNISH.

THE GAME LAWS.

ALTHOUGH an owner of land is, generally, absolutely entitled to everything above and below it, and it is a maxim of the law that "he to whom the soil belongs, to him also belongs all above it, even up to the sky (and all under it to the depths below)," yet, legally, there can be no absolute possession or property in wild animals until they are captured; a person can only have a qualified property in them so long as they remain on his land. The basis of the law of property is physical possession, and we can have no power over wild animals in a state of Nature, though, of course, with regard to domestic animals—such as horses, cows, sheep, etc.—a man may have as absolute a property in these as in any inanimate thing. Wild animals reclaimed or confined become qualified property, but immediately they escape from confinement the property is gone, and the rights of the owner are lost. "Bees which fly from, and out of, my hive are mine so long as I can keep them in sight and have power to pursue them. If a swarm lights on my tree I have no more property in them till I have hived them than I have in the birds which build their nests there." So wrote Bracton in the reign of Henry III., and such is the law to-day. It may be observed that the Game Laws have not made this qualified property absolute, as they mi ght have done. The Acts do not give the absolute ownership of wild animals to the landowner, so as to make their taking larceny; the various Acts only give special rights to the owner and others for the protection of the game.

The means adopted have been to make trespass a criminal offence, punishable with great severity, and to restrict, by a system of licences, the right as well of killing as of selling game. As regards the acquisition of title to beasts and birds, the following points are worthy of notice: "If a man starts any animal on his own ground, aud follows it into another's and kills it there, the property remains in himself. If (being a trespasser) he starts it on another man's land and kills it there, the property belongs to him in whose ground it is killed. If a stranger starts game in one man's chase, and hunts it into another's liberty, the property belongs to the owner of the chase."

Anciently none was permitted to take or sell game unless duly qualified in respect of property, the qualification having been the ownership of lands of inheritance of the yearly value of £100; or for life, or for ninety-nine years or upwards of lands of the yearly value of £150. This qualification was imposed chiefly to preserve the different species of game, and was repealed by an Act of William IV., called the Game Act, which defines game as including hares, pheasants, partridges, grouse, heath or moor game, black game, and bustards. It was subsequently made necessary for sportsmen to take out a yearly game certificate attesting the payment by them of a certain amount of duty, and now the exclusive right to kill game upon any land is vested *ratione soli* in the owners of such land, who may, of course, let or grant the right to others. By 23 and 24 Vict., cap. 90, all persons killing game are required to take out a yearly excise licence, in substitution of the old game certificate, and persons who deal in game are required to take out an excise licence for the purpose. By a later Act an excise licence of 10s. has been imposed upon every person, with some exceptions, using or carrying a gun.

There are many penal provisions (too numerous to mention here), intended for the better preservation of game, and for the protection of landowners against poaching, and generally against unlawful trespasses in pursuit of game. The Game Acts are also directed to deer, woodcock, snipe, quails, landrails, and rabbits. Of course, an agreement between a landlord and his tenant generally contains a clause reserving the game to the former; apart from this, the right to the whole of the game would belong to the tenant.

As regards hares and rabbits, by two Acts of Parliament (11 and 12 Vict., cap. 29, and 23 and 24 Vict., cap. 90) it is provided that, in the absence of agreement to the contrary, any occupier of enclosed lands (or any owner with the right of killing game there) may kill hares on such land without an excise licence; and anyone may pursue hares with greyhounds, beagles, or other hounds without an excise licence, subject, of course, to any question of trespass. No licence need be obtained by one who is merely assisting another in pursuit of game which his employer is licensed to kill.

The Ground Game Act, 1880, was passed "in the interests of good husbandry, and for the better security of capital and labour invested by occupiers of land in the cultivation of the soil." By this Act it is provided that the right of the occupier to kill hares and rabbits (*i.e.*, ground game), concurrently with the landlord or other person entitled under him to such game, is made a right inseparable from his occupation. The occupier cannot contract himself out of this concurrent right, and need not procure a licence to kill such game, and may let the right to any third party. The method of exercising such right is, however, subject to certain limitations. Traps must not be set except in rabbit burrows, nor may poison be used. Firearms may not be used at night (between one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise), nor may they be used at any time except (1) by the occupier himself, and (2) with his authority by some one other person. The occupier may authorise the taking of hares and rabbits by other means by members of his own household resident on the land, persons in his ordinary service on the land, and persons *bonâ fide* employed for reward in taking and destroying ground game. The authority must be in writing, and must be produced on demand to persons who have a concurrent right to the game, or to an authorised agent.

In conclusion, we may observe that, owing to the almost indiscriminate slaughter of hares, a close season has been provided (by an Act of 1892), extending from March to July, both inclusive, during which period hares may be killed but not sold; and that a measure of protection has been afforded to tenants by a judgment of the High Court, to the effect that persons who overstock with game lands over which they have sporting rights are liable for damage thereby caused to the crops of the occupiers.

ON THE GREEN.

TAYLOR is the man whom the critics pick out, with a unanimity that is rare, as most likely to win the open championship. This is the opinion of St. Andrews critics themselves. Andrew Kirkaldy told me he thought Taylor would win, giving as his reason that Taylor's two shots, especially two long shots, are better than the two shots of any other man. It is only another way, but rather a striking and forcible one, of saying that Taylor is a better player than any other man; for these two shots, especially the second of them, are the shots that count and make the difference. A few years ago one would have said that Harry Vardon had this advantage—a small one, but appreciable—over the rest of the best; but he is not quite the man he was, and Taylor, in the meantime, seems to have put some yards on to his driving, which makes him still more terrible than he used to be. He has won before at St. Andrews, so will start with a good confidence, which goes for much. His work at Northwood and West Drayton also ought to give confidence both to himself and his backers. It is true that at Northwood Toogood beat him by a putt, but at West Drayton he beat everyone, including the previous record. Toogood, perhaps it should be said, was not there; but there were Vardon, Braid, and White, a goodly company enough. St. Andrews, stretched out as it is to make up for the wearing away of the whins, and the introduction of rubber-cored balls, still tests the two shots more shrewdly than any other green. The result will be interesting to see. Taylor's two rounds of 73 each at the Lytham and St. Anne's competition were wonderful, both being only a stroke above the highly-tested record for the green, which is held equally by Mr. Ball, Mr. Hilton, and Harry Vardon. His total was no less than seven strokes better than Braid's, who was second, and Braid was three strokes in front of Tom Vardon, who was third. Harry Vardon was fourth, at two strokes behind his brother, and these four qualified for the subsequent tournament play. How curious a game golf is was strikingly shown by that subsequent play, in which Tom Vardon comfortably beat Taylor and Braid beat Harry Vardon. Tom Vardon is never one to be dismayed by the weight of the artillery brought against him. Nevertheless he was roundly defeated by Braid in the final heat. It was a well-deserved win, for Braid has been a little unlucky lately. He will play all the better for the encouragement it will give him. Had it not been for one disastrous hole one of his rounds would have beaten both Taylor's score and all previous records. He would seem to be just coming to the top of his game, and to be coming to it just at the right time. Seeing that we are talking of long drivers, it may be noticed that Mr. Edward Blackwell is in good form. He did not play well for the St. Andrews medal, but was playing a good game during the week, and later has been winning the Midland Counties' competition, with scores of 79 and 76, at Handsworth. These returns put him four strokes ahead of Mr. Ashton, who was second. Mr. Osmund Scott was third, at a stroke more than Mr. Ashton, and Mr. Denys Scott fourth, at a stroke more than his brother. So Mr. Blackwell's win was against a field that there was honour in beating. Another incident of the same meeting was a team match between amateurs and professionals, both of the Midlands. Mr. Blackwell was the leader of the former and Tom Williamson of the latter. The professionals won, but the amateurs made a very good fight, and are, I think, to be congratulated on the goodness of it, for there are some very useful professional players in our Midland Counties.

And now every amateur who aspires to be a champion is on the move towards Prestwick. The last time that the amateur championship was held there the occasion was historical. The final was between Mr. Ball and the late Mr. F. G. Tait, and Mr. Ball won, after the thirty-six holes had ended in a tie, by holing the thirty-seventh hole, that is to say, the first of the Prestwick course, in three, which is just a stroke too good, for it is a four hole. He had started the second round with a disadvantage of four holes, lost on the first eighteen, so his win was a very fine one. Regret is a vain emotion, but one cannot think of that gallant fight without the keenest sorrow for the loss which makes it impossible for us to see these two, so well matched, playing against each other again. HORACE HUTCHINSON.

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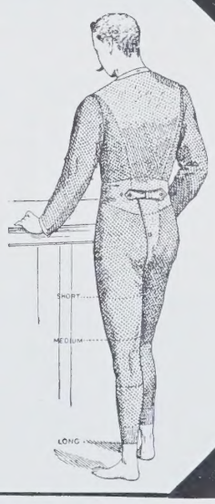

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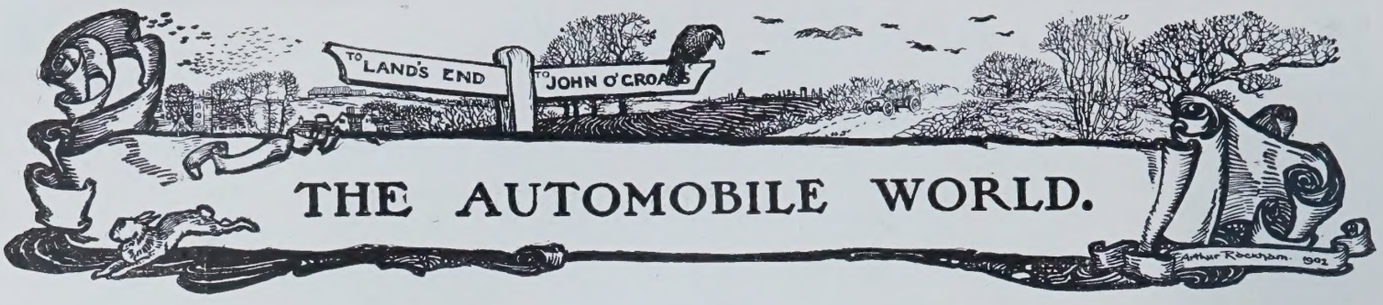

THE AUTOMOBILE WORLD.

THE more important provisions of the Motor-car Act are fairly well known to the majority of motorists, but it would appear from some of the questions recently asked in the House of Commons, and from letters which have been published in the newspapers, that a surprising degree of ignorance exists on the subject among the general public. It is difficult to believe that anyone who is fully acquainted with the law could call for any further increase in the severity of the restrictions with which the motorist is encompassed on every side. To begin with, no one may drive an automobile a yard in this country without providing himself with a licence from the authorities. It is true that a licence will be granted to any person above the age of seventeen years, without any enquiry into his proficiency, but those who declare this to be a defect in the law are apt to overlook the real purpose of the licensing system. In the first place, it provides a means of identifying the driver of a car as distinct from the owner, who alone is indicated by the number. The licence must be carried on the car, and failure to produce it, when demanded by a constable, is in itself an offence. Moreover, every conviction, however trivial or technical the breach of the law, is endorsed on the licence, so that a driver is always accompanied by a full record of his motoring indiscretions. Once convicted, even if it be merely for failing to observe that a lamp has blown out, or for allowing the engine to run when the car is stopped, the endorsement follows as a matter of course, and can never be erased. Of far more importance, however, from the public point of view, is the power of the magistrates to suspend a licence for an indefinite period. For reckless driving, or even for exceeding the legal limit, an offence which may be committed unintentionally by the most law-abiding and considerate of drivers, a man may be deprived of his livelihood or prevented from enjoying his favourite pastime. This provision of the Act is thus in itself amply sufficient to rid the roads of the motor hooligan, and within the last few weeks several drivers of this class have been rendered incapable of further mischief for a period of several years. The test of proficiency, for which so many people clamour, would prove a purely illusory safeguard, as it is not want of skill, but absence of care and consideration for others, that leads to accidents and brings motoring into disrepute.

THE SCOTTISH TRIALS.
Cars waiting at the foot of the Cairnwell Pass.

In other respects the Act is equally severe. It is popularly supposed that so long as the motorist does not exceed a speed of twenty miles an hour he is beyond the reach of the law. Nothing is farther from the truth. He may drive his car at a maximum, not an average, speed of twenty miles, only when the road and the state of traffic on it are suitable for such a speed and no person is endangered thereby. Such, in effect, is the substance of the first section of the Act, and a bench of magistrates can rule, in any particular instance, that even five miles an hour is too high a rate of speed. The punishment for a breach of this section can hardly be said to err on the side of leniency. A fine of £20 may be inflicted for a first offence, while any subsequent offence, however wide the interval of time between the two convictions, may result in a fine of £50 or a term of imprisonment not exceeding three months, besides the suspension of the driving licence.

We have summarised above only a few of the more important regulations by which the motorist is governed, but they suffice to show that the existing law, if properly administered, is fully capable of eliminating the reckless driver from the ranks of automobilists. There is little fear of the local magistrates and police failing in their duty to the public in this respect. On the contrary, there is a strong probability of the motor driver being treated with undue severity. After a period of sensible

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A difficult corner in the Cairnwell Hill-climb Gradient 1 in 6·5.

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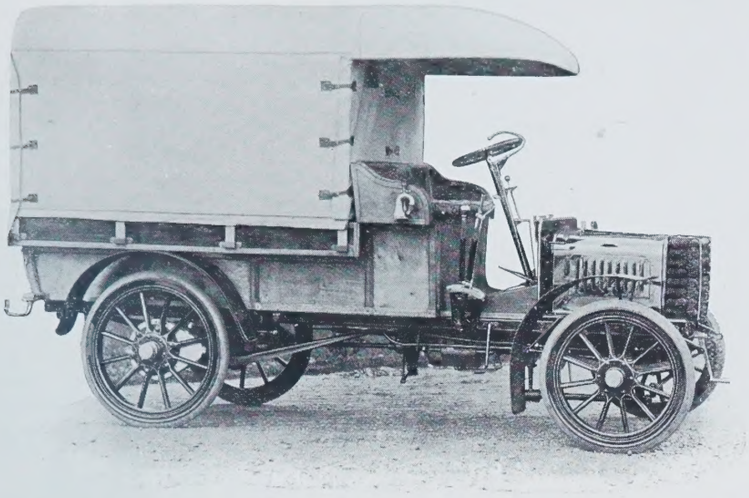

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A HILL-CLIMB CONTROL IN THE SCOTTISH TRIALS.

and impartial administration of the Act there has been a regrettable recrudescence in many districts of that spirit of unfairness and intolerance which, in the past, has brought discredit on Courts of Petty Sessions. Once again one hears of the refusal to listen to evidence which any other tribunal in the country would treat with respect, and of motorists, innocent and guilty alike, convicted and heavily fined on the flimsiest excuses.

HINTS FOR BEGINNERS.—II.

CONTINUING the important subject of lubrication, it must not be supposed that the motor and gear-box are the only portions of the mechanism that require constant attention. The wheels demand particular care, and where screw-down grease cups are not fitted to the hubs, the wheel caps should be removed periodically and the oil replenished. It is usual to place, in addition, a certain amount of grease in the recessed portion of the cap, so that, in the event of the axle heating, the grease would melt and run into the bearing. Every precaution should be taken to prevent grit finding an entrance into the hubs when the wheel caps are removed, as it will quickly play havoc with the wearing surfaces. In the case of most gear-driven cars, the rear axles are automatically lubricated, and, therefore, hardly require such constant attention, but a careful driver will always place his hand on all the hubs in turn, at the end of a run, in order to feel whether there is any indication of heating.

Another portion of the mechanism that requires careful treatment is the steering gear. All the exposed joints, especially those at the extremities of the distance rod in front of the car, should be well smeared with grease and encased in leather. With this precaution they may be left for six months or more without further attention. All grease cups should be kept well filled, and the screw cap given an occasional turn, which should vary in frequency as common-sense dictates. Oil-holes will also be found scattered about the car, none of which should be neglected. It must not be supposed, however, that the time required for these operations is a long one. The preliminaries to an ordinary run need not take more than a few minutes, and in the case of a modern car, in which all the important wearing surfaces are automatically lubricated, the oil-can is only required occasionally.

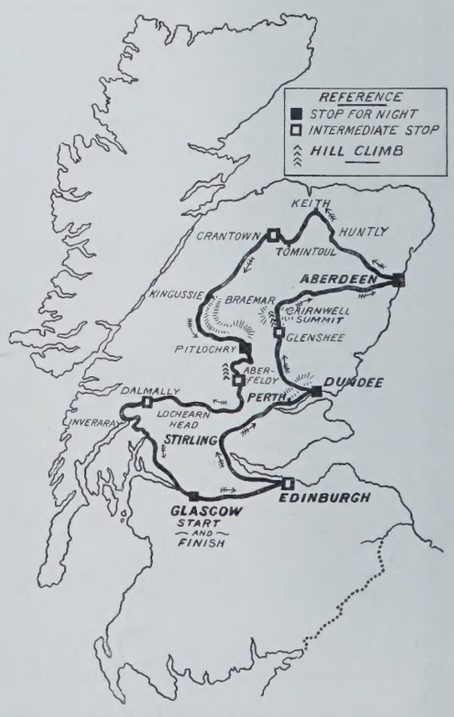
There are certain legal preliminaries to be observed before a new car may be driven on the public roads. Application must be made to a county or borough council to register the vehicle and allot it a number. The fee is £1 in the case of a car, and 5s. for a motor-cycle. The applicant will be required to fill in a form asking for certain particulars, such as the make, horse-power, and description of the car, and the position in which it is proposed to place the number plates. It is not necessary to apply to the council of the county or borough in which one resides, though it is usual to do so, as the registration fees go in relief of the rates. If the car or cycle changes hands the number will be transferred to the new owner on payment of 5s. in the case of a car and 1s. for a motor-cycle. Any change of ownership must be notified to the registering council either by the new or the old owner. If desired the registration will be cancelled, and, as a matter of grace, the old number will sometimes be reallotted to a new car acquired by the same owner. In addition to the registration fee, which is only paid once, there is the carriage tax, which, for a car not exceeding one ton in weight, is £2 per annum.

Every person who drives an automobile must obtain a licence from the county or borough council in which he resides. This costs 5s., and must be renewed every twelve months on the date when it was first granted. Application may be made for its renewal before the date of expiry, so as to avoid delay. Any police-constable may demand to see a driver's licence, and as any failure to produce it inevitably results in a summons and conviction, with the consequent endorsement of the licence, an invariable rule should be made of carrying it on the car. No difficulty arises where only one car is kept, but it is an undoubted hardship under the present Act that a driver should be liable to police-court proceedings for a perfectly harmless act of forgetfulness. Many a motorist has been fined for leaving his licence at home or in the pocket of another car.

THE SCOTTISH RELIABILITY TRIAL.

NOTHING so severe in the way of automobile competitions has been held in Great Britain as the Scottish Reliability Trial, which was concluded on Saturday evening. The Scottish Automobile Club have always favoured drastic endurance tests, and their annual Glasgow to London non-stop run has been regarded as a more or less formidable undertaking; but this year the executive desired something that would even more strikingly display the capabilities of the up-to-date car. Accordingly they elected to have a four days' trial, resembling in its control methods the English Reliability Trials that have been held from time to time, but over routes not only averaging a much greater daily distance, but offering distinct obstacles in the way of rough roads and steep and winding hills. The competition was confined to touring cars, with engines not to exceed a stated capacity by formula, in which the cylinder diameter in inches squared, and multiplied by the number of cylinders, was divided by three. This practically limited the cars to those with cylinders not exceeding 5in. bores. As nothing was said in the formula, however, as to length of piston stroke, it would have been possible to introduce a car of higher power than was desired provided someone made an engine with more than average disparity between the bore and stroke. As regards the general conditions of the trial, it may be said that it practically formed a non-stop run, the only stops not causing loss of marks being compulsory, except for tyre troubles, and during these no repairs or adjustments to the car were permitted, save an allowance of 5min. for brake adjustments on the second, third, and fourth days.

The first day's run was one of 136 3-8 miles, from Glasgow to Edinburgh, Stirling, Perth, and Dundee. As on the subsequent days, a minimum time was allowed for each stage of the journey, to ensure the avoidance of excessive speed, under pain of disqualification; on the other hand, there was also a maximum allowance, in order to ensure a reasonable degree of efficiency. The day was almost entirely without incident, tyre troubles, curiously enough, being the



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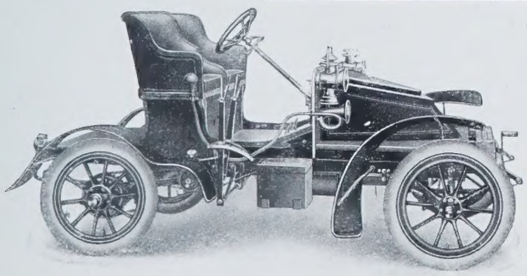

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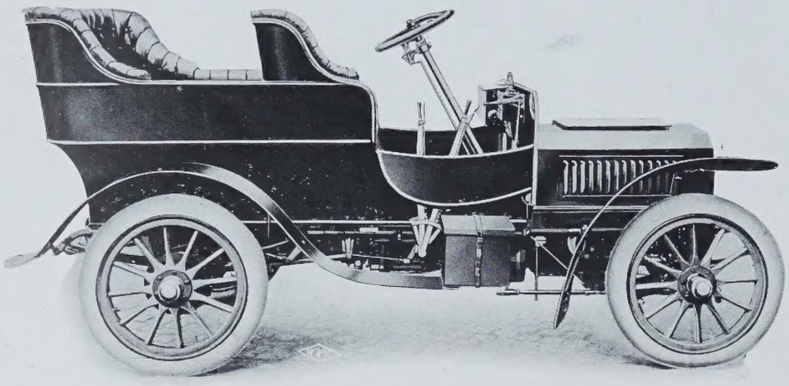
in 3 miles 484yds., an average of 1 in 17 throughout; and it must be borne in mind, of course, that the cars had not only to take this ascent in the course of a day's journey of 166 1-8 miles, but after three previous days of difficult running among mountain scenery, and without any opportunity of attention to adjustments, save under the penalty of loss of marks. Only two cars, however, failed to complete the journey, namely, the 20 h.p. Ford and the 15 h.p. Darracq. As in the case of the Cairnwell ascent, the cars were timed up Loch-Na Craig. The Scottish Automobile Club have decided not to publish the times recorded on each hill separately, but only the mean of the performances combined. In Class A the 6 h.p. Wolseley was easily first with 17min. 33 4-5sec., and in Class B the 12 h.p. Wolseley was also well ahead of the other competitors with 16min. 33 4-5sec. The performances



8—10 *H.P. FOUR-CYLINDER HUMBER.*

in Class C, however, were much closer, and it would be invidious not to mention at least the following: 24 h.p. Thornycroft, 12min. 27 3-5sec.; 24—32 h.p. Mors, 13min. 9 1-5sec.; 24 h.p. Germain, 13min. 34 2-5sec.; 20—25 h.p. Ariel, 13min. 51 4-5sec.; 20 h.p. Vinot-Deguingand, 14min. 29sec.; 30—40 h.p. Belsize, 14min. 35 3-5sec.; 18 h.p. Siddeley, 14min. 38 2-5sec.; 8—10 h.p. Humber, 15min. 29sec.; 16—20 h.p. Beeston-Humber, 15min. 34 2-5sec.; 14 h.p. Minerva, 16min. 7 1-5sec.; 18 h.p. Chenard and Walcker, 16min. 7 4-5sec.; 12—14 h.p. Gladiator, 16min. 41 4-5sec.; and 16—20 h.p. Argyll, 16min. 46 3-5sec.

As regards non-stop performances throughout the entire trials, it may be mentioned that the number was naturally small if tyre troubles be included. Excluding these, however, and taking into consideration stoppages from mechanical causes only, non-stop runs were scored on each of the four days by the following cars: 8 h.p. De Dion, 9 h.p. Cadillac, 6 h.p. Light Wolseley, 16 h.p. Albion, 16 h.p. Beeston-Humber, 20 h.p. Ariel, 24 h.p. Mors, 24 h.p. Germain, 24 h.p. Thornycroft, 12 h.p. Richard-Brasier, 30—40 h.p. Belsize, 15 h.p. Brooke, 20 h.p. Vinot-Deguingand, 12 h.p. Gladiator, and 12 h.p. Argyll. On three out of the four days the following had clean sheets: 12 h.p. Pipe, 8 h.p. Darracq, 12 h.p. Gladiator, 8 h.p. Humber, 18 h.p. Chenard and Walcker, 14 h.p. Minerva, and 16 h.p. Argyll.

A Club for Marine Motorists.

THE Marine Motor Club of Great Britain and Ireland, whose formation we foreshadowed last week, is an accomplished fact. On Monday last, a well-attended meeting was held at the Automobile Club, at which the new body was inaugurated, the rules passed, and a committee appointed. Dr. Boverton Redwood was elected vice-commodore, and Lieutenant Mansfield Cumming, R.N., rear-commodore. On a ballot, the following members were appointed to the committee: Major Lindsay Lloyd, Captain Dixon, and Messrs. Gorham, R. G. Rouse, Linton Hope, Boverton Redwood, Bircham, Tower, L. de Rothschild, H. E. Clarke, and G. F. Sharp. Further appointments will be made at the next meeting of the club on June 19th. It is proposed to have a floating club-house stationed near Southampton, where sleeping, dressing, and locker accommodation will be provided, and meals can be obtained. Arrangements will also be made for the storage and sale of petrol, and members will have the use of a workshop. The nucleus of an important and useful programme for the forthcoming season already exists in the Reliability Trials and the Selection Race for the British International Cup, which will be held in the Solent in the first week in August. The preliminary work in connection with these events has, of course, been carried out by the Automobile Club, which has now handed over its interests in motor-boating to the new organisation. The parent body has generously undertaken to provide a sum of £600 for the first year and £300 for the next two years towards the establishment of the club-house and other necessary expenses, so that the financial position of the Marine Motor Club is fully assured from the commencement. The subscription is £3 3s. per annum, except in the case of members of the Automobile Club, who will pay a reduced subscription of £2 2s. The first 250 members will be founder members, and will pay no entrance fee. Full particulars can be obtained on application to the hon. secretary of the club, 119, Piccadilly.

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A year ago the four-cylinder motor was a luxury for which the motorist had to pay a high price. In cars costing from £200 downwards the single-cylinder engine was the rule, and below £500 the purchaser's choice was almost entirely confined to vehicles with two or three cylinders at the most. Acting, perhaps, on a hint from one or two foreign firms who had brough

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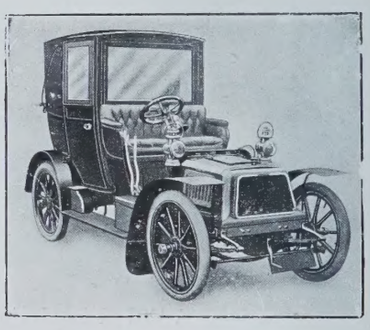

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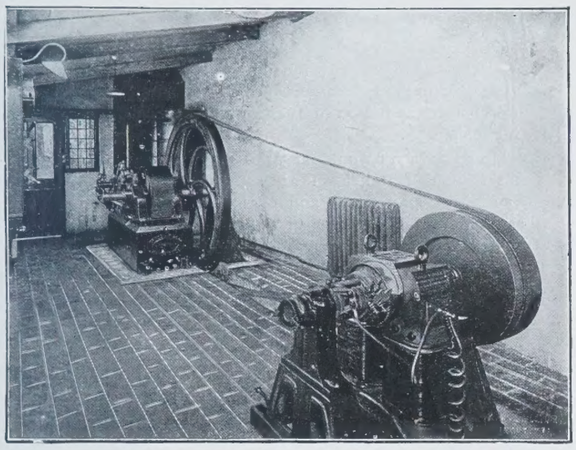

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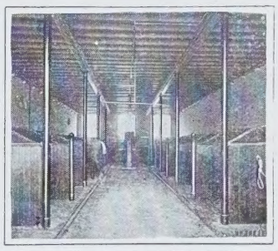

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out some surprisingly cheap machines, several British makers set themselves the task of producing light four-cylinder cars, at a price little higher than the standard 6 h.p. or 8 h.p. single-cylinder vehicles, to which the motorist of limited means had hitherto been restricted. Prominent amongst these enterprising manufacturers were Messrs. Humber, who startled the automobile world by staging an 8—10 h.p. four-cylinder light car at the Stanley Exhibition last autumn, which they priced at the very low figure of 215 guineas, with two-seated body. It was a neat and attractive-looking little machine, and excited favourable comment. It is true that the prices were subsequently increased to a slight extent, but the 8—10 h.p. Coventry Humber still remains, we believe, the cheapest four-cylinder car on the market.

Its designs follow conventional lines, which in itself is a point in its favour, as experimental variations from accepted practice are undesirable from the purchaser's point of view. The four cylinders, which are cast separately, have a bore of 3 1-8in. and a stroke of $3\frac{3}{4}$in. The inlet valves are mechanically operated, and the ignition is on the high-tension, coil and accumulator system. The motor is a neat, compact piece of work, and the question of accessibility has been carefully studied. A leather-covered cone clutch transmits the power to the gear-box, which gives three speeds forward and a reverse, the drive on the top speed being direct to the rear live axle. The brakes are of ample proportions and power, and the steering gear is carefully designed with a view to taking up any wear which may occur.

We recently had an opportunity of taking a short run on one of these cars, and were much impressed with the power and "life" of its engine. Although fitted with a very comfortable four-seated body, the car showed a remarkable turn of speed and a degree of flexibility in traffic which was an eloquent testimony to the excellence of the motor. The ascent of Netherhall Gardens was accomplished without a falter, and only on the steepest portion was the lowest gear required. Generally speaking the 8—10 h.p. Humber appeared to us to be a smooth-running, flexible, and powerful little machine, which should undoubtedly be examined and tried by anyone in search of a light four-cylinder car at a moderate price.

MIDLAND AUTOMOBILE CLUB'S CONSUMPTION TRIAL.

On Saturday the Midland Automobile Club conducted a Consumption Trial on the lines foreshadowed in our issue of last week. The distance to be covered measured 93 miles, over an irregular course starting from Wishaw Hall Farm. At the close of the trial it was found that the first prize, a gold medal, fell to Mr. C. W. Dixon; the second prize, a silver medal, to Mr. R. R. Brown; and the third prize, a bronze medal, to Mr. Cecil Edge. The following table shows the principal results:

	Weight. *cwt.*	*lb.*	*Spirit used (gallons).*	*Points gained.*
C. W Dixon, 12 h.p. Lanchester	28	7	2·50	7·85
R. R. Brown, 16 h.p. Wolseley	25	63	2·61	6·84
C. Edge, 15 h.p. Napier	29	7	3·04	6·69
A. E. Crowdy, 12 h.p. Wolseley	28	35	3·27	6·06
G. H. Lanchester, 12 h.p. Lanchester ...	31	49	3·87	5·68
C. V. Pugh, 12 h.p. Lanchester	29	92	3·75	5·55
A. Luff-Smith, 14 h.p. Wolseley	26	70	3·64	5·11

THE CROSS-MEDITERRANEAN FIASCO.

The Algiers-Toulon motor-boat race, in spite of all the promised precautions, has ended in a catastrophe. As we recorded last week, the seven boats which started from Toulon arrived at Port Mahon, about half-way across, and thus successfully completed the first portion of the journey. Then for five days, the weather conditions being unfavourable, the boats were detained at Port Mahon until, on Saturday morning, the officials gave way to the importunities of the competitors, and allowed them to resume the race at 4 a.m. A light breeze was blowing, but the barometer was very unsteady, and those who had had experience of these waters were very dubious about the wisdom of the proceeding. Within six hours a violent gale had arisen, and the sea was running exceedingly high. Fiat X. quite early signalled to her accompanying torpedo-boat destroyer for help, and she and her crew were hoisted aboard. To this fact is due her salvation. One after another the competing boats were taken in tow, and in each case the crew had to be rescued, Mme. du Gast being nearly drowned as she was being removed from Camille, and the captain of the Malgre Tout getting his leg broken. In the end, Fiat X. was the sole survivor, and such fine boats as Mercédès-Mercédès, Mercédès C.P., Camille, Quand Même, Malgre Tout, and Heracles II. were sunk.

ITEMS.

We have received from Messrs. Joseph Lucas, Limited, of Birmingham a catalogue of their British-made "Motoralities" for 1905. Most of the accessories carried on every car are illustrated and described in this list, and the world-wide reputation of the firm is a guarantee of the excellence of their productions.

We reproduce on another page a photograph of a 14 b.h.p. single-deck Maudslay omnibus, taken while ascending Birdlip Hill. The car carried a full load of twelve passengers, and climbed the hill at an average speed of five miles per hour. The length of the climb is two miles, the average gradient being 1 in 7, while the steepest portion is said to be 1 in 5.

CRICKET NOTES.

WHEN one comes to sum up the form of the Australian team as compared with that of any eleven we can put in the field against them, there does not appear to be any clear indication of a marked superiority on either side. No one can deny that our visitors are exceptionally strong in batting, and although some experts consider that they are weak as regards their bowlers, they have certainly five or six men who can all bowl well. Mr. Cotter is somewhat of an unknown quantity, but he can send down a very fast ball, and although, as far as we have been able to judge at present, he is, to say the least of it, erratic in the length of his deliveries, on a bumping and fiery wicket he is sure to want a great deal of watching. In the match between the Australians against Surrey his analysis

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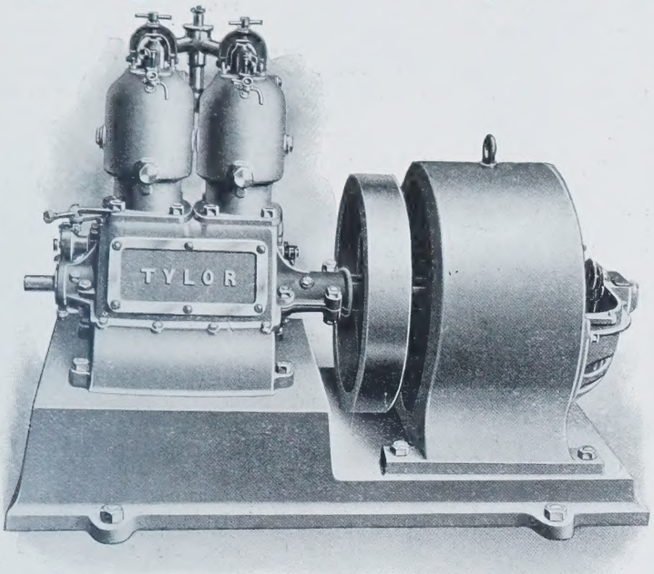

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as a bowler compares unfavourably with that of McLeod, Armstrong, or Laver. Whatever Mr. Cotter may be as a bowler, as a bat he is a mighty "slogger," and if ever he gets the chance of tackling some loose bowling the fun will probably be both fast and furious.

It would be a source of much regret if anything should militate against the popularity of the present tour arranged for our Australian visitors That they are most heartily welcome they know, or, at least, we hope they do, but the proposal which they have put forward curtailing the hours of play is meeting with much adverse criticism. On the face of it, one is inclined to think that a strong and healthy man should not find the strain upon his physical powers too great if asked to play cricket from 11.30 to 6.30, especially if one takes into consideration the fact that there is a luncheon interval of forty-five minutes, and an interruption of the game for tea, which accounts for another quarter of an hour. Moreover, one side does not, as a rule, spend the whole of the day in the field, and more often than not there are plenty of opportunities for rest in the pavilion. If the proposal of the Australian captain is to be enforced, play will commence at twelve o'clock and stumps will be drawn at six o'clock in all games other than the test matches. Under these rules three matches have already been drawn, and it appears to be inevitable that a similar result will obtain in many other matches during the season. It should also be remembered that there is a numerous class of cricket lovers who are unable, from a variety of circumstances, to devote more than a hour or two to their favourite amusement of watching first-class cricketers. To such as these the proposed alteration would come as a veritable hardship. It is much to be hoped that the Australian team will reconsider their decision, and that they will not ask for that which, simply as a matter of courtesy, is sure to be readily granted.

The chief item of interest in the competition between the counties has been the complete and decisive defeat of Middlesex by Gloucestershire. Even if the wicket was as bad as it was made out to be, all the more credit is due to Board for his brilliant century; then, too, Gloucestershire were certainly handicapped by the accidents which happened to their captain. On the other hand, it is urged that if Mr. Warner had not failed to score in either innings the result might have been different. That may be so, but the fact remains that he did not make any runs, and that a well-won victory remains to the credit of Gloucestershire. Bowley played a really fine innings for Worcestershire, thanks to which they made a capital stand against the powerful Yorkshire team; and Mr. C. B. Fry, who is playing in the most brilliant style, made another of his big scores for Sussex against Nottinghamshire. Mr. Fry appears to be able just now to make runs whenever they are most wanted, and it is much to be hoped that for once the Australians may get a taste of his quality.

W. A. Rouch. *IMARI, WINNER OF THE CHESTER CUP.* Copyright

RACING NOTES.

ANOTHER subject of exceeding interest to all those who are interested in any one of the many various branches of sport is the Street Betting Act. The different sections of this Act were published in these notes, and the insidious nature of the attack upon all forms of sport was pointed out at the same time. If the meaning of the provisions of this Act is clearly grasped by the public at large, there is not the slightest chance that this faddist attempt at class legislation will ever become law; but the fear is that, being looked

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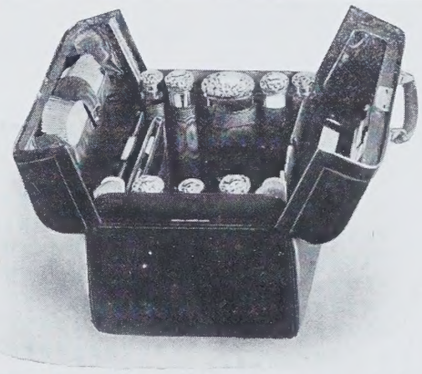

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W. A. Rouch. *CHESTER CUP: THROWAWAY MAKING THE RUNNING* Copyright

upon as a matter of no great importance, it may be allowed to slip through the House of Commons unopposed. Mr. Keswick, the member for the Epsom Division of Surrey, has given considerable attention to this Bill. I believe I am correct in saying that this gentleman is by no means inclined to look very favourably upon betting. His very able and clearly-expressed opinion with regard to the Street Betting Act is, therefore, the more to be appreciated, and his view of the subject seems to be so thoroughly fair and practical that there can be no hesitation in giving some extracts from a letter addressed by him to the hon. secretary of the Sporting League. He says: "I thank you for writing me so clearly on the subject of the Betting Bill, which may shortly be claiming the attention of the House of Commons. The evils that unfortunately accompany betting I do not believe that legislation will cure, any more than the measures for meeting other undoubted evils will cure them, and I am, therefore, not in favour of action founded merely on opposition to a deep-seated and sporting characteristic of our people. I consider it is desirable to prevent abuse of privilege rather than to legislate for the suppression of what is, more or less, a universal instinct, and I have no intention of being a party to passing what, if enacted, would be a law in restraint of the free exercise of their judgment by working men, any more than I would approve of depriving any other class of the community of the right of doing what they please, so long as no interference with the peaceful and lawful pursuits or amusements or practices of others is involved." It is certain that the views, with regard to the Betting Act, of the member for the Epsom Division of Surrey will receive the cordial approval of his own constituents, and of the vast majority of the electors of Great Britain.

During the past week the principal race-meetings have been those held

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W. A. Rouch. *WORCESTER CHINA HEADS THE FIELD.* Copyright

at Chester and at Kempton Park. The Chester Meeting, with its old associations, is one of those time-honoured gatherings which have managed to retain their hold upon the affections of racing folk, but in these days of mammoth stakes and race-meetings all over the country, it may not be an altogether wise policy to be content with living upon a past reputation, and one cannot help seeing unmistakable signs that a more liberal policy is much needed in the management of the race-meetings held on the famous old Roodee course. If ever there was such a thing as a certainty in racing, it was that St. Ives would win the first race on the opening day of the Chester Meeting, and the good thing duly came off, as Mr. Homan's chestnut filly made the whole of the running, and won the Mostyn Two Year Old Plate by a couple of lengths. In the Roodeye Maiden Plate backers were again on the right track, and Mr. S. H. Darling's Lady Yatesbury, shaking off the challenge of Tyntesfield, won cleverly by half a length. Desert Chief, the steeplechase horse, made a more than creditable show in the race, and coming into the straight was actually leading. He was beaten for speed in the run home, but managed to finish fourth. Just a dozen horses turned out for the Wynnstay Handicap Plate of 500 sovs. For some reason or other, that very bad horse, Rydal Head, was made favourite, but, as might have been expected, he had nothing whatever to do with the finish of the race, for which Powder Puff (8st. 9lb.), Sir Laddo (7st. 5lb.), and Longford Lad (8st. 8lb.) finished in the order named. The Cestrian Selling Welter Handicap was noticeable from the extraordinary feat accomplished by Chon Kina, who won the race for the third year in succession. Attalea was a very fortunate winner of the Stamford Two Year Old Plate, which, had it not been for what looked like a stumble coming round the bend, would certainly have been won by Lord Coventry's Coup de Grace.

Never, even in its most palmy days, has there been a more brilliant company assembled to witness the decision of the race for the Chester Cup than on Wednesday, the 10th. As to the race itself, all one can say is that both in numbers and in quality the field was anything but worthy of the occasion. Throwaway, the Ascot Cup winner of last year, was amongst the beaten lot, but he can hardly be classed among the best of the winners of that much-coveted trophy. Palmy Days is a beautiful mare, but she was palpably backward, and others of the competitors had been hurdle-racing during the winter months. In a prettily-run race, Throwaway made practically the whole of the running until fairly in the line for home, when Imari, served by his light weight and vigorously ridden by W. Saxby, forged his way to the front, and won by three-quarters of a length, relegating Mark Time and Throwaway to exactly the same positions which they filled in the race last year, when they finished respectively second and third behind Sandboy. Mark Time ran probably the best race of his life, and I

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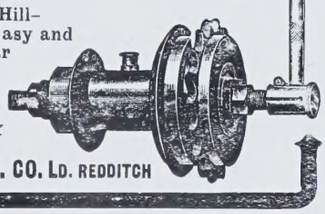

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cannot help thinking that had a little more use been made of him he would have won outright; but George McCall is riding in exceptionally good form just now, and he knows the horse well, so that it may not improbably be that, try as he would, he could not give the 23lb. away to Imari. After the race for the Cup, the remainder of the racing was comparatively tame, and calls for little notice, except, perhaps, to remark that everyone was pleased to see the popular colours of the Duke of Westminster carried to the front in the Prince of Wales's Welter Handicap Plate by the aid of Eageress, by Eager out of Last of the Queens.

W. A. Rouch. *AMBITION.* Copyright

The only item of much interest on Thursday, the concluding day of the meeting, was the race for the Great Cheshire Handicap Stakes of 500 sovs., for which Catty Crag (9st. 5lb) was at once made favourite at 5 to 2, and his backers never had cause for uneasiness, for he came out with the race in hand five furlongs from home, and won in a canter by four lengths, a head dividing Palace Yard and Lady Yatesbury for second and third places.

A very fashionable, well dressed, and numerous assembly put in an appearance at the popular Kempton Park "Jubilee" Meeting to greet the arrival of His Majesty, who seemed to thoroughly enjoy himself, so much so that a well-known trainer was heard to exclaim: "Look at our King; God bless him! Wouldn't the Czar of Russia like to be able to do that!" Happy indeed is the monarch whose safest place is amongst his own subjects, and fortunate are the people who own him for their ruler. One of the prettiest finishes ever witnessed was that for the Stewards' Plate of 1,000 sovs., for which seventeen horses came under the starter's orders. When the barrier went up, Out o' Sight jumped off and made the running for about two furlongs, when Airlie took it up, in close company with Brother Bill, Aspendale, and St. Brendan, of whom the latter raced to the front about 300yds. from home, but was challenged by Thrush and Brother Bill, and a tremendous finish ensued; Mr. Daly's horse, however, fought out the battle unflinchingly, and, maintaining his advantage to the end, got home by a short head in front of Thrush, who finished just about the same distance in front of Brother Bill.

On Saturday the only race of any importance, with the exception of the Great Jubilee Handicap, was the Hampton Handicap of 500 sovs., but then the "Jubilee" is so popular an institution that were it the solitary item on the card the various enclosures would be well filled for the occasion. It is seldom, even for a big race, that so many horses are strongly fancied and heartily backed, and the result of the race was probably anything but favourable to the majority of backers. Fermoyle's splendidly-trained appearance in the paddock gained him a host of friends. Ypsilanti never looked better in his life. There is not much of Lancashire, but what there is is all quality. Union Jack stripped hard and full of muscle, Flower Seeker did not like the look of at all, Dean Swift looked commoner than ever, and L'Aiglon was not by any means as fit as his trainer would like to see him. The picture was a very pretty one when the fourteen horses came out for the parade, and then turned for the canter. There was little delay at the post, and a good start was effected. Some jostling took place at the bend for home,

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in the course of which Ypsilanti was carried very wide. Two furlongs from home Housewife, who had made most of the running, had had enough of it, and Ambition took up the running. Inside the distance Fermoyle challenged, but failed to get up by a head; Union Jack was third, two lengths away. Not a little credit is due to W. G. Evans for his cool and resolute riding of the winner, and the lad should have a prosperous career in front of him.

TRENTON.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

ART.

A Grammar of Greek Art, by Percy Gardner, Litt.D. (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.)
Filippino Lippi. (Newnes, 3s. 6d. net.)
Royal Academy Pictures. Part II. (Cassell, 1s. net.)

POETRY.

Love's Renunciation: Twenty-six Sonnets, by C. E. Prince. ("The Green Sheaf," 1s. net.)
A Hymn to Dionysus, and other Poems, by Margaret Sackville. (Elkin Mathews.)
More Cricket Songs, by Norman Gale. (Alston Rivers, 2s. net.)
Mahasena: A Play in Three Acts, by Maurice Baring. (Blackwell, Oxford, 1s. net.)
Windlestraw: A Book of Verse with Legends in Rhyme of the Plants and Animals, by Pamela Tennant. (The Chiswick Press, 2s. 6d. net.)
Love's Journey, by Ethel Clifford. (Lane, 5s. net.)
Carthusian Memories, and Other Verses of Leisure, by W. Haig Brown, LL.D. (Longmans, 5s. net.)

FICTION.

The Friendships of Veronica, by Thomas Cobb. (Alston Rivers, 6s.)
Stolen Waters, by Lucas Cleeve. (Unwin, 6s.)
The Three-cornered Hat, by D. Pedro de Alarcon, translated from the Spanish by Lady Goodenough. (Nutt, 2s. 6d.)

HANDBOOKS AND GUIDES.

"Verb: Sap:" on Going to West Africa, to Northern and Southern Nigeria, and to the Coasts, by Alan Field. (Bale, Sons, and Danielsson, 2s. 6d.)
Bournemouth, Broadstairs, Southport, Aberystwyth. (Health Resorts Development Association.)
The Weekly Telegraph Guide to Holiday Resorts, 1905. (2d.)

REPRINTS.

In Kedar's Tents, by H. Seton Merriman. (Newnes, 6d.)
Sweet "Doll" of Haddon Hall, by J. C. Muddock. (Long, 6d.)
Grayling Fishing in South-Country Streams, by H. A. Rolt. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., 5s. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Autobiography of Andrew D. White. 2 Vols. (Macmillan, 30s. net.)
In Peace and War: Autobiographical Sketches, by Sir John Furley, Kt., C.B. (Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d. net.)

MAGAZINES.

Estate, Travellers', Wide World, The Captain, C. B. Fry's.

ODDS AND ENDS.

LATELY the question of birds singing at night has been frequently brought up, and there can be little doubt but that in some places it is quite common for them to do so. In spring and summer in Canada, birds keep the woods awake most of the time, but then out there, with the long winter and short summer, the feathered songsters might be expected to make the most of their opportunities. Here at home, however, it is different, and it is rather strange to hear of blackbirds (in the County Down, Ireland), keeping up a regular chorus, a little after midnight, in the month of February. The night was calm and cloudy, and the gentleman who formed the audience to the concert says it sounded very weird. About a dozen blackbirds took part in the chorus. The cuckoo may often be heard at night in Ireland, but it is unusual to hear other birds. When electric light was first installed in the Dublin squares robins were frequently to be heard singing away by night to the unusual light, but they became accustomed to it and gave it up.

—o—

COLLECTORS of old garden ornaments and sundials will be interested in Messrs. Robinson and Fisher's sale at Willis's Rooms on June 1st. Included in this sale are an old and fine set of English wrought-iron park gates, an early Georgian portico from Fair Oak Park, Hants, and a well-head of the Foscarini family, date *circa* 1450.

—o—

MR. ALLAN JONES of the Hatherley Works, Gloucester, and 96, Leonard Street, E.C., is making a speciality of light and handy tables for use on verandahs, in the garden, or in houseboats, where space is limited. He calls our attention specially to those named respectively "Tsit al-tee" and "K" and "B" patterns, and to another specially designed for bridge.

—o—

WE have received a notice from the Great Northern Railway of the publication of their guide to hotels, furnished lodgings in farmhouses, and at the seaside in Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and elsewhere. This should be most useful to intending visitors to these parts during the summer, and they will also have the advantage of travelling on a line that is well known for the completeness of its arrangements for the comfort of its passengers and the reasonableness of its return fares.

—o—

THE HUMBER COMPANY are publishing two testimonials which tend to substantiate their claim that "A light bicycle, if built by a maker of the highest standing, will last a lifetime!" One rider, weighing 15st., has ridden his Beeston Humber, of 25lb. weight, for five years, and says he has not even touched a nut on it since he had it. Another writes that he has ridden one of these machines 18,631 miles with only one minor repair. Those who buy from such a high-class firm escape the thousand annoying little mishaps that the cheap and nasty makes bring in their train.

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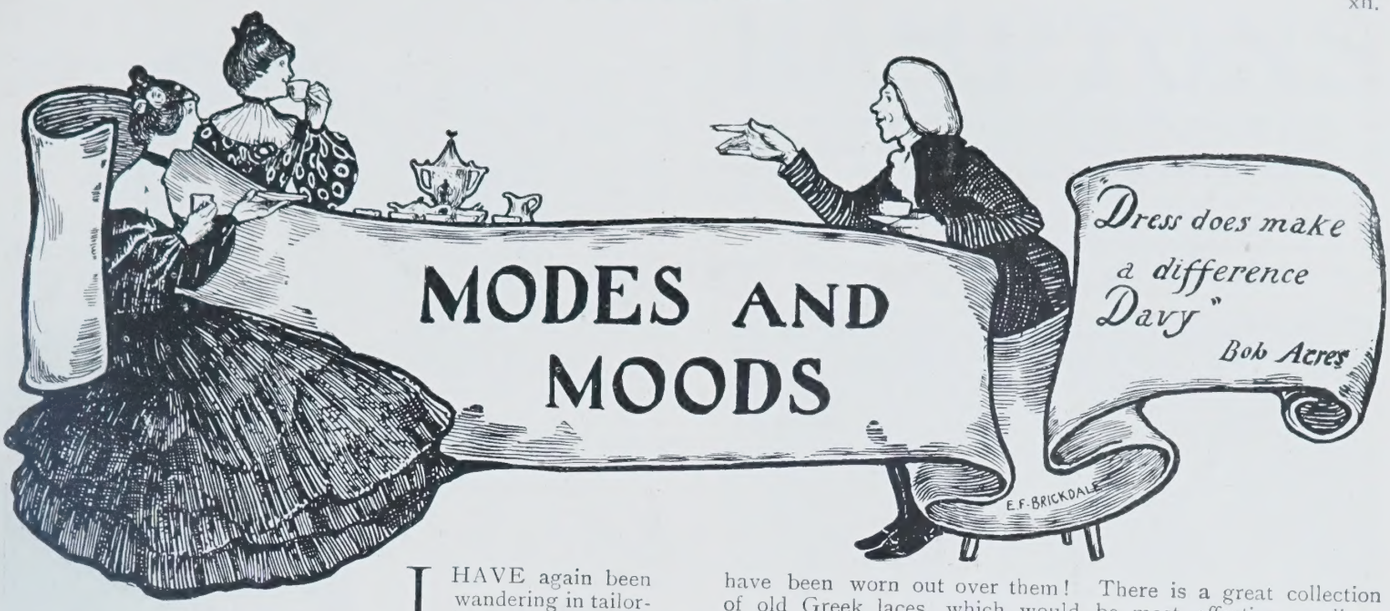
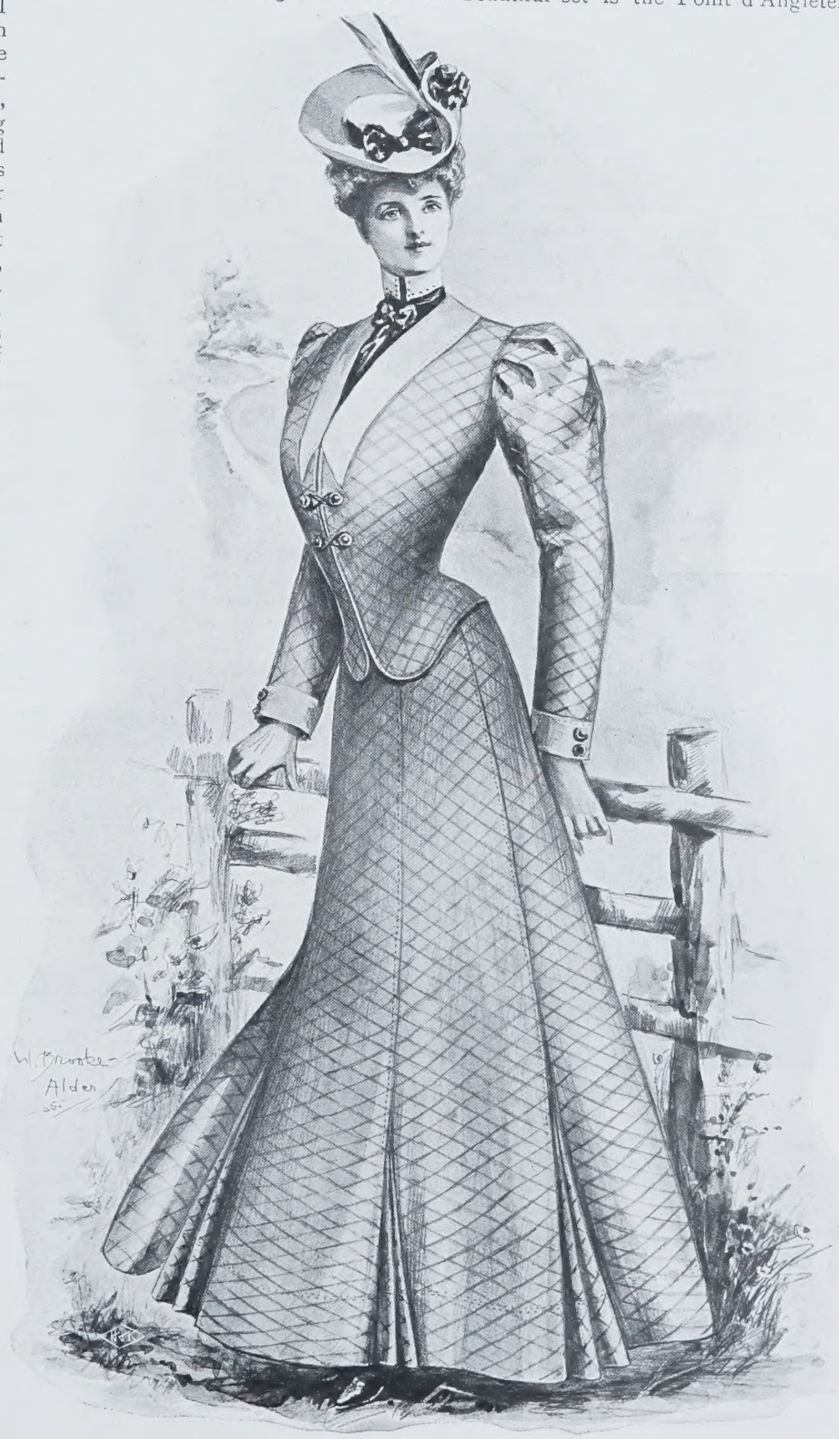


MODES AND MOODS

I HAVE again been wandering in tailor-land this week, for I am never tired of admiring the wonderful smartness which can lie in simplicity when it is allied to impeccable cut and finish. I found all these qualities combined in the dress I have had sketched at Messrs. Nicoll's, and which appears on this page. It is the kind of frock one needs at all times of year, for it is equally serviceable for winter or summer, spring or autumn, country wear or travelling, or for early morning walks with one's dogs in the Park. The new-shaped "umbrella" skirt is made of narrow stitched panels widening out round the feet, and made still wider by the deep kiltings which are introduced into each seam, and make the skirt "flow" with excellent effect. The material is a plaid cut on the cross, which adds to the neat effectiveness of the costume. The little coatee is tight-fitting except just in front, where it meets and is held by two buttons and loops at the bust, down to which comes the roll collar of white cloth ending in points. The perfectly plain sleeves are full at the shoulder, and are devoid of all trimming, except a stitched cuff of white cloth. The hat is of a picturesque cavalier shape, trimmed with a long plume of cock's feathers. Worn over a workmanlike linen shirt, with a smart cravat of black satin, nothing could look better for morning wear when walking exercise is meant, and a dress of this kind is an absolute necessity in any well-ordered wardrobe.

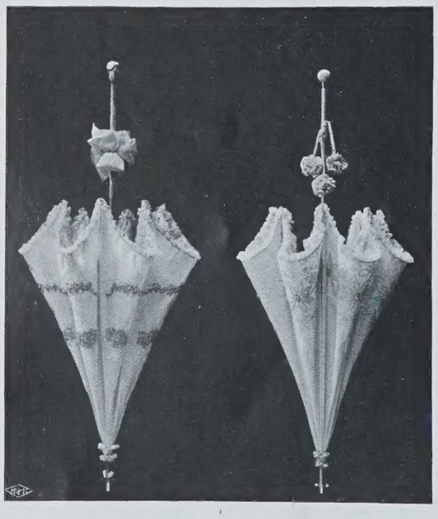
That it is not always the strongest-looking things that are the most lasting is a fact which Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's present exhibition of antique lace amply proves. It is, indeed, miraculous how these exquisite cobwebs can have lasted through centuries, enduring use and abuse, wear and washing, and yet preserving their diaphanous beauty through everything. The collection in Wigmore Street should attract every lace-lover, for it is unusually comprehensive, and also the specimens are in beautiful condition and are priced remarkably cheap. A magnificent flounce of old Flemish lace of the eighteenth century, 10in. wide and nearly 3½yds. in length, is only 25 guineas; a superb Point de Venise collar, the most decorative and effective of all kinds of lace, is £40; and a most beautiful Genoese lace berthe of the eighteenth century, 9in. wide, is only 9 guineas. A very unusual flounce of old Italian pillow lace, of the "rococo" style, has the pattern, a quaint design of flowers in pots, rising from the edge to the border, instead of *vice versâ*, as is usual; this piece, 4yds. long and 9in. deep, is priced at 19 guineas. There are exquisite lappets in finest Point d'Alençon and Point de Flandres, as well as in old Brussels (a very different thing to the modern lace of the same name), so delicate and filmy that one wonders how the threads could ever have been woven so fine; and one recalls how these wonderfully fine threads were spun in cellars to keep their delicacy from contamination by the light. The delicate Point d'Alençon flowers were given their high relief on the cobwebby ground by the introduction of horse-hairs in the outlines; and as one examines the marvellous delicacy of these old laces one wonders how human fingers could ever have achieved anything so fine, and one thinks of the human eyes that must have been worn out over them! There is a great collection of old Greek laces, which would be most effective on linen dresses; and also a number of the Empire "hand-run" lace scarves which are now so fashionable and graceful for day or evening wear. A most beautiful set is the Point d'Angleterre



COAT AND SKIRT SKETCHED AT MESSRS. NICOLL'S.

flounce with tunic or train-piece, the latter being 40in. deep, and 2yds. 12in. in width, while the flounce is 7in. deep and 6yds. long. This set would be the loveliest of gifts to a bride, and has been reduced from its original price of 150 guineas to 100 guineas; and it would be a gift that would last not one but many lifetimes. The collection of black Chantilly shawls and squares is beautiful, and among them I found a shawl of black Honiton of the finest design, which was quite beautiful and most absurdly cheap, for if my memory does not bewray me, it was only 7 guineas. Modern laces of all kinds are to be found at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's; but though very magnificent, they are not, in my opinion, comparable in beauty or effectiveness to the old specimens. The rooms adjoining the lace department are devoted to an exhibition of antique embroideries, and bric-à-brac, including old paste ornaments, Battersea enamels, old silver, and that quaint beadwork which reflects such credit on our great-grandmothers. The embroideries are most beautiful, and include a magnificent set of vestments of the early eighteenth century, from the cathedral of Imola, consisting of embroideries after a design of Raphael's, on cream silk; a beautiful valance of heavy silver embroidery on blue silk; a portière embroidered all over in silk, with a design of bunches of grapes, which is particularly beautiful; and a long panel of Early Italian work on cream silk, as well as numbers of other beautiful specimens of embroidery and old brocades and damasks, which I have not space to mention. The sampler pictures are very quaint; and what woman would not covet the set of forty paste buttons, twenty-four large and sixteen small ones, in their original case? Altogether Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's is a pit of temptation to all who love beautiful old things such as I have described; and the fact that the prices are uniformly moderate makes the temptation all the greater.

Now that the capriciousness of the fickle month of May is almost overpast, we can at last consign our fur garments to the camphor-chests, and bethink ourselves of the frills and furbelows fitted to the approaching dog-days. Feather boas have already taken the places of the fur "beasts" around our necks, and soon the feathers will themselves be displaced by the tulle ruffles, which are quite the most becoming setting to a feminine face that has ever been invented. The prettiest of these tulle ruffles are very wide and upstanding, very full, and very short, ending at either side in front with cascades of satin and velvet ribbon. Many of these ruffles are in pale colours—turquoise, mauve, green, or citron; and they look exceedingly smart if the colour is repeated in the hat of the wearer. Smartest of all, however, to my mind, are the ruffles in white tulle, piped with narrow white satin or speckled with black chenille, and the all-black ruffles with similar chenille spots. These go with all dresses, and always look well, and though all tulle ruffles are fragile, one may take comfort in the fact that they are not quite so fragile as they look, provided they are not worn on a damp day, which means absolute destruction to them. Another even more important item that should be prepared for the splendours of June is a sunshade, or, rather, many sunshades, for the plural is necessary if one wishes to present a well-turned-out appearance. A beautiful sunshade gives an appropriate finish to a beautiful dress, which is manifestly incomplete without it; and an exceptional opportunity to acquire every kind of sunshade is being offered by Messrs. Shoolbred in the Sunshade Exhibition which they open next Monday, May 29th. The windows of the great establishment in Tottenham Court Road will be given up to a remarkable display of every imaginable variation on the sunshade theme. There are sunshades for every kind of occasion, and especially beautiful are those in lace over coloured glacé silk, lined with chiffon, latticed through satin rings, and those in white "moiré impérial" decorated with motifs in guipure and embroidered bunches of Parma violets, which are also lined with mauve chiffon, latticed through satin rings, a most decorative and original form of lining. These are but two examples out of this extraordinarily extensive collection of sunshades; and as the summer, we are told, is going to repeat its record of sunshine of last year, it is as well to take advantage of the opportunities offered by Messrs. Shoolbred to acquire the sunshades which will be so much needed later on.



AT MESSRS. SHOOLBRED'S.

The "go-aheadness" of Messrs. Hampton and Sons is well known, and they have just given a new proof of it to their clients in the two illustrated booklets on "Furnishing Fabrics" and "Lace Curtains" which they have just brought out. The fabrics are all illustrated in colours by the "three-colour" process, hitherto reserved for art reproductions; and this new departure makes the booklet most charming to the eye, as well as giving an absolutely accurate idea of the colouring and design of the fabrics illustrated. The chintzes and cretonnes look particularly well in the reproductions, as does the charming "myrtle" printed linen, which Messrs. Hampton use with such success as casement curtains; and among other delightful reproductions in the booklets are the "Shelley" velvet curtains (which are remarkably cheap at 37s. 6d. per pair), and the embroidered taffetas "Chateau" curtains, which are one of their special novelties this season, and which have a distinctly original effect from the embroidery being across the top and down the side of the curtain, instead of at the bottom, where it is seldom seen. The lace curtains are immensely varied in design; and both booklets should certainly be applied for by all who are meditating renovating their household draperies.

A RICH DESIGN.

It is one of the truest signs of civilisation to show pride in one's house and home. The savages take but little care or thought of their habitations, so long as they have a pile of skins or branches to sleep upon, and the desire to decorate their homes is one of the surest proofs of their feeling the influence of civilisation. In our modern hurried existence it is given to few to build our own houses, but we can, all of us, decorate our homes and give them the note of personality which may be lacking to the exterior of the building, by choosing our furniture with discrimination and taste. Both these faculties can be admirably exercised at the sale Messrs. Story and Triggs are now holding at 152-156, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., of a manufacturer's stock of furniture, carpets, and curtains, which they are offering at most remarkable reductions of price. Notable items in this collection of goods are the "Grecian" and "Ambidexter" settees, well upholstered, and with ends that can be let down, thus converting the settee into a most comfortable couch; the great variety of overmantels, at about half their usual price; the solid oak bedroom suites, which are incomprehensibly cheap at £4 15s.; and the selection of carpets—Wilton, Axminster, Brussels, and Oriental—which offer an unusual opportunity for acquiring a valuable carpet at a low price. Those who would wish to know more about Messrs. Story and Triggs's sale should write for their illustrated catalogue, which will be sent on application.

For those who are still abroad or detained in the country, yet who want to put their dresses for June in hand at once, I would advise a postcard being sent to Mr. Ernest, 185 to 189, Regent Street, with a request for his new summer booklet, illustrated in colours. It is most charmingly got up, and the many designs included in its pages give an admirable idea of the beauty and elegance for which Mr. Ernest's dresses are particularly famous. Coats and opera cloaks are also illustrated therein, and the booklet will be found not only charming to the eye, but most stimulating to the imagination of any woman who is renovating her wardrobe.

Now that the summer, it may be hoped, is coming on, it is not inappropriate to call attention to Pearson's most excellent series of antiseptic articles; for hot weather is apt to make such things necessities in a household. Pearson's Antiseptic is world-renowned as a non-poisonous disinfectant, and it is a germicide as well, for it quickly destroys microbes in air, soil, or water. Its non-poisonous character makes it particularly applicable for household use, obviating the accidents which so often occur with carbolic acid. It is the traveller's best friend for protection against the undesirable attentions of insects, mosquitos, and poisonous flies; and in all kinds of epidemics it is invaluable, for experts have declared that "the potency of this disinfectant is beyond all doubt." For bites and stings of horse-flies, wasps, bees, and reptiles the immediate use of one drop of Pearson's Antiseptic, rubbed pure into the wound, will at once destroy the poison. It is a delightful invigorator in the bath, for which one teaspoonful is sufficient; and it is also excellent as a dentifrice

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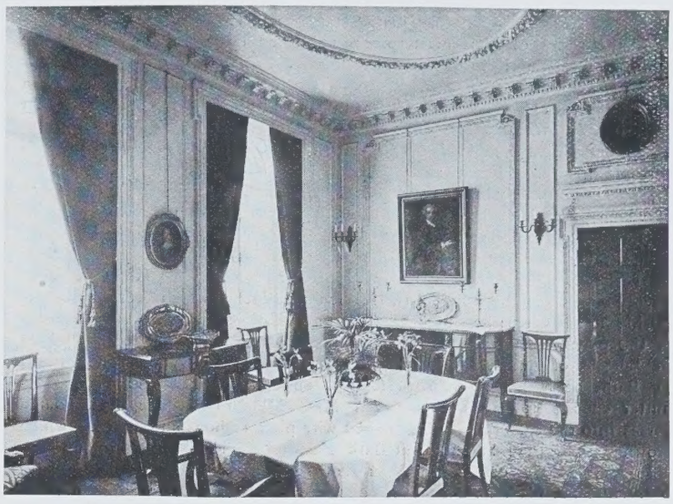

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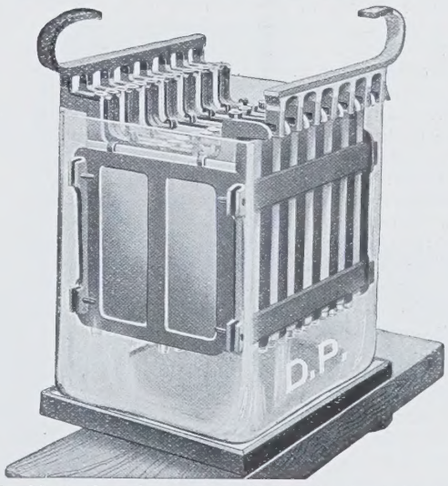

Users should see that they are supplied with the D.P. Battery, as used at Chatsworth, Eaton Hall, Wynyard Park, etc.

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LITERARY NOTES.

IN the series of little masterpieces published by Mr. Heinemann, three new volumes have just appeared, viz., *The School for Scandal*, *The Critic*, and *The Rivals*, all by Sheridan. Each is supplied with a preface by Mr. Edmund Gosse, of which the most interesting is that to *The Rivals*. Mr. Gosse shows that without being directly autobiographical this play is coloured from prologue to epilogue by Sheridan's personal history. He says:

"He had lately been a part of the sham chivalry and the sham romance of which he made such immortal fun, and the impressions of the absurdities of life were fresh upon his memory when he wrote *The Rivals*. He had been twenty years of age when he eloped with Elizabeth Linley, exactly as Lydia Languish hoped to fly with her Beverley. He had been twenty-one when he fought two ridiculous duels, which were evidently in his mind when he invented the inimitable scenes in the fifth act of the play. He had suffered 'inexpressible torments,' and had indulged in 'sheets of unintelligible rhapsody.' At the house of Mrs. Miller, in Bath, he had met with pretension and incongruity and fashionable flutter enough to rig out a dozen Mrs. Malaprops. He had poured verses into the celebrated vase, dressed with pink ribbons and myrtles, which crowned the fair of Parnassus at Bath Easton. Throughout his tumultuous, absurd, romantic youth, Sheridan had seemed to be rather acting than observing, but his keen eyes were open to the world of folly, and he was still but twenty-three when he sat down to write this immortal picture of it all."

It is good news that the firm of Macmillan is reprinting the works of Sir Walter Scott, Thackeray, and Charles Dickens in their 2s. series. These books are beautifully printed and very elegant in appearance, though we are not sure that we altogether approve of everything in the Waverley Novels. For example, Mr. Andrew Lang's Waverley is a very beautiful and accomplished bit of writing that we would not lose for a great deal, but the notes interspersed throughout the text appear to us out of place. For instance, after Chapter V. there follows this note: "These Introductory Chapters have been a good deal censured as tedious and unnecessary. Yet there are circumstances recorded in them which the author has not been able to persuade himself to retract or cancel," and after Chapter VIII. we are told that "There is no particular mansion described under the name of Tully-Veolan; but the peculiarities of the description occur in various old Scottish seats. The house of Warrender, upon Burntsfield Links, and that of Old Ravelston, belonging, the former to Sir George Warrender, the latter to Sir Alexander Keith, have both contributed several hints to the description in the text. The house of Dean, near Edinburgh, has also some points of resemblance with Tully-Veolan." It is a pity to put this information in the text, just because it destroys the illusion of those who read Sir Walter for the first time. Why could they not have been relegated to the end of the book, like the other notes of author and editor? None of them is really necessary to the enjoyment of Scott; yet they are pleasant and readable, because Mr. Andrew Lang, like Sir Walter, is an extremely well-read man, and here produces some of the most interesting notes he has picked up in the course of his journeyings.

The Golfers' Year-Book (Nisbet) has an interest to all those who wield the mashie and the cleek. It is edited by that excellent golfer John L. Low, and contains the Rules of Golf—concerning which there is always so much dispute on every course—the Golfer's Calendar and Directory of Golf Clubs, not only in Great Britain and Ireland, but on the Continent and in the United States as well. On the various events and topics which have interested players during the last twelve months, articles are written by such well-known authorities as Harold H. Hilton, Jack White, Horace G. Hutchinson, Miss Mary Hezlet, and J. H. Taylor; while bringing up the rear of these contributions is one that is, perhaps, more valuable than the others, viz., "How to Keep a Golf Course in Good Order," by Peter W. Lees, green-keeper to the Mid-Surrey Golf Club. Many of our readers will remember the excellent articles from his pen which appeared in our own pages.

Mr. Percy Bate is to be congratulated on an excellent subject in *English Table Glass* (Newnes). The drinking glass is the very instrument of good fellowship, and he who possesses one that has survived the festive perils of some half-dozen generations of ancestors, is the guardian of a shrine of memories which he will do well to cherish. It deserves well of us, and the honour of a record of its life. In many cases it offers some small fragments of history whereon the loving student may work, and so help to the writing of the whole story. No one would desire that we should, for instance, be without the fine series of Jacobite glasses, and especially the splendid specimen (No. 200) bearing the cypher of the Old Pretender, and two verses in the familiar strain and spirit of our present National Anthem, exquisitely cut with a diamond on a perfectly-shaped wine-glass, or that of the "sober" club of Glasgow, at which nothing but water was drunk. The collector will find this handbook to be a very practical and convenient guide, not only to this, but to all other branches of the subject. Further research may enable Mr. Bate to add, in a later edition, to his somewhat meagre account of sixteenth and seventeenth century glass; for one thing, the noble standing covered cups now exhibited in the Victoria and Albert Museum might have been referred to. But the eighteenth century, to which belongs nearly all the best glass extant, made for table use, is quite adequately dealt with. The author gives a classification of glasses, based on the shapes of stem and bowl, which appears quite sound, and should be of great use; and the same may be said of his practical and successful method of photographing his specimens. The chapter on frauds and forgeries is a suggestive warning against the wiles of the dealer, whose shop-windows nowadays are far too frequently filled with Dutch imitations. The text is pleasantly written and without pedantry, and the 250 odd illustrations are well-chosen, representative, and effectively reproduced.

Plague is a formidable subject to write a book upon, but the feat has been achieved by Professor W. J. Simpson, in his *Treatise on Plague* (Cambridge University Press), dealing with the historical, epidemiological, clinical, therapeutic, and preventive aspects of the disease. He deals with his subject in English, as opposed to the Oriental method—that is to say, he examines it coolly, scientifically, dispassionately, with the object of finding out how it can be prevented or cured. This may seem to be the simplest possible course, but, as he reminds us in his preface, there is much apathy to be overcome among those who consider that plague is Nature's scourge and necessary to prevent the over-population of the world. They are not far removed from the fatalists of the East. Happily, it has never been the way of Englishmen to bow their head to misfortune in this fashion; and Professor Simpson has here written a book that is likely to become a classical authority.

In a small volume called *Insect Life* (Methuen), Mr. F. V. Theobald gives an account of the life history, structure, and classification of insects. The condensed nature of the work enables the reader to grasp the more important characteristics of insects and insect life, without having to read any unnecessary general matter. The book is divided into four sections, each section being independent of the others. The first two deal with the metamorphosis and structure of insects, the third section treats with the eight orders of the class insecta, a separate chapter being devoted to each order. The last section, which consists of one chapter, includes an account of the various insecticides and their uses. The chapter on the metamorphosis of insects opens with a description of the embryonic development, showing what changes occur inside the egg. After this follows an account of the post-embryonic development, which includes those changes undergone by an insect after its emergence from the egg, that is, its metamorphosis. The chief points emphasised in this chapter are the process of moulting, the quiescent and active pupæ, and the difference between complete and incomplete metamorphosis. The internal changes that go on during the life of the larva and pupa are compared, and the manner in which most of the larval organs are broken up on passing into the pupal stage, and new organs formed, is described in detail, the description being accompanied by illustrations of these changes. The chapter on the structure of insects first deals with the external structure and then with the internal anatomy, both parts of the chapter being profusely illustrated by descriptive diagrams. In the chapters on the orders, each chapter commences with an account of the general characters of the order with which it deals. This account is followed by a system of classification, which classification is then enlarged upon by the description of various types, treating of their economic importance at the same time. Numerous woodcuts are inserted in the text, which will assist such readers as are not acquainted with the types in nature. Most of the insects described are injurious ones, and there is suggested in nearly every case a method of keeping their numbers down when the natural agencies are not sufficient for the purpose. In the last chapter the author gives a list of the various poisons which are used to kill these insect pests, and pictures the machines by means of which these poisons are scattered. Both entomologists and agriculturists will find this volume of interest, from its practical as well as from its scientific point of view.

SHOOTING NOTES.

THE GROUSE HATCH.

PROPRIETORS of unlet moors are congratulating themselves that the season so far is excellent, and justifies a hope that moors will let later in the summer, even if no one has so far been anxious to take them. The time of laying varies very much, some birds having eggs before the end of March, while others, whose first nests have been destroyed, do not lay till June. But the average grouse has hatched by the middle of the third week in May, if not before. One of the most disastrous seasons known occurred after a very heavy fall of snow, which lay on the hills during the second week in May, and killed all the embryos in the half-hatched eggs. This season there have neither been late snow, nor yet (as last year) heavy cold rains and Scotch mists in the last weeks of April and the first of May. There are practically no complaints at all based on weather conditions, consequently where a stock has been left the prospects are excellent; but it must be remembered that on very many moors, both in England and Scotland, the stock is deplorably low. Late hirers of moors should insist on seeing the records of the bags of the two last seasons in any case.

THE CARE OF PARTRIDGES' NESTS.

Partridges are exceptionally early this year. As a rule the full number of eggs is not laid before the end of the third week in May, and in many nests not before the close of the month. This year nests with five or six eggs in them were noted in many parts of the country as early as the end of the first week in May. It is not too much to say that more than one half of the season's sport depends upon the care taken of these nests during the next five weeks. By June 21st most of the young birds will be hatched. But until then the eggs are exposed to every kind of natural and artificial danger, even if the "artificial" peril (that from egg stealers) of earlier days be passed. On ordinary enclosed land, especially where the fields are large, as usually happens on the best partridge ground, a good keeper will find nearly every nest upon his beat. Mr. C. Alington makes the excellent suggestion that a rough map should be kept, with the whereabouts of each nest marked and numbered, and that the successful hatching or failure of each should be recorded, and the reasons. He gives a most interesting

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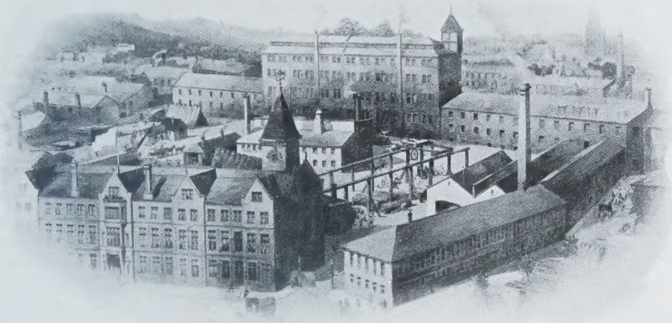

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table of results (in his work on "Partridge Driving") on an estate in Lincolnshire, in which the results on a single keeper's beat are recorded. The beat, a rather large one, was 1,200 acres, 400 of which were of little value for partridge land, being mostly grass and liable to disturbance.

In one season about 85 per cent. of the nests were found. In all, 104 nests were found. In the following table Mr. Alington gives the results in a good year:

Nests	104	Eggs bad	157
Eggs hatched	1,031	Eggs destroyed	401

NESTS DESTROYED AND CAUSES.

Foxes	8	Brought forward ...	28
Hedgehogs	7	Farm hands	2
Drowned off	4	Livestock	2
Deserted	2	Stoat	1
Dogs	3	Rat	1
Rooks	2	Mole	1
Mowed over	2	Uncertain	1
	28		36

This was in 1902, a good season *quâ* weather. It is noted that the proportion of nests destroyed by farm labourers, mowing, and cattle is very much below the average. The way in which partridges perish, even when the nests are known and carefully looked after, will be judged by the history of the shoot in the very next year, 1903. It was the "deluge year"; 107 nests were found, only 311 eggs hatched, and no less than 1,402 eggs were destroyed; 65 nests were deserted owing to wet, and 21 were destroyed by various vermin, livestock, or accidentally by labourers.

MAPS OF NESTS.

The advantage of noting the place of the nests on a reduced field map of the various farms is great. In the first place it is a guarantee that the keeper finds the nests. In the next it enables his master to be taken into council, and informs him where the birds are thick, where there are too few, and gives him a chance of intervening if mistakes are made. It also affords a useful gauge of the number of birds on a beat. Each nest will be numbered on the map, and a notebook, with entries corresponding to these, will be kept. It also is a very useful check on the keepers, because the owner can at any day ask to be shown any particular nest.

PROTECTION FROM FOXES.

Foxes are the great difficulty in many counties, and probably the most complete means of stopping the mischief is to substitute celluloid eggs for the partridges. Keep the real eggs under hens until they chip, and put them back under the partridge at the last minute. Reynardine is excellent till the foxes learn to associate its smell with the presence of eggs, when it simply acts as a signpost. A sportsman, whose marked success in improving a partridge estate last year was described in COUNTRY LIFE, mentions an excellent scare for foxes. They usually hunt for partridges' nests on moonlight nights. If a nest is in a hedge a couple of ordinary bright glass gin bottles laid near the fence on their sides, one a few yards on one side of the nest, and the other the same distance on the other, reflect the moonlight, and cause a fox to give them a wide berth.

KEEPER AND JUDGE.

In a remote part of Sussex the shooting on an estate had been a good deal neglected, and poaching was rife. The agent for the property, who resided at a distance, decided to rent the shooting for a term himself, and to see whether he could not improve it. He made his head-bailiff head-keeper as well, and gave him plenary powers to prosecute. The nearest magistrates' meeting was a long way off, which no doubt made it extra unpleasant for anyone who was summoned, as he had either to walk nine miles there and back or hire a trap. In the course of a few weeks the agent received the following note from the old keeper-bailiff: "Sir,—I have caught Giles Snelling poaching. I have fined him one pound. What shall I do with the money?"

EFFECTS OF LATE FROSTS.

The extreme cold of the third week in May has caused great anxiety as to the fate of the partridges' eggs in exposed and open districts. In the year 1901-2 frosts late in May destroyed three-quarters of the partridges' nests, the vitality of the eggs being ruined by exposure to cold in the early mornings when the hen birds went off to feed. When the hay, and later the corn, crops were cut the nests were found quite intact, full of "addled" eggs. As a rule partridges which have lost their eggs in this way do not nest again.

CUTTING DOWN WOODS DURING NESTING-TIME.

A case in which the defendant was described by the judge as sailing "very near the wind," reminds us how necessary a carefully-drawn lease is if an important shooting is taken. The lessee took over 1,200 acres of shooting with a house, but the shooting, not the house, was his main object in the bargain. On it were some 150 acres of woods, in separate coverts. As soon as the spring came on, to his horror the owner began to cut down the principal woods, especially those where his new stock of pheasants might be expected to nest, or to be turned into. It was poor partridge country, and these woods were practically the chief asset for shooting. It appeared that the defendant never informed the shooting tenants that he meant to cut the woods, though he admitted that when he let them that was his intention. What was worse was the fact that they were let on a lease. The plaintiff got no redress, though the defendant was prohibited from cutting more coverts down during the remainder of the tenancy. The moral is—insert into all agreements a clause guaranteeing that the woods shall not be cut down, and specifying the limits of the underwood to be cut, as well as the latest date of removal of the faggots and poles.

A GREAT FRENCH SHOOTING ESTATE.

At Vaux-le-Penil, near Melun, and thirty miles from Paris, that well-known French sportsman, M. Michel Ephrussi, owns an exceptionally fine shooting estate, on which as many as 4,000 partridges are bagged in a good season, mainly by driving. Last year 1,000 birds were successfully reared from eggs laid by birds kept in pens on the French system, by which the bird lays and hatches under cover and in safety, and then carries off its brood after hatching to bring the chicks up naturally. But though the keepers are so successful in making use of this system, in which so many failures have been incurred lately in England, the wild stock is gradually reinforced during the months of March and April by hen birds let loose in different parts of the estate. The cover afforded by sugar beet, lucerne, and sanfoin, which disappear as the season goes on, is supplemented by a rational creation of permanent remises, planted with osiers and hawthorn. Something in the nature of permanent butts for driving is afforded by lines of shelters of shrubs, planted in the best positions for driving over, and kept cut back to a height of 10ft., which screen the guns and loaders.

FRENCH POACHERS.

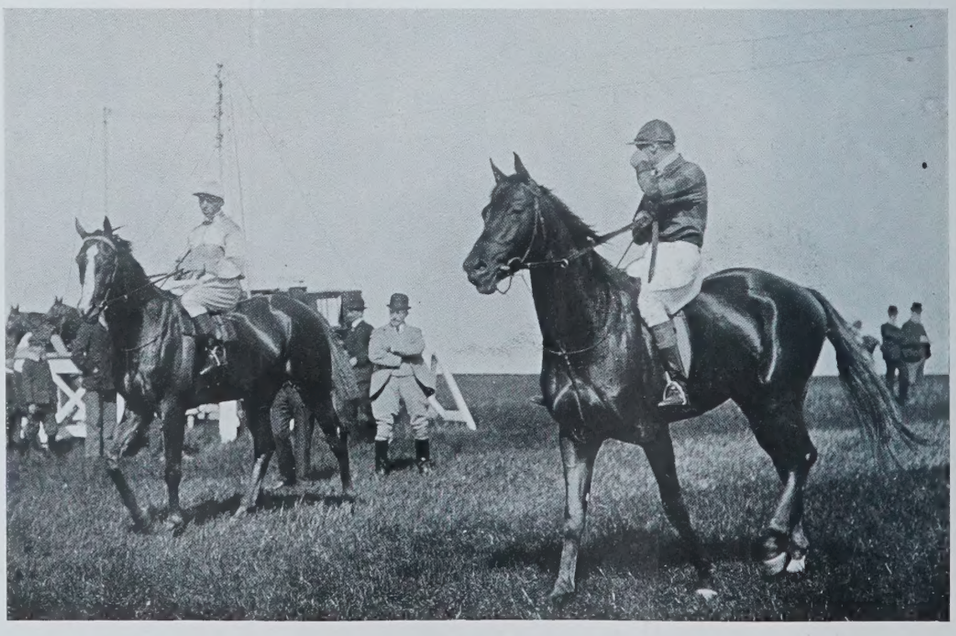
As it is so near to Paris poaching is a serious menace, with such a concentration of game. Apparently French poachers from the capital are more dangerous even than the gangs which come out from our Northern and Midland manufacturing centres to raid the ground game in the coverts. A large number of keepers have to be employed, and after harvest the whole force is engaged solely in protective work, and especially on night duty. Before harvest half the staff are on night duty, while the other half look after the nests, rearing, etc. So serious is the risk from encounters with poachers that the strictest orders are given that never less than three men together shall go the rounds after dark.

ARTIFICIAL PARTRIDGE EGGS.

A correspondent writes: "For some years I have noticed that the percentage of losses in partridges' nests other than by accidents caused by field work or by the destruction of the sitting bird by cats, dogs, and foxes is very large. If artificial eggs are not objected to by the sitting bird, I can see no objection whatever to their substitution while the real eggs are being hatched out under a hen, when they can be returned in the 'chipped' state to the parent bird, who has been sitting on the artificial eggs. But I should like to know what has been the latest experience in regard to these. 'East Kent,' in your columns some time ago, found the artificial eggs very useful. On the other hand, one authority thinks that birds will not own them."

RACING NOTES.

BIG fields and comparatively poor sport were the chief characteristics of the Second Spring Meeting at Newmarket. The main attraction of the meeting is the Newmarket Stakes of 50 sovs. each, with 1,500 added, which this year possessed more interest than usual from the fact that it was generally understood that Lord Rosebery's crack colt Cicero, who had not been seen in public since he



W. A. Rouch. CICERO AND KAMA AT THE STARTING-POST. Copyright

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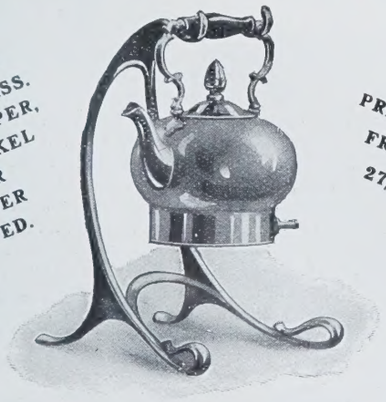

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won the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown Park last July, would be found among the starters. Last year the son of Cyllene out of Gas was the only colt with any pretension to be absolutely in the first class. A good many rumours had been in circulation to the effect that he had not grown during the winter, and that he was no longer the fine free mover that he was as a two year old. All doubts on the subject were, however, completely dissipated by the style in which he closed up with Llangibby and beat him easily by a length and a-half, with Signorino beaten into third place by six lengths. The result of the race proves that Cicero has retained his two year old form, but it does not prove by any means that he is good enough to defeat Val d'Or and Jardy, two sons of the expatriated Flying Fox. It will be remembered that in the Middle Park Plate Jardy beat both Llangibby and Signorino, who ran a dead heat for second place, by two lengths, in a common canter, and also that on that occasion he was giving 7lb. to Signorino. If we are to take that race as a guide, there is nothing to indicate that Cicero can lay claim to any marked superiority over Jardy, who is reported to have improved considerably since last year. The other French-bred colt, Val d'Or, is stated to be rather better than his stable companion, and it is the present intention of their owner, M. E. Blanc, that they shall both run for the Derby, which promises to be an unusually interesting race this year. As far as Llangibby is concerned, there is no doubt that he has made great improvement since last year, but I cannot look upon him as a good horse. Signorino, if the Newmarket Stakes running is correct, prefers a mile to a further distance, and the style in which Vedas won the Two Thousand Guineas "gives one to think" that a mile is as far as he cares to go. It may be that Rouge Croix will be at his best when the time comes to think about the St. Leger, but as far as the Epsom Derby is concerned I am afraid that, however reluctant one may be to do so, he must be considered as an animal of no importance. To sum up the situation, everything points to Cicero as the best of our representatives. Can he defeat the French colts? That is the question, and one which it is extremely difficult to answer. The old-fashioned Payne Stakes no longer possesses the attraction of other days, and this year's winner, Cape Verde, would cut but a sorry figure in the company of many former winners of the race. He was receiving 9lb. from Shah Jehan, and just won by a head, and personally I should not class Shah Jehan as 9lb. better than a smart plater.

Of the racing on the opening day of the meeting there is not much to say. Some of the "Rosebery luck" seems to have descended to Lord Dalmeny, for whom Caravel brought off quite a useful coup in the Trial Plate of 400 sovs., and was bought in for 900 guineas. Quite a respectable field went to the post for the Newmarket Handicap of 1,000 sovs., which resulted in a really fine race, the feature of which was the running of Pharisee, who carried his 9st. 9lb., which included a 12lb. penalty, like the game, honest, and thoroughly-trained horse that he undoubtedly is. A word of praise is also due to the winner, D'Orsay, who, hard ridden from the Bushes, and challenged right and left by Antonio and Pharisee, held his own to the end, and won all out by three-quarters of a length.

On the Wednesday backers who remembered what took place at Sandown Park had a capital opportunity for recovering their money with interest, for Mr. A. H. Ruston's Early Bird made ample amends for the previous mishap, and fairly worried Sermon out of the Flying Handicap, which he won in decisive style by a length and a-half, starting at the very useful odds of 6 to 1. The race for the Newmarket Stakes has already been alluded to, and the remainder of the racing calls for little comment. To give 7lb. to such a horse as Nabot is no light task, but Imperial II. had apparently no trouble in doing so in the Abingdon Plate, which he won by a couple of lengths, after making all his own running, and thus he fully bears out the opinion expressed some time ago in these notes, to the effect that he was probably the fastest sprinter in training. The race for the Breeders' Stakes of 200 sovs., which was won by Sir J. Miller's Alcanzor, the recently-named colt by Sainfoin out of Aida, brought a very uninteresting meeting to a close.

A charge of venue found most racing people assembled at the cheery and popular Gatwick Meeting, which was favoured by the most ideal weather conditions. Sweet Mary continued the unbroken series of her victories by cantering home at her leisure for the Worth Stakes six lengths in front of Fruitful and Fairlawn. Lord Farquhar's Airlie improved upon his position of fourth behind St. Brendan and Thrush and Brother Bill at Kempton Park, and by winning the Alexandra Handicap from Melayr and Countermark rewarded those who had noticed and remembered the fine burst of speed which he showed for over six furlongs in the Lincoln Handicap.

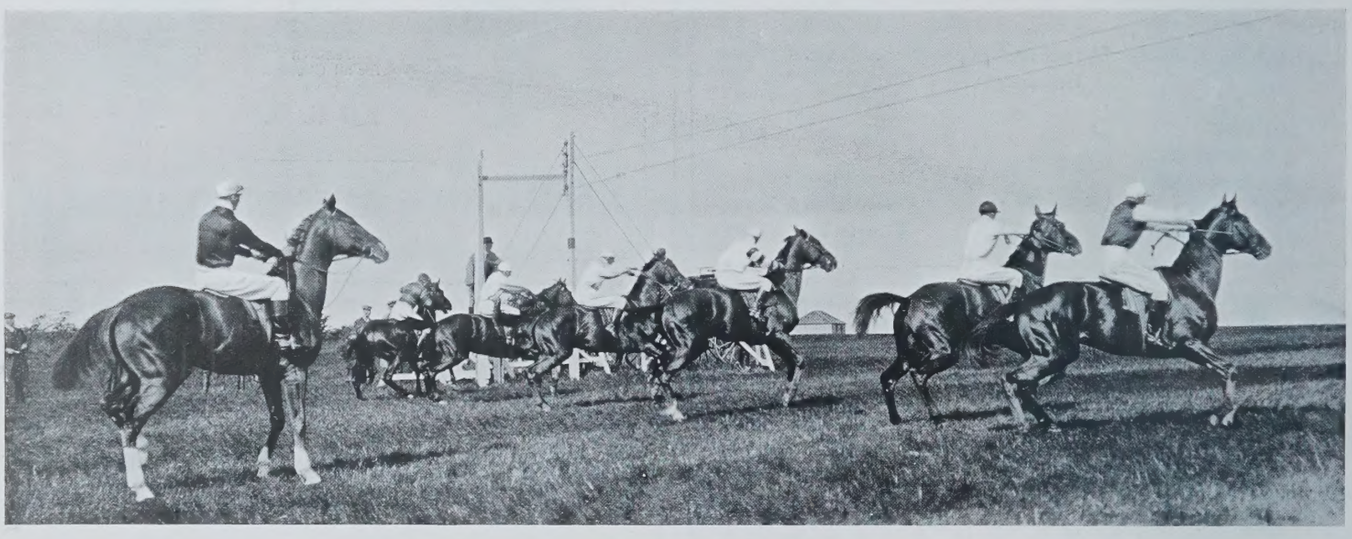
Gatwick, under the *régime* of thoroughly capable and enterprising management, is always a popular fixture with racegoers; and that the two days' racing, which commenced on Friday, the 19th inst., were thoroughly appreciated, was clearly shown by the crowded state of the various enclosures. The Alexandra Handicap of 1,000 sovs. constituted the *pièce de résistance* on the first day, and financial support was forthcoming for at least six out of the eight horses which went to the post. Helter Skelter was nominally favourite at 5 to 2, but there was practically no difference in that respect between Mr. Dugdale's horse and Airlie, who was quoted at 3 to 1. Against Edicius, who is invariably a source of trouble at the gate, 8 to 1 was laid, and found some takers, although it is at least that rate of odds against his getting off at all. Owing to his antics there was considerable delay at the post, and when the barrier did go up he whipped round and was left. Airlie jumped into his bridle, and made the running from Melayr, King Duncan, and Countermark. In a strong run race Airlie was never headed, and, winning in a canter, presented his owner, Lord Farquhar, with an acceptable birthday present. Apparently nothing can make Sweet Mary gallop, over these four-furlong courses at all events, and she added to her sequence of wins by cantering home six lengths in front of her field for the Worth Stakes.

Saturday, the second day of the meeting, provided even better racing than that which had been witnessed on the preceding day, and the Messrs. Pratt may be most sincerely congratulated upon the manner in which the public recognise their efforts to provide good sport. There was plenty of speculation when the betting opened for the Prince's Handicap of 500 sovs., but Long Tom was made favourite at 5 to 2, and when it came to racing he amply justified his position. On coming into the straight he drew clear, and, making the remainder of the running, won easily by three lengths, being followed home by Kilteel and Ferment. In the Marlborough Stakes Mr. H. J. King's Esquire made some amends for his bad performance in the Newmarket Handicap, and by beating Lady Yatesbury and Costly Lady recovered a considerable portion of the 820 guineas which his present owner paid for him when he was drafted out of Lord Falmouth's stable last back-end. As a two year old this colt was fairly smart, but for some reason or other he seemed to have completely lost his form, which would now appear to be coming back to him under Felix Leach's skilful management. Mr. R. H. Henning's El Re, ridden by F. Bullock, came in first for the Rook Plate, but was disqualified owing to an objection lodged against his rider for hitting Symmetrician more than once on the head with his whip. Morny Cannon, who rode Symmetrician, is not in the habit of raising frivolous objections; in fact, I believe that during his long career as a jockey he has only made four objections of any sort. There can be no doubt that El Re was justly disqualified, but at the same time I do not think that Mr. Henning's jockey made an intentional misuse of his whip. A very pleasant meeting came to an end with the race for the Apprentices' Plate, which Gamaliel, ridden by Walter Griggs, won by three-quarters of a length for Captain J. G. R. Homfray.

At Haydock Park Catty Crag, who is rapidly becoming a popular favourite after the style of Victor Wild, carried off the Haydock Park Handicap, giving 10lb. to D'Orsay, the winner of the Newmarket Handicap, and beating, moreover, such horses as Bachelor's Button, Whistling Crow, Glenamoy, Sandboy, and others. He had practically won his race all the way; but Wheatley had waiting orders, and only allowed his mount to stride out just before the distance, when he immediately shot to the front, and won cleverly by a length. Just now Catty Crag is quite in the first class of handicap horses, and if he could be sent to the post for the Cambridgeshire in anything like his present form, he would require a great deal of beating.

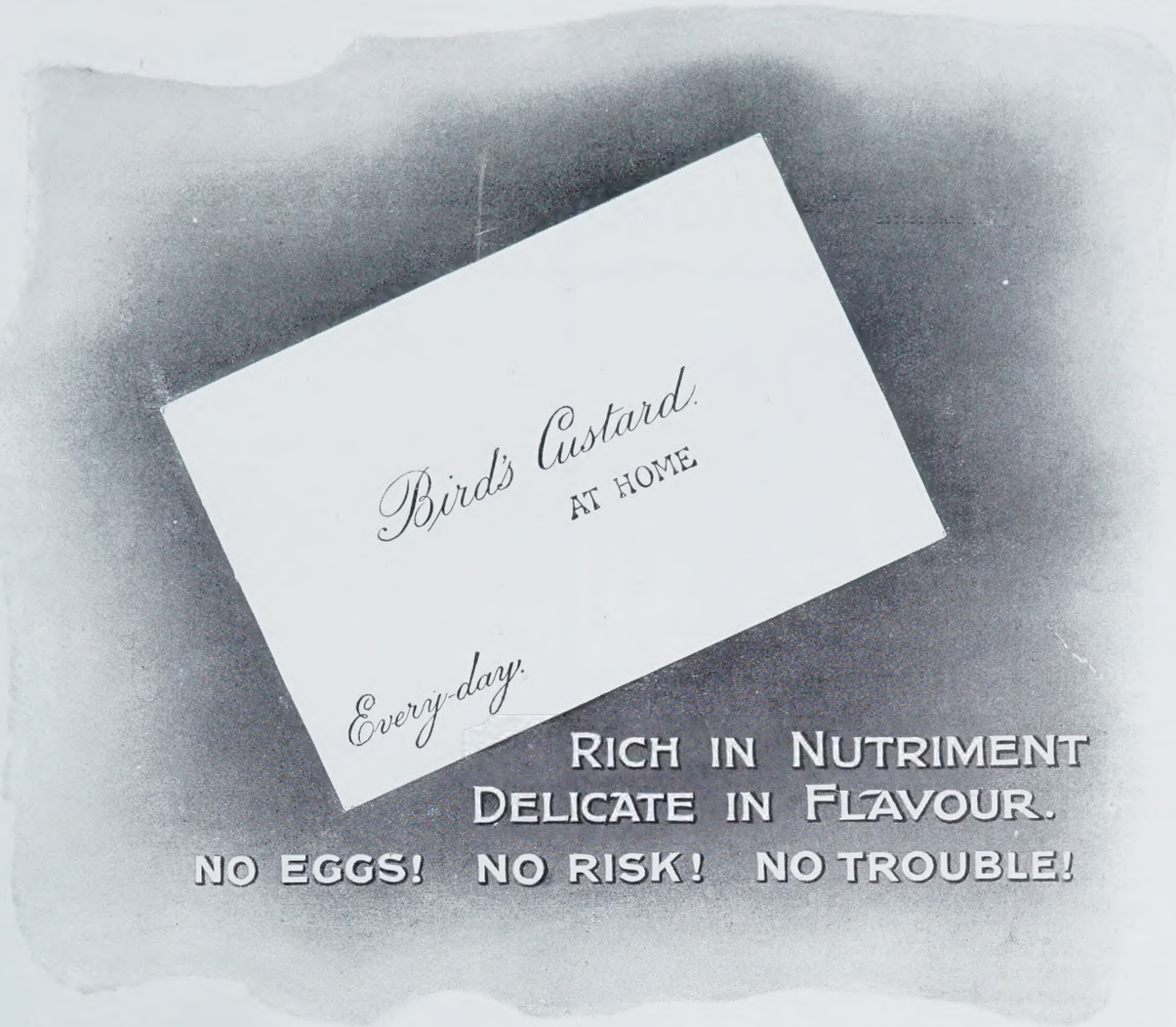
A cold snap has set in again, and at the time of writing it is snowing hard in parts of France. As at present arranged M. E. Blanc's horses, Val d'Or, Jardy, and Caius, will cross over during this week. Muskerry, who was to have accompanied them, ran so badly in the French Oaks on Sunday that she will not make the journey, and it is a curious fact that whereas nearly all the Flying Fox colts are good, he has not yet sired a really good filly, though I am told that Queen of the Earth was unlucky to be beaten in the One Thousand Guineas.

TRENTON.



W. A. Rouch. *THE START FOR THE NEWMARKET STAKES.* Copyright

Stadtholder refuses to go.



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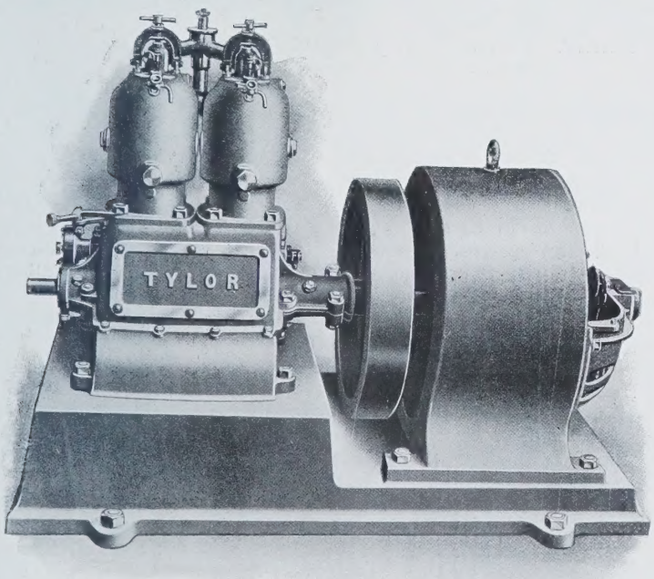

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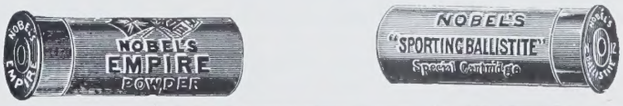

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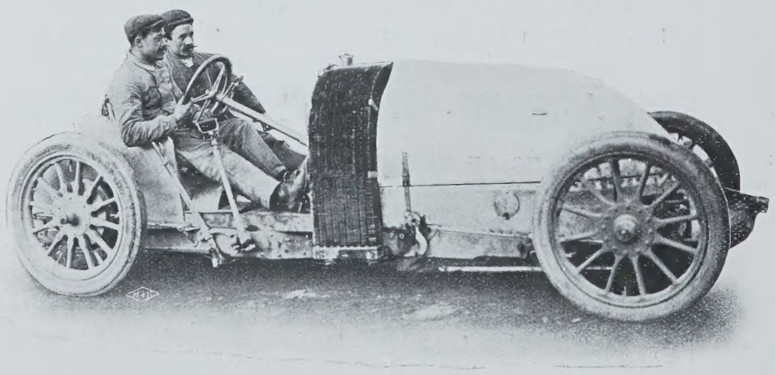
THE AUTOMOBILE WORLD.

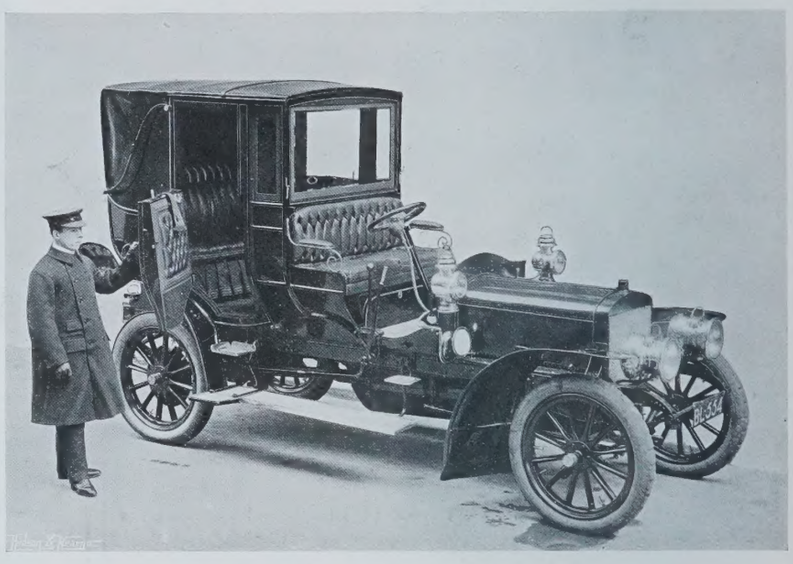
A NOVEL point in connection with the use of motor-cars has arisen in consequence of the sudden death from heart disease of a gentleman who was driving his own car the other day at Horley. The question has therefore been raised in the Press as to what can be done in similar circumstances by a passenger in order to stop the car. "I frequently ride on a friend's motor," says a correspondent of a daily paper, "with my friend driving. I know nothing of motor mechanism. If my friend had a fit or were suddenly to expire while the car was travelling at twenty miles an hour, I should be helpless. What handle am I to pull, what wheel am I to turn, to stop the motor? Surely some simple explanation could be given to the public generally as to the method of stopping the car." One would have thought that the writer of the letter referred to might preferably have interrogated his friend in the first instance; and, in any case, he must have been particularly unobservant ere he could write such a phrase as "what wheel am I to turn to stop the motor?" The only wheel turned by the driver of a car is the hand-wheel by which the steering is controlled, and obviously it has no relationship to the management of the engine.

That the position would be awkward if a driver did become incapacitated is undeniable. It would be far from hopeless, however, and for the benefit of those who may consider the possibility of such a happening in their own case, I may proceed to analyse the factors in the equation with a view to showing what it is possible for the passenger to accomplish. Parenthetically, I may remark that incapacitation is rarely, if ever, of instantaneous occurrence. Inasmuch as the driver is necessarily more or less always on the alert, and as his finger, as it were, is always on the pulse of the engine, the moment he felt his physical or mental powers failing in any way, he would himself as far as possible stop the car. Nearly every car has a clutch-pedal, which has only to be pressed to disconnect the engine from the driving gear; every car, moreover, has a brake-pedal, which is powerful enough to pull the car up when the engine is disconnected. The driver's feet are always actually on or in close contact with these pedals, and pressure of either or both is practically instinctive when occasion requires. I remember a case at Southport when the speed trials were held there in 1903. At five o'clock in the morning two or three of the competitors were making a preliminary trial of their cars on the track. A high wind was blowing, and as Mr. W. du Cros was turning out of a side street on to the track, a gust of wind lifted up the bonnet, which was not strapped down as usual to the frame of the car. On touring cars the bonnet never comes further backwards than a vertical position, but as the bonnet in this case was exceptionally long, owing to the size of the engine, and the dashboard was low, the bonnet swung far enough back to strike the driver in the face and effectually stun him. Just before lapsing into unconsciousness, however, he instinctively pressed the pedals and stopped the car, even before his mechanic took charge of the situation.



AN ENTRANT FOR THE FRENCH ELIMINATING TRIAL.
The new Renault racer with under-slung body.

Let us assume, however, that the driver has become unconscious with dramatic suddenness. We must also assume that there is a passenger to his left, for if he had only one companion he would probably be in the front seat. From his position he could not conveniently reach the hand-brake. The clutch-pedal, however, would be quite accessible, and possibly he could apply the brake-pedal also. Absolutely the quickest way, however, of bringing a car to a standstill is to turn off the electric current and stop the engine instantaneously; not only, in fact, is the engine stopped, but it would then itself act as a powerful brake upon the car. The switch is usually placed upon the dashboard—not invariably within easy reach of the driver himself, though oftener than not, but certainly always in a position which is accessible to the passenger. Any person, therefore, who is



H.R.H. PRINCESS CHRISTIAN'S CAR.
A 24 h.p. Thornycroft with landaulette body.

apprehensive on the subject should ascertain, when he mounts a car, where the switch is placed. After moving the switch, in case of our imagined dire extremity, the passenger should seize the steering-wheel and keep the car as straight as possible until it has come to a stop. If he has a cool head it would be far better for him to do this first before thinking about the switch, or about stopping the machine at all. He could not steer it accurately, of course, but on a country road the probabilities are that if nothing were in the way he could keep the car from actual collision with the side of the road until it had come to a stop. He must bear in mind, however, that if he has not been able to switch off he must keep the clutch-pedal down, or the engine will take up the running again; per contra, if he has been able to switch off he should not touch the clutch-pedal, or he will get no benefit from the braking power of the engine, but must try to depress the foot-brake, if he can get at it, instead of the clutch-pedal. On most cars, unfortunately, the brake-pedal is on the right-hand side, and therefore less accessible in the peculiar circumstances under discussion; on the Orleans, Wolseley, and one or two other cars, however, this position is reversed, and the brake-pedal is the one nearest to the passenger.

Speaking generally, however, the situation is by no means as critical as it may appear on paper. Anyone who wants to know how easily a car can be stopped under normal conditions has only to ask the driver at any moment to bring the car to a standstill. He simply depresses both feet, and the thing is done. The only new factor in the situation, therefore, in the possible event of a driver suddenly succumbing, is the fact that his body is to some extent in the way of the passenger who wishes to assume control, and that the car may have swerved aside before he can do anything practical himself. If the car is in the middle

THE INCOMPARABLE

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From the "AUTOCAR,"

APRIL 22ND, 1905.

"All the ancient disadvantages of a steam car—to wit, the failure to make steam after a rush uphill, the frequent stoppages to replenish the water supply, etc.—are past and gone with the 15-H.P. White. Fitted with a most efficient fan-cooled condenser, one tank full of water suffices for a run of 150 to 200 miles. Steam is seldom, if ever, shown, and the manipulation of the throttle valve alone serves to vary the pace of the car from a veritable crawl to the maximum speed obtainable. The brakes, moreover, though powerful and efficient, are only required for emergency stops; the throttle is sufficient and to spare for all ordinary purposes. The silent running is too well known to require emphasis, while the improved springing and lengthened wheelbase of the 15-H.P. make the car as comfortable and easy riding as any in the market.

"There are other points in relation to a White steam car with which I have no space to deal, but I may summarise the total of my week with a White by the remark that in the driving and handling of one of these cars those whose experience of automobilism has hitherto been restricted to the explosion engine will find many pleasant experiences."

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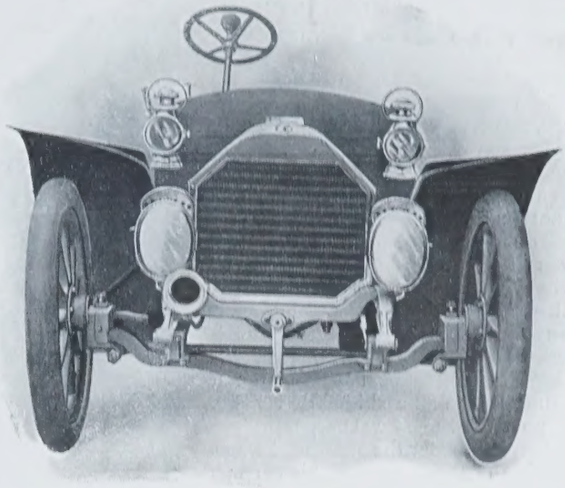

(20 H.P. 4 CYLINDERS).

"We had an opportunity of trying the new Brotherhood, under the expert control of Mr. Percy Richardson, who has been mainly responsible for its production. The point which struck us most was the excellence of the Carburetter, which allowed of the engine running efficiently at something like 150 revolutions per minute. In fact, Mr. Richardson drove us for miles through traffic without ever taking the clutch out, and at times the pace was a regular crawl. The control is altogether effected by a side movement of the right foot. There could not possibly be an easier way of application or more instantaneous. In fact, taken altogether, the control of this car is perfect. We noticed, too, that it picked up with extraordinary rapidity. At one moment we would be crawling through dense traffic, then an opening would suddenly occur, and a slight movement of the toe would send the car bounding forward like a projectile, only to be pulled up further on, as the traffic closed in, almost as quickly. The way Mr. Richardson handled the car was a liberal education in what can be done with a good motor. In this car the flexibility of the engine was good, while for power it seemed extraordinarily efficient, to judge from the one or two short bursts we were able to indulge in."—*Extract from MOTOR NEWS, March 4th, 1905.*

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IN THE SCOTTISH TRIALS

THE TWO WOLSELEY CARS ONCE MORE DEMONSTRATED THE

Reliability AND Hill-Climbing

QUALITIES OF THESE FAMOUS CARS.

The 6-h.p. Wolseley made non-stop runs each day, and although the smallest powered car competing, not only made faster time on the test hills than any competitor in its class, but was also faster than any of the two-cylinder cars in Class B, with the exception of the 14-h.p. Wolseley.

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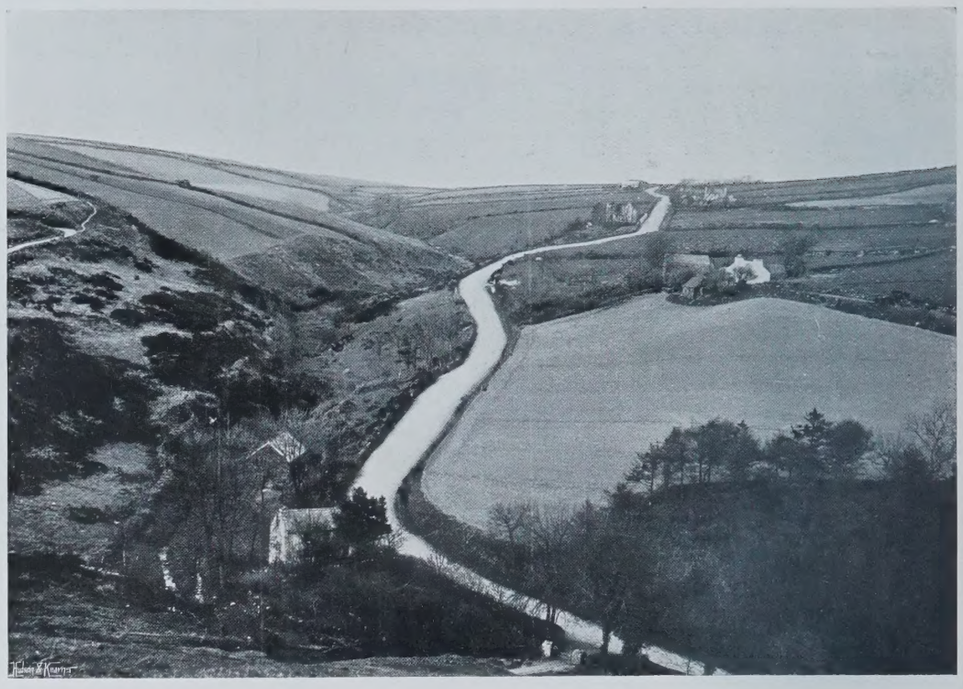
of the road, however, its natural tendency will be to keep straight, as is shown by the fact that one may see drivers putting on their gloves while maintaining full control over the vehicle at the same time. COMMUTATOR.

HINTS FOR BEGINNERS.—III.

A NEW car, fresh from the hands of the coach-builder, is usually "a thing of beauty," even if the remainder of the quotation is not always equally applicable; for the beauty, alas! is apt to be of a transient nature when subjected to the ministrations of the average paid driver. To clean a car is a long and tedious job, and not one man in half-a-dozen will carry out the work in a thorough manner if left to his own devices. It may be want of skill or want of energy, but the result is the same. Personally, I always judge a man very much by the condition in which he keeps his car, as, although it sometimes happens that a good mechanic and a skilled driver is a very poor carriage-washer, and *vice versâ*, yet, as a rule, the man who takes a pride in the appearance of his car has the makings of a good motor servant, even though he may for a time be wanting in mechanical skill or driving experience.

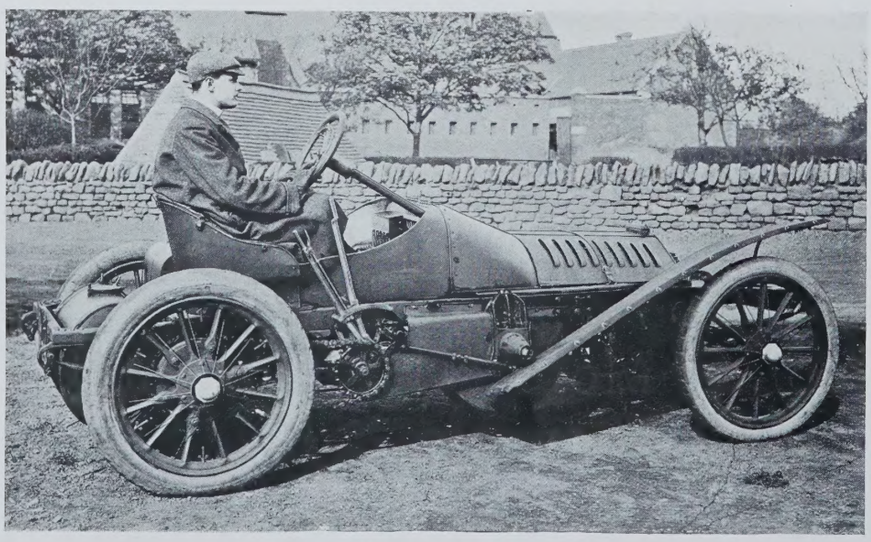


CRAIG WILLIAMS HILL.
An open stretch on the Isle of Man course.

The most critical period, as I have said on a previous occasion, in the life of the mechanism of a car is the first few weeks of its existence. The same rule applies to the carriage-work, though it is surprising what rough usage the varnish will stand when it has once got thoroughly hard. For this reason, cars bought from stock, after standing some weeks or months in a showroom, will often retain their pristine appearance far longer than those which are taken from the coach-builder by impatient purchasers before the varnish has had time to set. In either case, however, the greatest care should be taken over the washing process on the first few occasions that the car is used, and if it can be prevented, neither mud nor rain should be allowed to dry on the carriage-work. It is a curious fact that rain-water will sometimes leave almost indelible stains on new varnish, while certain kinds of mud, particularly from limestone roads, are even more fatal in their effects.

It may appear somewhat superfluous to deal with the actual process of washing down, but there are certain precautions which should be observed which are unnecessary in the case of an ordinary carriage. In the first place, separate leathers, sponges, and brushes should be used for the body, and the wheels, axles, and framework. Oil and grease are certain to be splashed from the mechanism on to the latter, and if the same washing utensils are used for every part of the car, the whole of the exterior will quickly acquire a dull and greasy appearance. Oil is most injurious to varnish, and it is therefore necessary to prevent it encroaching on the panels and other conspicuous portions of the body, and also to remove it as thoroughly as possible from the framework and wheels. Water alone is almost useless, and little good results from mixing a small quantity of petrol with the washing water, a remedy which is often recommended. Petrol or paraffin undiluted are perfectly efficacious, but do more harm than the grease which they remove. On the whole, the best plan to adopt, after the mud and dust have been washed off in the ordinary way, is to go over the oil stains with a little soap on a sponge, and give a final rinsing with rain-water if it is available. This will leave the varnish spotlessly clean, although in time it may have a slightly dulling effect.

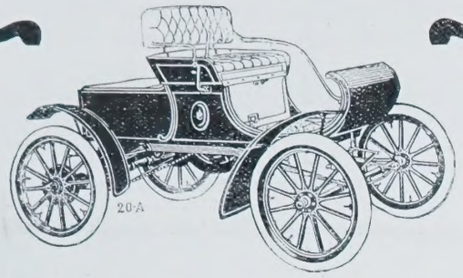
Generally speaking, the more frequently a new car is washed the better, as the water has a hardening effect on the varnish. If a hose is used, the pressure of the jet should be very slight, as any force will cause the mud and dust to scratch the surface. Care should, of course, be taken to prevent the water getting inside the bonnet; and a car should never be washed when the tyres are deflated, as it would inevitably result in the rotting of the fabric of the covers. A really good motor man will take just as much pride in the appearance of his engine and transmission gear as he does in the exterior of the car. No one who has a real fondness for machinery would tolerate rust and dirt for an instant, and an ill-kept motor is a sure sign of a slovenly and careless driver. For the benefit of the owner who proposes to be his own mechanic, I may say that old rags are pleasanter to use than waste for cleaning purposes, and that a painter's brush, of the kind known as a sash-tool, and a bowl of stale petrol will greatly assist him in the operation. The latter should be used only in the open and away from any light, and the engine should not be started until the petrol has thoroughly evaporated, as the external spark-gaps, still fitted on some cars, or the heat of the exhaust-pipes might ignite the vapour. F. P. A.



THE ISLE OF MAN TRIALS.
The Hon. C. S. Rolls on one of the Wolseley racers.

ROAD MAXIMS FOR MOTORISTS.

THE formation of a Considerate Driving League comes at an opportune moment, when the misbehaviour of a small minority of motorists, and the occurrence of a regrettable number of accidents, have caused a recrudescence of that anti-motorist feeling among the general public which in the past has done so much harm to automobilism. The maxims to be observed by members of the league have been drawn up by the Hon. John Scott Montagu, M.P., and though their propriety may appear obvious to every careful motorist, and there may be a disposition to regard the new association as superfluous on that account, yet we think that the deliberate acceptance of the code by all reasonable motorists would greatly help to convince the public that they are anxious to observe the courtesies and traditions of the road. So far as paid drivers are concerned, concrete suggestions are infinitively more effective than vague admonitions, and the presence of the regulations, hung in a conspicuous position in the motor-house, may serve to remind them of their duties towards those who are restricted to less modern forms of locomotion. Much of the reckless and inconsiderate driving that takes place is due to ignorance and want of judgment rather than to deliberate disregard of the safety and convenience of others. The mechanic taken from the shops and placed at the wheel of a powerful car, as a rule, has had no previous acquaintance with the traditions of the highway, save such as he may have acquired by riding on a tram or omnibus. The results are only too well known; but henceforth, with a definite code of road maxims before him, the driver-mechanic will have little excuse for want of consideration for



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There are many makes of light Motor Cars on the market, but none that fills so well defined a position as the OLDSMOBILE. It is specially constructed for service and will stand the roughest of roads without shewing the least sign of weakness. All the strength that a light machine could carry is put into it, and the result is that it is a moderate priced Car with the distinctive qualities of the best.

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LÉON BOLLÉE

24 H.P. 40 H.P.

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Immediate Delivery of Both Types

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"The Léon Bollée car quite comes up to my expectations (which were great), and goes better to-day than when I took delivery. I have done 1,700 miles without a breakdown of any kind. The Bollée is quite up to its reputation."
—Extract from a Client's Letter.

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BUILDERS OF HANDSOME MOTOR CAR BODIES TO SUIT ALL CHASSIS.

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Automotor Journal, Feb 10th, '05.

"This new vehicle is—as we have previously been able to mention—well worth the attention of those requiring a really good all-round car for general work and for touring purposes, for, although it possesses nothing startling in the way of radical departure from the best accepted practice, it has obviously been designed by those who are thoroughly acquainted with what has already been done by other automobile manufacturers, and who possess a thoroughly sound engineering knowledge that has stood them in good stead. Possibly the two characteristics that stand out most prominently are the unusual strength of the entire chassis, and the remarkable facility with which all vital parts of the mechanism have been rendered accessible from beneath, for both these features are very strongly marked."
Automotor Journal, May 6th, '05.

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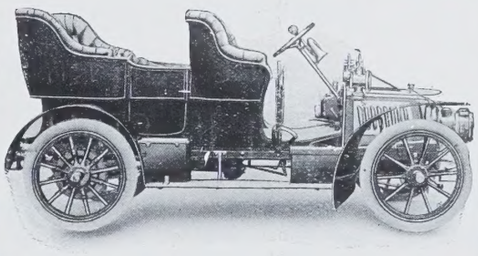

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others. We give Mr. Montagu's maxims in full, and may add that the code, properly mounted for hanging up in the motor-house, and a form of enrolment can be obtained from the headquarters of the league, at 17, Shaftesbury Avenue, for the sum of one shilling.

Drive Slowly

(1) Through towns and villages.
(2) When approaching cross-roads or turning corners.
(3) When passing schools, cottages, and churches.
(4) On dusty or muddy roads when passing cyclists or pedestrians.

A PETROL CAR FOR TOWN USE.
Lady Tenterden's 16 h.p. James and Browne landaulette.

(5) When meeting or overtaking lady cyclists, and do not steer too close to them.
(6) When entering a main road from a side road.
(7) When you see a drunken man in the road.
(8) When passing any live animals on the road—cows, sheep, dogs, etc.

Stop

(1) When an accident of any kind occurs. Render all the assistance in your power, and, as a safeguard against future proceedings, ascertain the names and addresses of a few witnesses.
(2) When you see any likelihood of a horse becoming restive. If necessary, do this even before the driver holds up a warning hand.

Always Assume

(1) That other road-users may do the wrong thing, *i.e.*, a driver may pull the wrong rein, or a pedestrian hesitate and try several courses.
(2) That it is your business, not the other man's, to avoid danger.

The road is free for all; therefore, be courteous and considerate, and always drive like a gentleman.

THE CONTROL OF COMPETITIONS.

In the general chorus of praise which has greeted the new competition rules of the Automobile Club one dissentient note has been heard. It is contended that their application is too wide, and that the stringency of their provisions will tend to prevent the holding of minor and semi-private events by the smaller and less wealthy provincial clubs. We think that there is much to be said in support of this contention, and we hope that the club may see its way towards some relaxation of the rules in certain clearly-defined circumstances. Great care, however, will have to be exercised if the usefulness of the competition rules is not to be destroyed. Owing to the non-existence of any proper code and the absence of central control, automobile competitions, hill climbs, speed tests and the like, were in danger of falling into disrepute. Many abuses had crept in, and quarrels and even legal proceedings were no uncommon sequel of provincial meetings, which sometimes appeared to be run mainly in the interests of one or two particular firms. As a result the amateur element was becoming rare, and the public were beginning to regard all motoring events purely as a form of trade advertisement disguised under the name of "sport." The Automobile Club has been handicapped in its attempt to check abuses by the want of a code of rules applicable to every circumstance, such as exists in the case of horse-racing. After more than a year's constant work a special sub-committee has recently finished the compilation of the new competition rules, which have been approved by the club committee and made public. They are certainly of a stringent nature, but not more stringent than experience has shown to be necessary when the bulk of the competitors are striving for victory, not from a love of sport, but purely in order to advance their business interests. There are competitions of another character, however, which are worthy of every encouragement, and we would suggest that where an event is restricted to cars which are driven and owned by members who are not directly or indirectly engaged in the motor industry, the full severity of the club's rules might well be relaxed.

THE ISLE OF MAN TRIALS.

Arrangements are now all in trim for the British Eliminating Trials, which will take place in the Isle of Man on Tuesday next, with a view to selecting three representatives of the Automobile Club of this country in the

MERCÉDÈS LATEST MODELS.
18–28 28–32 40–45
CARS FOR HIRE BY DAY, WEEK OR MONTH.
SPARE PARTS IN STOCK. ALL REPAIRS EXECUTED.
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IN THE HILL-CLIMBING COMPETITIONS THE

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OF EQUAL OR LESS HORSE-POWER, AND ALSO MANY

MORE POWERFUL AND MORE COSTLY CARS

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THE NEW BEESTON-HUMBER CAR

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At Brighton Beach, Coney Island, U.S.A. May 6th.
Event No. 1 - Winner 30-h.p. DAIMLER.
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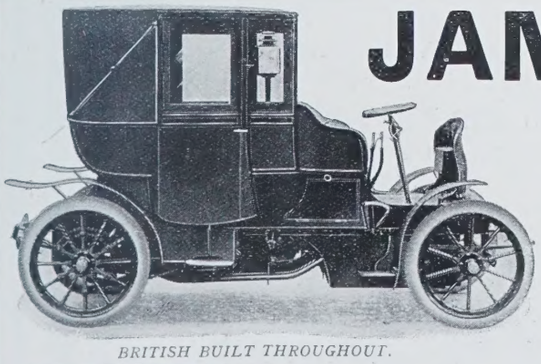

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QUIET, SMOOTH RUNNING, and RELIABLE.

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race for the Gordon Bennett Cup on July 5th. The cars and their drivers will be as follows:

	Car.	Entered by.	Driver.
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2.	Star	Mr. E. Lisle	Mr. — Goodwin.
3.	Darracq	Mr. A. Lee Guinness	Mr. A. Lee Guinness.
4.	Wolseley	Mr. H. Austin	Mr. C. Bianchi.
6.	Napier	Mr. S. F. Edge	Mr. Cecil Edge.
7.	Napier	Mr. S. F. Edge	Mr. W. Clifford Earp.
9.	Napier	Mr. John Hargreaves	Mr. John Hargreaves.
10.	Siddeley	Mr. L. de Rothschild	Mr. Sidney Girling.
11.	Wolseley	Mr. H. Austin	Hon. C. S. Rolls.
12.	Napier	Mr. S. F. Edge	Mr. A. E. Macdonald.

The cars are mentioned in the order in which they will start, but it should be explained that the numbers 5 and 8 have not been allotted, as it was thought that they might be confused with each other, or with number 3, when the cars bearing them were travelling at high speed; such, in fact, was actually the case last year.

The course to be used will be identical with that of the Trial of 1904; sundry suggested alterations have been considered, but have not been found to be desirable. The total distance round the circuit, including controls, is 51 miles 1 furlong, and in all probability the cars will traverse these as many times as possible within a given period of eight hours. In addition to the data afforded by the finishing times, the Selection Committee will also be influenced by speed tests against time over a mile on the flat in each circuit, and speed tests against time in climbing a hill in each circuit. Due notice will also, of course, be taken of the skill and suitability of the respective drivers, and also of the condition of the cars at the finish of the trial. The latter, however, will be confined to one day, and there will be no hill-climbing trial at Ramsey, as was the case last year, nor speed trials on the Parade at Douglas. Wednesday will be devoted, however, to a motor-cycle race, in the nature of an Eliminating Trial, for the selection of the British team for the International Motor-cycle Cup Race, and also for a race for the *Motor* Cup. The best place for seeing the race is at the summit of Snaefell, to which access is easy, as there is an electric railway up the mountain-side. Those who wish to see the cars in full flight should certainly take their stand on Snaefell. On the other hand, Quarter Bridge will be the chief centre of activity throughout the trial, and will witness both the start and finish.

Motor Union Inter-club Meet.

The most interesting automobile gathering that has been held for some time was the Motor Union Inter-club meet at the Dukeries last Saturday. It brought together a record muster of no less than 150 motor-vehicles, of which all but nine were cars. Visitors came from all points of the compass, the clubs represented including the Automobile Club, and the following among other affiliated clubs: Midland, Yorkshire, Sheffield, Nottingham, Leicester, Manchester, Derby, Leicestershire, Eastern Counties, Southern, Berkshire, and Huddersfield. A meeting of the general committee of the Motor Union was held at Nottingham in the forenoon, the members of the local club providing seats on their cars for those members of the committee who did not drive down. In the afternoon large numbers of other cars arrived, and a procession of formidable proportions left the Victoria Station Hotel about two o'clock for Mansfield and Welbeck Abbey, to which the Duke and Duchess of Portland had kindly extended an invitation. Other cars had been steered direct to Welbeck without passing through Nottingham, and the final muster attained the dimensions already stated. On arrival the visitors were welcomed by the Duke and Duchess in person, and were conducted by guides over the subterranean galleries, etc., for which the Duke's estate is famous. Subsequently the procession was re-formed, and, headed by the Duke and Duchess in their Mercédès landaulette, set off for Edwinstowe, where afternoon tea was taken. Nature was looking her best in Berkland Forest and Sherwood Forest, where several fine herds of deer were encountered, and the journey proved enjoyable in the extreme. At all turning-points along the outward journey, and again on the road from Edwinstowe to Nottingham, the Nottinghamshire police were stationed, and rendered valuable assistance, in acknowledgment of which the guests at the dinner, which was held later in Nottingham, subscribed a sum of £20 to be devoted to whatever object the police preferred. The Hon. Arthur Stanley, M.P., chairman of the Automobile Club, presided at the dinner, and expressed the opinion that automobilists were suffering for the sins of the few, and that every effort must be made to suppress the motor hooligan.

Alcohol *v.* Petrol.

At the Hotel Cecil, on Friday evening, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders held a dinner, with a subsequent discussion on the Alcohol Committee's report. Dr. Ormondy, the chief apostle of the industrial alcohol movement, was present, and made out as good a case as he could for the substitution of that spirit for petrol. It became clear, however, after hearing the speeches of two members of the Alcohol Committee—Mr. Scott Montagu and Mr. Tyrer—that that body had had no option but to condemn the use of alcohol, for the present, at all events. It cannot be produced a cheaply as petrol, nor has its efficiency been proved to be equal to the spirit now in general use in cars. All the reasons, in fact, in favour of the use of alcohol are sentimental. It would benefit agriculture, it would be home-grown instead of imported, the increased cultivation of the potato would increase our food reserve in time of war, and also prevent the fear of a spirit famine; and in various ways alcohol would theoretically be preferable to petrol. Unfortunately, however, circumstances at present are all against it, and it will undoubtedly be a long time before anything is done in the way of effecting the vital change that has been suggested.

The Auvergne Circuit.

For some weeks past the question of the suitability of the Auvergne Circuit for racing purposes has been keenly debated both in this country and in France. All the drivers who have practised on the course have described it as extremely difficult, but opinion has been divided as to the necessity of establishing controls, some maintaining that they are absolutely necessary if disaster is to be avoided, others declaring that the original plan of

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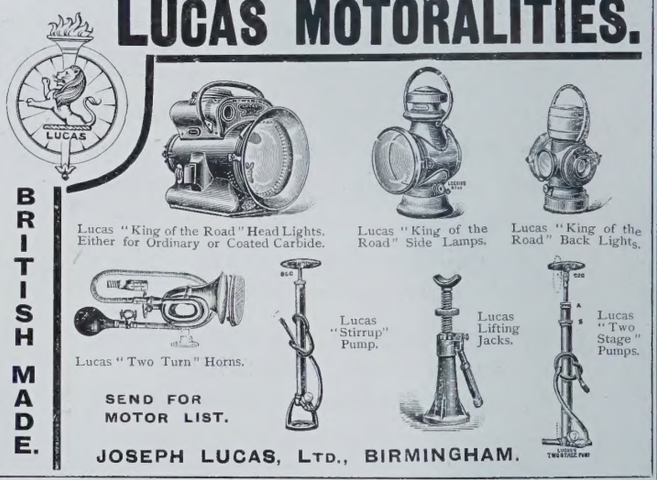

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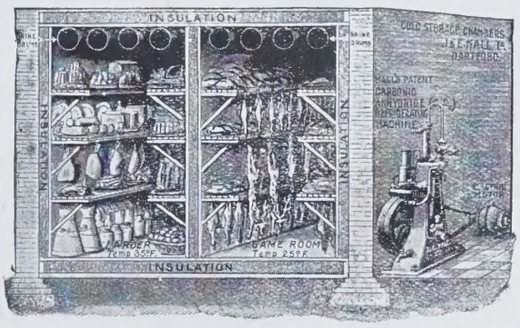

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an interrupted race from start to finish was to be preferred, as imposing a more severe test on the competing cars. The dispute has been finally settled by the intervention of the Minister of the Interior, who has insisted that there shall be three enforced halts in each round of the course. These will be at Laqueuille, Pontgibaud, and Rochefort. At the two former places the cars will be stopped and started again at intervals of 3min. Where a car is more than 3min. behind its predecessor it will be allowed to proceed immediately. At Rochefort the competitors will be required to make merely a momentary halt. There is no question that the precautions insisted upon by the French Government will diminish the dangers of the Auvergne Circuit, as they will greatly lessen the amount of passing on the more narrow and winding portions of the road. It must not be supposed, however, that the possibility or even the probability of serious accidents has been eliminated, and the opinion has been freely expressed that the results of the French Eliminating Trials will be of such a disastrous nature, that the Gordon Bennett race itself will never be held. This is, perhaps, an extreme view to take of the dangers of the course, but the results of the trials will be awaited with no small amount of anxiety. In response to repeated complaints from the inhabitants, the Minister has also forbidden any further practising on the course.

THE MIDLAND AUTOMOBILE CLUB HILL-CLIMB.

This event, originally fixed for May 27th, has been postponed until Saturday, June 3rd, when, with the kind permission of Baron Max de Tuyll and Mr. A. D. Flower, it will be held in the private grounds of Middle Hill, which is about 1½ miles from Broadway, Worcestershire. The contest will be open only to cars entered and driven by members of the club, and will, of course, be run under the competition rules of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland. The cars must be fully-equipped touring vehicles, and carry the number of passengers for which they are built. Three classes are provided: For cars not exceeding 8 h.p.; for cars exceeding 8 h.p. and not exceeding 18 h.p.; for cars exceeding 18 h.p. and not exceeding 25 h.p.; for cars exceeding 25 h.p. Horse-power for the purpose of this classification shall be the maker's stated horse-power. The hill-climbing formula is as follows:

$$\frac{\text{Time in seconds} \times \text{H.P.}}{\text{Total weight in lbs.}}$$

The horse-power will be ascertained as follows:

$$\frac{(\text{Cylinder dia. in ins.})^2 \times \text{no. of cylinders.}}{3}$$

A MOTOR-CYCLE PENALTY RUN.

A most interesting competition for motor-cycles was recently held under the auspices of the Auto-Cycle Club. Nineteen riders on motor-bicycles and tricars (the latter numbering three) were despatched from Thames Ditton at 2.30 p.m. upon a 100-mile out-and-home run on the Portsmouth Road, any dismount or stoppage of the road-wheel (except for traffic and for the turn) entailing a fine of 6d., whilst any failure to complete the distance in six hours would result in a fine of 2s. 6d. Five hours was the minimum time, and any faster time than this meant disqualification. At the expiration of two minutes over the minimum time four men returned, and within a quarter of an hour sixteen riders had aarived, the last man to finish being a quarter of an hour later. Seven had completed the run without a stop of any sort, five had stopped to replenish their petrol tanks, one of them losing an extra 6d. for stopping to pick up his hat. The other stoppages were of a paltry character, a choked feed pipe, a broken high-tension wire, a puncture, a stoppage of the petrol feed, and a slipping belt being characteristic. The only one of a more serious nature was a cracked bearing cone of a tricar's side wheel. One rider finished the last half mile *à la* hobby horse, his petrol having run out and his machine being minus pedals. A further competition amongst the successful seven will probably be arranged in order to decide the destination of the prizes.

ITEMS.

It would appear that the belt-driven car is by no means extinct, as the Russian Government has recently placed an order for fifty Delahaye cars of the old belt-driven type, as it was found, after exhaustive tests, that this system of transmission was the only one which would stand the strain of running over the very bad Russian roads. The Delahaye firm is one of the oldest in the motor industry, and, needless to say, their modern cars are in every respect thoroughly up to date. The British agents in this country for Delahaye cars are Messrs. Perman and Co. of 29A, Charing Cross Road.

The Hon. C. S. Rolls and Mr. Charles Jarrott have tendered their resignations as members of the British Empire Motor Trades Alliance. Whilst strongly sympathising with the objects of the alliance, they consider that their trade interests do not justify their continuing as members under present circumstances. For the same reason Mr. Claude Johnson, to whose initiative the Alliance owes its formation, has tendered his resignation as honorary secretary.

Cannstatt Mercédès, Limited, have issued a useful little pamphlet entitled "Mercédès Points," which gives a short *resumé* of the principal features of a Mercédès car with driving instructions. Thus, the novice is told, when starting the car from rest, to "advance the spark a quarter-turn and shut the throttle. Press the clutch pedal firmly down and push the speed lever into the forward portion of the middle quadrant. Take off the side brake and let in the clutch gently but without any hesitation. . . . The car should *not* be driven on the clutch, *e.g.*, when slowing up for a corner, etc., do not declutch, but shut the throttle." The little book should be of interest to owners of Mercédès cars, and can be obtained on application to 127—130, Long Acre.

The Sirdar Rubber Company wish to state that although they have not yet made any increase in the price of their tyres, yet they are seriously considering the matter in view of the rise in the market price of rubber.

At the hill-climbing competition held by the Royal North of Ireland Yacht Club at Cultra, the fastest time for all classes was accomplished by Mr. R. E. Workman's 14 h.p.. four-cylinder Minerva, which beat many well-known cars of higher horse-power.

The New Engine Company has opened a large repairing workshop at Acton, opposite the tramcar depôt in the Uxbridge Road.

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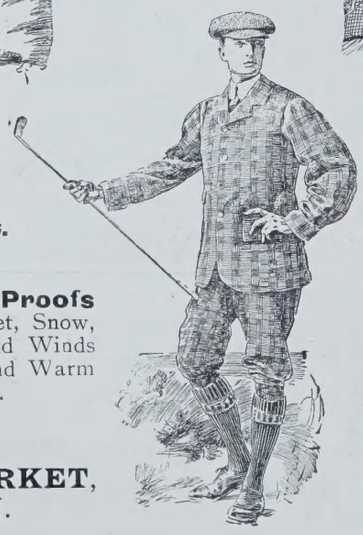

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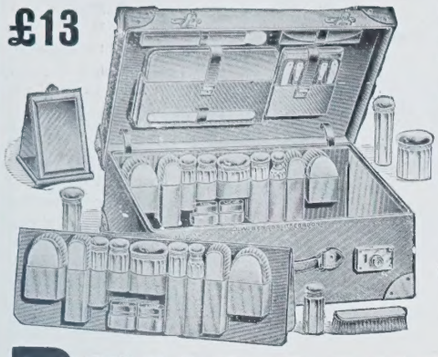

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SIR,—No one can deny the fair and temperate manner in which you deal with the unfortunate accidents due to the ever-present motor; but to compare those which are owing to the few motors which at present exist to those due to the much more numerous horse-drawn vehicles is, I submit, neither here nor there, because every accident should be traced to its true cause. In the case of motors, four out of five of the accidents, not to mention the danger and annoyance to others, can be traced to the speed having exceeded the legal limit; and one can foresee no remedy until the general tone of motorists—I mean those of the better class—is, as regards this portion of the law, altered. I suggest, as a beginning, that the Automobile Club should deny their certificate and refuse further membership to those who have been found guilty of exceeding the legal limit of speed.—HEDGEROW.

CRICKET NOTES.

IT is a well-known fact in boxing that it is no use being able to take punishment if one is not also capable of administering a fair share of the same to one's opponent. The same thing applies in cricket. If batsmen are content to remain entirely on the defensive and are afraid to have a go at the bowling, it is certain that, if there is anything at all in the attack, the defence will come to an ignominious end. A bowler who finds that his loose balls are not punished, and that the greatest respect is shown to an ordinary ball of fairly good length, can afford to try experiments, and, if he has a head on his shoulders, will not be long in discovering the weak spot in the defence. On the other hand, a free hitting, resolute batsman who not only punishes the slightest mistake on the part of the bowler, but forces runs from really good balls whenever possible, often succeeds in taking the sting out of the attack and in demoralising the bowler.

The performance of the Gentlemen of England on Friday can only be described as flat, stale, and utterly unprofitable. Things might have been different, perhaps, if C. B. Fry had not experienced another slice of the bad luck which seems to pursue him when playing against the Australians. The bowling, although good, did not seem to be particularly deadly, but Warner was the only batsman who had the courage to tackle it. Captain Wynyard managed to put together the respectable total of 61; but his cricket was anything but free and clean, forcing strokes were few and far between. Perhaps the less said the better about the way in which Beldam and McDonell were run out, but such things should not occur in first-class cricket. In the second innings matters were even worse. The pitch, it is true, may have been slightly affected by the rain which had fallen during the night, but not sufficiently so to account for the wretched exhibition of cricket which took place. The score is the best comment that can be made on the performance—"Gentlemen of England all out for 66!" It sums up the situation, and speaks eloquently of the "rot" which set in.

Armstrong's great innings of 248 not out on Friday was a magnificent display of batting. He scored freely all round the wicket, and is evidently master of every kind of stroke. From 12.15 till ten minutes to six he not only set a strong attack at defiance, but literally "went for" the bowling. Few batsmen can hope to rival this wonderful performance, but many can imitate this brilliant player by refusing to content themselves with simply endeavouring to keep their wickets intact. There are occasions, it is true, when the stone-walling style of play is of the greatest service, but when not absolutely necessary such cricket is very unattractive.

The pace at which the ball comes off the ground on some of the pitches at Lord's is apt to be very deceptive, and Newland, who was deputy wicket-keeper for the Australians in place of Kelly, was constantly at fault in his timing of the ball. For the Gentlemen, H. Martyn kept wicket well throughout the innings; many of the fastest balls were taken cleanly and close up to the wicket, and the catch by which he dismissed Syd Gregory was a brilliant example of the wicket-keeper's art. Considerable credit is due to Brearley for his bowling; he maintained his pace consistently throughout a long and tiring day, and, in spite of unusually severe punishment, sent down very few loose balls. The fielding of the Gentlemen, taken as a whole, was distinctly above the average.

Defeated but not disgraced, the Oxonians, all things considered, made a respectable show against a much stronger eleven in their match against the Australians. In the first innings the Hon. C. N. Bruce played sterling good cricket, and in Udal the 'Varsity evidently possess a fast bowler considerably above the average. Not only did he get wickets, but he often got the batsmen into difficulties. Taking it all round, it was no mean feat on the part of the Oxford men to get rid of their opponents for 241 in the first innings and 266 in the second.

The announcement that the Hon. F. S. Jackson has accepted the captaincy of the English team to meet the Australians at Nottingham on Monday, May 29th, is a very welcome one. Not only is he sure to make an excellent captain of the team, but however hard pressed his side may be, and however badly things may be going, nothing can ever shake his nerve and confidence. One can always be sure that he will rise to the necessities of the occasion.

C. B. Fry is in wonderful form this season, his record of 608 runs for six innings, of which two were not outs, with one score of 201, and an average of 152, will take a good deal of beating. He has not yet, however, equalled the performance of W. G. Grace, who, if we are not mistaken, had made 1,000 runs before the end of May in 1895.

Fine scores were made last week by W. W. Armstrong at Lord's, 248 not out; Iremonger, 239, at Nottingham; Hirst (not out), 187, at Leicester; C. J. B. Wood (not out), 117, also at Leicester; and E. W. Mann and Baker 147 and 102 respectively at Cambridge.

The match between Yorkshire and Leicestershire will long be remembered in the annals of cricket. It is a noticeable characteristic of the Yorkshire eleven that such a thing as a "rot" setting in is practically unknown; if some of them fail, others take up the burden and come to the rescue, and one and all they play for their side. Thanks to some fine batting by C. E. de Trafford, C. J. B. Wood, Whitehead, and Coe

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Leicestershire compiled the satisfactory total of 419 runs, to which the Yorkshiremen responded with the still better one of 515, out of which George Hirst was responsible for no less than 341. This is the sixth highest individual score on record in first-class cricket, the others being 424 by Mr. A. C. Maclaren for Lancashire *v.* Somerset, at Taunton, July 16th, 1895; 365 by Mr. C. Hill for South Australia *v.* New South Wales, at Adelaide, December, 1900; 387 by R. Abel for Surrey *v.* Somerset, at the Oval, May 30th, 1899; 344 by Dr. W. G. Grace for the M.C.C. *v.* Kent, at Canterbury, August 4th, 1876; and 343 (not out) by Mr. Percy Perrin for Essex *v.* Derbyshire, at Chesterfield, July 19th, 1904.

Hirst's great innings can only be described as superb cricket. He maintained a complete mastery over the bowling, was hardly ever at fault in timing the ball, and his placing was remarkable for its accuracy. Playing with extraordinary confidence and freedom, he hit all round the wicket with equal strength and certainty, and during an innings which lasted nearly seven hours gave only one chance, and that a very hard one, to Reginald Crawford, who just failed to hold a left-handed catch at short leg. Some idea of the forcing tactics adopted by Hirst may be gathered from the fact that he hit one 6, fifty-three strokes for 4, seven for 3, and twenty for 2. A tremendous and well-deserved ovation greeted the Yorkshireman when he was at last caught in the slips by Crawford. A word of praise is due to Myers, who played for over three hours with wonderful patience, and helped to put on 183 for the seventh wicket.

ON THE GREEN.

TOOGOOD has lately proved himself to be so fine a golfer that it was no mean performance that Thomson, the successor of Braid at Romford, achieved in beating him at Galleywood in Essex the other day by no less than 6 up and 5 to play. This is rather a catchy course, where terrible things may happen to a man who is a little off his game, and probably we may take it that Toogood was just a little off, and that terrible things did befal him. Still, Thomson must have been doing good work.

The accounts of certain matches in the early days of the week in which the amateur international match was played did not read at all pleasantly for the English side, for they represented both Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Graham as playing very strong golf indeed. In a team match of the Royal Liverpool against the Hoylake Village Club Mr. Graham was round Hoylake in a score of 72, which is just a little too low, and though it is possible that the course was not at its full length, one has a measure of the merit of this score in the fact that Mr. Ball was 78, and nobody except Mr. Graham was better than 78 The Royal Liverpool Club won by eight matches to three—by how many holes is not on the record. Then Mr. Maxwell, too, at North Berwick, in a three-ball match with Mr. Laidlay and Mr. Gairdner, was in great form. Both morning and afternoon he beat both the others, Mr. Gairdner beating Mr. Laidlay in the morning, and Mr. Laidlay turning the tables on him in the afternoon. Mr. Maxwell's win, to be sure, was at the expense of compatriot Scots, but still it was terrifying evidence of his form, for he won easily in both matches. The same two tackled him again at Prestwick, but the result was identical. He would not be beaten.

It was fortunate for all would-be amateur champions that the decision of the contest for this championship happened to be on a grassy West Coast green. Even at Prestwick the greens were very dry and keen. I think the selectors of the international teams had hard work on both sides. The rising merit of young players of either nationality compelled them to exclude from the teams one or two who have done well for their respective countries before. As for the arrangement of the order, that Mr. Ball and Mr. Maxwell should meet at the head of either side seemed ordained, but the hand of fate was less kindly emphatic in saving trouble about the order of the two bodies and tails. The final outcome is, of course, matter of history. My own part in the entertainment was restricted, by unkindly rheumatism, to that of a somewhat painfully interested spectator. England suffered severe defeat, by six matches to three, and if the tale of total holes by which she was defeated were to be told it would be a heavy one. Mr. Ball was not in his best driving form. He did well in reducing a lead of four holes that Mr. Maxwell scored in the beginning of the first round to all square at luncheon-time, but in the end Mr. Maxwell won by just 4. Since his recent attack of sciatica Mr. Ball's driving has not been quite right. Mr. Fowler, coming in as first reserve man to take my place against Mr. Graham, unfortunately found the latter at the top of his game, and was very heavily beaten. Mr. Hilton beat Mr. Robb after a good fight, and Mr. Fry, who putted very well on the fast greens, always had the whip-hand of Mr. Laidlay, and won by 5 or 6. Mr. Hutchison and Mr. Pease had a very good match, as they always have. Mr. Hutchison won on the last green, repeating almost exactly the story of the same match in the international last year. Mr. Angus Hambro was not lucky at his first try in this match. He held his opponent, Mr. Edward Blackwell, tightly enough for twelve holes, but then seemed to lose grip of his game, and of his opponent likewise, altogether. In the end Mr. Blackwell won by 9. Mr. Osmund Scott had a very good match with Mr. Harris, a new player in the international, winning by 3 for England. Of all the new men none other justified his choice so fully as Mr. Andrew, a local Prestwick player, who put up a very sound game against Mr. Darwin, and beat him by 7. Of course, he was very much at home, but still, taking all that into account, his play was distinctly deserving of praise. Mr. Worthington, a new English choice, did not do well in his first round against Mr. Dick, and was 7 down at the luncheon interval. Afterwards he stuck to his hard job well, but Mr. Dick finally won by 5 and 3.

So that is the tale retold, and nothing can be said in excuse of a story so sad. England was beaten on her merits. It looks very much as if Scotland was learning to play golf. She has now won two out of three of these international contests, not counting the first not-officially-recognised match at Hoylake, which also was placed to her credit.

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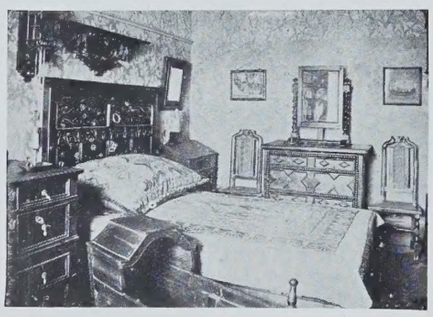

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POLO NOTES.

THE most interesting event of the week was the determination of the Hurlingham Club, after a thorough discussion of the matter at the annual general meeting on May 20th, to abolish the pigeon-shooting enclosure. Without going into matters which do not concern us here, we can see in this resolution a sign of the progress of polo. It is formally recognised that the game is sufficient to provide entertainment for the members of the club. The additional space which will be obtained by the removal of the enclosure will probably be laid out in croquet lawns. Indeed, the polo at Hurlingham could not be improved except by the addition of a new ground, which is impossible. The existing match ground, in spite of the irregularity of its outline, which has been much improved by the present managers, is a remarkably true ground to play on, and one of our leading players told me last week he liked it quite as well to play on as any ground in London. But with the existing ground the present polo management has done the utmost, and the various tournaments, especially the Social Clubs Cup and the County Polo Association Cup, have grown immensely in popularity and interest. As to the great open tournaments, the Champion Cup and the Inter-regimental, neither has ever been the occasion of more exciting games than during late years. Hurlingham has every prospect now, no longer weighted by the pigeon-shooting, of regaining all its former popularity, and keeping its hold on the respect of polo players at large.

At Roehampton we saw Rugby at its full strength beat Mr. Buckmaster's All-England team—Mr. A. Rawlinson, Mr. F. M. Freake, Mr. Buckmaster, and Mr. P. W. Nickalls. We suppose that this latter team would be the one to meet any combination representing America. But, however that may be, the match revealed to us that the eight players were as level as they could possibly be. There was nothing to choose between them. If anything turned the balance it was Captain Miller's captaincy of his men, but a very little luck might have drawn the game. For three tens there was no score. The backs were absolutely impregnable, in spite of the fact that the forwards on both sides are the best English polo can supply for that position. Rugby by close combination and dexterous passing scored three times before half time; then Mr. Rawlinson got hold of the ball at the critical moment, and twice in succession scored with strokes which illustrated his marvellous power over the ball. If polo players were always at the same level the final victory of Rugby by 3 goals to 2 would seem to mark out that team for this year's championship; but so long as teams are made up of men and horses both subject to change and accident, polo will never lose its interest by becoming a certainty for anyone. The other feature of the afternoon's play was the excellent form shown by the Messrs. de Las Casas, playing for Tiverton. At Ranelagh the Magpies showed a new combination of old soldiers—the Duke of Westminster, Captain L. C. D. Jenner, the Duke of Roxburghe, and Mr. U. O. Thynne. To meet them the Ranelagh polo managers had selected Count de Madre, Mr. J. B. Dale, Mr. F. A. Gill, and Captain S. F. Gosling. This was a galloping game, with the luck and the play on the side of the Ranelagh Club team. The Duke of Westminster, who has a private ground at Eaton to practise on, has come on since last year, but Captain L. C. D. Jenner was the strong man of the team. He is in brilliant form this season. Having always the best of the game, Ranelagh won eventually by 6 goals to 4.

At Hurlingham a Roehampton team—Mr. M. Nickalls, Mr. R. Grenfell, Mr. C. Nickalls, and Mr. C. Grenfell—walked round a club team—Captain Bellville, Mr. W. McCreery, Mr. E. B. Sheppard, and Mr. L. McCreery. Directly the Roehampton men really got together the match was practically over in the first half, and at the last bell Roehampton's score was 9 to 3. A very much finer game was the club team against the Royal Horse Guards, who were playing what is probably their inter-regimental team, viz., Mr. A. Rose, Lord Ingestre, Captain G. J. Fitzgerald, and Captain H. E. Brassey, against Mr. R. Hudson, Mr. F. C. G. Menzies, Lord Harrington, and Major K. Maclaren. Just at first the soldiers had matters all their own way, and got no less than 6 goals to 1 by half time. But then matters changed, and the game, in which the scoring was rapid for a match of this class, became equal with 6 all. However, in the end the R.H.G. made two more goals, and the match closed with the score in their favour at 8 to 6. X.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

ART.

Classic Myths in Art, by Julia Addison. (Laurie, 6s. net.)
Early Works of Titian. (Newnes, 3s. 6d. net.)
Royal Academy Pictures—Part III. (Cassell, 1s. net.)

EDUCATIONAL.

Historical Readers: Stuart England; Hanoverian England. (Jack, 1s. 6d. each.)
Intermediate Arithmetic, by G. H. Bradford. (Jack, 10d.)
The Three Term Algebra—Books I. II., by C. W. Crook and W. H. Weston. (Jack, 4d. each.)

THEOLOGICAL.

Our Lord and His Bible; or, What did Jesus Christ think of the Old Testament? by the Rev. H. E. Fox, M.A. (Hodder and Stoughton, 1s. 6d.)
St. John: The Revised Version, edited by Arthur Carr, M.A. (Cambridge Press, 1s. 6d. net.)

HANDBOOKS AND GUIDES.

Week-end Holidays from London. (Perkins.)
The British Motor Tourists' A B C. (1s. net.)
Homeland Handbooks: Lynton, Lynmouth, and the Lorna Doone Country. (Homeland Association, 6d. net.)

REPRINTS.

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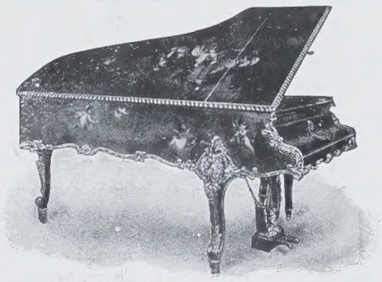

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The Pickwick Papers, by C. Dickens. (Macmillan, 2s. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Bibliography of Works in English on Playing-cards and Gaming, compiled by F. Jessel. (Longmans, 12s. 6d. net.)
The Constitution of the Kingdom of Norway, by H. L. Brækstad. (Nutt.)
The Golfer's Year-Book, 1905, edited by J. L. Low. (Nisbet, 3s. 6d.)
The Practical Photographer's Annual, 1905. (Hodder and Stoughton, 1s. 6d. net.)
Physical Deterioration. (Anthropological Institute.)
Early Dutch and English Voyages to Spitsbergen in the Seventeenth Century, edited by Sir W. Martin Conway, F.S.A. (The Hakluyt Society.)

ODDS AND ENDS.

IN view of the great interest that has been aroused lately by articles on Poultry Farming that have appeared in this paper, and also the fact that at this time of the year all the thoughts of owners of shoots turn to the breeding pens, to which their keepers are devoting so much watchfulness and care, the catalogue of "Modern Poultry and Kennel Appliances" of Messrs. Brown and Lilly, Fohney Works, Reading, reaches us in good season. Every variety of house and run is illustrated, and provision is made by this firm for the sanitary housing of dogs, cats, rabbits, and motor-cars, while they also supply all the accessories that long experience has shown to be necessary.

—o—

EXCEPT for old oarsmen and athletes, to whom it will recall periods of training, beef tea has not very pleasant associations, reminding, as it does, most of the rest of us of sick rooms and doctors' orders to feed up; but how invaluable its properties are, and how indispensable, none will deny. The Liebig Company have spared no expense in making the herds of cattle that range their vast farms in Uruguay, Argentina, and Paraguay some of the best in the world by importing stud sires, which, by the way, are chiefly Herefords, the animal which, for the butcher, has hardly a rival in England. How successful their own-bred stock is may be gathered from the fact that they are now selling sires to the States. The company own 1,100 square miles of country, 160,000 head of cattle, and have the world for their market.

—o—

A SHORT time ago we noticed in these columns the system of house cleaning, rapidly becoming familiar to Londoners, by the vacuum process. The Council of the City and Guilds of London Institute have conferred a Fellowship on the inventor of this machine, Mr. H. Cecil Booth, of the firm of Messrs. Hitchins and Booth, civil engineers, of 25, Victoria Street, S.W., in recognition of the engineering work done by him since his association with that body; and householders who have tested the efficacy of his invention will doubtless feel that such a distinction has been well earned and thoroughly deserved.

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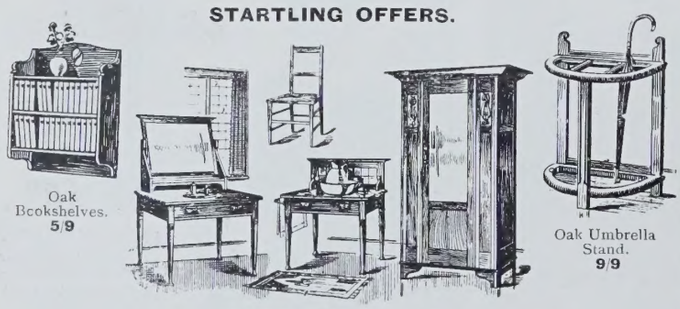

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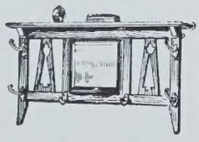

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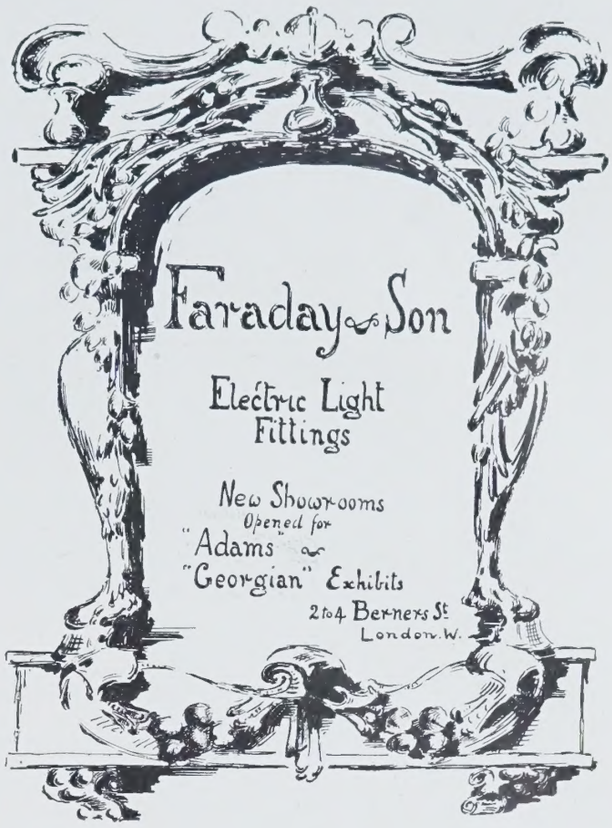

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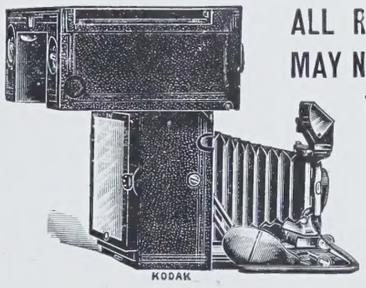

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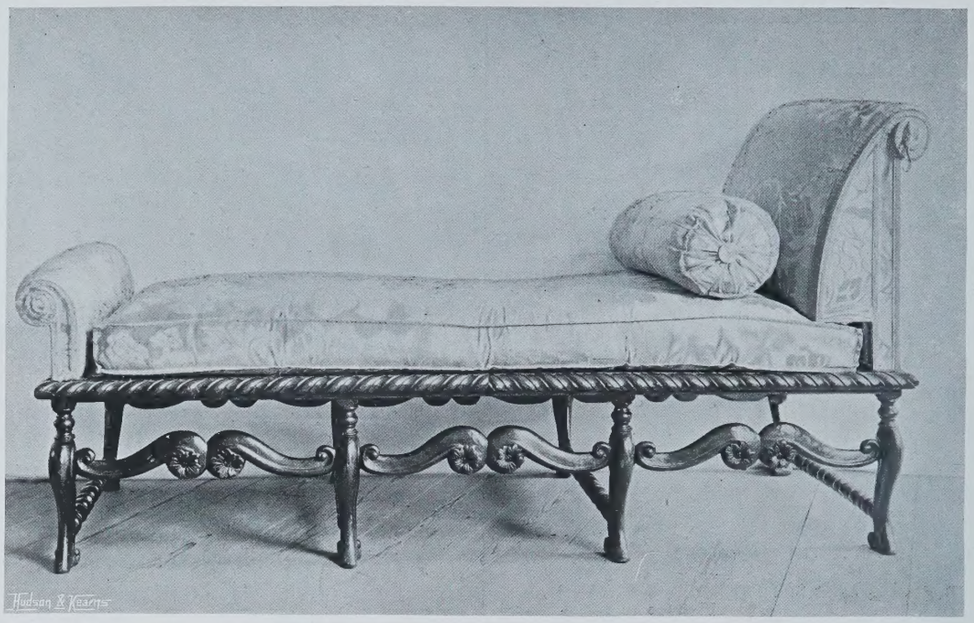
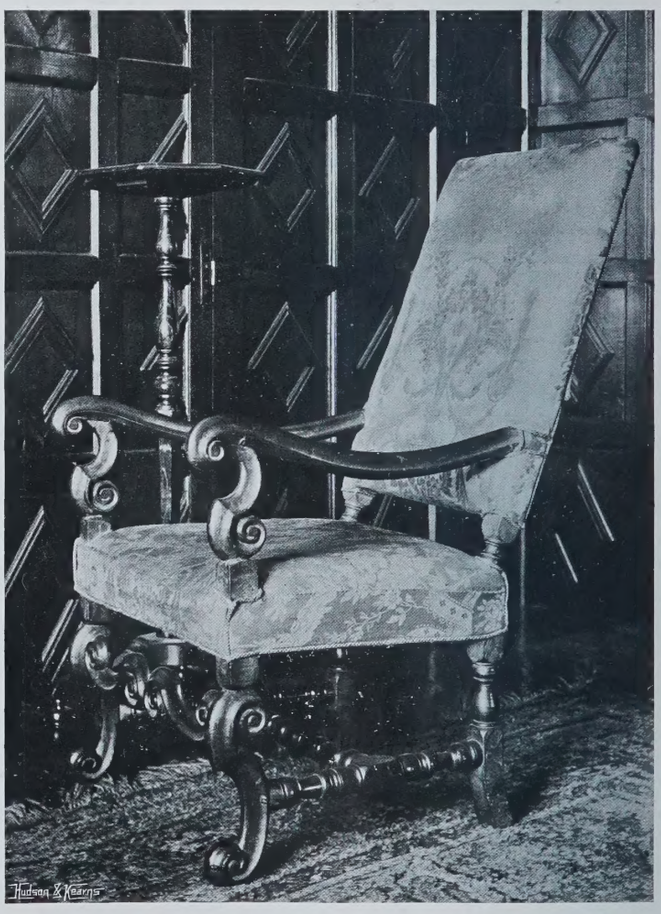
LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY FURNITURE.

THE amateur who collects old furniture will do well to refrain from too wide an ambition. One sees to often an assemblage of objects ranging in date over a matter of centuries, their diverse styles struggling with each other for the mastery, telling no tale as a whole, but failing utterly to arouse any feeling deeper than that of a casual and ephemeral interest. This is especially the case with furniture. He who sets about the pleasant task of gathering together the chairs of his ancestors should enter upon his undertaking in a spirit of reverence, for nothing is more insistent in its demands. Your silver-ware or pewter, your old china or fine brass, may well be loved for their own sakes, in whatever environment you choose to set them up. But let there be one single false note in the furniture of your room, and every item thereof will cry aloud at the incongruity. There seem to be some small differences of opinion as to the name to be applied to that rather clearly-defined style which prevailed in this country during the closing years of the seventeenth century—a pleasant hybrid of old Stuart types modified by the flowing curves of the French ornamentists of the time. "Jacobean" does not serve—it is too vague, and, in its general application, too early. "Queen Anne," that term beloved of the dealer, is too late, and historically incomplete. A nearer approach to accuracy, coupled with convenience, might be attained by the classification of the whole, as "Orange." The foreign influences which produced the characteristics of the period were, of course, at work before the accession of William III.; but that prince had become Stadtholder of Holland in 1672, and married his English consort in 1677, two years earlier than the mention in Elizabeth Throckmorton's Inventory of December 8th, 1679, of "my lady's chamber, 2 cane-bottom chairs, 5s." These high-backed chairs—sometimes upholstered in tapestry, leather, or cane, and sometimes decorated with rich carving, as in the Hon. W. F. B. Massey-Mainwaring's fine examples from the Old Palace, Richmond; or with the more comfortable turned rods in the very interesting example we reproduce—are in themselves a most interesting study. The use of the "intercepted curve" in the ornament dates most of them, and separates them out from the more formal lines and curves of earlier work. The couch shown is interesting, as being almost, though not quite, identical with one illustrated in Miss Singleton's "French and English Furniture," and taken, we believe, from an American collection. The handsome and well-proportioned example of an arm-chair which also accompanies this note, is perhaps as suggestive a specimen as could be found of the possibilities of the style from the utilitarian point of view.



COUCH, QUEEN ANNE.

"HIGH-BACKE CHAIRE," C. 1700.



ARM-CHAIR, LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THE GROWING TASTE FOR ENGLISH WORK of the XVIIIth CENTURY.

IT is said that COUNTRY LIFE has been the means of general attention being drawn of the Old and New Worlds to the charm and character of the English home. Twenty-five years ago English Furniture and Works of Art of the XVIIIth Century were only sought by a few amateurs who could appreciate the qualities of the work of that Century, and it is fairly certain that there are still plenty more Works of Art at present unrecognised, which will be the backbone of the Art dealers' fortune of twenty-five years hence—works at present waiting for a man of discernment and power to lift into popularity.

A very fine example of Work of about 1740 to 1750, at 15, George Street, Hanover Square, W.

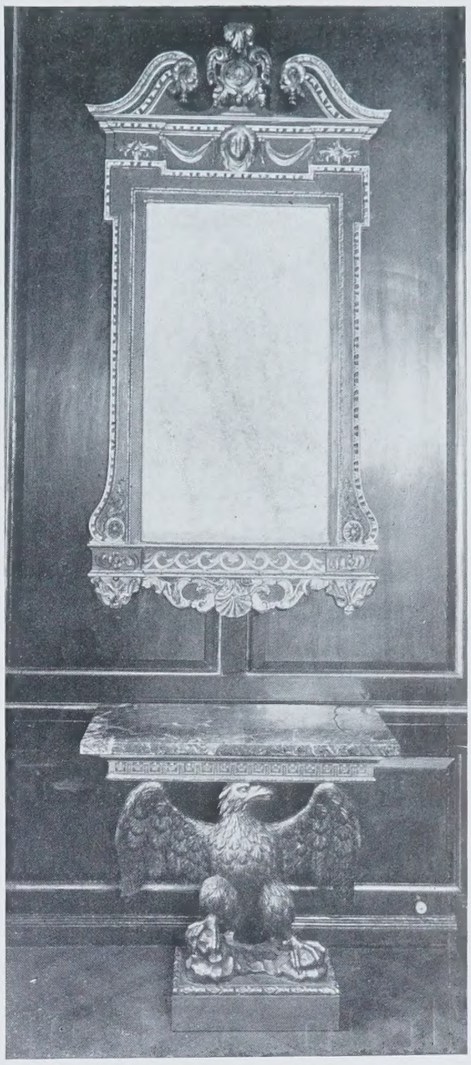
Books and facilities in travelling have led to a general improvement in taste. At first a decided tendency for French styles of furniture and decoration prevailed, but at last the English work from 1700 to 1800 has taken a firm hold of the public, and it is remarkable to observe this special development in America. Some of the finest houses, both in the Cities and country, are being reproduced from old Georgian mansions, even the gardens being in many cases faithfully reproduced from COUNTRY LIFE.

A remarkable example showing the influence of Italian Art upon the English designer; a very rare example from Mr. Allom's collection of models at George Street.

We illustrate here a few fine Georgian examples of mirrors from the collection made by Messrs. White, Allom & Co., of London (designers of many of these homes), and from which their carvers work.

The taste for things of this type has so enhanced their value that our Museums are curiously devoid of Works of this period, and the necessity of training workmen to carry out this work has led Mr. Allom to make quite a unique collection to keep his designers and craftsmen up to the mark in carrying out the restoration of old, or decorations of the modern mansions in the old style.

It is well known how many Country Mansions have of late years been destroyed by fire, some of which were fine examples of early XVIIIth Century Architecture, and it is therefore not surprising that there is a strong desire on the part of the wealthier classes, both in this Country and America, to reproduce the work of this period, the originals of which are yearly becoming more scarce.



A refined example of Mirror of about 17 5. Bought 15 years ago for £13, sold 10 years ago for £30, and recently bought for £80, showing the rise in value. Ten years more will probably see this Work worth £200.

This Example is typical of the architectural influence upon the designs of the Georgian period.

In a later number it is hoped that some interesting examples of modern American homes, and the models made for them, may be illustrated, showing how faithfully the character of the old work has been reproduced, and how the many fine pictures and other Works of Art which leave this country, are housed on the other side of the Atlantic [advt.].

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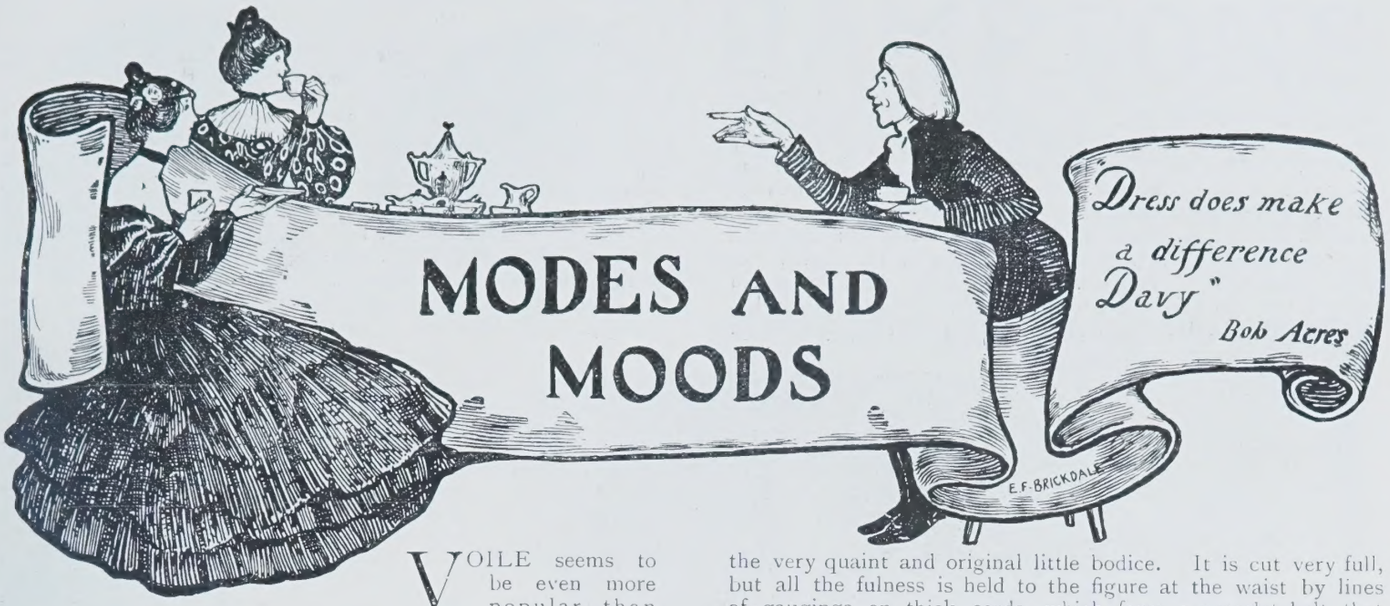

MODES AND MOODS

VOILE seems to be even more popular than ever this year, and no wonder, for it is not only beautiful in its variety of colourings, but it is exceptionally serviceable in its wearing qualities. Beer, in Paris, has taken voile specially under his wing this year, and all his smartest afternoon dresses are made in this charming material. I am, therefore, opening my remarks this week by an object-lesson in voile given by the accompanying illustration, which should serve to give ideas to those ordering their summer dresses at present. The skirt is of the most recent umbrella shape, close-fitting round the hips, but immensely full at the hem. Beer puts unmistakable steels in the hem of these very wide dresses, to keep them out round the feet; and this has given rise to a crinoline scare, and the revival of that absurdity, the "Anti-Crinoline League," as if a woman could not decline to wear a crinoline without being bolstered up by a "League" behind her! But even Beer's steels are too apparent, and they give also an ungraceful "wobble" to the skirt as the wearer moves, so I doubt if they will be much accepted; and it is wiser to keep to the heavy piping cords a little above the hem in the under-skirt which Doucet and Laferrière brought out last winter. These keep out the fulness of the skirt quite sufficiently without destroying the grace of outline. The dress in the illustration is of Saxe blue voile; and the skirt is trimmed with two rows of festoons made of gaugings and quillings of the dress material. The same idea is repeated in the very quaint and original little bodice. It is cut very full, but all the fulness is held to the figure at the waist by lines of gaugings on thick cords, which form a corselet belt that rises to a point under the arms and descends low in front. Below the corselet the fulness again escapes in the shape of two frills, kilted flatly so as not to give an untidy appearance, which have a quaint basque effect which is very striking. Similar little kilted frills form a kind of collar on the shoulders, over which are turned collar-like revers of white canvas embroidered with large spots in mauve silk. The transparent vest is of white muslin and lace; and the lace is brought outside at the bust and falls in two long scarves, held in place by two bows of mauve satin ribbon, a bow of which also gives a note of colour at the throat. The sleeves are complicated, as most of this season's sleeves are. They begin with a full puff of the voile, on which appears a festoon of frills and gauging, repeating the trimming on the skirt; the puff ends in a deep-pointed cuff of voile edged with a frill, which again is merged in a narrower pointed cuff of white canvas with mauve silk spots to make the revers, and tiny lace frills terminate the whole sleeve, which only reaches just below the elbow. The hat to match this very dainty gown is in pale blue crinoline, the crown covered with a mass of lilac, which harmonises most delightfully with the whole costume. *Apropos* of the corselet effect of the gaugings on this voile dress, I noticed that all the smartest corselets at the big Paris dressmakers ran up in points under the arms and down very low in front; and certainly nothing could be more becoming to the figure, as this greater height of the belt under the arms made the waist look delightfully round and small.

ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR A SUMMER DRESS.

To return for a moment to the question of voile dresses, there was a detail in connection with them that I saw in Paris which

I think is worth mentioning. Many of them were made up over white silk, but to prevent the somewhat thin effect which the skirt thus treated would present, the white silk was covered all round the hem by a deep band of silk the colour of the overdress of voile, ending in deep upstanding points. For instance, a dress of deep blue voile over white silk had the under-skirt thus treated with deep blue silk for almost half its height, and the effect of this intensifying of the colour round the feet, and the rising points of blue on the white silk under the flowing blue voile skirt, gave a graduation of tint which was both charming and original. There was no need for much trimming on the voile skirt when the silk skirt underneath was thus treated, and I thought the idea was a most happy novelty.

SIMPLE COTTON FROCK

Cloth is very much used as the trimming of these voile dresses, stitched bands or "straps," as the French prefer to call them, being the most popular form. These straps look particularly well when used to cover the puffs, from shoulder to elbow, of the voile sleeves, which show through as the straps fall apart. These cloth trimmings are always of the same colour as the material of the dress, and are very effective, as well as a good deal more lasting than most forms of trimming on summer dresses. But voile, though immensely attractive in its great variety of colour and design, is not the only attractive material for summer frocks with which we are blessed this year. Even more appropriate for morning wear are the charming cottons, which have never been so pretty or so daintily varied in design as this season. One used to think of a linen or cotton frock as a thing to wear a few times, and then send to the cleaner or the laundress; and consequently they were made as plain as possible, with this necessity in view. But these present-day cottons are hardly to be distinguished from foulards or voile; and one of them, of a well-chosen design and colour, will do yeoman service through the summer months without needing to pay a single visit to the cleaner. There are the most charming varieties of the ever-popular checks, both large and small, in dark tones, such as navy blue, violet, and deep reds, which would make delightfully useful, ornamental, cool, and effective frocks for morning wear; and other designs with spots or flowers are also greatly to be admired. I am giving a sketch of one of these attractive cotton frocks on this page, to show how well they deserve the affection which I feel for these inexpensive and useful dresses. The one sketched is of a lilac and white plaid, which is a pleasant variety of the check, and looks particularly well in cotton. The skirt is plain, and cut in gores, each gore, as it widens out in folds around the feet, being marked by a band and upstanding point in lilac cotton, ornamented with tiny mother-o'-pearl buttons. The bodice is made with some shallow pleats to give an easy fulness both in front and at the back, the two centre pleats in front being left loose to give a bolero effect and a prolongation of line, the ends being finished with little kilted frills of lawn. Round the shoulders is a kind of shaped yoke of lilac cotton, edged with the kilted lawn frills, ornamented with pearl buttons which continue in a double line down the fronts. Above is a chemisette of white broderie Anglaise, finished with a tiny knot of black satin at the neck. Two puffed sleeves end in a cuff and point of lilac cotton outlined with the kilted lawn, several frills of which finish off the sleeve at the elbow. A wide rucked belt of soft mauve leather, drawn through a big silver buckle low in front, completes this most charming and dainty little frock. The mousselines de laine (abbreviated generally as delaines) are lovelier than ever this year, and are most excellent summer wear, for they are nearly as cool as muslins, and, at the same time, do not crush as do those charming fabrics. The Louis XV. designs in delaine are really beautiful, and, if made up with innumerable frills of narrow Valenciennes, make most effective dresses for afternoon wear. Often these frills outline a design carried out in arabesques of silk padded with cotton-wool, which are immensely effective, and yet can easily be carried out even by the home dressmaker. The taffetas is cut on the bias in narrow bands, which are stitched round the thin rolls of cotton-wool, and, once these worm-like lengths are made, they can be disposed on the dress in circles, or festoons, or the Greek key pattern (the last-named design being particularly popular in Paris this season, both for day and evening dresses) as desired. Of course the wadded worm must be neatly made, but any little deficiencies are easily hidden by the outlining frills of narrow Valenciennes, and the final effect is extremely rich and decorative.

Another delightful novelty in the way of summer materials is the new voile de soie, which has a sheen denied to the woollen voile, and a substance not to be found in chiffon. This material makes the most lovely dresses for afternoon and race wear; in fact, it is likely to oust chiffon altogether for every form of daylight wear, though chiffon and mousseline de soie will continue to hold their own at night.

The cold snap which has been such a recent infliction has tried many a delicate skin; and more than ever at this time of year, when these sudden changes of temperature are inflicted upon us, is it necessary to be regular in the use of Dr. Dys's invaluable Sachets de Toilette and Sève Dermale. Nothing will guarantee the preservation of a velvety skin and rose-leaf complexion like

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the daily and nightly use of one of these sachets squeezed out in a basin of warm water to which a tablespoonful of the Sève Dermale has been added. The Sève Dermale penetrates the tissues and braces them up with its tonic properties, while the milky lotion of the crushed flowers and tropical seeds in the sachets makes the skin soft and velvety, removing all redness and roughness caused by winds or sudden changes of temperature. No woman's dressing-room is complete without these two invaluable toilet articles, which can be procured from Dr. Dys's sole agent, V. Darsy, 54, Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris.

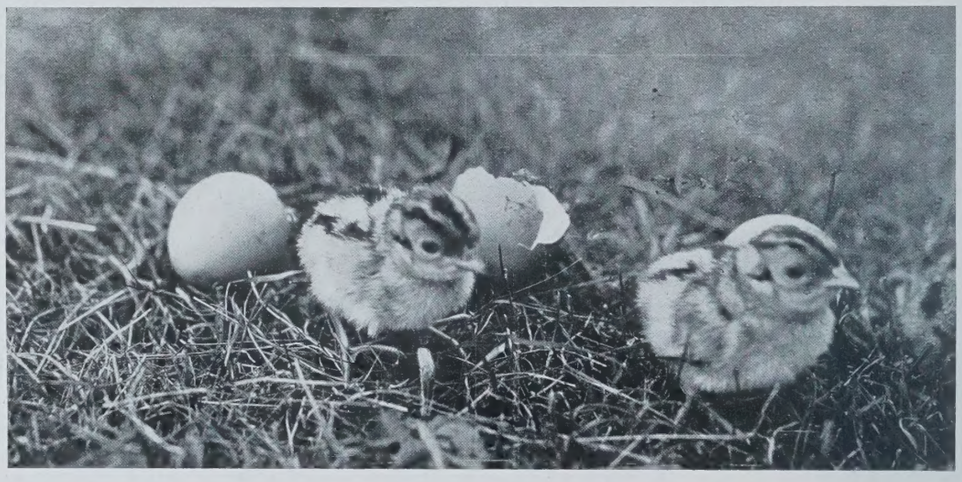
It is not only, alas! our complexions which suffer from the untimely cold and sudden drops of the thermometer, though that is sufficiently disastrous, but if the skin gets chilled, as it is so apt to do, then serious illness may well result. The best way to provide against this is by adopting proper underwear, and there is none better than that of Dr. Rasurel. His hygienic stockinet materials, which are made of pure natural wool and peat, have the great advantage of being warm without being heavy, and as they keep the body always dry, they prevent chills and their fateful consequences, and ensure the healthy action of the skin. They are very soft, elastic, absolutely unshrinkable, and free from dye, and are not subjected to any treatment which might be injurious to the health of the wearer, which is a very important point. This admirable kind of underwear can be obtained from H. Clauzier, 105, Wood Street, E.C., or at Messrs. Doré and Sons' establishments in the City and West End.

The summer is here, and so are white shoes of all kinds, whether for tennis, yachting, or smart feminine wear with light-coloured dresses; and those who adopt this cool and comfortable form of footgear will be glad to know of Messrs. E. Brown and Son's "Parian White," which is invaluable for cleaning all kinds of white boots and shoes, belts, gloves, etc. For feminine use it is particularly recommended, for the ordinary whiting or pipe-clay has the bad drawback of coming off on the hem of the skirt and petticoats; whereas Parian White does not rub off, and shoes cleaned therewith can be worn with dark-coloured dresses, such as blue serge yachting costumes, without causing injury thereto. It can be used for white buckskin, kid, or canvas; and it fully deserves its share of the gold medal which was awarded to Messrs. E. Brown and Son at the Indian Exhibition in London for the excellence of their various preparations. Messrs. Brown, who also manufacture the famous Miltonian Blacking, have their manufactory at 7, Garrick Street, W.C., while their French depôt is at 26, Rue Bergère, Paris.

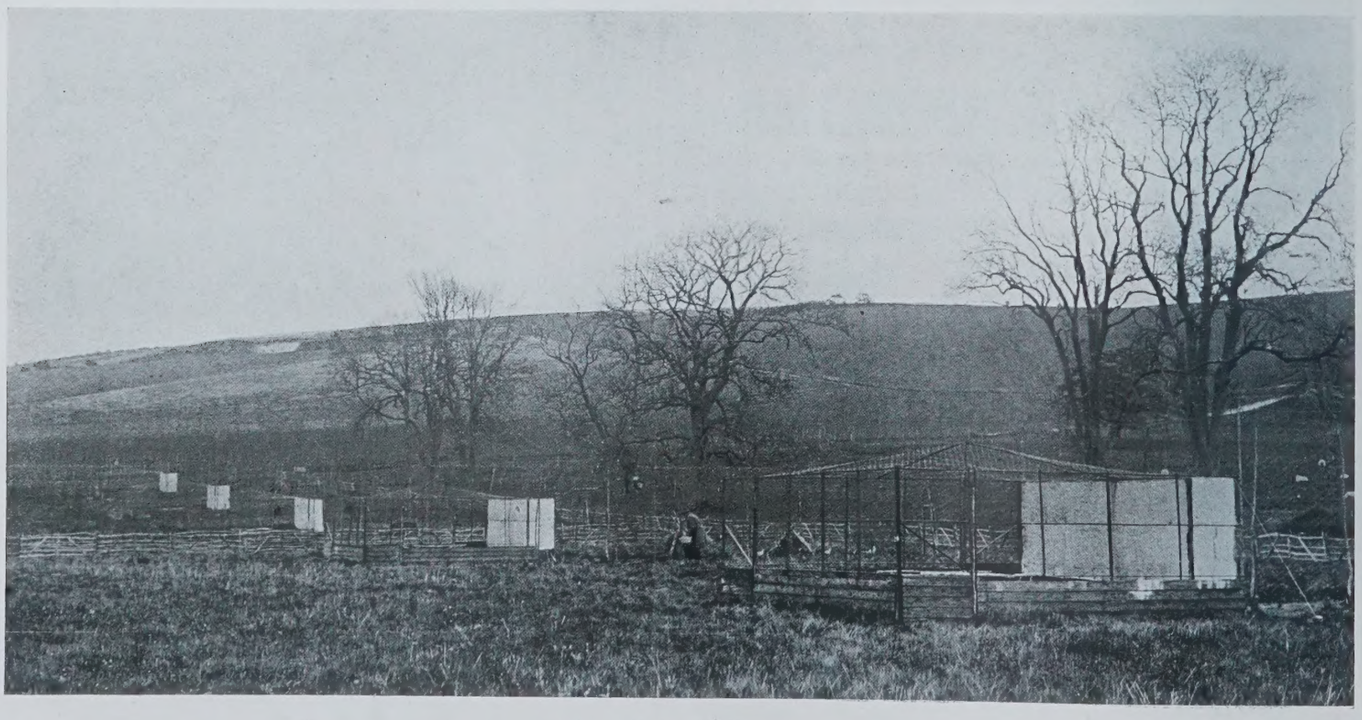
The annual summer sale of the Royal School of Art Needlework in Exhibition Road, South Kensington, is an event which is looked forward to by many people desirous of obtaining some of the beautiful objects which are therein set out for sale at remarkably moderate prices, considering the exquisite quality of the work and the artistic merit of the designs. This year the sale will take place on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, June 5th, 6th, and 7th, and Her Royal Highness Princess Christian, as president of the school, will open and preside over the exhibition. The school has carried on a very fine work for many years, and thoroughly deserves the warm support of the public. LAMIA.

MONGOLIAN PHEASANTS IN KENT.

WE wonder if our English pheasants share the Kaiser's fears about the "Yellow Peril"? Because they are evidently about to undergo an invasion from Mongolia by the pheasants of that ancient land. Mr. C. E. M. Russell, a retired Indian Forest Officer, has had a happy thought for the employment of some of his spare energy in retirement. The importation of some three or four splendid varieties of pheasants from the Far East, as to the desirability of obtaining which for our coverts everyone is agreed, has "hung fire" for some years, though why it has done so, with an eager demand existing for them here, it is difficult to say. Reeve's pheasant, the most striking, and far the largest of the family, was obtained in considerable numbers, and given a fair trial, with the result that it was acclimatised here successfully enough. But this pheasant has not answered expectation as a sporting



THE YELLOW PERIL.



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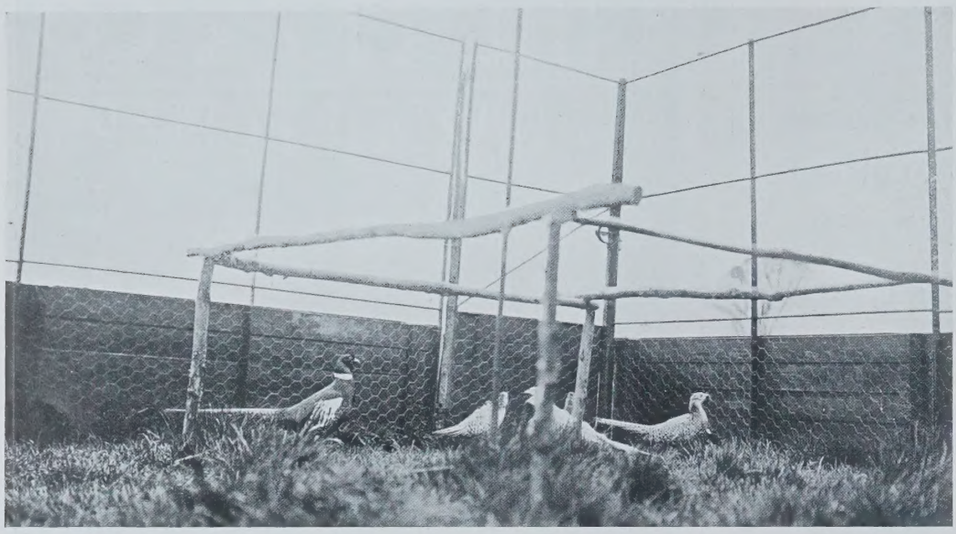


DISTINGUISHED STRANGERS.

bird. It runs in preference to flying, flies low on ordinary ground, and, besides that, it wanders far and fights desperately in the spring. Then Mr. Walter Rothschild obtained enough pure Mongolian pheasants to make a reliable trial of them in the coverts at Tring. Writing in a contemporary on June 20th, 1903, he said: "I have had a number of the true Mongolian pheasants alive at Tring for two or three years, both pure and half-bred, hatched and reared in our coverts, and those which were shot proved much superior in flavour and size to ordinary pheasants. Cock birds hatched in June were as full plumaged and weighed as much as two year old common pheasants."

About this time Colonel Marsden Sunderland was successfully rearing another beautiful variety from South-Western Central Asia, the Prince of Wales's pheasant, from the region of the Murghab River on the North-Western Frontier of Afghanistan. How he went out himself to the East to get the eggs, and the manner in which they were reared, first at Conholt Park in Hampshire, and now at Findon near Worthing, were described in COUNTRY LIFE of May 20th last.

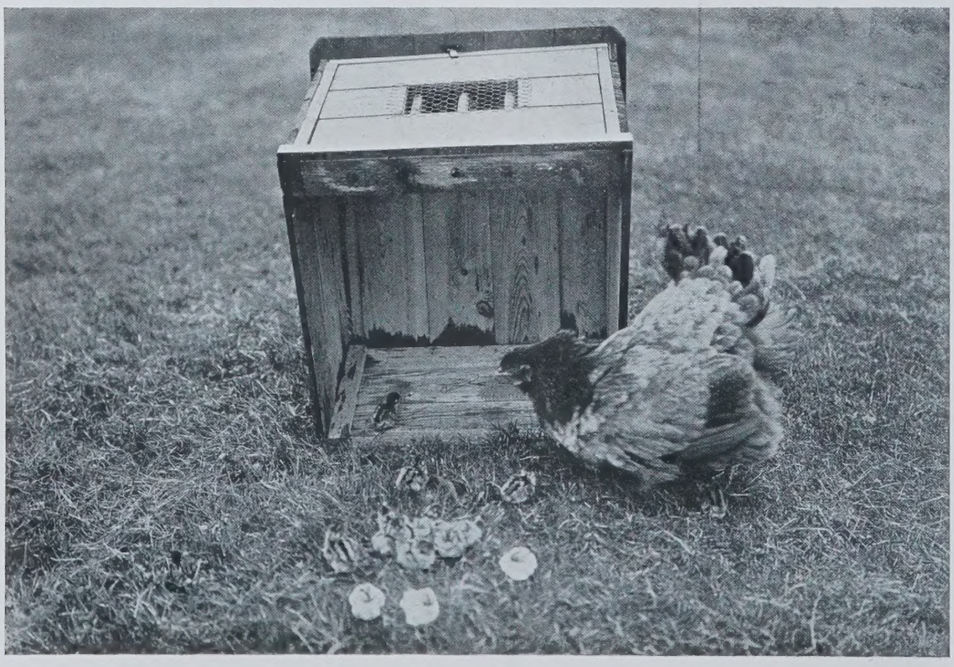
The Mongolian variety is probably the largest of all the true pheasants next after Reeve's; but unlike that gorgeous creature it belongs obviously and closely to the breed which we call the common pheasant, of which Hagenbeck's pheasant, the Prince of Wales's, the true Chinese pheasant (P. torquatus), the Yarkand pheasant, and the Japanese pheasant with the green breast are all modifications. It is rather of the type of the Chinese pheasant, but is much larger, and has shoulders almost white, and a very broad white collar, interrupted in front, as if someone had put a strap across to hang a locket by, and then forgotten the locket. It is a very bulky bird, with a splash of green down the centre of the breast. Elsewhere the general colour is a magnificent deep ruby claret tint, though the iridescence of the feathers makes it impossible to describe the colouring accurately in the same way as can be done in speaking of fixed hues. But the foregoing will perhaps be enough to show that it is a very fine bird.

Mr. Tegetmeier, writing of later results at Tring, says: "It is very satisfactory to know that the half-bred Mongolian birds have proved successful in the coverts.

THE DRINKING PAN.

Several hundreds were reared and came to the gun in 1903. The male hybrids have much the appearance of the pure Mongolian, though the wing coverts are not so clear or white. But in beauty, hardihood, and qualities on the table they leave nothing to be desired." Mr. Russell quotes Mr. Rothschild's opinion that they are also better fliers than the common pheasant, and show no greater tendency to stray. The Far Eastern region from which they come has also a very cold climate in winter, when frost and snow prevail for months. In summer it is very hot. So the birds, used for ages to these violent changes, are reputed very hardy.

It certainly seems so from the story of Mr. Russell's experiments. He first tried to get the stock from an English firm which advertised them and professed to get them from Hungary—though why from Hungary passes understanding. "Miserable mongrels were supplied, for which, however, a high price had been asked, and these, after their inspection by an expert, were at once returned, the firm advertising afterwards stating that pure Mongolians were not obtainable on the Continent." By this we understand Mr. Russell to mean "not from coverts on the Continent," for he



AN ADVENTUROUS CHICK.

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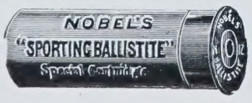

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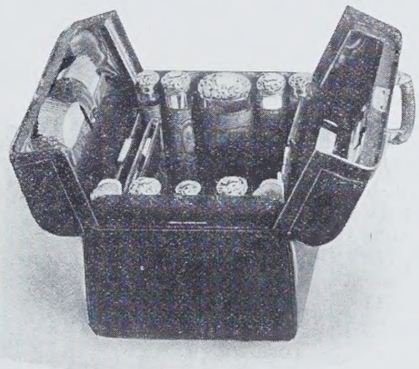

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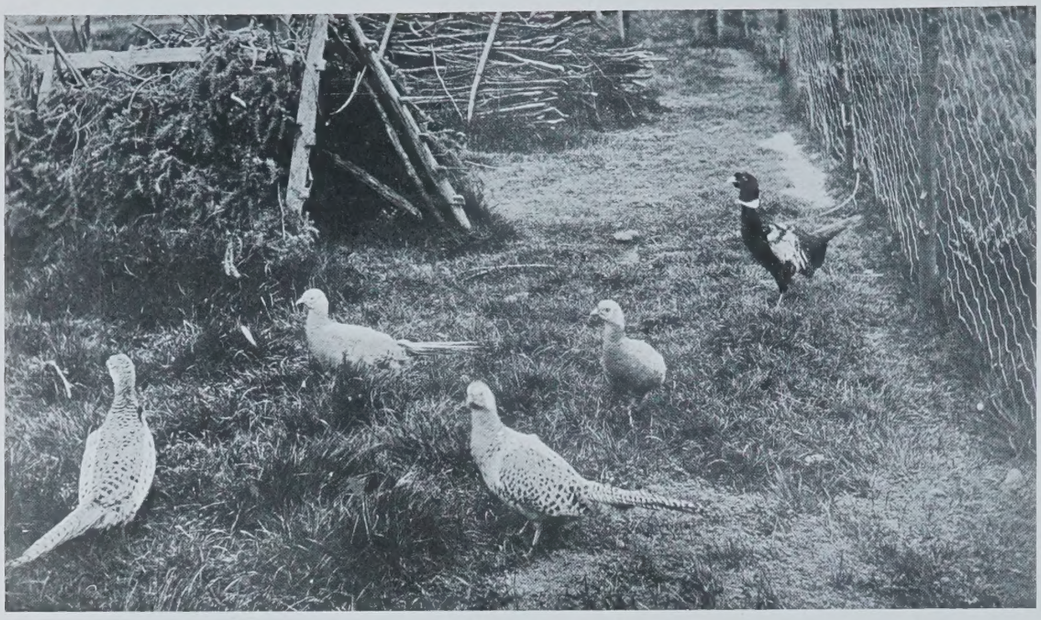
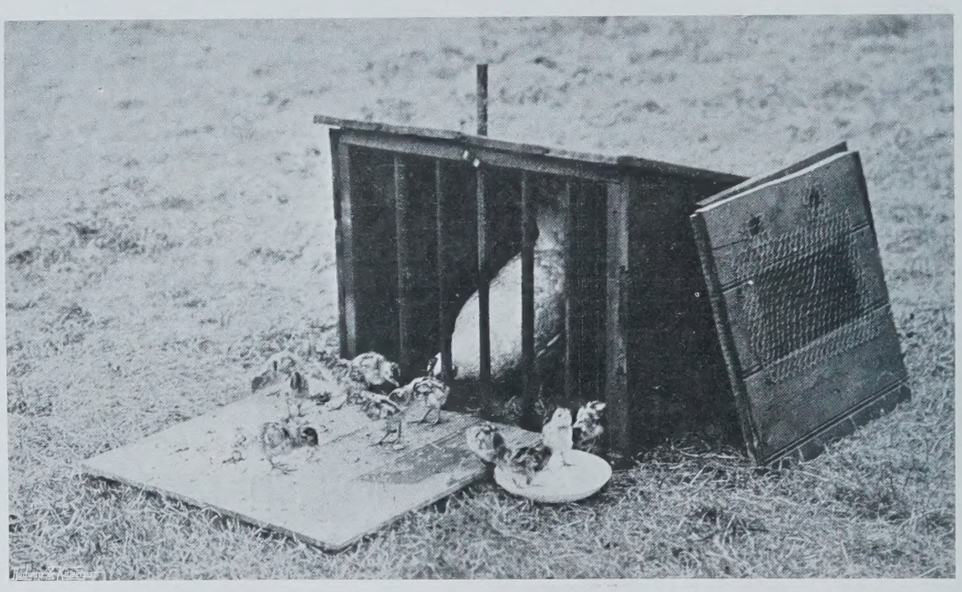


A HANDSOME FAMILY.

ultimately got his birds from Mr. Carl Hagenbeck of Hamburg, the Moltke of wild-beast importers, who has hunters and catchers of all kinds constantly at work in the Far East, and, among other things, caught and brought to Europe those forty wild horses from the deserts of Dsungaria of which the Duke of Bedford purchased several which were lent to the London Zoo. Mr. Hagenbeck had previously obtained Mr. Rothschild's birds for him. They were costly, but the real article. Most were cocks, but a few hens arrived late in the season, and naturally much the worse for their journey of 6,000 miles. Yet they all lived, and two of them laid a few late eggs. From these, very late—between July 14th and August 4th—fourteen chicks, of which nine were hens and five cocks, were hatched, and every bird was successfully reared. This is one indication of how hardy the chicks are. Another is that a good many half-bred Mongolians have been reared at the Zoo, on the very unfavourable and stale ground there. Subsequently Mr. Russell obtained another set of cocks from Mr. Hagenbeck. The advantages claimed for the Mongolian may be summed up as consisting in hardihood, strong flight, size, early maturity, beauty, and edible qualities.



AT AN EARLY BREAKFAST.

Naturally there is always a tendency to think rather too highly of any new and promising bird. But so far we are bound to say that we have not heard a word against any of these claims. Mr. Russell's Mongolians and hybrids are very well worth going to see. They are at Hempton Lodge, near Hythe, and about a mile and a-half from Westenhanger Station.

The following short table of results shows that the stock will soon be large and really useful:

Hens imported	6
Hatched late last year ...	9
	15
First egg, 1905 (from one of the young hens), April 22nd.	
Total of eggs from fifteen hens to end of April	34
During first week of May ...	67
Thence to May 21st	168
	269

Two hundred and forty-one pure Mongolian eggs were set under hens, the first due to hatch on May 23rd, and by May 22nd many were already chipped. Several of the healthy little chicks are here shown, which every sportsman will hope may prosper. But Mr. Russell also aims at supplying a large number of half-bred eggs from common English hens crossed by the Mongolian cocks. These birds are perfectly fertile, either with other hybrids or with the English or the ring-necked pheasants. The bringing in of new birds for sport and the table is no new thing. Farmyard and covert have many such. Yet one may remark, that whilst we gain birds we lose our beasts. Setting aside the sabre-tooth and the cave-bear of geologists, England has lost, besides lesser beasts, her wolf and her beaver; and the coming of the brown rat is balanced by the loss of our own black rat. Elands and kangaroos find good browsing in certain parks, but the sportsman neither stalks the one nor rides after the other. Macaulay's New Zealander, if he bring his Z-ray gun with him, must be content to find his game on the wing.

IN THE PENS.

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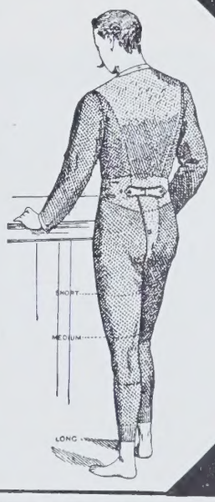

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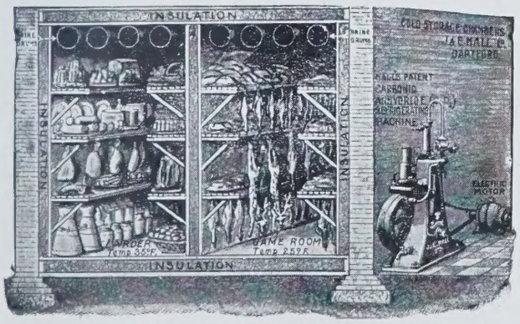

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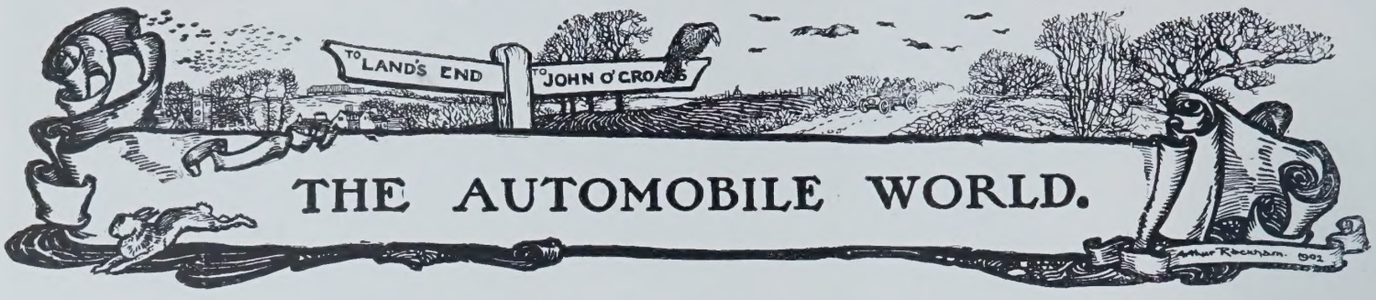


BRITISH ELIMINATING TRIALS.

[By Telegram from Our Special Correspondent.]

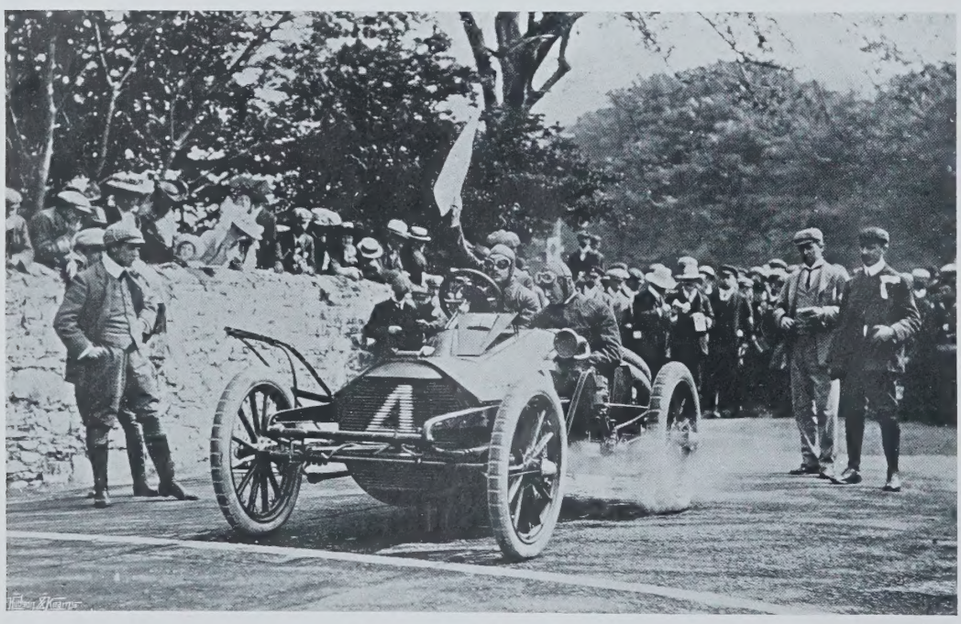
THE contest for the honour of representing England in the great Gordon Bennett Cup Race has been fought and won, and with what must be conceded to be somewhat unexpected and disappointing results alike. Nevertheless, it produced an eventful and exciting race, and no one knew until the actual finish who would prove to be the winners. That it was an open event had been generally recognised; but during the race itself no one could predict with any confidence the ultimate issue, so closely were several of the competitors pressing upon each other's heels, and so completely were the popular expectations discounted by unlooked-for failures and mishaps on the part of those who, if anything, were favourites in advance. In one sense, it is improper to refer to the event as a race at all—it was rather an eight-hours' high-speed reliability trial, in which various factors besides the mere order of finishing had to be taken into account. The cars, for example, were timed for speed over two sections, of two and a-half miles and half a mile respectively; their hill-climbing capabilities were also noted, as well as their powers of quick acceleration from a stationary position. Their brake efficiency was also a matter for consideration, as also were their condition after the trial and the skill of their respective drivers. All these factors left a loophole for the Trials Committee, which would enable them to select as the best a car which might seem the most suitable to represent this country with credit in the actual Cup Race itself on July 5th next, but which, nevertheless, owing to a temporary failure of one kind or another, due to the luck of the moment, might not finish within the first three. It is unfortunate, therefore, as events have proved, that, even with all these safeguards, one car at least which every expert would regard as the most likely to sustain the British colours with success on the Auvergne Circuit was unable to do itself anything approaching justice or qualify for the coveted representation in the big race. With every car, perhaps, but one there was ample room for possible surprises, but no one thought that the six-cylinder Napier, driven by Arthur Macdonald, would fail to make at least a good show, while it was confidently expected to prove superior to its rivals in almost every particular. The car in question had only three or four months ago annexed a sheaf of world's records at Ormond Beach, in Florida, and though there is no comparison between a kilomètre sprint on the flat and an eight hours' trial on a hilly course, the fact remains that a car of such power, and with a peculiar suppleness, due to the employment of a six-cylinder motor, possessed extraordinary advantages over the Isle of Man course, which is full of awkward, not to say dangerous, corners, at which it is necessary to slow down to a crawl and then pick up speed as rapidly as possible after getting round the bend. That the six-cylinder car had in this respect decided advantage was incontestable, and it is much to be regretted that the fortunes of the day went all against the undoubted favourite. The course was identical with that of last year, being a little more than fifty-one miles in length, with four controls and a compulsory stop and start at the awful corner and level crossing at Foxdale. So dangerous was the latter that even the ordinary slowing down at the discretion of the drivers was felt to be insufficient. The four controls absorbed 11min. of time on each round.

The cars were started at 5min. intervals, as was the case last year, and the whole of the entrants duly presented themselves at the starting-point, Quarter Bridge, outside Douglas, at nine o'clock. The full list of competitors is as follows:

No.	Car.	Entered by	Driver.
1	Star ...	Sir A. Hickman	H. G. Goodwin
2	Star ...	E. Lisle	F. R. Goodwin
3	Darracq	A. L. Guinness	A. L. Guinness
4	Wolseley	H. Austin ...	C. Bianchi
6	Napier	S. F. Edge	Cecil Edge
7	Napier	S. F. Edge	C. Earp
9	Napier	J. Hargreaves	J. Hargreaves
10	Siddeley	J. D. Siddeley	S. Girling
11	Wolseley	H. Austin ...	Hon. C. S. Rolls
12	Napier	S. F. Edge	A. Macdonald

In order to avoid confusion the numbers five and eight were not apportioned. As each car was sped on its way by Major Lindsay-Lloyd, its powers of acceleration were eagerly observed, in order to afford some measure of its speed and chances on the tortuous course. Timed to a given point, the Stars took 23 1-5sec. and 23sec. respectively, and then the Darracq got splendidly away in 18sec. Bianchi and Cecil Edge each did 1-5sec. better, and then Earp equalled Guinness. Hargreaves took 21 3-5sec., Girling on the dark horse, the Siddeley, 2sec. more, and then came Rolls with 19 1-5sec. Macdonald, however, leapt into his stride in magnificent fashion, and reached the distance point in 15 3-5sec., thus justifying at the outset the hopes of his partisans and admirers. As I have already hinted, however, the fates had other sequences in prospect. Even the first round finished with unlooked-for results. Cecil Edge made the fastest time, namely, 1hr. 16min., and the performances of the other competitors were as follows: Guinness, 1hr. 19min.; Bianchi, 1hr. 20min.; Earp, Girling, and Rolls, each 1hr. 24min.; H. G. Goodwin, 1hr. 31min.; Macdonald, 1hr. 35½min.; Hargreaves, 1hr. 37min.; and F. R. Goodwin, 1hr. 53min. Macdonald had been slowed by the losing of a pump-chain, Hargreaves had had to change his plugs, F. R. Goodwin had defective water cooling, and not a solitary one of these first-round records adequately represented the true qualities of the car concerned. The second round was more or less disastrous. Guinness retired outright owing to the breaking of a piston connecting-rod, Macdonald took 3hr. 5min. because of a twisted gear-shaft, and had been given up for good when he finally turned up at Quarter Bridge, and Girling came to grief three miles short of Ramsey owing to the breaking of his steering-gear. He collided with a house, and both he and his mechanic were thrown out; the latter was unhurt, but Girling was somewhat shaken, and sustained damage to a finger. Cecil Edge had coil troubles, and took 2hr. 11½min. On the other hand, Earp did the fastest run of the day, namely, 1hr. 8½min.

The third round produced one more elimination, that of



AT QUARTER BRIDGE.

A Wolseley, starting on its first round.

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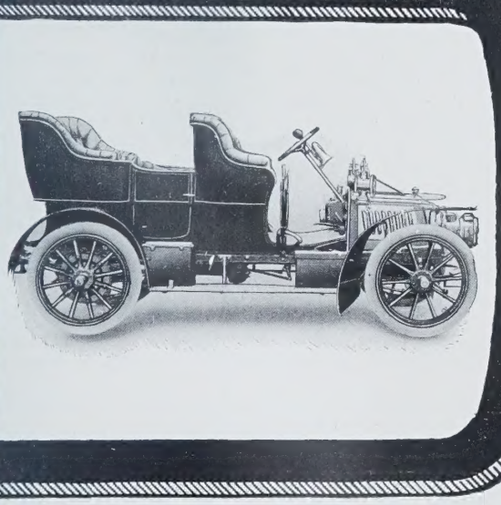

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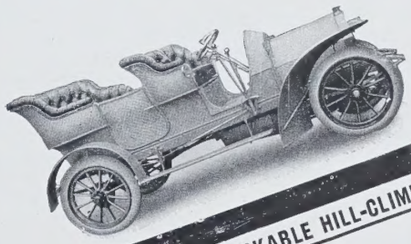

A REMARKABLE HILL-CLIMBING TEST.

The following extract from "The Bristol Daily Mercury," of March 20, shows what a

Four-Cylinder Humber

WILL DO.

"The hill climbing capabilities of a Humber 16-20 h.p. motor car were satisfactorily tested on Saturday morning, when it ascended from Stokes Croft up precipitous Thomas Street to Freemantle Square, to the surprise and admiration of a number of spectators who happened to be in the locality just before noon. This is how the ascent was made. The car, having been brought to a standing position at the bottom of Thomas Street, was set in motion, and at a rate of about twelve miles an hour reached the point where the even gradient of the hill is abruptly broken by a short and steep incline, that is, about half-way up. Here a stoppage was made, and then the car resumed its course, accomplishing the most difficult part of the run at about ten or twelve miles an hour. There must be a deal of reserved power in a car that can be re-started from such a position. Its four occupants kept their seats throughout the journey. The Humber runs very quietly and smoothly, and the 'flexibility' of the engines is a great advantage The car has climbed several noted hills, including Dundry Hill, Blue Bowl Hill (Wells), East Harptree Hill, Blagdon Hill, and the Cheddar Gorge. It was brought to Bristol to be tested in steep Thomas Street, the gradient of which shows an average of one in four."

The 16-20 h.p. four-cylinder Beeston Humber Car made a non-stop record throughout the Scottish Reliability Trial. See reports for complete details of its splendid performance.

Complete specification of these cars ("a worthy example of the lead taken by British production"—*Motor News*) on application to

HUMBER LIMITED,

BEESTON (NOTTS) AND COVENTRY.

DEPOTS: LONDON—Motor Cars, 13, Cambridge Place, Paddington; Cycles and Motor Cycles, 32, Holborn Viaduct. LIVERPOOL—73, Bold Street. MANCHESTER—5, Deansgate. BIRMINGHAM—4, Victoria Square. NOTTINGHAM—Grey Friar Gate. SOUTHAMPTON—27, London Road. AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

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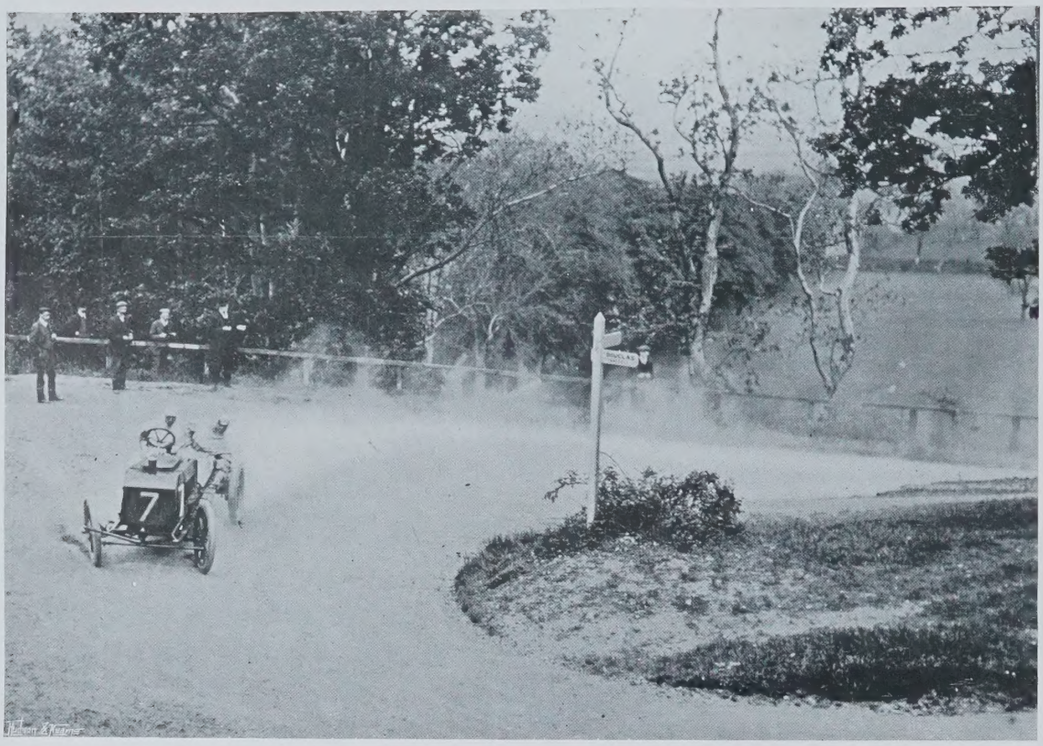


THE HAIRPIN CORNER.
Earp making a clever turn.

Macdonald. It appears that outside Ramsey he was making all speed between the town and the foot of Snaefell when he struck a rough place in the road with such force as to cause the car to leap bodily into the air. As he alighted he struck the bank, and, having buckled his near-side front wheel, abandoned the contest. Hargreaves had protracted puncture troubles on this round, and had also screwed his clutch too tight. His time was 2hr. 49min. Rolls made the best round in 1hr. 17½min. The issue now appeared to be between Earp and Bianchi for leading place, with Rolls and H. G. Goodwin to contest the third. Various as had been the failures, the leaders were eclipsing the records of the previous year, and six rounds might be completed by two and perhaps three of the cars, whereas last year none did more than five. There was again a hot struggle for premier honours between Bianchi and Earp on the fifth round, which was completed by the former in 1hr. 14½min., and by the latter in 15sec. less. Rolls came by in 1hr. 26½min., while Goodwin did not finish. To the last Bianchi and Earp fought out the issue, the Wolseley taking 1hr. 25min., and the Napier 1hr. 21½min. Rolls, on completing his fifth round, was not allowed to start a sixth, as he could not have covered the ground before finishing-time. Earp's time totalled 7hr. 52¾min. for the six rounds, and that of Bianchi 7hr. 58¼min. It must be pointed out, however, that these figures represent the net running times between controls, and that no allowance is made for deductions in controls for adjustments or repairs. It is a curious fact that the cars driven by these three were all last year's vehicles, altered and tuned up, and the failure of the newer types is much to be regretted. At the same time, it must be conceded that the experience is by no means new, and it may be particularly remembered that the Gordon Bennett race of 1903 in Ireland was won by an old car.

The following official statement has been issued by the races committee: "Cars and drivers selected to represent the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland in the Gordon Bennett Cup: First, Earp, No. 7, Napier; second, Rolls, No. 11, Wolseley; third, Bianchi, No. 4, Wolseley. Reserve: First, C. Edge, No. 6, Napier; second, J. Hargreaves, No. 9, Napier." It will, therefore, be seen that a detailed examination of the control sheets and timekeepers' records has put a better complexion upon the performance of Rolls, and entitled him to second place in the team instead of third.

AWARDS IN THE SCOTTISH TRIALS.

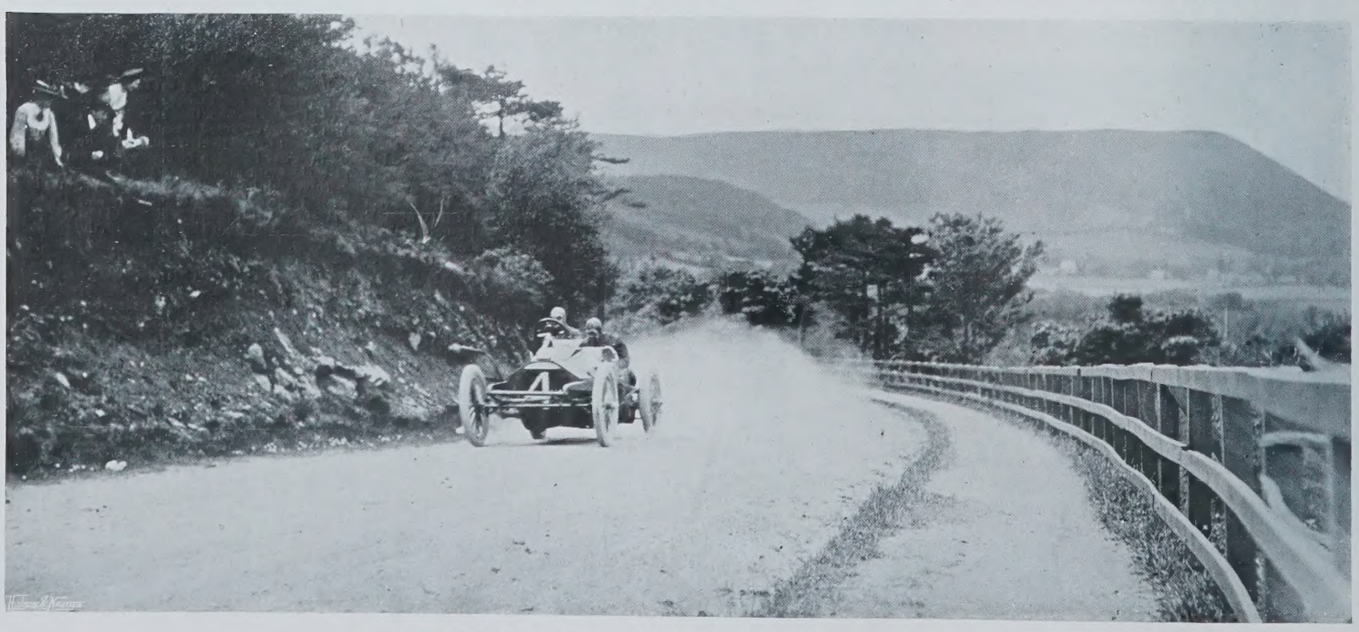
WITH commendable promptitude, the Scottish Automobile Club has issued its report on its recent trials. It will be remembered that, by the rules, if two or more cars obtained full marks for reliability, the awards were to be decided by the results of the timed hill-climbs as worked out by the club's formula. In Class A, for single-cylinder cars, the gold medal goes to the 6 h.p. light Wolseley, thus adding another prize to the long list of successes achieved by this firm in events of this description. Non-stop certificates are granted to the 8 h.p. De Dion and the 9 h.p. Cadillac, which tied with the Wolseley in the matter of reliability, but gained fewer marks for hill-climbing.

In Class B, for two-cylinder vehicles, the gold medal is awarded to the 16 h.p. Albion, which was the only car to achieve four non-stops. But for the loss of 1min. owing to the sticking of the throttle-valve spindle, the prize would have gone to the 12 h.p. Wolseley, which gained by a large margin the highest marks for hill-climbing in the class. Good hill-climbing marks were also obtained by the 12 h.p. Arrol Johnston, to which is awarded the Glasgow Cup for the car which showed the most economical results in petrol consumption of all the cars which took part in the trials.

In the three and four cylinder class the 20—25 h.p. Ariel obtains the gold medal, and the 24—32 h.p. Mors the silver medal, while non-stop certificates are granted to the 16—20 h.p. Beeston Humber, 24 h.p. Germain, 24 h.p. Thornycroft, 12—16 h.p. Richard Brasier, 30—40 h.p. Belsize, 15—20 h.p. Brooke, 20 h.p. Vinot and Dequingaud, 12—14 h.p. Gladiator, and the 12—14 h.p. Argyll. As we recorded at the time, the fastest speed in the hill-climbs was accomplished by the Mors, but the Ariel, which was only a few seconds slower, is awarded first place on the formula which takes into account the weight and petrol consumption of the cars. We hope next week to give the hill-climbing marks in full.

THE LADIES' AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

The first meet of the Ladies' Automobile Club this season was held on May 24th, when some sixty of the members drove down to Bear Wood.



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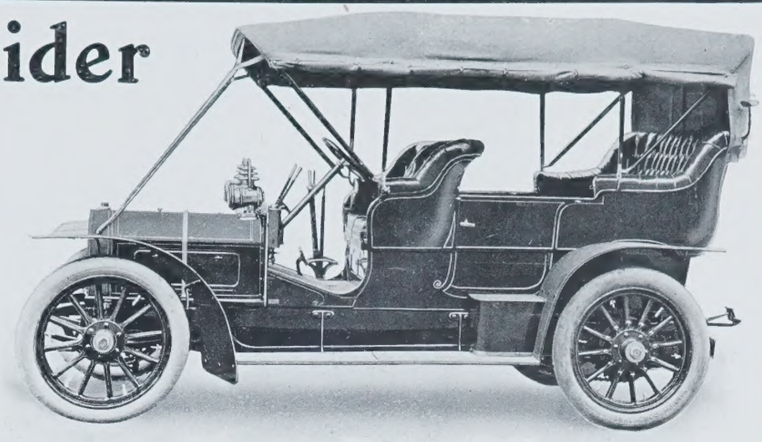

24-30 H.P. ROCHET-SCHNEIDER. D. & H.

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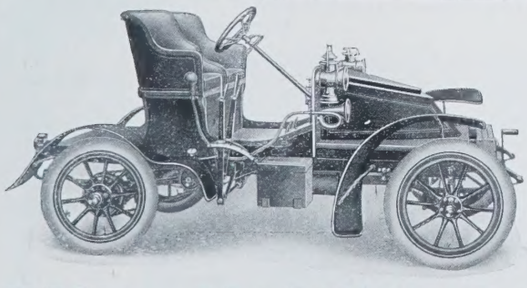

12-14 h.p. 3-cylinder Car	(Tonneau)	- -	**£375**
12-14 h.p. 3 ,,	(Chassis)	- -	**£330**
7-9 h.p. 3 ,,	(2 seats)	- -	**£210**
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Wokingham, the home of Mrs. Walter, who is a member of the committee. We reproduce a photograph taken during the afternoon, which, however, is hardly representative of the gathering, as many of the cars had previously left on the return journey. Among others present were Sir Henry and Lady Colville, Lady Geraldine St. Laurence, Mrs. Henry Edmunds, the Duke of Newcastle, Miss d'Esterre-Hughes, Mrs. Herbert Lloyd, Captain and Mrs.

J. W. Debenham. *A MEET OF THE LADIES' AUTOMOBILE CLUB.* Copyright

Last week some sixty members and friends drove down to Bear Wood, Wokingham, the home of Mrs. Walter.

Deasy, Lady Manson, Mrs. Buttemer, Mrs. Manville, Miss Pilcher, and the Count Moore. Numerous meets have been arranged for the summer months, including June 7th, at Battersea Park, at 3.30 p.m.; June 28th, at Lightwater, Bagshot, by invitation of Lady Colville; June 30th, first day of run to France for the Gordon Bennett race; July 1st, Gymkhana at Ranelagh; July 8th, at Charlwood Park, by invitation of Mrs. Campbell.

SOME WHITSUNTIDE MEETINGS.

The particulars are announced of two important competitions which will be held on Saturday, June 10th, and Monday, June 12th respectively. The first is the South Harting Hill-climb, organised by the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland and the Sussex Automobile Club. The course, which is a mile in length, is about $3\frac{3}{4}$ miles from Petersfield and nine from Liphook. Entries are confined to fully-equipped touring cars, which will be required to carry their full complement of passengers. There will be three classes—for vehicles costing £150 and not more than £350; for cars the chassis price of which is £300 and not more than £500; and for cars the chassis price of which is over £500 and not more than £850. A cup and the club's silver medal are offered in each class, and in addition the club's gold medal will be given for the best performance, irrespective of class, on a handicap by the club's formula. The second event is the Yorkshire Automobile Club's speed trials on the Filey and Muston Sands, which will take place on Whit-Monday. The course will be about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, and the sands are said to offer a splendid surface for racing. A very full programme has been arranged, including open and restricted events for both touring and racing cars, and some valuable prizes have been offered, including a 40-guinea cup by the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, and a 50-guinea cup by Mr. H. R. Kirk. The following is a diary of the principal fixtures for Whitsuntide:

Thursday, June 8th.—Lincolnshire A.C., Market Rasen, Hill Climb.
Saturday, June 10th.—A.C. Hill Climb, South Harting Hill (near Petersfield).
Monday, June 12th.—Yorkshire A.C., Speed Trials on the Filey and Muston Sands.
Wednesday, June 14th.—Bexhill Race Meeting.

ORMOND BEACH RECORDS.

The Automobile Club has received from the American Automobile Association, through the Automobile Club of America, the certificates of the

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PARAFFIN SIDE LAMPS
REGULATION TAIL LAMPS
LAMP & HORN COMBINED
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE ON DEMAND
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STILL THE BEST, 1905.
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EXPLANATION OF DIAGRAM . . .
(a) Intermediate Leather to prevent rivets from injuring Rubber Cover. (b) Leather Tread with Steel Studs. (c) Leather Cover vulcanised on the ordinary Tyre which is taken down over the Beaded Edge.
Send for Particulars of the "Grose" Band and Tyre combined. . . . .
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THERE WILL BE NO INCREASE IN THE PRICE OF RUDGE-WHITWORTH CYCLES.

£5·5s. to £15·15s.

EASY PAYMENTS FROM 4/3 MONTHLY.

The enormous success and popularity of the 1905 Rudge-Whitworths has so increased our business that in spite of heavy increases in the cost of all materials, we shall continue to give the Public the benefit of the very low prices, by which the highest grade guaranteed bicycles were brought within the reach of every purse.

PACKED FREE and Carriage Paid.

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SPECIALISTS IN
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We guarantee the fit of every pair of Breeches made by us, and our prices are at least 40 per cent. lower than elsewhere.

MADE TO ORDER.
Latest Style & Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

	Per Pair.
Khaki Drill, very strong	17/6
Special Line Bedford Cord	25/-
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Special Riding Tweeds ... from	25/-
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Knee Strappings, same Material, extra	3/6
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When ordering please state if to button or lace at knee.

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In Bedford Cords, with Leather Knee Strappings, Lace or Button Knee ...	10/6
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Best Quality, Whipcord Tweeds Knee Strappings, same Material, Button and Lace Knee	25/-
Superior Quality Bedford Cord, Strappings, same Material, Button Knee	28/6
Ditto, without Knee Strappings,	25/-
A very Special Line of Velvet Cords, with Self-Knee Strappings, Button Knee ... *Very strong and durable.*	14/6
Special Line in Derby Tweeds, Leather or Self-Knee Strappings, Lace or Button Knee, all sizes ...	35/-

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THE FULL BENEFIT.

Motorists who use Shell Spirit get the full benefit from it. Mile for mile they can run further on

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than any other. None of the heat generated is taken up in getting rid of impurities The perfect purity of Shell Spirit renders it pleasant to use, and saves wear and tear of the Motor. No risk of breakdowns with Shell Spirit.

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"They prevent side slip."
"For easiness of running they give just as much satisfaction as Pneumatics."
"They do not throw up dust as much as Pneumatics."
"Their non-skidding properties are certainly very good."
"They run as smoothly as Pneumatic Tyres on ordinary roads."
"Your De Nevers Grooved Solid Tyre is truly excellent."

J. LIVERSIDGE & SON, Ltd., 196, Old Street, London, E.C.

times made by Arthur Macdonald on the 96 h.p. Napier at Ormond Beach, January 28th to February 3rd. They are as follows: 1 mile, 34 2-5sec.; 5 miles, 3min. 17sec.; 10 miles, 6min. 15sec.; 20 miles, 15min. 23sec.; 1 kilomètre (slow start), 27 3-5sec; 1 kilomètre (flying start) 23sec.

MOTOR IMPORTS.

The trade returns for the first four months of the present year, relating to the imports of motor-cars and motor-cycles into this country, are summarised in the table given below. It will be seen that the total automobile imports for that period show an increase in value of no less than £329,646 over the previous year, although the actual number of cars declined from 1,924 to 1,897. Motor-cycles, on the other hand, increased in number from 457 to 503. The most startling increase, however, is in the value of the motor-car parts imported separately, which has risen from £91,885 in the first four months of 1904 to £237,735 in the present year up to the end of April last. These figures would seem to indicate that our foreign rivals are devoting their chief energies to the more expensive types of automobile, while taking a share in the small-car trade in this country by supplying component parts, such as engines and gears, to the manufacturers.

		Quantities.		Value.	
		1904.	*1905.*	*1904.*	*1905.*
Jan.	Cars ...	335	362	£102,866	£149,578
	Parts ...	—	—	17,906	36,608
	Cycles ...	51	57	1,528	1,842
	Parts ...	—	—	2,218	905
	Total ...	386	419	£124,518	£188,933
Feb.	Cars ...	538	431	£185,499	£195,978
	Parts ...	—	—	21,496	56,773
	Cycles ...	87	102	2,971	3,748
	Parts ...	—	—	1,983	1,957
	Total ...	625	533	£211,949	£258,456
March.	Cars ...	492	560	£169,166	£239,091
	Parts ...	—	—	20,741	75,463
	Cycles ...	178	152	5,774	5,369
	Parts ...	—	—	1,818	2,721
	Total ...	670	712	£197,499	£322,644
April.	Cars ...	559	544	£170,757	£225,012
	Parts ...	—	—	31,742	68,891
	Cycles ...	141	192	4,498	6,477
	Parts ...	—	—	1,891	2,087
	Total ...	700	736	£208,888	£302,467
Grand Total ...		2,381	2,400	£742,854	£1,072,500

THE SIDDELEY-MEYAN MATCH.

The determination of Mr. Siddeley to bring the proposed match between himself and M. Paul Meyan to an issue is well proved by the willingness he has shown to accept every condition put forward by M. Meyan. Mr. Siddeley was anxious that the match should be conducted under rules similar to those which are usual in reliability trials in this country. M. Meyan, on the other hand, insisted on a free-and-easy sort of tour, in which the only check on the competitors should be the division of the daily runs into stages of a certain length, which must be covered in a certain maximum time. To this Mr. Siddeley has consented. The times will be checked by control officials, and no observers will be carried on the cars. It is even doubtful whether the cars will be locked up at the conclusion of each day's run, it merely being left to each competitor's honour to see that no repairs are effected during the night. Mr. Siddeley will drive an 18 h.p. Siddeley of last year's pattern, and M. Meyan his 24 h.p. De Diétrich, both of which cars have done many thousand miles of hard work. The 3,105-mile route which has been agreed upon will take the two competitors completely round France. From Paris they will travel eastwards to Nancy, thence southwards to Nice, on to Bordeaux in the West, thence along the coast to Boulogne, and back through Nancy to Paris.

THE STEWARDS OF THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

In accordance with the competition rules of the Automobile Club, by which the final decision of all disputes rests with the stewards, the following gentlemen were recently appointed to the post at a meeting of the council held for that purpose: The Duke of Sutherland, K.G., the Earl of Dudley, the Earl of Onslow, Earl Russell, Lord Stanley, M.P., the Hon. Arthur Stanley, M.P., Sir David Salomons, Bart., Sir J. H. A. Macdonald, K.C.B., Colonel H. C. L. Holden, R.A., F.R.S., Lieutenant-Colonel Mark Mayhew, Mr. W. G. D. Goff, and Mr. Charles Hardy.

ITEMS.

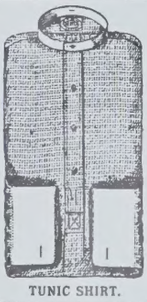
We have received an illustrated pamphlet describing the Crossley Petrol Landaulette, which is designed for town and country use. The pamphlet may be obtained from the agents, Messrs. Jarrott and Letts, 45, Great Marlborough Street.

One puncture per 1,000 miles is generally considered an excellent average for a car of medium weight over ordinary roads. The Rev. R. H. Simpson of Spilsby, however, has nearly trebled this distance without any of the vexatious delays which often bring discredit on pneumatics, as he has written to the Dunlop Company to state that it was not until he had run 2,800 miles on his Dunlop-tyred Vauxhall that he experienced his first puncture.

The Daimler Company has scored a string of successes in public competitions during the past week or two. At the American Automobile Club's races at Brighton Beach, Coney Island, U.S.A., a 30 h.p. Daimler was the winner of event No. 1 and secured second place in event No. 4. In the Scottish Trials a 30 h.p. Daimler made the fastest time in the Glenshee hill-climb; and at the Cultra hill-climb of the Royal North of Ireland Yacht Club the best time was again made by a 30 h.p. Daimler, an 18 h.p. car of the same make being second.

The entries for the Tourist Trophy Race now number fifty-four, the latest additions to the list being a Germain, a Royal Enfield, and a Renault.

TENNIS SHIRT.
From 3/6.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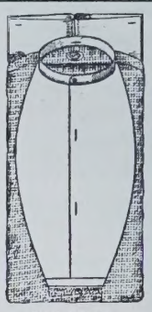
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From 4/6.

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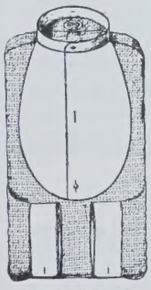
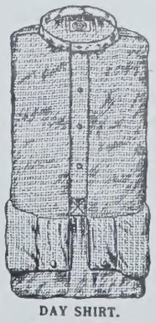
From 5/-.


BUSINESS SHIRT.
From 4/6.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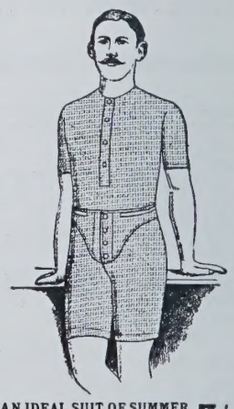
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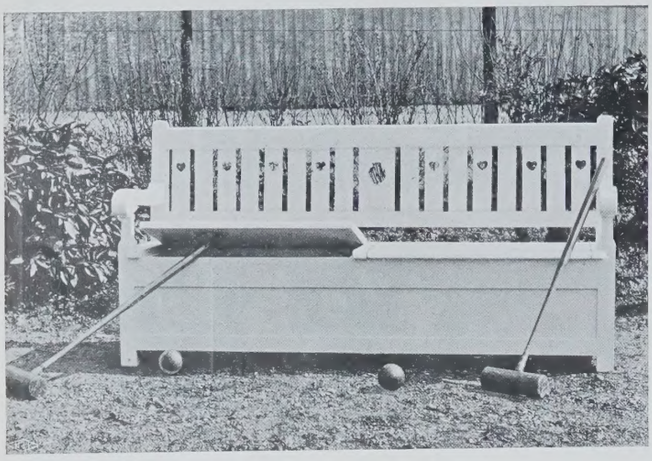
SEATS IN THE GARDEN.

EVERYONE knows what a nuisance it is, having decided to spend the next two hours over a game of croquet, to be obliged to go back to the house and bring out armfuls of mallets, balls, and clips, which insist on dropping and rolling away down the path, and which necessitate a great deal more exercise than is at all compatible

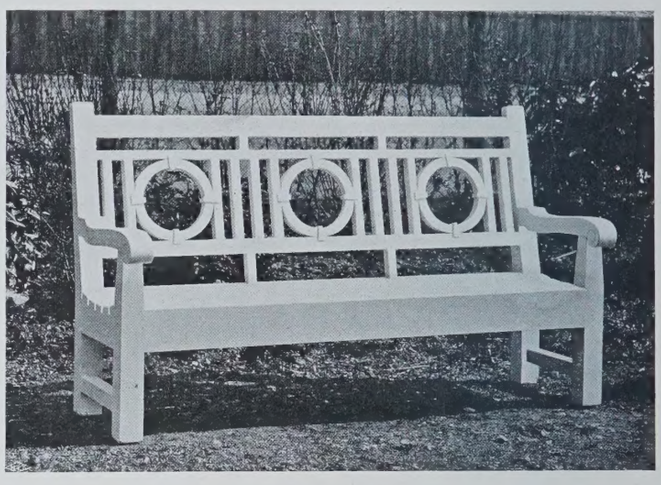


ON THE CROQUET LAWN.

with keeping cool. It makes just all the difference to find everything ready to the hand on the lawn, and the garden seat with box should appeal to the laziness, the legitimate laziness, of everyone on a hot July day. At other times, too, when a storm comes on, everything can easily be put under cover, and altogether Messrs. J. P. White of the Pyghtle Works, Bedford, are to be congratulated on the new designs shown here. Solidity and usefulness are noticeable features in all their garden furniture, and it always adds to the charm of beautiful grounds to be able to sit at ease and take in restfully the picturesque effects planned with so much care, without the trouble of having one's seat brought out or moved specially to the spot.

Seats of this kind will do equally well for tennis grounds or the bowling green where the village assembles in the evening to chat and watch and smoke, or dotted about cricket grounds will do much to help the waiting batsman possess his soul in patience while he watches the first two or three making hay of the bowling. In these days of long scoring, no inconsiderable time is thus spent in waiting, and the ability to do this comfortably will incline the tail batsmen to appreciative enquiries for the makers of these seats and induce further orders.

All games and scenes gain, too, by the presence of ladies at tea-time. Suburban cricket clubs draw quite an appreciable part of their income from "family" subscriptions, and the least they can offer in return are teas partaken of in surroundings and



A NOVEL DESIGN.

on seats that will not damage their summer frocks, nor prevent their thinking that the pleasantest way of passing a hot summer afternoon is to watch their brothers and their friends playing the national game.

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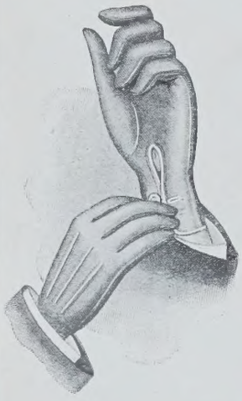

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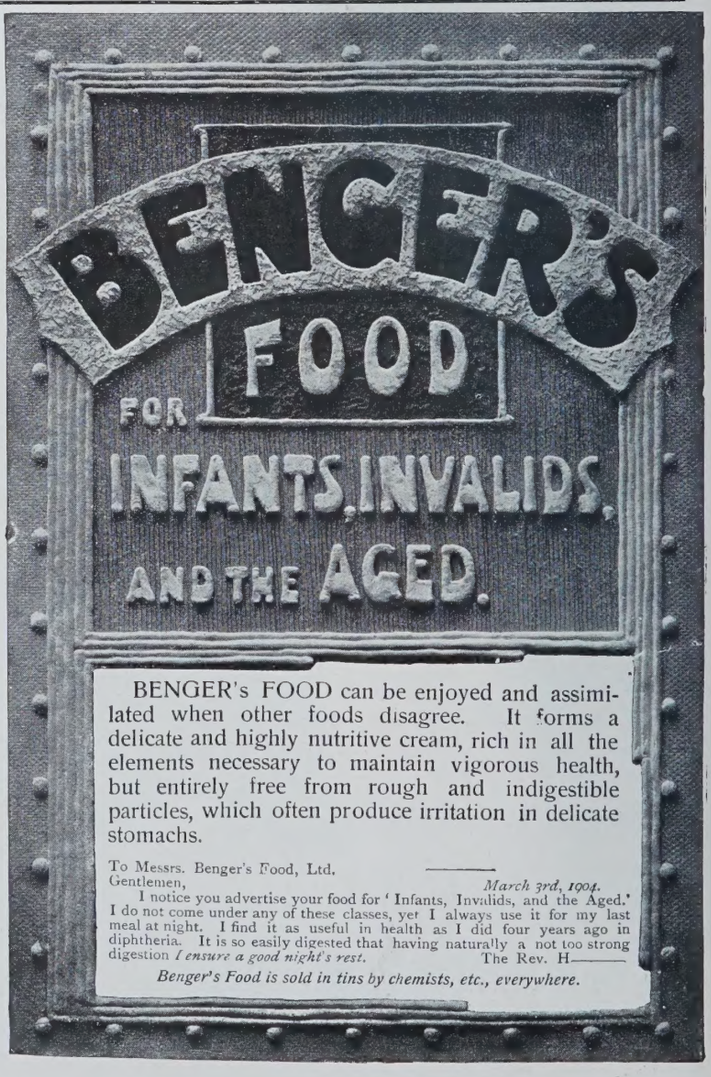

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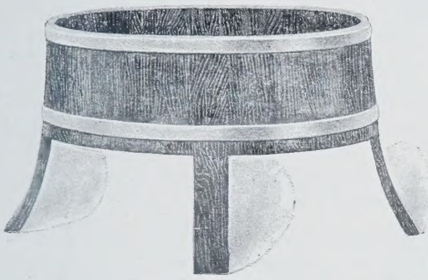

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LITERARY NOTES.

WHAT has been called the Celtic movement in literature is a thing we do not profess to understand. Literature itself is literature, whether it come from Saxon or Gael; and the ultimate criteria to be applied to the products of what has been called the Dublin School are simply those that should be applied to any books soever. One has come into our hands just now, called *The Story of Etain and Otinel* (Nutt), by E. Hamilton Moore. It is an imitation of an old saga. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say an imitation of an imitation, for the inspiration of William Morris is very apparent. We might call it a curious application of the Shakespearian dictum, "the evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." Those "fakements" of William Morris, "The Waters of the Wondrous Isles," "The Glittering Plain," and similar romances, were the worst of him. They were modernised Malory, which pretended not to be modernised, but to follow the style of the original. They did not, and could not, do so, because it is given to no man to escape from the language and thought of the times in which he lives; so that the result was a strange mixture of modernity and mediævalism which was absolutely bound to perish. In the case of Morris this was greatly to be regretted, because he had the gifts of a true poet, and added much to our language and literature. But when we come to the imitation of an imitation, the Wardour Street within a Wardour Street, what shall be said? Mr. Moore, in the book before us, has fashioned a sensational novel of a type quite common when the three-decker was the rage. It begins, "There were three men loved one woman," and if it had gone on "her name was Sophia, and the Earl of Gaylands was one of her lovers, and the Marquis of Heavylands the second, and the third a plain yeoman named John Thompson," then it would have been quite in the old way. But the whole trick of the Dublin School is to translate these ancient conventionalities of the novel into what is termed, somewhat curiously, the language of romance, so that the three lovers become "Otinel, King of Farlands, Owain, King of the Marshes, and Brand, who was kinsman to Owain, and whom men called the Viper." Practically this is the *dramatis personæ* of the drama, though a Shield-may—whatever that may be—called Arlette, is dragged into it, and there are bards who make some very bad verses, and other supernumeraries of sorts. Plot within plot, tragedy within tragedy, poison, manslaughter, and ravishment—these are the materials of which a very sensational story is compounded. Of course, it is an advantage that when you take your people away to a land that never was, there is no need to stick to the rudimentary facts of human nature, and so the whole resolves itself into a mere play of puppets without anything to recommend them—not even fine writing. Unless the Dublin School can bring forth something greater than this, it will scarcely justify its existence. So far as we know it has not yet placed to its credit a single tale or poem that is really entitled to a place in the literature of the country; and even of those literary fragments that have been unearthed, the best that can be alleged in their favour is that they were writ in the glamour of the Celtic tongue. Intrinsically they are scarcely worth printing.

A number of beautifully-illustrated volumes are on our table at the present moment, among which the most important, both in regard to its size and intrinsic value, is *Great Pictures in Private Galleries* (Cassell). This is a sequel to a similar book giving the pictures in the public galleries in the United Kingdom. Among the pictures illustrated are G. H. Boughton's "The Lady of the Snows," Sir Edward Burne-Jones's "Green Summer," Arthur Hacker's "The Drone," and many other equally noted canvases. With each reproduction is given a critical description of the picture. The business of reproducing coloured pictures is one in which those who know most are continually expecting great things to happen, and perhaps one of these is that a process will be discovered which will render the work of an artist accurately. Meanwhile, the results obtained can fairly be described as astonishing. These reproductions of the works of great artists in private houses are certainly as good as anything of the kind that has yet been achieved, and which are quite worthy of being framed and hung in a room.

The same publishers send us their usual reproductions in black and white of the Academy pictures. Here no attempt is made to imitate the colouring of the original, but enough is shown to enable the readers to judge of the subject and, generally speaking, of the quality of the pictures on exhibition. The book is not one to buy instead of going to the exhibition, but visitors will find it a valuable help to their appreciation of the work hung in the gallery.

The Empire's Cricketers (Dawbarn and Ward) ought to be very welcome at the beginning of a season that promises so many interesting events as 1905. It aims at showing not only the portraits of the most famous and popular exponents of the national game, but also to give them in characteristic attitudes. In Part II., for instance, we have Dr. W. G. Grace at the beginning of an off-stroke—a very characteristic attitude, and caught with the accuracy of an instantaneous photograph. As much might be said of the portrait of P. F. Warner, showing the finish of an on-drive. Mr. MacGregor is caught about to take a ball on the leg side, and W. Rhodes in the act of delivery. They are all wonderful portraits, and full of life and vitality.

RACING NOTES.

BEFORE these notes appear some half-a-dozen horses, three of which are a long way removed from the first class, will have fought out the battle for the great race of the year, and a mighty roar from thousands of throats will have acclaimed with impartial greeting the hoisting of either the Union Jack of Old England or the Tricolour of France. When the huge £10,000 stakes were founded some twenty years ago there were not wanting wiseacres who proclaimed from the house-tops that the Derby was ruined, and that the glories of Epsom were destined to pale before the rising sun of the gate-money meetings. None of these things has happened, and in the teeth of all competition the Epsom Derby has maintained its prestige among the races of the world and its popularity with the multitude. The Derby is essentially a

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Free Trade institution, open to all the world, and with neither restrictions or penalties for foreign-made "goods," nor any protective tariff for articles of home manufacture; but up to the time of writing the only occasions upon which the Blue Ribbon of the Turf has been borne triumphantly away by foreign-bred horses were those upon which the mighty Gladiateur took the spoils to France just forty years ago, and when Iroquois in 1881 set the Stars and Stripes of America fluttering in the breeze. The owner of Gladiateur made more than one attempt to repeat his success, but could never improve upon Insulaire's second to Sefton in 1878. M. Edmond Blanc, the owner of Jardy, has twice seen his colours second in the great race, once when Common beat Gouverneur in 1891, and again two years ago when Vinicius had to put up with second place behind Rock Sand, and in 1892 M. Camille Blair's Bucentaure ran third to Sir Hugo and La Fleche. Gladiateur was, indeed, a great race-horse, and so marked was his superiority over animals of his own age that a widespread belief existed at the time that he was at least a year older than he purported to be; the foreign certificates of his age and breeding, however, were quite in order, and he ran for the Derby without any objection being made. When the time for the St. Leger came round, Mr. Graham did lodge an objection to him, and requested that his teeth might be examined, but in the absence of any valid grounds for supposing that the horse was older than he was stated to be by his owner, the stewards refused to act. Mr. Graham's mare, Regalia, ran second to Gladiateur, and again Mr. Graham objected, but without avail; and there is no doubt whatever that Gladiateur was actually of the right age and description.

Eleanor in 1820, Blink Bonny in 1857, and Shotover in 1882 are the only three fillies who have successfully asserted their supremacy over the colts in the Derby, but there have been brilliant failures, such as Lady Elizabeth and Sceptre. It may be of interest to note that the fastest Derby ever run was that won by Volodyovski in 1901, when he ran the distance in 2min. 40 4-5sec. In 1866 the first three horses in the Derby were sons of Stockwell, aptly named the emperor of stallions, and it is an interesting fact that Cicero, Jardy, and Signorino are all in direct descent from him. Stockwell is dead, but his fame lives on, and the fortunes of his house are always in the ascendant. 4,800 guineas was the price paid for Stockwell himself; Blair Athol, his son, fetched 5,000 guineas, and was afterwards sold to the Cobham stud for 12,800 guineas; the Duke of Westminster gave 14,000 guineas for Doncaster, then came the sale of Ormonde for 30,000 guineas, and Flying Fox for 37,500 guineas, and now Cyllene for 30,000 guineas, to say nothing of the 24,000 guineas given for the Duke of Westminster, and 20,000 guineas for Galtee More.

Fortune is at best a fickle jade, and it is well for the fortunate mortal who happens to be the recipient of her most lavish smiles and gifts to remember the saying, "latet anguilla in herbâ," the coy goddess loves a bold wooer, and right well did she reward M. E. Blanc for his plucky purchase of Flying Fox; but just when still higher rewards were apparently within his grasp, when all the great races of the year seemed absolutely at his mercy, and when a string of race-horses such as have never before been at any one time in the possession of an individual owner were at the very height of health and condition, illness broke out in the stable, which it is much to be feared will prevent several of the best horses from meeting their engagements. All good sportsmen will sympathise with M. Blanc in his misfortune, and all will hope that it may not be long before all traces of the malady will have disappeared. It is satisfactory to English breeders to see that the Prix Diane, or the French Oaks, has been won by Clyde, a daughter of Childwick and Common Dance, one of the mares sent over by the late Sir J. Blundell Maple to be sold in France, where she was originally purchased by the late Mr. Stern, but passed into the possession of M. Veil-Picard, who gave about £480 for the mare and foal.

The Doncaster Spring Meeting commenced on Thursday, the 25th, and, thanks to the pleasant weather which prevailed, can be described as a very pleasant outing, although the actual racing was by no means of a very interesting or exciting nature. Mr. Lambton had managed to get His Majesty into capital fettle, and he had no difficulty in disposing of Bonny Rosila and Killigrew in the Portland Stakes. The principal item of the day's racing was the Doncaster Spring Cup, for which seven horses went to the post, and Chaucer had little difficulty in presenting 3lb. and a length beating to Andria, who must have been a rather disappointing horse to Mr. P. H. Henning. Noisy Bill upset a supposed good thing in Galhampton, on whom 6 to 5 was laid for the Hopeful Stakes, and Mr. J. W. Larnach's colt by Jeddah out of Rondino won the Stockil Stakes, the last race of the day, beating Mr. Bell-Irving's colt by St. Angelo out of Applethwaite by three parts of a length.

A Skipper, belonging to Lord Lonsdale, is, I think, the only one of Merman's stock who has shown winning form in this country, and he added to his list of races won by winning the Scurry Handicap rather easily by three parts of a length. Merman was such a good horse himself, and is, moreover, so beautifully bred, that breeders should not be discouraged. It often happens that a horse who has been long in training does not get really good stock during his first few seasons at the stud, and there is every probability that before long Merman will prove that he is as good at the stud as he was on the Turf. The Chesterfield Handicap Plate of 500 sovs. found Love Charm in an amiable frame of mind, and that being so he had no difficulty in winning the 500 sovs. attached to the race for Sir E. Cassel. Two fashionably-bred fillies, Mr. C. D. Rose's by Cyllene out of Cortegar, and the Duke of Portland's by Orme out of Ismay, were among the starters for the Milton Stakes, but they received a tremendous beating from Mr. W. Elsey's Arise, and could do no better than finish second and third respectively.

At York, Mr. G. Faber had the satisfaction of winning the Great Northern Handicap of 700 sovs. with Fermoyle, who beat Lord Durham's King's Limner by four lengths. Those two old-fashioned races, the Zetland Stakes on the first day of the meeting, and the Eglinton Stakes on the second, were won respectively by Mr. G. T. Whipp's chestnut colt by Galloping Lad out of Evelyn, and Mr. Joicey's Orpheus, by Amphion out of Queen of the Vale, and The Flying Dutchman's Handicap, which was founded to commemorate the name of the winner of the great match between Voltigeur and The Flying Dutchman, was won, after a pretty race, by Mr. C. Perkin's William's Hill, 7st. 13lb., from Mr. H. J. King's Esquire, 8st. 2lb., and Mr. F. Langstaff's

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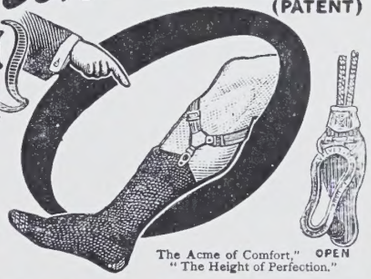

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Catty Crag, 10st., and, although beaten, the latter was anything but disgraced, and made a gallant attempt to give the weight away.

The Salisbury gathering does not call for much comment, beyond noting that Sweet Mary had to put up with her first defeat in the Salisbury Foal Stakes at the hands of Mr. Wigan's Sarcelle; but the filly was running over a distance of five furlongs for the first time, and, moreover, may not have been quite herself, as she showed some disinclination to go to the post, which is quite foreign to her usual custom. News has unfortunately come to hand that Jardy has unmistakably developed symptoms of the malady which has attacked M. E. Blanc's stable with such disastrous effects. As if to accentuate the heaviness of the blow, the Prix du Jockey Club (the French Derby) has been won by M. Michel Ephrussi's Finasseur, who, after a desperate race, beat Clyde by half a length, the pair of them finishing fifteen lengths in front of Phœnix. The winner is by Winkfield's Pride out of Finande, and was bred by M. E. Blanc and drafted out of his stable on account of his inferiority to Jardy, Val d'Or, and others. Just a few short weeks ago M. Blanc's horses dominated the position, one might almost say in England as well as in France. All the great races in his own country were absolutely at his mercy, and there was an exceedingly strong probability that he would also take the Blue Riband of the English Turf to France. M. Blanc is too good a sportsman to complain, and it may be that the unmistakably sincere expressions of universal sympathy will go some little way to lessen the bitterness of the disappointment which has overtaken him. TRENTON.

RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

THE Whitsuntide holiday programme of the Great Northern Railway aims this season at being more extensive and varied than usual. Friday, June 9th, for eight or seventeen days, to certain stations in the North Eastern Districts of England, and also to Scotland. On Friday night, June 9th, special excursions leave King's Cross for Midlands, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and Lancashire. On Saturday, June 10th, cheap express excursions leave for the Norfolk District, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, North East of England, etc. The attractions of the Lincolnshire Coast are being prominently brought under the notice of the public, for special excursions are leaving King's Cross for Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, and Mablethorpe. Tickets dated in advance will be issued at King's Cross (G.N.R.), Victoria (S.E. and C.R.), Ludgate Hill, Aldersgate, Farringdon Street, the suburban stations, and the various ticket offices.

The Great Central Railway Company will open their new pavilion on Cleethorpes Pier on the Saturday before Whitsuntide, and excursions will be run from all parts. Excursions are also announced from London (Marylebone), Woolwich, Greenwich, and Metropolitan stations to the principal towns in the Midland, North of England, North East and North West Coast watering-places, and Scotland. Fast trains will leave Marylebone at 12.5 (midnight) on Friday and Saturday, June 9th and 10th; and additional expresses will be run on June 10th. The information has been tabulated in an A B C Programme, giving the times of starting, fares, dates, and times of return, etc., for any stations, and copies can be obtained free at Marylebone Station, or at any of the company's town offices and agencies.

Special excursion tickets will be issued by the South Eastern and Chatham Railway to Paris, *via* Folkestone and Boulogne, on June 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th. A cheap excursion to Boulogne will leave Charing Cross at 2.20 p.m. on Saturday, June 10th, and Sunday, June 11th, returning at 12.5 or 7.10 p.m. on Whit Monday. The Casino at Boulogne will be open. Similar tickets will also be issued to Calais by the 9 a.m. and 9 p.m. services. Cheap tickets to Brussels by the Calais, Boulogne, and Ostend routes will be issued from June 7th to 12th, inclusive, available for eight days. Special cheap eight day return tickets to Amsterdam, The Hague, Scheveningen, and other Dutch towns, *via* Queenborough and Flushing, will be issued from June 7th to 12th, inclusive, leaving Victoria and Holborn at 9.25 a.m., also to Liége *via* Ostend. Full particulars of the excursions, extension of time for certain return tickets, alterations in train services, etc., are given in the special holiday programme and bills.

The Midland Railway Company are running excursions on Thursday, June 8th, to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, the South and West of Ireland, to Belfast, Londonderry, Portrush, and to Londonderry by steamer *via* Liverpool, available for return any week-day within sixteen days; Friday, midnight, to the Midlands, for three, six, or eight days; and to the North of England, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, and other parts of Scotland, for eight or seventeen days; on Saturday to Londonderry, by steamer, for sixteen days; to the Midlands for two, five, or seven days; to all parts of the Midlands and the Peak District of Derbyshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Lake District. Every Saturday, to Hull, Bridlington, Scarborough, Whitby, Harrogate, Ben Rhydding, Ilkley, etc., to Blackpool, Lytham, and St. Anne's (except Saturday, August 5th), to Liverpool, Southport, the Peak District of Derbyshire, and to Morecambe, Lancaster, and the Lake District.

Cheap tickets available for eight days will be issued by the Great Eastern Railway to Brussels June 7th to June 10th inclusive, and June 12th to Liége, for its exhibition, *via* Harwich and Antwerp. Passengers leaving London in the evening reach Brussels next morning, and Liége at noon, after a comfortable night's rest on board the steamer. For visiting the Hague, the Rhine, North and South Germany, and Bale, for Switzerland, special facilities are offered *via* the Great Eastern Railway Company's Royal British Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route. For the convenience of passengers, tickets dated in advance can be obtained at the Liverpool Street Station Continental enquiry office. Also trips are planned to the West Coast of Denmark and Hamburg.

A series of land and sea trips to the French coasts, for Paris and the Continent, has been arranged by the London and South Western Railway. Tickets are available for fourteen days.

Facilities for intending Whitsuntide visitors to Paris and Normandy are provided by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway. A special fourteen-day excursion, *via* Newhaven and Dieppe, figures among the attractions.

"The English Lakeland" is the title of an illustrated guide-book by the Furness Railway. Notes are given on places of interest served by the company, and a list of hotels is appended.

A VITAL MATTER
WHICH CONCERNS
ALL STOUT PEOPLE.

THERE are at the present moment in this country thousands of men and women who, alarmed at the too rapid development of corpulency, are deliberately throwing away the precious gift of health and beauty through following some pernicious method of fat-reduction, involving semi-starvation, drugging by mineral poisons, exhaustive sweating, and other evils. This is a vital matter. Health and strength are priceless possessions, and should not be juggled away by old-time empiricism. None of these antiquated systems of reducing obesity was ever known to produce any other than a temporary loss of weight, unless by seriously undermining the constitution, which was too often the result. As a general rule, as soon as the remedy (so-called) was discontinued, the growth of superfluous fat resumed its evil sway.

Yet the gift of health and beauty is absolutely within the reach of any corpulent person, young or old, who will study the simple and harmless "Russell" treatment as set forth in the pages of "Corpulency and the Cure," by F. Cecil Russell, the founder of the famous treatment that bears his name. This standard work of 256 pages is full of useful information and advice, and no stout person should neglect consulting its pages. It contains, *inter alia*, the recipe of the principal curative preparation used in the "Russell" treatment. By the publication of this recipe the author triumphantly proves the complete harmlessness of the compound and the purely herbal nature of its ingredients.

Those of our stout friends who desire to obtain a copy of "Corpulency and the Cure" may do so by sending three penny stamps (for postage under plain sealed envelope) to the author, F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. A careful perusal of this admirable treatise may be the means of saving years of misery to many a person who has been groaning for years under the humiliating burden of excessive stoutness.

Just a few words about the "Russell" treatment itself, which is entirely opposed to all other methods in that it nourishes the body whilst robbing it of the super-abundant fat. It is essentially the tonic, strengthening, muscle-forming treatment, and after a course of "Russell" the subject, whilst being reduced to normal proportions, is immensely improved in health and physical beauty, and feels years younger. The appetite is greatly improved, and a normal quantity of wholesome strengthening food must be taken. This is a fundamental condition of the treatment, which calls for no departure from ordinary, prudent habits of living. A reduction of weight occurs within twenty-four hours of beginning the treatment. This varies between ½ lb. and 2 lb. in usual cases, but when there is very excessive obesity the decrease may more nearly approximate to 4 lb. After the initial decrease there is a steady daily diminution until symmetrical proportions of face and figure and normal weight are reached. The treatment may then be abandoned. This easily followed, simple, sure, and health-giving system of reducing weight is commendable in every way. In a very short period it effects a wonderful transformation, and could not be otherwise than beneficial.

WHAT A FAVOURITE WEEKLY PAPER SAYS:—

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THE SPLENDID KNICK-KNACKS.

A GREAT sale at Christie's in the full London season must always be reckoned with when the year's doings come to be chronicled. The sale of china, silver, and objects of art from the collections of the late Mr. Louis Huth, Mr. John Gabbitas, and others, will make 1905 memorable in the sale-rooms.

Mr. Huth was one of the sons of Frederick Huth, who, coming from Spain in 1809, founded the house of Frederick Huth and Co. The novelist, we believe, still supports, as a tradition of his craft, the fancy that the man of business, the banker or merchant, is a coarse soul, for whom "business is business," for whom beautiful things are unvalued trumpery. Yet business men, from the Medici to the Liverpool merchants who bought Rossettis in the teeth of academic criticism, have gainsaid the romancer, and the Huths proved themselves worthy successors of the Fuggers of Augsburg. Henry Huth's library remains intact, one of the famous libraries of the world, known to bibliographers through a catalogue worthy of it, and the collections of Charles F. Huth—pictures and engravings—have twice made material for a famous sale. The Louis Huth collection took a wider field, as is seen by the pictures, china, furniture, and silver which have lately been shown at Christie's.

In the sale of china appeared a certain covered vase 10¼in. in height, old Nanking with a pattern of plum blossom upon a marble blue ground. Its history was one to bring water to the mouth of the small collector who, avoiding Bond Street, rakes amongst the oddments of the little pawnbroker or the provincial dealer. Of its adventures on the way from the scented East to an English quay nothing is known, but thirty shillings was the price paid by the fortunate one who drew it from the back-shelves oblivion. He who had ventured thirty shillings went away happy with five-and-twenty of Mr. Huth's sovereigns in his pocket. Its first appearance in a London sale-room brought ample recognition of the value of this noble vase. Five hundred pounds

A DUTCH TABLE AND MIRROR—SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

was the first bid for this "hawthorn pot," and from this the bidding rose until Mr. Partridge made it his own at a price of £5,900.

A pair of beakers and a vase brought £2,700, and with such prices before him the newspaper reader who knows naught of *famille verte* or *rouge de fer* might read languidly of the egg-shell plates with ruby backs for which the bidding ran but to a few score of guineas, of the Damascus dish at £500, of Rhodian and Persian faience, of roses, tulips, and persimmon fruit in blue and mauve, in green and brown.

The Friday sale brought the market a new sensation. With plate from the Huth collection, from Lord Montagu of Beaulieu and others, was offered a strange vessel of crystal and gold. This was a biberon carved out of rock crystal in the form of a pot-bellied dragon, whose head was a spout. The cover handle of enamelled gold was shaped as Neptune sitting upon a dolphin,

A TAPESTRY SCREEN—EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

this and all the mountings being of enamelled gold. Strange to tell, this was a vessel without a history. Its fashion showed it to be German work of the middle of the fifteen hundreds, and its owner, Mr. John Gabbitas, had inherited it without a word to explain its splendid presence amongst his household goods. No exhibition-case had been honoured by receiving it, no catalogue had described it with affectionate detail.

Pieces in rock crystal rarely appear in the sale-room, but amongst the treasures of the Waddesdon Bequest the British Museum holds a little vase and cover whose workmanship indicates that the unknown carver of the Gabbitas biberon must have wrought upon it. The experts who gathered to the piece at Christie's from the capitals of Europe set its value at £10,000, but they had under-estimated the desire of possession, which carried its cost to the 15,000 guineas bid by Mr. Wertheimer, perhaps the greatest sum ever paid for a single object of art other than a picture.

The collector and the expert will draw from the account of these sales the moral that ancient work, fine in quality, advances year by year in value as it lies in the safes and cabinets of its fortunate possessors. For the moral of the political economist, who seems busied for the most part in manufacturing telling fallacies for the political platform, we may wait in vain. Here, at a time when financiers assure us that trade is failing, that unwilling retrenchment is beginning in every class, we see a sum which represents the hopeless ideal towards which the average professional man struggles through his best working years, passing from hand to hand for a single wine jug of a rare fancy. Such a day shows us that vast sums of money are loose in the hands of men of refined extravagance, and wild as the last bid for the Gabbitas biberon may sound in the ears of men of small possessions, we read of it at least with more sympathy than that which we can extend to the paragraph which tells us of the silver motor-car and the lap-dog's lace handkerchief.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A TAME SEAGULL.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—Peter was a seagull, one of four brought from the Scilly Isles by Mr. Charles Wood when making a tour in Cornwall, and the only one of the quartette who distinguished himself in any way. He was separated from his companions and given to a child living at Grove Hill, Falmouth, and, little fluffy grey ball as he was, only a few weeks old, he showed his spirit at once, and spent the first night picking viciously at the bandbox in which he was confined. In the morning he declined all food offered to him except raw fish, and this was his diet for some time. One day, however, he became acquainted with a house-snail, and after that those succulent morsels had a speedy shrift when they crossed Peter's path; but, before swallowing them, he washed them carefully in a jampot of drinking-water which was always placed ready for his use. Later in life Peter discovered that mice were good (also well wetted), and many a time might be seen with a long tail hanging out of his bill and his throat looking as if he were suffering from mumps. At this stage of his existence he also condescended to eat meat. His next taste was for poultry, but, as he preferred young ducklings alive, this taste had to be checked, and Master Peter kept out of the poultry-yard. One day a fine duckling was rescued just as it was disappearing down his throat; and it survived to grow up into a large white drake twice the size of its would-be murderer. When Peter's wings grew he flew about freely, circling round the house at no great distance, responding to calls with the gull's plaintive cry, and always coming down for his food, and to be put to bed at night. A sea-fog came on one day; Peter lost his bearings in it, and for three weeks was mourned as lost. He had got into the harbour, where he was caught by a dog, and given to a boy who lived near his own home, and who willingly gave him up to his mistress, when the bird was heard and recognised. Peter showed himself well pleased to return to his old quarters and to his great friend, the cook, but his clipped wing was never allowed to grow again, and henceforth he belonged to the earth only. A change of residence brought him to Hagley in Worcestershire, and here he shared a small back garden with a retriever pup and two kittens, and also developed a great liking for the kitchen fire. Cook placed a piece of carpet in front of it for him, and woebetide either of the kittens who ventured to intrude upon this privileged spot. Peter's beak was strong and sharp, and after one peck from it the enemy turned tail and fled. Peter was a dignified bird, even in his most undignified proceedings, and it soon became evident that he disapproved of kittens altogether, and objected to their frivolous ways, which he took upon himself to correct. Everything that the poor little animals found to play with was immediately taken away from them by Peter—unless he happened to be engaged with a snail. One day they were having a fine game chasing each other in and out of a piece of drain-pipe which lay with one end against the wall, leaving only one entrance and exit. Up hurried Peter, "This must be put a stop to!" in every movement. Both kittens retired into the pipe at his approach, and there they had to stay whether they would or no, for Peter mounted guard at the entrance, and any attempt at escape was met by a prompt peck on the protruding head, which sent it quickly into retreat again. How long they would have been kept prisoners no one knows, but the onlookers taking pity on the kittens, a rescue party was sent to raise the siege and rout Peter. Hagley being only a temporary place of sojourn, Peter was soon removed to a new home in the next county, where a large pond and numerous ducks promised to be an attraction for him. The pond was appreciated, the ducks were not; from the first day to the last he scorned them, and kept himself aloof even in the water. At night he had to share their yard, but, declining the shelter of the houses, perched in solitary state on a pile of stones in the centre. But Peter, though proud, was not without a heart, and he gave his affections to the retriever pup, who reciprocated them, and this friendship was never broken. Tara grew up into a very fine dog, and Peter's favourite perch was on his curly black back as he lay on the doorstep. Only one thing ever disturbed their perfect harmony. Peter did not understand Tara's tail, and was greatly disturbed when it wagged. He would look at it disapprovingly, then hop down and give it some vigorous pecks, and return to his furry seat till the offence was repeated, when he again remonstrated in the same way. Peter was also fond of human companionship in the shape of the fair sex; he did not like men. He would lie for hours on the lawn by the side of his mistress, and would thoroughly enjoy a game of hide and seek round the trunk of a tree with a little girl whose unprotected legs he loved to peck. At this game Peter was very clever; he would turn his head and pretend he was going one way and then suddenly dart in the opposite direction, taking the child by surprise. Peter was free to wander where he pleased in the grounds, and he sometimes found his way into the kitchen garden, which was surrounded by a wall. Peter enjoyed these visits—the gardener did not. A spirit of mischief seemed to enter into the bird when he got inside the garden door, and the gardener suffered. One day the man was planting out young cabbages, and having finished a long row, looked back to survey his work. Not a plant was to be seen; but Peter was close by. He, too, had been busy, and as fast as the cabbages were put in he had pulled them out. On another occasion he found a number of pots in which seeds had been sown and the contents carefully marked with wooden labels; these labels Peter took out, and confusion reigned among the pots. Yet another time a bag of seeds was lying on the path; a little shaking on the part of Peter and the bag was emptied and the seeds beautifully mingled. Can it be wondered at that the gardener declared that "if that owdacious bird came any more into the kitchen garden he would kill it"? But the threat was a very empty one. Poor Peter met his fate, however, from another gardener whom he had never injured. Frightened by a military funeral, he strayed away through several fields into a neighbour's garden, where the gardener shot him, thinking he was an eagle! Never was bird more regretted.—A. R.

DUCKS AS EGG-EATERS.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—Last Sunday a duck alighted on the water in Kensington Palace Gardens close to us. She had a duck's egg in her mouth, and immediately broke it up and swallowed most of its contents. This raises rather an interesting point. Had she stolen it from another bird's nest, or was it an addled one from her own which she was thus getting rid of? If some ducks, like rooks, take to egg-stealing, keepers will have to detect and get rid of such robbers.—H. P.

BIRDS' NESTS.

[To the Editor.]

Sir,—I enclose a list of nests found this year by my brothers and sisters and myself within a radius of eight miles of our home. We thought it might be of interest to some readers of your paper, and we shall be very pleased to answer any questions in regard to the nests, eggs, or habits of the birds mentioned. Goldfinches have this year been very plentiful with us; thirteen nests out of the fourteen have been found in our own garden and grounds. I should like to say that we have, both this year and last, found some very curious robins' eggs, more resembling those of a greenfinch, both in shape and colour. Last year, we sent one of these eggs to the editor of another paper who, however, wrote back and said the egg was not that of a robin, but could not, when we asked him, tell us what he thought it was. As we had seen the bird on the nest, we knew the eggs to be robins'; and this year, finding a nest with very similar eggs, we were careful to watch it, and saw four young robins successfully hatched from the eggs. We are, however, doubtful of being able to convince that editor of the truth of this fact, and so this year we are communicating with you.—Margaret C. Kelly, Kelly House, Lifton, Devonshire.

List of birds' nests found between February and June, 1905, in an eight-mile radius of Kelly. Total, 1,096.

Blackbirds	321	Whitethroat	1
Thrushes	204	Grey wagtails	4
Missel-thrushes	42	Pied wagtails	2
Robins	110	Yellow-hammers	9
Wrens	126	Wood-lark	1
Chaffinches	78	Chiff-chaffs	4
Greenfinches	43	Blackcaps	3
Bullfinches	6	Wood-pigeons	6
Goldfinches	14	Moorhens	5
Linnets	41	Dippers	2
Hedge-sparrows	37	Pheasants	2
Tomtits	5	Crow	1
Long-tailed tits	16	Woodpecker	1
Golden-crested wrens	11	Magpie	1

AN INTERESTING ALLIANCE.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—The following may be of interest. Last year, two young stock-doves which had fallen from the nest before they could fly were caught and kept in an aviary in which were two pairs of Barbary doves. This spring, all six birds were allowed their liberty, and, by the various accidents which happen to pets, were soon reduced to two, a male stock-dove and female Barbary dove. These birds paired, and now are rearing one squab, one of the eggs having been broken. Their offspring is now about half-grown, well feathered, and strong and healthy. In general shape and appearance it partakes more

of the stock-dove, but its colour is fairly well divided between both parents, forming a fine French grey; but it is still too young to allow of its colour being definitely fixed. The aviary had two possible nesting-places, one a large box with a hole in it, and the other a smaller one open on one side. The latter would most likely have been selected by Barbary doves, but the former was chosen, being the most suitable for stock-doves, due, I take it, to the fact that the male bird selects the nesting-place. The birds had every opportunity of nesting out in the trees, and the stock-dove, at any rate, had every opportunity of selecting a wife of his own species, as there are plenty of wild ones about, and he was set free two or three weeks before starting nesting.—W. J. Brooke.

CUTTING THE EARLY GRASS.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—At the present moment, when in the South of England farmers are just beginning to cut the first swathes of hay, you may like to publish a photograph showing the return homeward of the mowers. I remember quite well when all this work had to be done by men, and the sound of the scythe swishing through the grass, or being sharpened on the whetstone, was as familiar at this season as the cry of the landrail among the young corn.—U N.

A WARWICKSHIRE STEADING.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

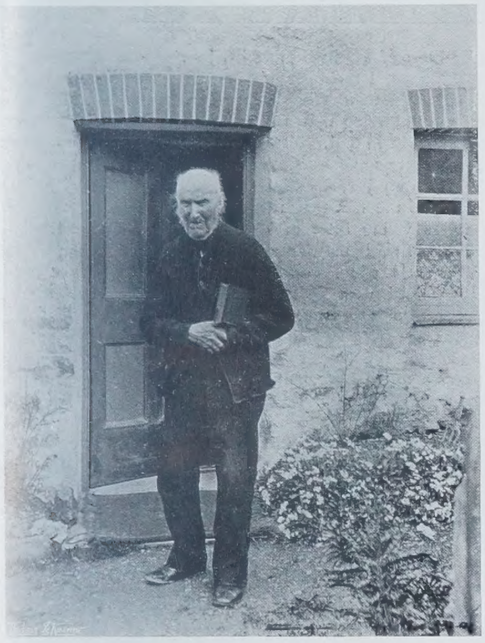
Sir,—Shakespeare is in the air this year; but Shakespeare has become so identified with towns, libraries, theatres, and other stuffy places that it may not be out of place to recall the out-of-door England of his day. I am not aware that he ever so much as saw the Warwickshire homestead of which I send you a photograph; but, if I may so express it, he certainly ought to have, for there is no question but that this quaint old thatched building—though some of its details, like the chimneys, are more modern—has lived as long as his fame. The London of to-day would frighten him out of his life. The Warwickshire of to-day is the Warwickshire of the sixteenth century—rich, level, sweet to the eye and nostril, a little sleepy, a little unkempt, thoroughly and characteristically English. All the wars in our history have swept over Warwickshire, the central county of England, yet Warwickshire remains what it was 500 years ago; and no more typical scene could, I think, be discovered than the view I send you. We are more careful of our orchards here than they are in Gloucestershire, for instance, or Devon, where many bushels of apples are lost yearly through neglect to prune and to lime; but our hedges, as you may see, are as much like Struwelpeter's hair as they were in Shakespeare's time, when farming was not the bustling, scientific business it is to-day.—L. G. R., Leamington.

AN INTERESTING LINK WITH THE PAST.

[To the Editor.]

Sir,—I am sending you a photograph of an extremely interesting old character; it is the portrait of Mr. James Carne of St. Columb Minor, Cornwall, who occupies the unique position of being the oldest parish clerk in England. Born nine years before the battle of Waterloo, viz., on May 3rd, 1806, he commenced his duties sixty-one years ago, succeeding his father, who held the office for fifty-two years, and who died at the age of eighty. Mr. James Carne's grandfather was also parish clerk for half a century, as the following inscription on his headstone in St. Columb Minor Churchyard will show: "Here lies the body of James Carne, who discharged the office of Parish Clerk for upwards of fifty years. He died the 31st day of January, 1801, in the eighty-seventh year of his age." It will thus be seen that Mr. Carne, his father, and grandfather have held continuous office for 163 years! Until a year ago, Mr. Carne had been absent only once from his place in church, viz., on the Sunday after his wife passed away, at the age

of 87; and even now he rarely misses the Sunday services, and is always a prominent figure at weddings, christenings, and funerals. He has always been a keen musician, and in his younger days he played the flute in the church orchestra. He is full of interesting reminiscences of those old days of the "Nebuchadnezzar's Band," and his flute is one of his most treasured possessions. For several years after he succeeded his father in office he sang in the choir, and had to migrate to the gallery at the west end of the church. Many parishioners can recall him as he marched back to his desk, saying the responses as he walked. He greatly regretted the disappearance of the orchestra, which consisted of a small harmonium, a fiddle, a base viol, a clarionet, a flute, and on special feast days a cornopean. There are few now alive who can remember the "Oh, be joyful" of those far-off days. Many of us would like to see the church band revived. "No doubt the playing was not very good, and the instruments out of tune," says the Rev. Baring Gould; "no doubt also there was much quarrelling and little harmony amongst the performers, but an institution should be improved and not abolished." "The old order changes"; not only has the orchestra gone, but the old country types are fast disappearing, and soon it will be difficult to find an official like the grand old man of St. Columb Minor. I must not forget to mention that for twenty-one years Mr. Carne was rural postman, and did his round of ten miles (Sundays excepted) without missing a single day! Perhaps this exercise, combined with strictly temperate habits, will account for a long life, which has been quite free from illness; in fact, till he was well over ninety he hardly tasted doctor's "trade." He still takes a keen interest in every-day affairs, and his views on the "Fiscal Policy" are coloured by his remembrance of some "lively times" in the days of his youth. When he talks about the smuggling that took place in the little port below the village, and of the excitement of the villagers when the pilchards visited the bay in "schools," one can quite understand why his conversation is mainly concerned with what he calls the "good old times." He emphatically denies that the Cornish folk of his youth were addicted to wrecking, as is generally believed, and smiles at the idea that fires were ever burnt on the top of the beautiful church tower to lure vessels to their destruction. Although Mr. Carne now leads a very quiet life, he still walks about the village, and sometimes he gets as far as Newquay, a distance of two miles. If he has a recipe for a long life it may be summed up thus: "Be temperate, never coddle, and don't worry." His numerous friends hope that he will continue to enjoy a green and smiling old age.—WILLIAM J. STEPHENS.



THE DANDELION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Very few people are capable of recognising the beautiful in the common, or they would admit that the dandelion is one of the most charming flowers in the English flora. No one has romanced about it as much as has been the case with the wild rose, and it has made nobody as sentimental as Burns was over the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower," for, truth to tell, it is one of the most noxious of weeds, with roots as deep as sorrow, and a persistency that would be worthy of a better cause. You chop off its head again and again, and still it pops up as confident as ever. But that knowledge ought not to prevent us from doing justice to its assured beauty. As a flower it is exquisite, and when the flower is gone, and it is succeeded by the downy seed, which country children use as clocks, it still remains, as in our photograph, one of the most beautiful ornaments of the wayside. Nor is it altogether useless. The dandelion makes good food for rabbits, and its bitter milk has long been noted for certain medicinal properties. Dandelion tea is a concoction that old women are proud of. But most I like to watch the children with pouted lips blowing the dandelion and counting the puffs to tell the time of day. It is prettier than the "Yes, No, Yes, No, Yes," of Marguerita and her kind.—X.

OLD WINCHESTER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The quaint old house shown in the photograph, and known to the inhabitants of Winchester as Old Cheesehill Rectory, dates back to 1450, and is said to be the oldest house in the town. Much anxiety has been aroused as to its ultimate disposal, as it was to come under the auctioneer's hammer lately, and hope has been expressed that someone would be found to preserve it from the hands of builders, "restorers," or other Philistines.—N. P.

POLLUTION OF THE RIVER TWEED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

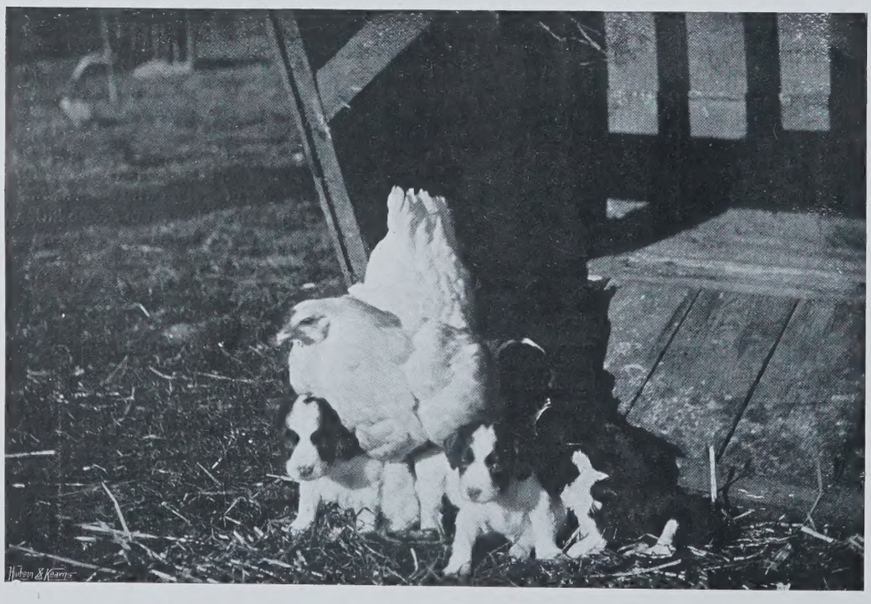
SIR,—At last the Tweed Commissioners have awakened to the fact that the river and its tributaries are, to the detriment of angling, being seriously polluted, and with a view of remedying the evil the services of the local county councils are being requisitioned to deal with the matter. On the motion of Lord Polwarth, the proprietor of the well-known Mertoun stretches of the river, seconded by the Earl of Minto, the Roxburgh County Council, at a meeting held lately, decided to petition the Local Government Board and the Secretary for Scotland to constitute a joint committee representing all or any of the counties through or by which the river and its tributaries flow, for the purpose of dealing with and securing if possible an abatement of the pollution of the river. It is time that an authoritative step should be made to take the matter in hand. No doubt during the past few years the public health authorities have done much to mitigate the more glaring cause of pollution, but those who are conversant with the different streams of the Scottish borderland cannot fail to observe that pollution still exists, and in some cases most serious pollution. Much of this, of course, is accounted for by the numerous manufactories of the Border towns which lie contiguous to the river, and a plea has been raised that should the authorities make it imperative that the refuse at present emptied into the stream should be disposed of in some other manner, a great hardship would be placed on the manufacturers, and that it would practically mean the destruction of a trade which finds employment for hundreds of workers. But this plea cannot be seriously considered. No one maintains that for natural drainage rivers may

not be subservient, but the plainest principles of law, and the general interests of the community, apart altogether from an angler's point of view, alike forbid that rivers such as the Tweed should, by artificial means, and for the convenience of a few individuals, be changed in character and converted into streams capable of generating and spreading all manner of disease. But it is not from the effects of such pollution that the Tweed suffers most. In a court of justice it has been stated that about one-fifth of the dwelling-houses of a large manufacturing Border town had private drainage systems, and that all were drained directly into one of the tributaries of the Tweed. Ultimately, it does not need to be said, all this sewage and other stuffs finds its way into the main stream, where, besides ruining the salmon bed, and making the salmon pools like cesspools, it is a menace to the health of the community. After a spell of dry weather one has no difficulty in observing to what extent this stream is polluted. It is so discoloured with sewage matter that the sight is often sickening, and the stench which arises therefrom is most obnoxious. And yet these banks are the playground of young children, breathing the air contaminated with the pollution. Instead of helping to promote health, the environment of the stream is liable to promote disease. But apart from a health point of view, serious as that no doubt is, these beautiful streams of our Border counties, long famous for their excellent salmon angling, cannot fail to suffer from the befouled state of the water, and it cannot be wondered at that one hears so much nowadays about the decadence of the Tweed salmon-fishings "It's naethin' tae what it used tae be," was the remark passed by a well-known local fisherman, and his remarks will be endorsed by many who for years past have sought their sport on the casts of the Tweed. Now that the matter has been taken up, however, all true sportsmen will follow with interest the results of the efforts which are now being put forward by the Commissioners, and no doubt the riparian proprietors will do their utmost to assist by all means in their power the endeavour to eradicate an evil which is a potent factor of the deterioration of the Tweed salmon angling.—TWEED-LOVER.

COOTS FEEDING THEIR YOUNG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Though some marine diving birds, such as the cormorant, feed their young assiduously when in the nest, none of the many species of wild duck, so far as I have noticed, ever place food in the mouth of the young when on the water with them in the same way as land birds, like the sparrow, starling, or wagtail, which feed the young birds long after they can fly. Very possibly dabchicks do so, but I have not seen it. But on Saturday last I saw a very pretty family scene, in which some coots were catching some invisible food and feeding their brood with the greatest regularity, and as if it were quite a matter of course. The brood consisted of two old coots and four young ones, the latter about the size of blackbirds. They were all sunning themselves and doing nothing particular near the bank of a large pond, but as we disturbed them they swam quietly over to the other side, near to the further bank. Some time after, as I was going home, I passed near the coots, and then noticed that both parent birds were catching something, generally on the surface of the water, but sometimes after a short dive, and putting this, whatever it was, into the beaks of the young ones. The prey cost them no effort to catch, and it was all done with great deliberation, though very frequently. One of my companions held a watch while I counted that the old coots presented the young ones with the *bonne bouche*, whatever it was, exactly twelve times in one minute, or once every five seconds, the pair together, that is to say. I thought at first that they must be picking up small caterpillars which were dropping in numbers from some trees near; but they were some way from these, certainly rather too far to find the caterpillars in such numbers. We then examined the water near them, and found that it was full of tadpoles, which is probably what the coots were feeding upon. On the other hand, the caterpillar swarms which were devastating the young leaves of the oaks were being dealt with in a very effective manner by the starlings. Scores of these active birds were picking them off the leaves of the oaks most infested. Others were running about on the ground under the trees in all directions seeking the grubs which had fallen, and often a bird circled round under the lower branches and neatly caught a caterpillar hanging from its thread in mid-air.—C. J. CORNISH.



AN EXPERIMENT IN ADOPTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—From time to time the newspapers quote stories of cats adopting rabbits and squirrels and bringing them up with their kittens. Some weeks ago I determined to try whether my own cat would take kindly to such a foster-child. She is a notorious poacher, and has on more than one occasion caught young rabbits and brought them home for food. I knew, therefore, that it was quite possible that she would kill and eat any rabbit placed in her nest. She chose to have her kittens in a large clothes-basket in one of my

bedrooms, and as I had a litter of semi-wild rabbits, just old enough to see, and, of course, with their fur on, I took two of her kittens away and introduced a rabbit in their place whilst she was absent from the room. He was very wild for a little while, but finding that the remaining kitten was warm, nestled down by his side, and was in that position when the cat returned. She was evidently a little surprised at what she found, and for a few moments smelt the rabbit carefully. Then, to my joy, she settled down with a satisfied purr. I have no doubt that, owing to the fact that there is a very strong "catty" smell always accompanying a young litter of kittens, that the characteristic smell of the rabbit gets easily lost. It may be taken for granted that when a cat brings home a rabbit or squirrel, she intends it for eating; but being introduced to her nest, and perhaps played with a little while, it becomes protected by sharing in the strong scent of the litter. I was not at all sure whether the rabbit would attempt to feed from its new foster-mother; but it evidently did so in a very short space of time, for the next day the cat, finding her present home rather too open to the light, and her rabbit in consequence a great deal too lively, moved her family, rabbit and all, to a heap of old clothes in a dark cupboard in another part of the house, and here she brought them up. I may here remark that she attended to all the sanitary arrangements of the rabbit as well as her remaining kitten. Later on, as the photographs show, she brought them proudly downstairs, and the rabbit shared the saucer of milk with the kitten. To-day they are all loose in the garden. The rabbit has become a great deal more independent, and of course feeds far more on the grass and other food proper to its kind. The kitten stumbles clumsily after it, and delights in playing with its companion's long ears. At night, however, the rabbit always goes back to the cat's box and sleeps with his adopted family.—S. N. SEDGWICK.

A STRANGE FOSTER-MOTHER.

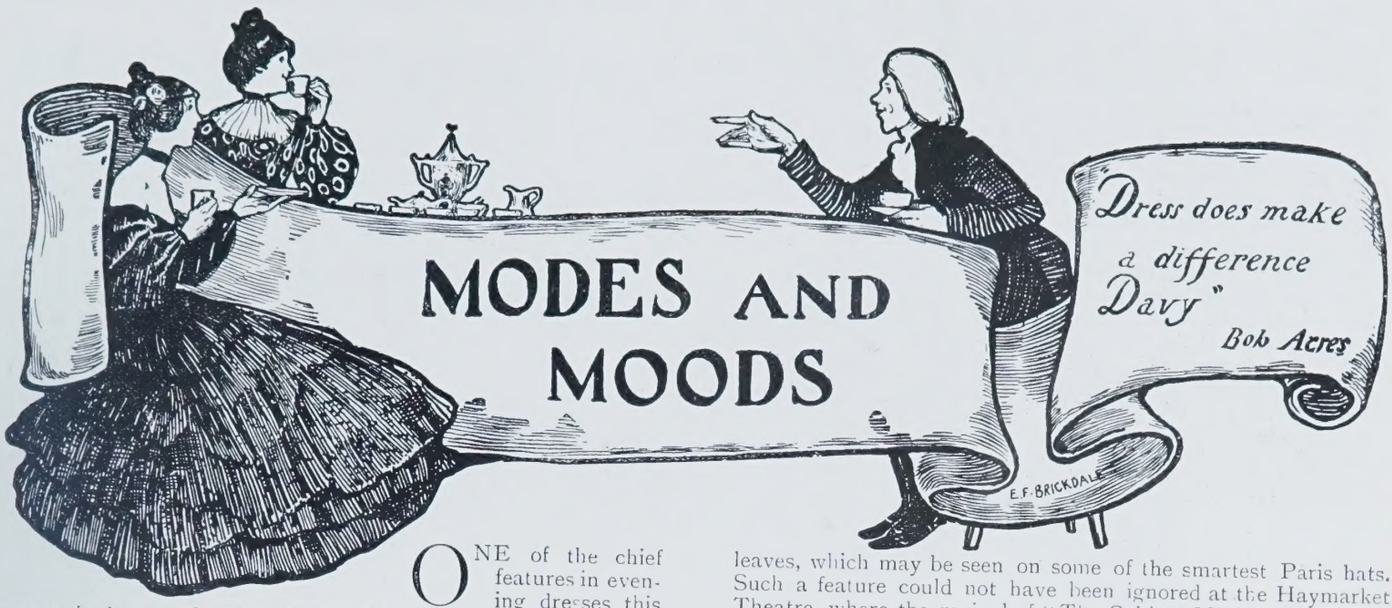
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph shows a remarkable instance of foster-motherhood. The old hen having been unsuccessful in an attempt to hatch a family of her own kind, clucked disconsolately about the farm buildings, eventually discovering—in the absence of their mother—a litter of spaniel pups, at the time only a few days old. She immediately offered them protection, and the pups at once took to their strange foster-mother, doubtless appreciating the warmth afforded by the plumage of a fat old barn-door fowl. Though the pups are now five weeks old, they are still to be seen following the old hen about the farmyard, and whenever she settles down there is a rush for the cosiest corner under her wings. The mother does not apparently resent this state of affairs; she takes little notice of her offspring, and they only go to her at times when hunger compels them to seek natural nourishment.—C. LAVDON.

"HEAVENLY DEATH."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with great interest your review at page 713, "A Book of the Week." Very well you have described the uneasy feeling many of us have at times on the greatest of problems that we all shall solve some day. But is it not well to cleave to the sunny side of doubt? At this season of the year the solemn story of our Lord's return to life is a joyful fact and foretaste of what we humbly believe will be our—and not so much ours but of those we have loved—lot. I may add, Plato's "Phædo" is another book to help our faith when tried by the strong and cleverly reasoned arguments and facts of science; the whole treatise is to me summed up in "Καλόν γὰρ τὸ ἆθλον, καὶ ἡ ἐλπὶς μεγάλη"—"glorious indeed is the struggle, and the hope is great."—JOSEPH CLARK.



ONE of the chief features in evening dresses this season is the use of gold and silver tissues. This was particularly noticeable at the recent Courts, when all the most successful dresses had either a foundation skirt of silver tissue veiled in chiffon, or a train of the same shimmering material, or, if the love of silver did not go so far as that, it yet appeared in silver paillettes or trimmings of silver roses. Lady Dalhousie's dress, for instance, was of pale pink chiffon spangled with silver, and beautified round the hem and on the bodice with silver roses, the accompanying train being of real lace over silver tissue, garlanded with the beautiful silver roses. This was one of the most successful dresses in its delicacy of colouring, and suited the lovely young wearer to perfection. Lady Eden's Empire dress of pale green over white proclaimed this popular note of metal in the train of gold tissue, and the embroidered gold sash. Lady Crawford also supported the claims of gold in her train of gold tissue with her white satin dress. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, combined both effects of the rival metals, for her dress of white satin was elaborately embroidered in silver, and was worn with a train of gold tissue powdered with silver sequins. This use of gold and silver tissues is one of the dominant notes of the season, and is exceedingly effective at night, especially in Court trains, when the beauty of the shimmering material can be displayed; and even in millinery one finds it repeated in the bunches of silver roses with gold leaves, or gold roses with silver leaves, which may be seen on some of the smartest Paris hats. Such a feature could not have been ignored at the Haymarket Theatre, where the revival of "The Cabinet Minister" has been made the excuse for an exhibition of the most lovely series of frocks that have adorned the stage this year. Miss Emery's first dress (a Court gown) is of cloth of silver shot with blue and sparkling with diamond embroidery, which also appears on the train of turquoise blue velvet. Her dress in the last act also shows the charm of silver and gold. It is of white tulle, embroidered in a design of pink and yellow roses and gold corn, caught with bows of silver, which trimming is repeated on the bodice. The most successful dresses, however, are those worn by Miss Fortescue, which were made by Mme. Hayward. No doubt a considerable part of the success of these dresses is owing to the way they are worn; for Miss Fortescue is not only blessed with the daintiest and roundest of figures, but she has that exceedingly rare gift (which is quite apart from histrionic talent or personal beauty) of knowing how to wear her clothes. Her first dress is a Court gown in black tulle, with a thistle design in jet which covers the skirt all over, the full tulle ruches round the feet winding in and out among the embroidery in a very original fashion. The shoulder-straps are in diamonds and the short sleeves in black tulle; and the black velvet Court train is caught between the shoulders with a jet butterfly, another butterfly adorning the corner of the train, which is lined with black spangled net. It is curious how effectively this black dress stands out among the coloured

WHITE SERGE FOR THE SOLENT.

ones on the stage. The prettiest dress in the play, however, is the one I have had sketched for COUNTRY LIFE, which Miss Fortescue wears in the last act. It is of electric blue tulle, with gold and silver embroidery. The bodice is very full and round above the deep ribbon belt, and is adorned with a large butterfly bow of tulle in front, caught by a crescent of gold and silver. The bretelles of blue silk ribbon over the shoulders leave the top of the arm bare, and cross at the back; and charming little sleeves of kilted blue tulle hang loosely over the upper arm. The full tulle skirt is trimmed very simply with two lines of the blue ribbon passing through the embroidered crescents of gold and silver. The combination of the electric blue and the crescents gives the whole dress a most delightful moonlight effect, which is exceedingly becoming to Miss Fortescue's fair colouring and golden hair, in which, by the by, she wears silver wings. It is not my province here to speak of the admirable acting of Pinero's brilliant comedy, but, from the purely feminine point of view, the dresses alone should draw all London to the Haymarket Theatre.

JEWELLERY AT MESSRS. SKINNER'S.

When one has made up one's mind as to one's summer campaign, it is well to take thought about one's kit, and to those whose lucky fate is to go yachting, I would recommend a study of the sketch on the previous page of a yachting dress at Nicoll's, in Regent Street, which combines all the qualities of neatness and smartness which are so absolutely necessary for a costume of this kind. The material is of white serge, the skirt being set in pleats round the waist, each fold being stitched flat round the hips to preserve grace and neatness of outline, while the folds give fashionable fulness and comfort when they are allowed to flow free. The little bolero fits close to the figure, and is outlined with scrolls of white silk braid intermixed with a thread of gold. Little gold buttons fasten the pointed waistcoat of white linen, and also the plain linen sailor collar, above which there is a second little coat collar in serge, edged with the braid. The full elbow sleeves finish in turned-back cuffs, edged at both sides with quillings of white linen, and the belt of deep blue leather is matched by the bow and tie of deep blue satin. The little hat that accompanies this dainty frock is of white straw, simply trimmed with a band of deep blue satin and a white wing, and tilted forward by a deep bandeau, with bows of the same blue satin at the back; and the veil, which should be tied under the chin, in the most becoming fashion set by motorists (the only becoming thing we owe to that charming pastime), is of white chiffon with blue spots. It would be impossible to find a better model for a yachting or river dress than this sketch; and it would be equally effective carried out in deep blue or deep red serge, keeping, of course, to the admirable white linen sailor collar and waistcoat and elbow frills of the original.

A MOONLIGHT EFFECT IN BLUE TULLE.

Jewellery is more than ever the fashion this year, which is probably explained by the popularity of lace, for lace and gems have always gone hand in hand in feminine affections. The beauty of modern designs and settings has also helped to increase the love of jewellery; for the delicate jewels of to-day, hanging by almost invisible chains of platinum, are very different to the "ironmongery" ornaments which satisfied our more material grandmothers, who preferred their ornaments to be weighty in appearance. I am illustrating this week some exquisite ornaments I have seen recently at Messrs. Skinner's in Orchard Street, Portman Square, which were as remarkable for their delicate beauty of design as for their unusually low price. The floriated necklet in diamonds, mounted in platinum, was priced for cash at £64 7s., and was a most charming ornament. The beautiful pendant above it in diamonds, with a fine cat's-eye in the centre and another one hanging below, was only £76 5s.; and the original drop pendant in brilliants (with a lovely pink tourmaline in the centre) was only £31 10s. The charming pendant on the left of the diamond necklet had diamonds set at intervals along the two platinum chains, which were held together by a Persian turquoise set in brilliants, the chains ending in two other turquoises, bordered with diamonds, its price being £76 10s., while the one on the right, two fine pendants, set with diamond and pearl bows on platinum chains, was a marvel of cheapness at £33 15s. Now that weddings are rife in the land, it is well to know where such lovely gifts can be purchased so economically.

Broderie Anglaise is more to the fore than ever, and indeed nothing is more feminine and becoming and, strange as it may appear to say so, more lasting than a dress of this charming white embroidery, which was so popular with our grandmothers. The latest adaptation of the broderie Anglaise is to use nothing else in an entire costume; the dress, the coat, the hat, and the parasol should be of nothing but this embroidery, with hardly a note of colour to mar its snowy completeness. The effect, no doubt, is harmonious, but I draw the line at the embroidered muslin or linen hat, which, to my mind, is never smart enough to accompany a race-frock, for instance, however becoming and appropriate it may appear on a country lane or in a punt. With a smart dress of broderie Anglaise and lace the hat should be in white chip or crinoline, if an all-white effect is desired, and the trimming of such a hat should consist of soft white ostrich tips and little Pompadour roses, some of the most

Rosy Cheeks

Made by a good food.

An old saying is that the human body entirely changes every seven years; that is, we now have no elements in our system which were there seven years ago. It is certain that we can change from the vigour of buoyant health to a debilitating illness in a very short space of time, and sometimes, if we are fortunate in finding just the proper re-builder, the disease is driven out and health returns just as quickly.

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decorative of these being in tones of pale blue and pale green, which blend delightfully in a garland with the pink pompon roses.

There is a widespread and utterly unworthy superstition entertained by many people who ought to know better that

A BRITISH REPRODUCTION OF A LOUIS SEIZE COMMODE.

English workshops cannot compete with foreigners in the making of high-class artistic furniture. The best refutation of such a baseless condemnation is the illustration on this page, which depicts a British-made reproduction of the splendid Louis XVI. commode by Riesener, one of the most beautiful objects in the Wallace Collection at Hertford House. In workmanship and finish, in the delicate beauty of the inlaid woods and the admirable sharpness of the chiselled ormolu mounts, this copy is equal to the finest example of French work. It has recently been executed specially for the Princess of Wales by Messrs. White, Allom, and Co. at their London factories, and is one of many specimens of fine British workmanship which the Princess has collected at Marlborough House. In the example the Princess thus sets of encouraging home industries, she gives a lead which might well be followed by the wealthy classes of England, in which case many orders would be placed in British workshops which go instead to the Continent, where the work is neither better nor cheaper, while our workshops at home languish for lack of encouragement.

Now that the time for fires is over for a few months, it is a good opportunity to make any alterations in one's grates if they are not satisfactory, and those who are not pleased with their hearths should go to Dover Street and inspect the collection of grates at the splendid new premises of the Well Fire Company. The Well Fire is a most perfect form of fireplace, constructed on scientific lines, giving out the maximum of heat with a very small expenditure of coal, and withal most decorative and ornamental in any room. It has the additional advantage that it will burn from ten to twenty hours without feeding or any attention whatever, and certainly no one who is contemplating new grates or the replacing of old ones should fail to pay a visit to Dover Street and see this firm's grates before coming to a decision.

Will it be said of me that women rush in where tailors fear to tread, if I positively dare to give a sketch of a masculine garment? My temerity, however, has the excuse that most of my feminine readers have masculine adjuncts, and can appreciate, therefore, vicariously the merits of the Aquascutum coat illustrated. It is a motor-coat, but would do equally well for any ordinary occasion when preparation for unpleasant weather possibilities is needed, which, in this variable climate, is the same as saying it is eminently fitted for everyday wear. The chief point in this coat, as in nearly all the Aquascutum garments, is the sleeve, which is not only roomy, but not fastened round the armhole, which it passes through from the inside, to which it is attached. This gives the most delightful freedom of movement to the wearer, and is a feature of tailoring strongly to be recommended for feminine wear as well as masculine. The cuffs, too, of this coat are worthy of notice, for they turn down and button round the wrist, if required, which is an excellent protection against wind and wet. Another admirable coat for summer wear is the Aquascutum Company's ladies' coat in a light grey Aquascutum cloth, with a large faint check in black. It is cut very full and long to cover the dress, and is loose both back and front, the trimness of outline being yet preserved by the bands that hold the coat to the figure at the sides. It, too, has the large full coat sleeve that I have described above in the man's coat.

Very good prices ruled at Messrs. Robinson and Fisher's sale of garden ornaments held at their King Street Galleries on June 1st. The principal lots sold included a very fine and elaborately carved marble armchair, 5ft. high, which realised £115; a handsome marble fountain, 6ft. high, £84; a pair of marble vases, 5ft. high, 80 guineas; a pair of marble lions, 5ft. 8in. long, 85 guineas; the celebrated well-head used in the grounds of the Foscarini family, Venetian, *circa* 1450, 45 guineas; a rare old sundial, 17in. square, £25; a pair of old wrought-iron park gates, 85 guineas; a fine old Adam balcony, the ironwork about 80ft. long, from Wimbledon Lodge, 72 guineas; and a very fine 12in. circular sundial, engraved

> "I speak not, yet you understand me well,
> I make no sound, and yet the hour I tell,"

fetched the high price of 56 guineas. Taking all round the sale was decidedly a success, and shows that good old garden ornaments are rapidly rising in value. LAMIA.

AQUASCUTUM MOTOR-COAT.

BUXTON AND THEREABOUTS.

MANY people are under the impression that only invalids go to Buxton. There could hardly be a greater delusion. Of course, it is true that Buxton has won its renown as a health resort, owing to its superb mineral waters; but as an ideal centre for the holiday-seeker, where he may count upon a constant round of amusements, and have at his very doors some of the most romantic and impressive scenery in Great Britain, the capital of the Derbyshire Peak country occupies a pre-eminent position.

Here, owing to the high elevation above sea-level, while the semi-invalid feels an immediate accession of strength begotten of the rarefied air, the robust are amazed to find that hitherto they have not known half the limits of their capacity for enjoyment. And in Buxton itself and its immediate neighbourhood there is so much to be enjoyed. The gardens alone would make the fortune of many a less favourably situated town. Chief among these, of course, stand the richly-wooded and picturesque grounds which surround the Pavilion. Here the art of the landscape gardener has done its utmost to secure infinite variety of wooded glade and seductive lawn, and the ingenious manner in which the river Wye is made now to hold a mirror to Nature's beauties, and anon to add the music of falling water to Nature's harmonies, is suggestive of the skill which the Japanese have displayed in similar creations. The serpentine walks are none the less charming because they are so different in character. There Nature has been allowed a free hand, so that between the two the visitor has within a few minutes' walk his choice of the beautiful artificial or the beautiful natural. While, too, the Pavilion gardens are naturally the most favoured resort of those whose chief pleasure on a holiday is to mingle with their kind, the serpentine walks are secluded enough to satisfy the lover of quiet meditation.

A CORNER, ST. ANN'S HOTEL.

No visitor can fail to note that the architecture of Buxton, especially in its private buildings, has a character all its own, nor can he fail to realise that that character is perfectly in harmony with the natural setting of the town. Situated, as it is, in a superb amphitheatre of the Derbyshire hills, no more suitable, dominant feature in the town itself could have been devised than the stately Crescent for which Buxton is famous. That Crescent dominates Buxton just as certainly as the surrounding hills dominate the town as a whole; and the one abiding memory of the spa which the visitor is certain to carry away with him will be of that majestic building. It has obviously set the fashion in stone for the whole town, and when the St. Ann's Well was built opposite the Crescent by the Duke of Devonshire some ten years ago, it was only natural that it should have been designed in harmony with its stately neighbour.

ST. ANN'S HOTEL.

Although erected nearly a century and a-quarter ago, the Crescent stands as solidly four-square to the elements as though but yesterday from the builders' hands. Costing some £100,000, the structure was rendered necessary by the increase of Buxton's fame at the close of the eighteenth century, and for some years it did duty as a series of palatial private dwelling-houses. To-day, however, the Crescent is practically a synonym for the famous St. Ann's Hotel, which Their Majesties the King and Queen honoured with a visit for luncheon early in the year while the guests of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. For the very reason that the Crescent was designed as a series of private houses, this hotel is quite unlike most buildings of its class—that is, it offers all the conveniences of the best-equipped hotel in combination with the comfort and privacy of one's own home. The separate entrances, which were in use when the various portions of the building had individual existence, still remain, and hence the occupants of private suites have no occasion to use the public entrances to the hotel. All the sitting-rooms are on the first floor, and have a southern aspect overlooking the terrace or St. Ann's Cliff, which is laid out in walks and grassy slopes. Moreover, there is access directly from the hotel itself to the famous baths of Buxton, which is naturally a great convenience for those who visit the town to undergo the cure.

The golf links are reputed to be a very fine inland course indeed. A new club-house has recently been erected, and the game played in such an invigorating climate has an added charm. For croquet players the big tournament in the second week in July, for which many of the best players enter, will provide much interesting sport; and in August the lawn tennis tournament attracts many of the best players in the country.

With, in addition, its new theatre, the Pavilion concert hall, and bowling greens, Buxton is amply supplied with sources of amusement for morning and evening alike, and from the beginning of June onwards, no pleasure resort in the British Isles has more to offer the visitor in variety of entertainment.

But perhaps the chief charm of the town consists in the fact that it is so centrally situated for a wealth of ideal excursions. Exquisite valleys radiate in all directions from the town, and really it matters little towards which point of the compass you walk or drive. Everywhere the scenery is unique, and everywhere are time-stained walls redolent of absorbing historical or romantic interest. Haddon Hall, for example, is less than fifteen miles away, and Chatsworth is within the same distance; and than those two famous buildings, where in England can be found such a combination of the beautiful in old-world architecture and the interesting in historical associations? For pure loveliness of dell and tumbling waters, what spot can hope to rival Dove Dale, while such as take delight in survivals of the immemorial past will find a feast of unique sensations awaiting them at Arbor Low, the Peak District's famous Druidical Temple. Also, it goes without saying, that here the pages of "Peveril of the Peak" may be read with a keen zest and enjoyment impossible elsewhere, and that from Buxton easy excursions may be made to the home of the ill-starred Brontë family at Hathersage, or to Ashbourne, where Dr. Johnson was once an honoured guest, or to the famous Pike Pool of "Complete Angler" memory.

It goes without saying that no visitor to Buxton will fail to make an excursion to the famous Peak caverns, of which perhaps the most notable is situated at Castleton. Many of the chambers in these caverns are of palatial dimensions, and the constant oozing of water through the limestone rocks has resulted in the formation of some of the most wonderful stalactites to be seen anywhere in the British Isles. In none of the caves, perhaps, is the effect more gorgeous than in the Blue-John Cavern at Castleton, where the deposits have taken the form of an enormous cascade, which, when lit up, presents a scene of glittering splendour only comparable to a vision of fabled fairy-land. Poole's Cavern, too, which is within half a mile's walk of Buxton, should not be omitted from the tourist's programme. It extends for more than a third of a mile into the limestone rock, and that it was once the abode of ancient Britons and Romans has been demonstrated beyond question by the frequent discoveries therein of human remains and numerous coins and bronze implements. To the geologist these Derbyshire caves are naturally of absorbing interest, and, indeed, it may be doubted whether there is any other district in England where the student of the rocks can hope to find a greater wealth of interesting material. Nor is the neighbourhood less attractive to the student of anthropology. Prehistoric man has left behind him here many traces of his untutored way of life, and many of the customs which still survive, such as the annual well-dressing ceremonies at Tissington, take the mind back to the grey dawn of history in the British Isles.

DINING-ROOM.

Several interesting excursions are available to the north of Buxton, notably that leading in the direction of Chapel-en-le-Frith. Near the village of Disley is Lyme Hall, an ancestral home of rare historical attraction, containing, among many other memorials of the romantic past, an oak bedstead once slept in by Edward the Black Prince. To the east of Buxton lies the ancient town of Bakewell, where the earthworks of a fort constructed by a son of Alfred the Great may still be traced. Although largely restored some sixty years ago, the church at Bakewell contains much of historic interest, notably the Vernon Chapel, the burial-place of the old-time owners of Haddon Hall.

Among the numerous other attractions of the surrounding district, the tourist should make especial note of the village of Edale, situated in one of the most exquisite of all the Derbyshire valleys, and Eyam, that quaint old-world village which was the scene of the memorable heroism of its rector and his wife in the Great Plague of 1665. It may be inferred from the foregoing, which is indeed the case, that the visitor to Buxton need never lack an interesting objective for his walks or drives. Nature has here been so lavish with her best gifts, and man has left so many assertive memorials of his history, that the choice of where to go and what to see is the only problem demanding solution.

CRICKET NOTES.

THE first of the Test Matches has ended in a splendid victory for England. Never before has a Test Match, played on an exceptionally hard, true wicket, furnished so many surprises as the one recently fought out at Trent Bridge. Jackson, having won the toss, decided to take first innings, and when, at 11.30 a.m. on Monday, May 29th, Darling led his men into the field, the spectators settled themselves down in the full expectation of seeing a fine display of batting. What they did see, however, was the dismissal of five such batsmen as Hayward, A. O. Jones, F. S. Jackson, A. C. Maclaren, and G. L. Jessop for a total of 11. When the Australian fast bowler seemed to completely demoralise the defence he was sending the ball down at a tremendous pace and in the most erratic fashion, and Laver, at the other end, was bowling in the most admirable style, keeping a beautiful length, and varying his pitch and pace without any apparent change of action and with the greatest judgment. But good bowling is to be expected in a Test Match, and it seemed impossible to believe that five such bats could have been got rid of, three of them clean bowled, for such a paltry score. How it happened no one can tell, and it must be added to the list of the glorious uncertainties of cricket. The same bowlers were on when Tyldesley came in. Cotter was just as fast and just as dangerous, but his deliveries did not seem to frighten Tyldesley, small as he is in stature, and for two hours he kept his wicket intact, thereby rendering a service of inestimable value to his side.

One cannot help hoping that in future, no matter how the game may be going, the spectators will refrain from giving vent to their feelings by jeering at the players. It may be irritating to them to see a bowler persistently bowling off the wicket, they may disapprove of a style of bowling which appears to be aimed more at the person of the batsman than the stumps, and certainly Cotter's bowling was of the most erratic description; but the same applies to not a few of Jessop's deliveries as well. Armstrong was the subject of such persistent insult that he was justified in refusing to continue bowling until the crowd recovered their temper and their manners. He was presumably obeying orders in bowling as he did, and, after all, it should be remembered that the main object of the captain of a side is to win the match—not merely to provide amusement for the spectators.

The fielding of the English team was as a whole considerably above the average; so much so that the Australians found it extremely difficult to pursue their usual policy of stealing runs. Jessop in particular by the brilliancy of his fielding saved many runs for his side, and did much to redeem his complete failure to judge the ball from Laver which dismissed him in the first innings. Jackson showed himself to be a cool, skilful, and unselfish captain of the team, which, under his leadership, pulled itself together and turned what looked like defeat into a brilliant victory. Maclaren's score of 140 in the second innings was a most masterly exhibition of batting, hardly ever at fault. He placed the ball with wonderful precision, and punished the bowling severely whenever there was the slightest opportunity to do so. The turning point of the game was probably the sensational over sent down by Jackson, in which he got rid of Noble, Hill, and Darling.

Bosanquet may well look back with legitimate pride upon his share in England's victory. He and Tyldesley were the first two batsmen to stop the "rot" that had set in, and his bowling in the second innings of the Australians was simply beyond all praise; how he does it no one knows but himself. Most of his bowling appears to be simply rubbish; length is an unknown quantity to him, but he manages to puzzle and beat the finest batsmen in the world, and on this occasion in particular he excelled himself in the deceitful spin and break which he got on the ball. Owing to the unfortunate accident to Trumper there were but nine wickets to take, and eight of them were taken by Bosanquet.

Towards the end of the game the light became very bad, and one cannot but admire the generous action of the Australians in not claiming a cessation of the game on that account. They would have been perfectly justified in making such a request, and had they done so it is more than probable that they might have staved off defeat. So bad was the light that from the Press box it was impossible to make out the figures on the scoring-board. The crowd were not slow to recognise the true sportsmanlike behaviour of the losing side, and they gave Darling a special ovation in consequence.

In the Warwickshire and Lancashire match the stand made by J. F. Byrne (222) and Kinneir (158) for the first wicket was an omen that a draw was probable, and so it proved. Other good individual scores last week were Braund's 130, which helped to win Somerset's match against Gloucestershire, and Captain J. G. Greig's double century for Hampshire. This gentleman is making good use of a short furlough to write his name large on the cricketing annals of the year. E. M. Sprot and G. N. Foster, in the same match, made 141 and 152 respectively. In fact, all through the week scoring ruled so high that it is impossible to mention all the feats performed with the bat.

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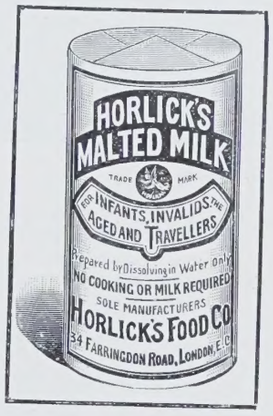

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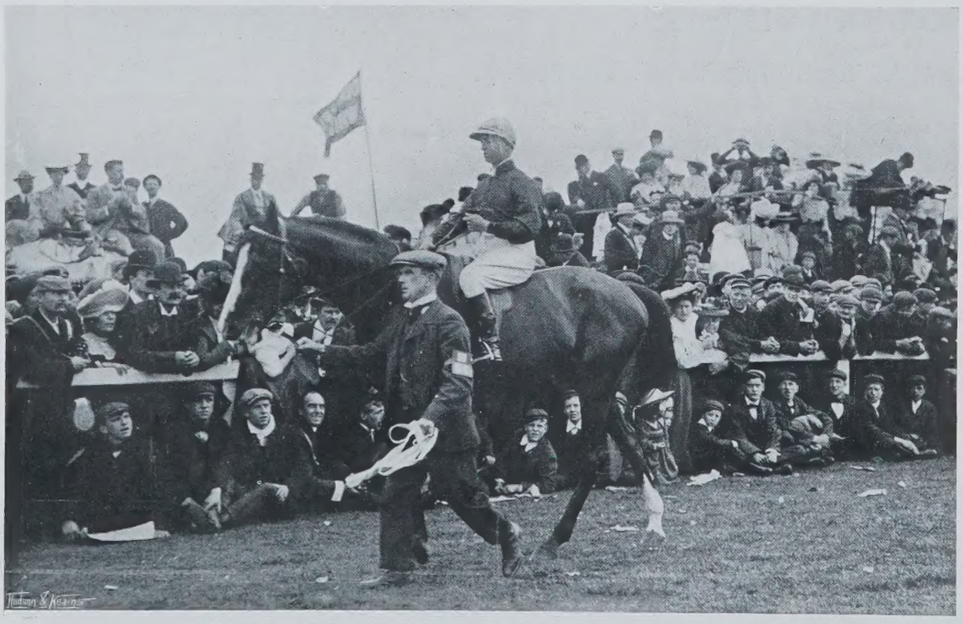
RACING NOTES.

ON more than one occasion in these notes attention has been drawn to the excessive charges exacted from owners, trainers, and breeders of race-horses by the railway companies and race-course executives, and a hope was expressed that the subject would be dealt with in a broad-minded and liberal fashion by the directors of the great railways. There is no reason to doubt that this will be done, especially as, by their approval of the memorial addressed to them on the subject by Lord Carnarvon, the Jockey Club have thrown the weight of their influence into the scales on the side of the racing public; at the same time, the Jockey Club wisely decided that, as regards the charges for stabling and other kindred expenses at race-meetings, they consider it to be a matter for the individual consideration of managers of race-courses. It is with much satisfaction that one learns that active steps have now been taken to form an Association of Owners, Breeders, and Trainers, which will be able to give voice to the general opinion of its members, and a general meeting is to be held at the Grand Hotel at 11.45 a.m. on Monday, the 19th inst. The Provisional Committee which has already been formed includes the names of Lord Rendlesham, Lord Carnarvon, Lord Marcus Beresford, Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, Messrs. W. Bass, James Buchanan, George Edwardes, L. E. B. Homan, Edmund Lamb, Francis Luscombe, G. A. Prentice, George Thursby, Captain Bewicke, W. M. G. Singer, John Porter, and H. Randall. The rules are being drafted, and a circular will shortly be issued inviting owners, breeders, and trainers to join the association. It is earnestly to be hoped that all concerned will strengthen the hands of the committee by becoming members as soon as possible.

W. A. Rouch. *CICERO IN THE PADDOCK.* Copyright

On Tuesday, the 30th ult., the vast army of race-goers commenced their annual pilgrimage to Epsom for the Derby Week. There was but little animation about the proceedings on the opening day, but the Woodcote Stakes, which has now been established for close on 100 years, and is the first valuable two year old race of the year, has always a strong attraction for old-fashioned race-goers. Many animals of the highest class have been returned as winners of this race. Dundee won it in 1860, and in 1862 Lord Clifden came home in front of fifteen competitors. In 1866 that brilliant mare Achievement was the winner. Sunshine, whose descendants have been so valuable at the stud, won in 1869, the year after Belladrum's victory. Cremorne and Cantinière were the respective winners of the Woodcote in 1871 and 1872, and coming down to recent years we find Toddington in 1900, Sceptre in 1901, Rock Sand in 1902, and last year Cicero gained the prize over the last six furlongs of the Derby course. One of the first items of news on reaching the course on Tuesday was to the effect that owing to a strained suspensory ligament Vedas was scratched for the Derby. Then one came across Denman, upon whose shoulders rests the heavy responsibility of training M. E. Blanc's horses, and well he might look anxious, for although it was the eleventh hour he did not know whether Jardy, the hope of France, would be well enough even to start for the great race on the morrow, and he had, moreover, had but two days previously seen the French Derby won by a horse drafted out of M. Blanc's stable, knowing at the time that he had five horses at home, any one of which could have beaten the winner had it not been for the unforeseen epidemic whose malign influence had wrought such mischief amongst the splendid horses in training

W. A. Rouch. *CICERO LEADS THE WAY TO THE START.* Copyright



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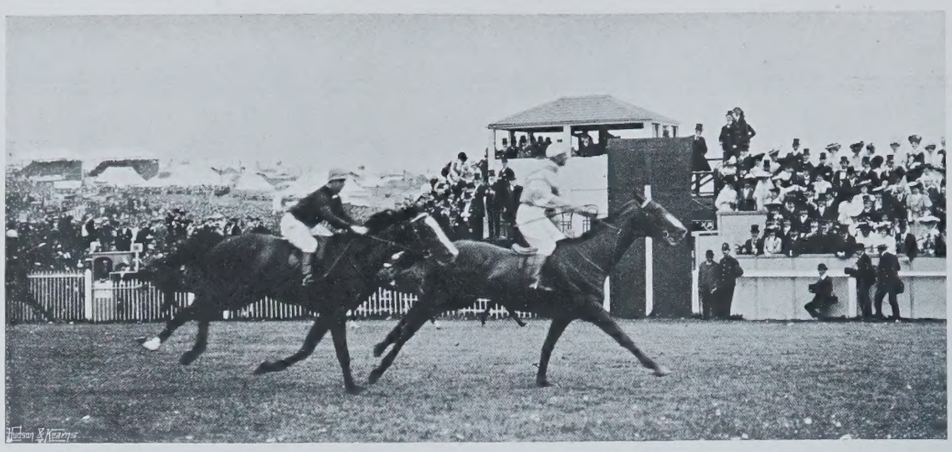
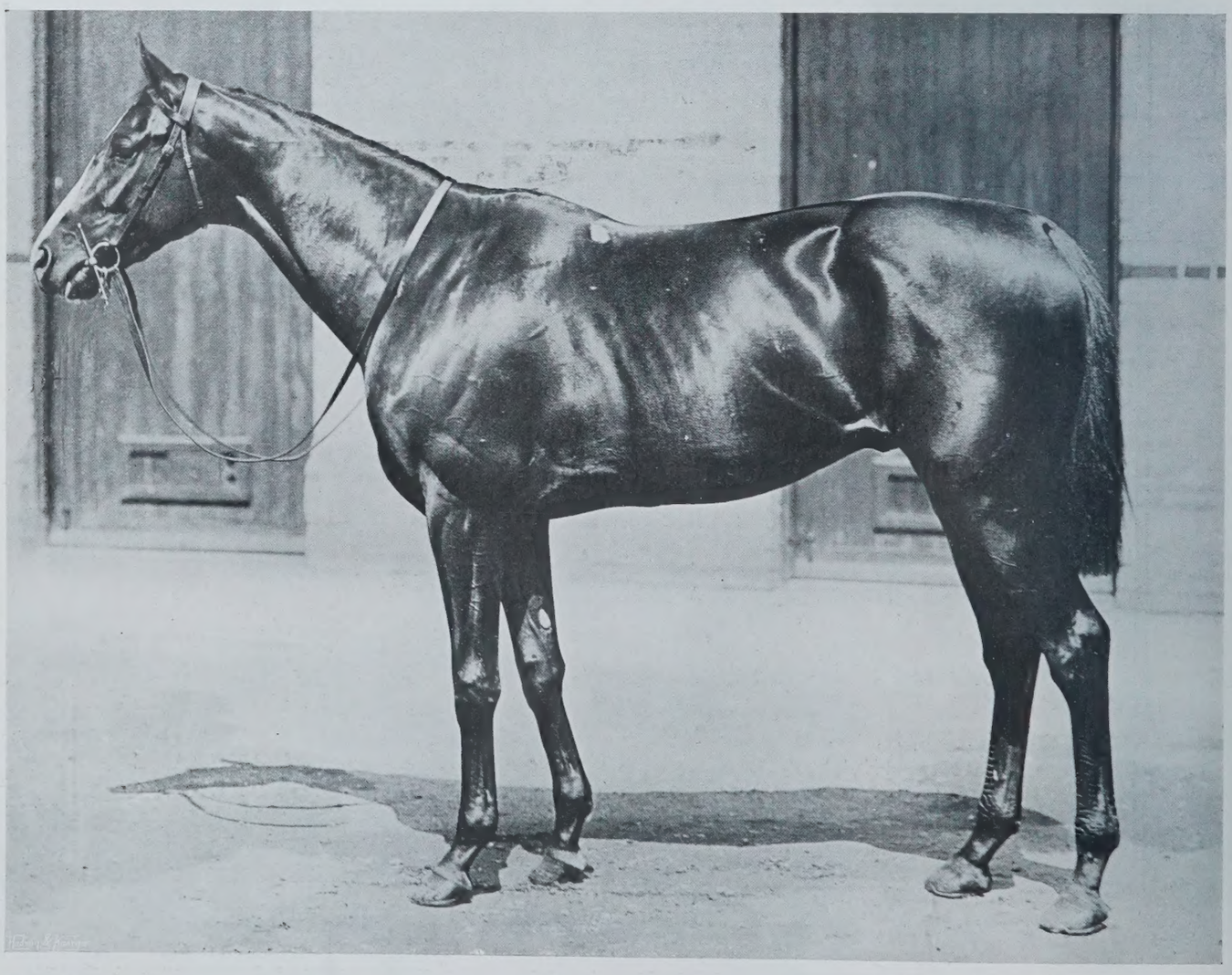
at La Fouilleuse. Well, these things are the fortunes of war, and Denman has, at all events, the consolation of knowing that he has done his best, than which no man can do more.

Otto Madden had a comfortable winning ride on Mr. G. Thursby's Aggressor in the Craven Stakes, and was followed home at an interval of three lengths by Laughing Gull, who finished a length in front of Fleta. Then came the Wallington Plate, which brought grief and disaster to the majority of backers, few of whom could have entrusted their money to the winner, Sophron, who started at 10 to 1, and won in hollow style by ten lengths from the favourite, Nell H., and The Rouken filly. It is somewhat curious that when Sophron was put up for sale at Kempton Park it was persistently rumoured that he was a "mad horse," and that nothing could induce him to face a starting-gate. It may, perhaps, have been in consequence of these reports that no bid was made for him at the time, and in all probability they had not a little to do with the remunerative price at which he started for this race. What Crusader might have done one cannot say, for Sophron landed him such a kick that he took no part in the race; a somewhat similar fate befel Evie, who, after showing a great deal of temper, eventually fell over the rails when the barrier went up. Higgs, who was riding her, was very fortunate to escape without injury. There was nothing to complain of in the field which turned out for the Norbury Plate; the recent performances of Caro were by no means calculated to inspire confidence, but he rewarded his backers by behaving in the most exemplary fashion at the start, and winning easily from the favourite, Song Thrush, who was followed home by "Mr. Jersey's" Maria, a game and consistent tryer, whose chief demerit is that the handicappers have unfortunately conceived the notion that she is a better animal than is really the case.



W. A. Rouch. *THE FINISH OF THE DERBY.* Copyright

A look at the candidates for the Woodcote Stakes in the paddock showed Norman Mint to be much improved since Lincoln; she has every appearance of a really racing-like filly, and I can but think that she should before long win a good race for Mr Homan. Black Auster, on the other hand, has not come on at all since Newmarket. He is a big, lengthy, powerful colt, and the hard going at Epsom cannot have been very suitable to him. Alcanzor, the recently-named colt, by Sainfoin out of St. Aida, has already been described in these notes. He ran very disappointingly when it came to racing, and, probably owing to his queer-looking pasterns, he did not relish coming down the hill. Serenata, a beautifully-bred filly by Chevening out of Meldola, upset all calculations, and starting at 8 to 1, was returned as the winner of the Woodcote Stakes for 1905, beating Black Auster in a canter by four lengths, with Gals' Gossip third, two lengths away. Mr. G. Edwardes likes to win a race at Epsom, and he did so on this occasion with Country Boy in the Ashtead Plate. Some speedy horses came out for the Egmont Plate, for which Blowing Stone started at 10 to 1, jumped off when the tapes were released, made the whole of the running, and won a very pretty race by a neck, having successfully stalled off a half-hearted challenge from Sermon, who appears to be steadily deteriorating. The Epsom Plate, the last race of the day, was won by the South American-bred horse Charcot, by Gay Hermit out of Nesta, who is, I believe, the only instance of a horse having won races in three continents—South America, South Africa, and now in Europe. It had been anticipated that the race for the Derby would be, if not quite a fiasco, at all events one of the most uninteresting on record; but the event proved it is never safe to prophesy. At one time it had appeared to be almost a certainty that there would be but five or six starters for the great race of the year; owners, however, at the last moment plucked up courage, and nine horses actually took part in the race. The paddock was crowded with people anxious to see the French champion Jardy, who



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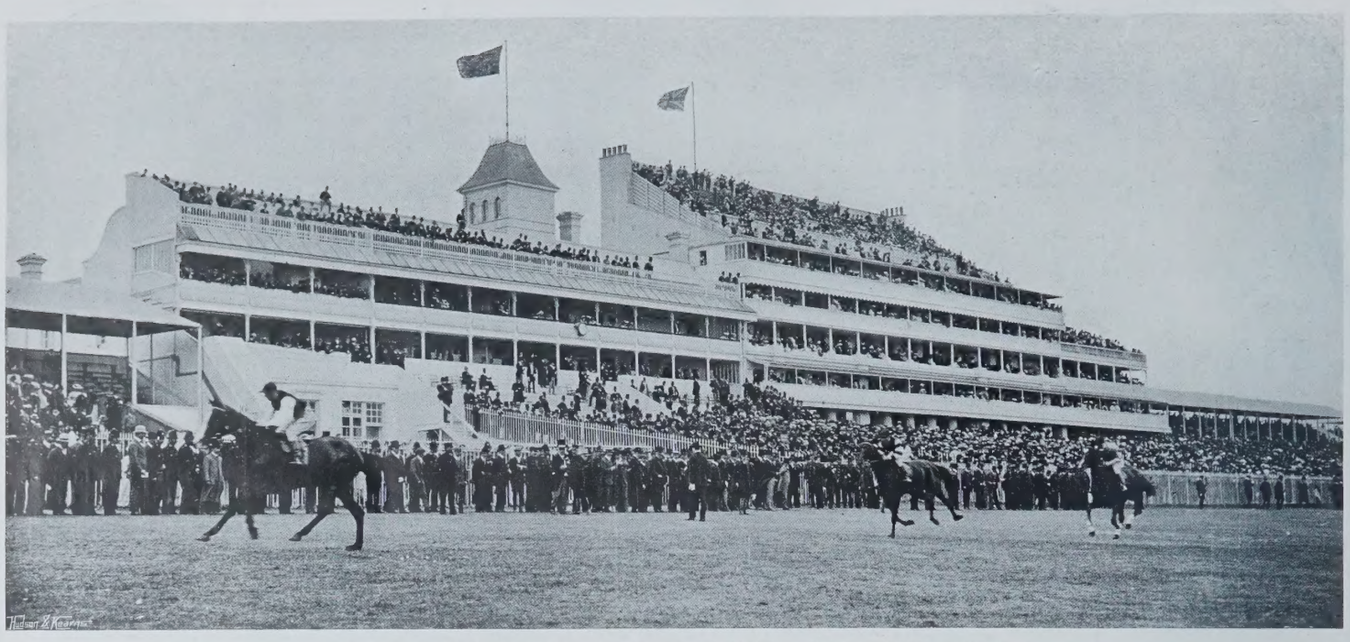

W. A. Rouch. KOORHAAN LEADS THE CANTER FOR THE OAKS. Copyright

did not make his appearance until a short time before the race; when, however, he marched into the paddock through the little gateway from the Durdans, even the staunchest admirers of Cicero began to pause and take heed, for there was no getting away from the fact that, illness apart, he had, as far as looks went, made wonderful improvement since the day when he won the Middle Park Plate. Grown, thickened, and furnished, the son of Flying Fox and Airs and Graces looked what he undoubtedly is, a thorough race-horse from head to heel, but the total absence of bloom from his coat showed only too plainly that the horse was not himself; and anyone who has suffered, as most of us have at times, from a bad feverish cold, can imagine for himself the difference that it would make if called upon to run for one's life. Cicero had crowds of admirers, and he stripped a perfectly trained specimen of a robust and vigorous race-horse of the highest class. Rouge Croix, of whom I had formed a great opinion in his two year old days, was somewhat of a disappointment; he does not seem to be going the right way, and is not putting on muscle as one would wish him to do. Signorino, on the other hand, has come on tremendously since his last outing, and his owner, Chevalier Ginistrelli, may well feel proud of the condition in which his colt was sent out to do battle. Silver Streak is a useful animal, no doubt, but was outclassed. Liao looked well and went well, but Golden Measure is a little out of place in "classic" company. Little time was wasted at the post; Liao was quickest away when the barrier went up, and was followed by Cicero in the centre, Silver Streak, Signorino, and Shah Jehan. As soon as they settled down, Jardy, who had been drawn almost on the outside, strode to the front to take his place, which he did without the semblance of an effort, but, probably on account of the debilitating illness from which he had been suffering, was steadied back, and Liao, Rouge Croix, and Silver Streak took up the running; so they ran with little change until, as they swung round Tattenham Corner, Rouge Croix for a few strides ran up to the leader, but died away almost immediately. Cicero, Silver Streak, Jardy, and Signorino were all within striking distance, and as they made the line for home Cicero came round on the outside and cleared his field. "Cicero! Cicero!" was shouted, but the end was not yet; first Signorino challenged, and then Jardy. On they swept, and Jardy got to Cicero's girths; for a few strides he gained yet a little more. "The Frenchman wins!" "Jardy does it!" A moment or two of intense excitement. The winning-post is close at hand. Jardy can do no more. Signorino has shot his bolt, and by a bare three-quarters of a length Cicero has won the Derby for Lord Rosebery from Jardy, who just beat Signorino by a head for second place. To the victor the laurels, but honour to the vanquished. The race was run in 2min. 39 3-5sec., and short of work and suffering from a debilitating illness, Jardy was only just beaten in the fastest Derby on record.

A sad gloom was cast over the Derby Day by the fatal accident in the Juvenile Plate. The Braw Lass filly, ridden by Evans, came down just after crossing the road, bringing with her the Childhood filly, ridden by Murray. The field swept on, followed by the riderless horses. Murray, sadly shaken, staggered to his feet, but poor little Evans was injured beyond all chance of recovery, and in a few brief seconds all was over. Quiet, steady, and unassuming, the lad was very popular, and thoroughly esteemed and respected by all who knew him.

The sport on Thursday afternoon was quite in keeping with the promise contained in the programme, which included four events of 1,000 sovs. each, and further *éclat* was given to the proceedings by the presence of such brilliant race-horses as Pretty Polly, Delaunay, and Zinfandel. Anniversary II. had not much difficulty in winning the Great Surrey Foal Stakes for Lord Derby, and administered a two lengths beating to Frusquinette, who finished a length in front of Medelstone. The winner is, I think, the first one got by Diamond Jubilee. Zanoni showed that there is still a race in him, and he wore down His Lordship in capital style in the Riddlesdown Selling Plate. Delaunay, although beaten in the Royal Stakes of 1,000 sovs., ran a magnificent race, probably the best of his life. A quarter of a mile from home he was leading; a little further on Thrush (7st. 8lb.) delivered a determined challenge; but the big horse shook it off. Hardly had he done so, when Golden Gleam (6st. 8lb.), vigorously ridden by Plant, attacked him on the other side. Right gallantly Delaunay responded; but weight told its inevitable tale. Inch by inch they struggled on, and it was only by the shortest of heads that the 10st. carried by Delaunay brought about his defeat.

The Coronation Cup, value 200 sovs., with 1,000 sovs. added to a sweepstake of 20 sovs. each, brought out only three horses, but the three were a host in themselves—Pretty Polly, Zinfandel, and Caius. The

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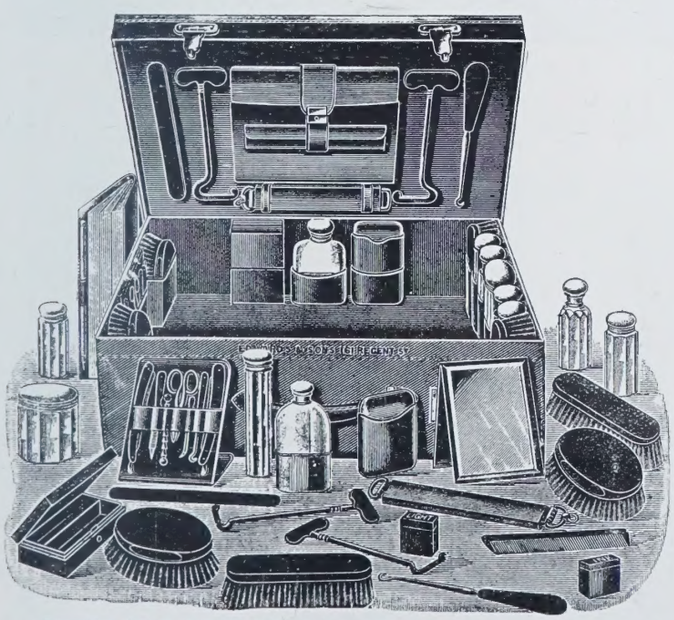

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famous mare, accompanied, as usual, by her friend the cob, was walking about in the paddock with all her old dignity and sedateness, and has even gained in appearance since last year. As powerful and muscular as ever, she has fined down in her forehand, and is, taking her altogether, an almost perfect specimen of equine symmetry and perfection. Everyone expected to see her win, but as the three champions wended their way to the Derby starting-post, few could have expected the astonishing display they had in store for them. Caius jumped off with the lead directly the barrier went up, and made the running at a terrific pace, followed by Zinfandel, with Pretty Polly last. On they went, with the pace becoming faster and faster. So they ran till coming into the straight, where Zinfandel closed up with Caius, who was beginning to feel the effects of his exertions For a few strides they swept on side by side, when, with a tremendous burst of speed, Pretty Polly flew past them without an effort, and striding along in the most perfect style, won as she liked by four lengths, in 2min 33 4-5sec., beating the fastest previous time in which the distance had ever been covered by nearly 6sec. Unruffled, cool, and collected the flying mare walked composedly back to the weighing enclosure amid round after round of enthusiastic cheering. After such a race as this, the rest seemed tame. Mr. E. Hibbert's filly by Cyllene out of St. Donatts beat a numerous field in the Horton Selling Handicap, and the three placed horses in the Durdans Handicap of 1,000 sovs. were Donnetta, Ambition, and Sir Daniel.

The "Fillies' Derby" on the following day did not seem to excite as much interest as usual, and as to the race itself there is little to be said, for Mr. W. H. Hall-Walker's Cherry Lass won as she pleased, and cantered home four or five lengths in front of Queen of the Earth, who relegated Amitié into third place by six lengths. The winner is by Isinglass out of Black Cherry (3). The pedigree is extremely interesting, and is a striking testimony to the value of the Bruce-Lowe theories. Cyllene had yet another winner in the shape of his daughter, the aptly-named Cythera, out of Stolen Love, who won the Acorn Stakes of 1,000 sovs. for Sir E. Vincent, beating Gemma and the St. Simon out of Splendid filly and eight others. Mr. E. Carlton's Corœbus scored his second victory at the meeting in the last race of the day, but it was only after a tremendous finish that he managed to get up and win the Belmont Handicap Plate by a short head.

Never has a more brilliant meeting been brought to a conclusion on Epsom Downs, but there are one or two matters in connection therewith that seem to call for comment which cannot be altogether favourable. The precautions taken to ensure the safety of the going in crossing the tanned roads appear to be quite inadequate. More than one of the leading jockeys, I understand, have complained of the danger to riders from this cause, and the two accidents at the recent meetings, one of which was unhappily attended with fatal results, would seem to confirm their complaints. Tan is at best a bad material to use for covering the roads; the sudden change of colour from the green of the sward often inclines horses to try and jump the brown streak in front of them. If tan must be used, it certainly ought to be spread for such a distance on each side of the road that the horses would not attempt to do so; but there are better materials for the purpose, and it goes without saying that, where life may be endangered, no expense should be spared to minimise the possibility of accident. The arrangements made to ensure a free course for the horses in the Derby were by no means all that one could have wished to see. No steps were taken to prevent the crowd from surging on to the course in the neighbourhood of the starting-gate, and a quarter of a mile from the start there was scarcely room for the horses to gallop. This is a matter of some importance, and is so easily remedied, that it is to be hoped that what is evidently a mere oversight on the part of the officials may be put right before another meeting comes round. TRENTON.

THE LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE 1905 championship, which was played at Cromer in a week of almost perfect weather, resulted in a win for Miss Bertha Thompson, who beat Miss M. E. Stuart by 3 up and 2 to play in the finals, the bronze medallists being Mrs. F. W. Brown and Miss D. Campbell. The meeting was one of exceptional interest, bringing forward quite a new set of players. With the exception of Miss D. Campbell, who was bronze medallist last year at Troon, none of the players had previously reached the final stages of the contest. The record entry of 137 competitors adds lustre to the victory of the winner.

A GOOD FINISH.

Miss D. Campbell was the winner in the preliminary score competition with the fine return of 82, and Miss Glover and Miss Florence Hezlet tied with 86 for the second and third prizes, Miss Hezlet winning the tie with 84 to Miss Glover's 85. As usual, there were many surprises in the tournament, one of the greatest being the victory of Miss M. E. Stuart over the twice champion, Miss May Hezlet, in the third heat, both ladies coming from Portrush, where they have often been opponents, as well as in the Irish championship, which Miss Hezlet so recently won. After this it was not so surprising that Miss Stuart beat

THE WINNER DRIVING.

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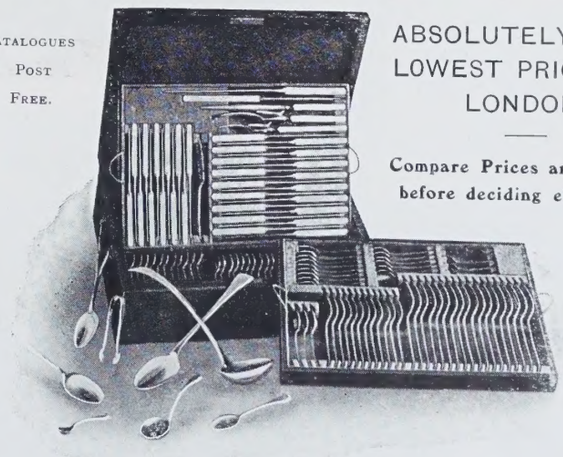

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MISS B. THOMPSON, CHAMPION, 1905.

Miss M. Maitland, who had just beaten that fine player, Mrs. R. Kennion. That Miss Fennette Smith should defeat the Scottish champion, Miss M. A. Graham, was also unlooked for, although she did well last year at Troon. Miss Lloyd Roberts was another young player to come forward, playing a very strong game and beating the American champion, Miss Bishop, and the Hon. Lois Yarde Buller before she was put out by Miss F. Hezlet by a putt on the last green. Miss M. B. Adams and Miss M. Curtis did the best among the American visitors, and reached the sixth and fifth heats respectively. The driving of all these ladies is their strong point, and though they visited England with the view of finding out how they stand with the players in this country, rather than with any idea of carrying off the championship, they have proved themselves first-class golfers and delightful opponents, and have gained many friends and admirers; and with the exception of Miss H. Curtis, who was put out by her sister, they have only been defeated by really good British players. Miss Steel played a strong game, but had easy matches until she met Miss Thompson in the sixth heat, when she was only beaten at the twentieth hole. Miss Florence Hezlet had one easy match, but could only win against strong opponents at the eighteenth hole for her next three matches, and was beaten as narrowly by Miss Campbell in the sixth heat, so that, on the whole, she had the hardest place in the draw. Miss Titterton did well to beat Miss Glover, but it took her until the twenty-first green was reached before the match ended. Miss E. C. Nevile again disappointed her admirers by succumbing to Miss Campbell in the fourth heat, after beating Mrs. G. Hunter, who in her turn had disposed of Miss Griscom, ex-champion of America and a fine player, whom she beat on the last green. Of the last four, two represented Scotland, one England, and one Ireland, and the matches showed as high a standard of excellence as could be desired. In the semi-finals the match between Miss Thompson and Mrs. Brown was closely contested, and at one time the latter had the lead of two holes. The Yorkshire champion was, however, equal to the occasion, and winning five holes in succession, won the match on the seventeenth green. Miss Stuart and Miss Campbell also gave a good display, but the Scottish player lost on the greens, so that the Irish lady claimed the victory at the sixteenth hole. The finals between Miss B. Thompson and Miss M. E. Stuart were followed by a comparatively small but keenly attentive crowd, who were rewarded by an excellent match. Although Miss Stuart never got the lead, her game was at times remarkably brilliant, as she took three successive holes in three each, and putted with deadly accuracy. Miss Thompson's short game was practically faultless, if at times she was behind her opponent in the drives, and when Miss Stuart visited the bunker at the sixteenth hole, the match and the championship fell to Miss Bertha Thompson, a victory which could not have been improved upon for popularity. It was unfortunate that last year's champion, Miss Dod, was not playing her best game, but she was only defeated by Miss Thompson in the fourth heat at the sixteenth green, and will no doubt be in better form by next year.

PUTTING AT THE FOURTEENTH GREEN.

MISS CAMPBELL IN THE SEMI-FINAL.

Much gratification was felt by the visitors at the hearty reception they received from the members of the Cromer Club, and at the delightful weather which lasted throughout the meeting.

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SHOOTING NOTES.

The Problem of Winged Vermin.

In "Country Notes" of June 3rd some account was given of a mode of capturing jays, magpies, and hawks which was advertised in a sensational manner. The stuff was, in effect, bird-lime, though advertised under another name, and was intended to take the place of the pole-trap, now illegal. The advertisers were successful in irritating two classes of public opinion, the humanitarians, and those who, while interested in sport, wish to see a fair percentage of the larger predatory birds left. The humaner reader was "put off" by the suggestion that, if the limed jay or magpie is left to "crawl about" after being well rubbed over with glue, others will attack it and be caught in the same way. The second and more general consideration is involved in the use of the stuff at all. Anything which sets public feeling against game preserving carried on with sense is a real misfortune to ornithology, because it can be proved that the great game estates are now the homes of a far larger and more interesting bird population than any other. The increase of the harmless birds enormously counterbalances the decrease of a few "nozful fowles," as they are called in the Elizabethan Acts of Parliament, and even these are, in most instances, only kept in due bounds. It has been proved by experience that, except the carrion crow, the magpie, and the harriers and buzzards, winged carnivora reappear in almost exactly the same numbers on an estate every year. The only serious mischief they do is from March till the middle of July, when it is very inadvisable to let them nest near a preserve or lake. Buzzards do no harm at all, and the large harriers are carefully preserved if ever they do appear. What is needed is the exercise of good sense and good taste. Some birds must be kept in check—not "extirpated"; others should never be touched. In this respect the question arises, How is the check to be exercised? The choice is between shooting, which is noisy and difficult, the use of the gin, which is very cruel, and some stuff like the "Snarglu," advertised on the lines which have raised so much resentment. As traps, besides being cruel, are also liable to catch and maim some other bird, the use, not the abuse, of birdlime seems rather a humane alternative. There is always a sale for jays as cage birds, so they need not be killed if thus captured.

Destruction of Merlins on the Northern Moors.

That beautiful little falcon, the merlin, the smallest of all our "raptors," leaves England generally in the winter, though it stays late in Ireland, and returns in the late spring to nest on the grouse moors. It is quite common on most moors in both Yorkshire and Westmoreland, and in Cumberland, and probably on the Lancashire Pennines. That is to say, on a breadth of moors of 20,000 acres there will, perhaps, be five nests. The birds are so small that they can do no harm whatever, except, perhaps, to "cheeper" grouse just beginning to fly, and are so few that they can make no difference on a moor. Almost their sole prey are the pipits or titlarks, which abound. There are few other small birds on the moor tops. Unfortunately, in a big grouse drive (or a small one for that matter), the appearance of any hawk is apt to cause trepidation in the bosoms of the grouse, and sometimes puts a pack wrong. To avoid this, on many moors the keepers trap or shoot every local hawk, including the kestrels building in the crags. A big hen kestrel is, no doubt, alarming to grouse, but a little merlin can cause very slight alarm, and there seems every reason why the keepers should be ordered to leave them and their nests alone.

Otters and Young Wild Duck.

An Essex correspondent writes to ask whether otters kill young wild duck. The writer owns a large lake on which there are usually numbers of young wildfowl at this season swimming about with their mothers, but this year there are almost none. On the other hand, otters, which have always lived round the lake, have increased and now number six. The lake is beautifully stocked with bream and other fish and pike. Perhaps some of our readers will say whether in their experience otters kill young wild duck. They are cheerful animals, with a certain amount of devilry about them which might induce them to do so for mischief's sake. But we have seen no evidence that they do. On the other hand, this is a shocking year for young wildfowl generally in the Thames watershed. We have seen lake after lake with hardly a young bird on it. Even the waters in St. James's Park and Richmond Park, where the young are exceptionally well protected, are almost devoid of young ones.

Quails and Landrails.

Of our two "overseas" game birds, the quail and the landrail, the former has become very much more scarce than it was. It never was common, but there were many counties, or parts of counties, where two or three quail were expected to form part of the bag in a day's September partridge-shooting. Complaints are general in France, where quail were formerly the main game found in September, that there are not nearly so many as there were. Probably the increased destruction of them during migration—when millions are killed—accounts for the falling off. If it is desired to find out whether there are any quail about, go out about seven o'clock near the cornfields in August. The bubbling note of the cock quail, unlike that of any other bird, is certain to be heard if any are near. Berkshire, Hampshire, the Oxford Downs, and Sussex seem to be the headquarters of what quail still visit England. Young quail shot in September are almost, if not quite, as great a delicacy as the other migrant game bird, the landrail. The latter has not yet recovered its numbers since the terrible June of 1903, when probably half the eggs in England were rendered infertile. But though a few landrails, shot out of the clover or thin barley in September, make a very elegant addition to the table, they give no sport, owing to their skulking habits and slow flight.

Stoats in Hollow Trees.

Speaking of the egg-stealing feats of rats, mentioned in a recent article on rearing wild ducks, a correspondent writes from Essex: "One of our keepers noticed that a young stock-dove in a nest in a hollow tree in the park had been killed by some animal, so he set a trap and caught a stoat. He reset the trap, leaving the stoat's body near, and, to make a long story short, he caught nine, one after another." The number is no reflection on the keepers, for there are other properties close to the park; but it goes to show how fond stoats are of hunting for prey in hollow trees. In spring at least a dozen different kinds of birds nest in these, while both rabbits and rats haunt the roots and lower stems; consequently the stoat finds plenty of "game" and eggs there. We note that last week there were found in the earth of a vixen with cubs two partridges, two pheasants, a wild duck, and more than thirty rabbits. With so many rabbits obtainable the vixen might have let the birds alone. But as one of George Eliot's characters says of the dog with puppies which stole his luncheon, "What's the use of expecting a conscience in a mother with babies?"

Osier Coverts.

The swift growth of the osiers at this time of the year, as they spring up from the "stools" down to which they were cut in January or December, is a reminder of the excellent and fast-growing cover made by osiers for pheasants. Just after they are cut, the bare osier-bed must afford a great deal of early insect food, to judge by the persistent way in which starlings hunt them, while grasses and many succulent plants grow there earlier than anywhere, and give the pheasants that vegetable food which their systems need in early spring. Another useful function of osiers is that they drink up with great avidity any form of liquid drainage. An osier-bed is invaluable on the small "sewage farm" now so frequently annexed to a country house and farmery where there is no system of main drainage.

Teals' Eggs.

A correspondent writes asking how teals' eggs may be obtained with a view to setting them. It is too late for this season, as teal have already hatched their young, or are about to do so. There is no doubt that any-

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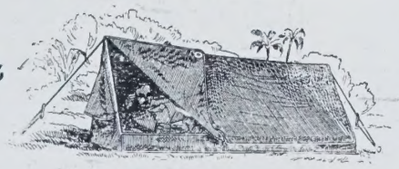

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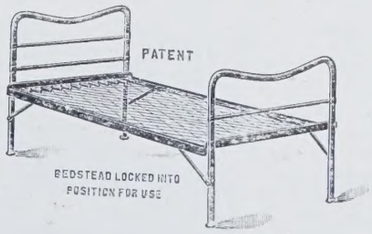

ALL STEEL,
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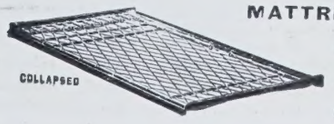

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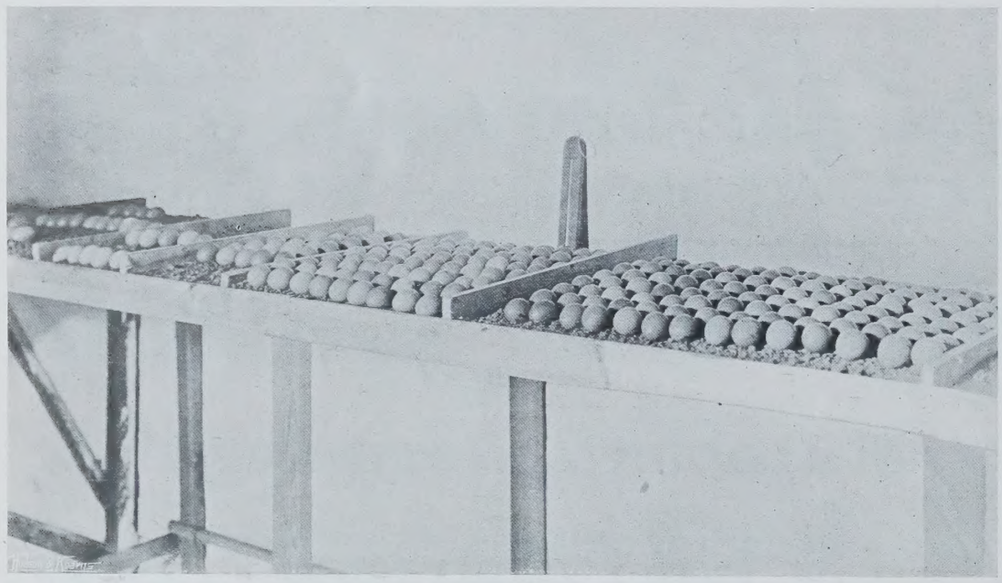
one who made it a matter of business to keep teal like wild ducks for laying purposes would find any number of purchasers for the eggs. The difficulty of rearing young teal was explained in an article last year from information kindly supplied by Sir R. Graham. The little birds always hide when brought up by the old teal, and it was found much better to put the eggs under a foster-mother in the shape of a small "decoy-duck." But this is only the second difficulty. The first is to obtain eggs, let us say for next season. If any of our readers can suggest how this can be done it would be much appreciated. At present the only satisfactory method seems to be to correspond with owners of properties in Ireland where teal are plentiful and not thought much of, and offer to exchange hen pheasants' or pheasants' eggs for teals' eggs. They are said to travel badly, just as grouse eggs do. Another plan would be to write to the owner or manager of a decoy where teal are regularly caught and sold, and offer to buy live teal caught in the winter. Possibly Orwell Park Decoy near Ipswich (decoy-man, G. Skelton), or the decoy-man at Fritton Decoy, near Lowestoft, can give information on this head. The increase of teal is very much to be desired, and anything which will properly further this increase merits encouragement. It was found at Netherby that it was far better to set eggs laid by birds the parents of which were wild rather than to rear from eggs laid by wild birds.

BENCHES FOR PHEASANTS' EGGS.

Pheasants' eggs, when picked up, need to be left to "settle" for period, the duration of which is variously estimated, before being set under the hens, though they need turning over daily, or very frequently, as the hen pheasant would do this in any case. Usually they are laid in earthenware pans full of bran. The bench shown, in which the eggs are placed on earth, is simpler and cheaper.

POACHING DOGS.

Shooting a dog, even when in the act of destroying game, is a course never to be advised. In nearly every case the owner, however often he has been convicted of poaching, and however obvious the fact that the dog was poaching, gets a considerable sum in damages and costs against the shooter of the dog. But we are glad to see that it is not ever thus. Near Paignton, in Devon, a farmer had been endeavouring to get up a head of hares, partl



PHEASANTS' EGGS "SETTLING."

for the Britannia boys' beagles to hunt, and had paid as much as £1 apiece for female hares. One night at 8 p.m. he found a "party," who admitted two convictions for poaching, with two lurchers, the man, as is usual in such cases, being on the road. It was alleged that the dogs were both in one of the farmer's fields, and that they jumped thence into the road, that the man refused to give his name, and that the farmer then said he should fetch his man and tell him to shoot the dogs if they came on to his fields again. This was at eight o'clock at night in November, when the owner of the dogs declared that he "was taking them out for exercise." The "man" was fetched, and brought a gun, when the dog exerciser was found in the road with only one dog, the other being engaged in taking exercise in the fields. There it was summarily shot, and an action was brought in consequence. The servant who shot it swore that it was actually coursing a hare. The shooting was admitted. The judge, His Honour Judge Lush Wilson, K.C., gave a common-sense decision. He said that the dogs were of a kind bred to chase and catch game in a manner not used in ordinary sport; that the plaintiff must have contemplated that if taken out for exercise at 8 p.m. they would take this in the natural way by pursuing game, and that he persisted in taking the dogs there after being warned. Basing his view on Lord Ellenborough's decision, that the defence was a good one in law in view of the game chased by the dog being in imminent danger of destruction, he gave a verdict for the defendant.

NOT A PRECEDENT.

In the case in question this was both law and sense. But it must not be supposed that it is safe or wise to shoot a dog chasing game as a rule. It might be a valuable animal, the property of some gentleman or lady, which had got out of hand; or, again, there might be, and nearly always is, the greatest difficulty in proving that the game was in "imminent danger." A County Court summons for damage is far less risky and more effective.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MONGOLIAN PHEASANTS.

SIR,—Those of your readers who are acquainted with the appearance of the splendid Mongolian pheasant (P. Mongolicus) may be interested in hearing of the continued prolificacy of these birds, and the high degree of fertility of their eggs. Up to the evening of June 2nd, not counting some eaten by jackdaws and rooks, they had laid 417 eggs. As I had fourteen eggs from fifteen hens one day this week, I do not think that the supply is likely to fail for some time. Over fifty of the pure chicks have so far been hatched, and infertile eggs have been extremely rare. The name "The Yellow Peril" bestowed upon some chicks in an illustration in your article of last week is a peculiarly happy inspiration, seeing that the pure Mongolian chicks are very golden yellow in hue. To the list of the many virtues of the Mongolian pheasant allow me to add his (in my experience) extremely peaceable disposition. So far as I have discovered, this bird has not a single vice: Out of twenty-eight cocks one only proved an egg-eater, and but one a wife-beater. I may, with your permission, add that it is at all times a pleasure to me to show my birds to sportsmen who are interested in rare and beautiful pheasants, and to facilitate inspection of them in every way within my power.—CHARLES E. M. RUSSELL, the Mongolian Pheasantry, near Hythe, Kent.

LITERARY NOTES.

WE must confess to feeling considerable sympathy with the man who is able to forge antiquities so as to deceive "the very elect." To do so requires considerable knowledge of archæology, great skill in manufacture, greater in getting up and knowing what to imitate, and if the rich collector, who thinks that all that is wanted to prove him an archæologist is a long purse, with which to acquire a collection and the right to add F.S.A. to his name, is done by the forger, our sympathy goes out rather to the latter. That forgeries are numerous goes without saying. If the primæval inhabitants of these islands could come to life again and see all the weapons and articles they are said to have made, probably no one would be more astonished than themselves, and they might remark that they had during their lives other employment than making objects for future collectors. A history of modern forgeries that have been passed off on collectors, and which still hold pride of place in some collections, would be a most interesting and instructive book.

When we took up Dr. Munro's volume, we hoped to find in *An Antiquary's Book* some hints to warn the young and inexperienced. This, however, we do not get. The book begins with the confession that "antiquarian lore, even in the hands of experts, is inadequate to distinguish between true and false antiquities, and that relics of past civilisation have no evidential characteristics sufficiently marked to prevent them from being confounded with modern fabrications." We regret that we must differ entirely from Dr. Munro as to this. If for "expert" he will read "collector," we should be inclined to agree with him; but we do say that our experts are very rarely deceived. Mistakes may be made; no one is infallible; but in nine cases out of ten a real expert is able to say whether what purports to be a relic of past civilisation is or is not genuine. We agree that there are no obvious indisputable characteristics; and it is fortunate this is so, for, if there were, the forger would certainly copy them. The expert in the real sense of the word learns to distinguish the true from the false by general as opposed to special characteristics, and these general characteristics, although it might be impossible to clearly define them, are, in well-trained hands, an almost certain guide. If not, it may be asked, How was it that the British Museum experts came to the conclusion that the celebrated Tiara of Saitapharnes was a forgery? As Dr. Munro says, the doubts on the authenticity were confined to experts, and had no effect on the public. This is the point we desire to emphasise, that, when there are no indisputable marks that will point out an object to be a forgery, yet a well-trained expert will be able to say that such is the case from his general knowledge of the art and manufactures of the period of which the relic professes to be. A case of another kind illustrates this. The celebrated Codex Sinaiticus was alleged by a more than usually mendacious Greek to be a forgery, or rather that, in the Greek, a Dr. Simonides was the writer of it. Henry Bradshaw declared the Codex was genuine. Simonides asked him why. Bradshaw replied, "It was difficult to define, but it was more a kind of instinct than anything else, having lived for some years in the habit of examining MSS., not merely the text, but the volume, then all the writing, the paper, the parchment, the arrangement of the sheets, the distinction between the original volume and any additional matter, and with this experience, although it may be difficult to assign the special ground of confidence, he was hardly ever deceived, even by a very well-executed facsimile." It is because Dr. Munro appears to lack this instinct that he questions the existence of such a thing as scientific archæology, and the instance he gives of an Egyptian scarab, which he brought back from Egypt

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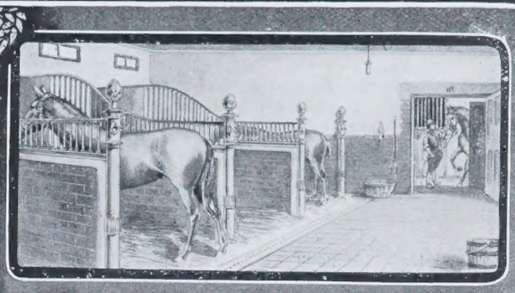

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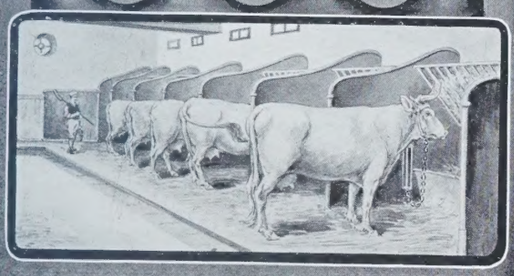

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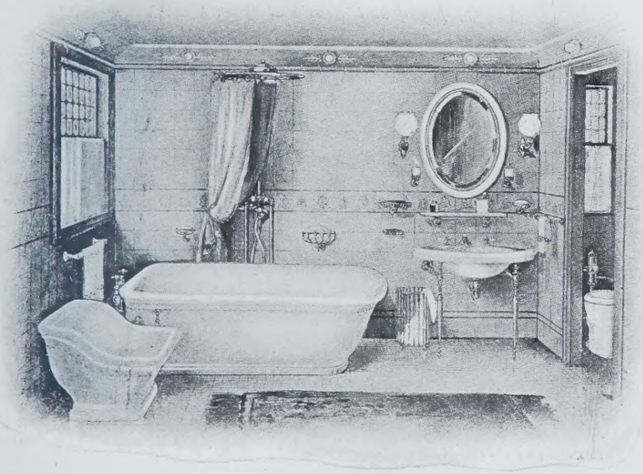

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to its native land, and a nodule of amber he acquired at Nügen, which was "made in Germany," confirm this view. One cannot help feeling that the old saying, "Once bit, twice shy," may have influenced Dr. Munro in his views on the Clyde oysters, those *bêtes noires* of Scotch archæologists. That the forgery of antiquities has become a regular business, both here and on the Continent, is true. Collectors with money who go to a place where antiquities have been found in hopes of getting some, do not now come away disappointed. We have not space to go into the question of the genuineness or otherwise of the American remains, nor to tell again the fascinating story of Flint Jack, or discuss the Irish antiquities so called, or the still more controverted question of the Clyde remains. We agree with Mr. C. H. Read that "to practical people antiquities are as readable as print and a good deal more accurate." The statement of Professor Boyd Dawkins that among the antiquities found in the Clyde are two fresh American blue-point oyster shells, is one which requires a good deal of faith to swallow. To Scotchmen the Clyde discoveries are, no doubt, of supreme importance; but to us "Southrons," who are also incredulous, it seems hardly worth while in a general treatise on archæological frauds to have devoted no less than about 120 pages out of 283 to one example of the art, and that by no means one of the first class.

Mr. J. A. MacCulloch, one gathers from his volume on *The Misty Isle of Skye: Its Scenery, Its People, Its Story* (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier), is not himself a Skyeman, but during seven years' residence in it the island has become as dear to him as it can be to any native. His enthusiasm is untiring. The mountains, the moors, the folk-lore, "the pageant of the seasons," and even the geology of his subject, fill him with delight. Assuredly he has been a most assiduous student. We cannot imagine that there is any available information about Skye omitted in his 312 pages of close print. They are as statistical as a Blue Book. The histories of the MacLeods and the Macdonalds, two of the leading families in Skye, are traced for centuries; Dr. Johnson's tour is recapitulated; and, of course, we have, once again, a particularised account of Prince Charlie's wanderings. To Scotsmen acquainted with the history of their country, Mr. MacCulloch's book may possibly seem lacking in novelty; but it will be found useful, and even entertaining, by any Englishman who thinks of paying a visit to this island. The place is still without railways, and the roads are not very good; "but distance," says Mr. MacCulloch, "is nothing when you have to go ten miles to visit a neighbour. Everyone is known to you, east or west, north or south, and everything that goes on becomes almost a personal interest to you." Portree, however, which Mr. MacCulloch calls "the metropolis of Skye," has an increasing population, which now numbers 1,000. "The tourist traffic has caused several hotels to be built; the increase of business has erected banks and lawyers' offices; crime demands a court-house and an improved jail; and religious differences have filled the place with churches. . . . Culture is not forgotten: there is a literary society, a library, and a reading-room. The Muses haunt the place: report speaks of a dramatic society in the past, and in the present there is a flourishing choral union." In these respects Portree does not differ from any among hundreds of other little towns in Scotland, or in England, or in Wales. To say this seems to hint that Mr. MacCulloch is more matter-of-fact than imaginative. That is indeed the case. With especial eagerness, when we came to passages about fighting or the fairies, we searched for bright bits original enough in substance or in manner to be quoted or recited; but we are obliged to content ourselves with a tribute to Mr. MacCulloch's conscientiousness. He is an industrious historian, and his volume is generously illustrated from good photographs.

The tide of public opinion has of late been setting rather strongly against the presence of grayling in trout streams, and the argument generally put forward to the effect that the food supply is the governing factor, and that so many grayling mean simply so many less trout, is one we confess that seems very hard, if not impossible, to controvert. In Mr. H. A. Rolt, however, this species of salmonidæ have long found an ardent champion, and the new edition of his *Grayling Fishing in South Country Streams* (Sampson Low, Marston) certainly makes out a strong case for his favourite fish, though it is doubtful if anyone will go so far with him as to retain a stream for grayling only. His reasons for believing the grayling to be indigenous are ingenious; and all through the book he places the pros and cons very fairly before the reader, though leaving no doubt as to his own predilections. His wide and long experience of this fish must entitle his opinions and observations to the respect of all fishermen. The chief advantage of thymallus in a water really appeals more to the townsman than to the dweller in the country; the latter has his sport for every season of the year, and by the end of the summer puts his rod contentedly away. Not so the city man; he desires his occasional day in as many months as possible, and grayling which prolong his sport far into winter and yield him many an hour free from worry and foul air by the banks of his favourite stream will ever have his good word.

Messrs. E. L. Anderson and P. Collier are well qualified to deal with the subjects treated of in *Riding and Driving* (Macmillan). Many hints of value to the novice are to be found throughout the volume, which is sure to be of interest, even to those who have had long and practical experience in both riding and driving. Mr. Anderson, to whom that portion of the work which deals with riding and riding horses has been entrusted, appears to have a very poor opinion of English horsemanship, and speaks with something akin to contempt of equation as practised in the British cavalry, for which, by the way, considerable admiration has always been expressed by foreign military critics. But no doubt Mr. Anderson knows better. We may, perhaps, be permitted to suggest that the illustration of how to mount a horse, as given in Fig. 30, page 58, is entirely wrong both in principle and in act. Mr. Price Collier is to be congratulated upon the able and exhaustive treatise on "The Harness Horse and Driving" to which his signature is appended. The work under notice is profusely illustrated, but in the majority of cases the pictures are too small to be of practical value from an educational point of view, and their reproduction leaves much to be desired. Some of the American ideas on both riding and driving are sure to be perused with interest and advantage by English sportsmen, and the book itself should find a place in the libraries of those interested in the matters contained within its pages.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

ART.

Great Pictures in Private Galleries, with an Introduction and Notes on the Pictures. (Cassell, 12s.)
Royal Academy Art. Part IV. (Cassell, 1s. net.)

TOPOGRAPHY.

Beautiful Wales, painted by Robert Flower, described by Edward Thomas. (Black, 20s. net.)

POETRY.

The Nets of Love, by Wilfrid W. Gibson. (Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.)
Omar Khayyam et les Poisons de l'Intelligence, by Laurent Failhade. (Carrington, Paris.)
Moments, by Douglas Ainslie. (Constable, 1s. net.)
Songs Un-Set. (White.)

FICTION.

Maid Margaret of Galloway, by S. R. Crockett. (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)
The Worldlings, by Leonard Merrick. (Newnes, 6d.)
Love in June: A Pastoral Comedy, by Keble Howard. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)
The Memoirs of Constantine Dix, by Barry Pain. (Unwin, 3s. 6d.)
Dorothy's Holiday and Other Stories, by E. A. Smith. (Drane, 3s. 6d.)
A Mainsail Haul, by John Masefield. (Elkin Mathews, 1s. 6d. net.)
Poverty Bay, by Harry Furniss. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)
The Day's Journey, by Netta Syrett. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)

REPRINTS.

Robert Orange, by John Oliver Hobbes. (Unwin, 6d.)
A Study in Temptations and a Bundle of Life, by John Oliver Hobbes. (Unwin, 1s. net.)
Real Life in London, by Pierce Egan. 2 vols. (Methuen, 3s. 6d. net each.)
Korea and her Neighbours, by Mrs. Bishop (Isabella Bird). (Murray, 5s. net.)
The Poems and Plays of Oliver Goldsmith. (Methuen, 1s. net.)
Peter Binney, Undergraduate. (Alston Rivers, 2s. 6d. net.)

GUIDES.

Homeland Handbooks: Huntingdon and the Great Ouse with St. Neot's and St. Ives. (Homeland Association, 1s. net.)
Summer Holidays, by Percy Lindley. (30, Fleet Street.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wayside and Woodland Blossoms: a Pocket Guide to British Wild Flowers, by Edward Step. (Warne, 6s. net.)
Mendelism, by R. C. Punnett. (Macmillan and Bowes, 2s. net.)
Studies in the Family Orchidaceæ, by Oakes Ames. (Houghton, Mifflin, 3dol. net.)
The Book of Photography, Practical, Theoretic, and Applied, edited by P. N. Hasluck. (Cassell, 10s. 6d.)
How to Make and Manage a Garden, by W. F. Rowles. (Pearson, 2s. 6d.)
Chats on Violins, by Olga Racster. (Laurie, 3s. 6d. net.)
Chrysanthemums for Garden and Greenhouse, by D. B. Crane. (Collingridge.)
Scotland and Presbyterianism Vindicated, by J. D. Wanliss. (Hay, 1s. net.)
The Maintenance of Health in the Tropics, by W. J. Simpson, M.D. (Bale, Sons, and Danielsson, 2s. 6d. net.)
Pictures in Umbria, by Katharine S. Macquoid. (Laurie, 6s. net.)
Archæology and False Antiquities, by Robert Munro, M.A., M.D. (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)
The State of Agriculture in Hungary, by Ignatius Darányi; translated by Andrew György. (Macmillan, 5s. net.)
Railways and their Rates, with an Appendix on the British Canal Problem, by Edwin A. Pratt. (Murray, 5s. net.)
Riding and Driving, by Edward L. Anderson and Price Collier. (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net.)
The Empire's Cricketers. Part I. (Dawbarn and Ward, 1s. net.)
Empire of the East, or Japan and Russia at War, 1904-5. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)
With the Russians in Manchuria, by Maurice Baring. (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)
Experiments with Plants, by W. J. V. Osterhout, Ph.D. (Macmillan.)
The Sensitive and Other Pieces, by A. E. Manning Foster. (Allen, 3s. 6d. net.)
Drane's A B C Series: Chess, by H. Staunton. (Drane, 1s.)
The Complete Golfer, by Harry Vardon. (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net.)
The Far Eastern Tropics: Studies in the Administration of Tropical Dependencies, by Alleyne Ireland, F.R.G.S. (Constable, 7s. 6d. net.)
Wasps, Social and Solitary, by George W. Peckham and Elizabeth G. Peckham. (Constable, 5s. net.)
Picture Post-card Souvenirs. Nos. 1—4. (Midland Railway, 2d. per packet.)
Stories of Robin Hood, by H. E. Marshall. (Jack.)
Stories of King Arthur's Knights, by Mary Macgregor. (Jack.)
Modern Carriages, by Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart. (Vinton.)

MAGAZINES.

Windsor, Longmans', Grand, Sunday Strand, Girl's Realm, Cornhill, Baily's, Badminton, Cassell's, Cassell's History of the Russo-Japanese War, Sunday, Good Words, Macmillan's, Temple Bar, Current Literature, Monthly Review, Independent Review, Fortnightly Review, National Review, Pearson's, Scribner's, English Illustrated, The Book Monthly.

ON THE GREEN.

LAST week so much space was devoted to the play of the amateurs at Prestwick that no room was left to discuss the work of the professionals; but with the open championship hard upon one, it is of interest to see what the professional class has been doing. Of course, it is always within the scope of the possible that one of those who played in the amateur championship may win the open event, but the odds on a professional winning are something like ten to one, if not more. Of the professionals Taylor and Braid have been doing the best work during the early part of the year. Taylor at first had the advantage,

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although a big field of famous players had a set back at the hands of Toogood. He, however, has not shown quite the same sustained excellence of play as some others. Harry Vardon appears to be not quite so wonderful as he was. Herd is a little behind Taylor and Braid, and White has never, it would seem, quite recovered from the great strain of the championship that he won so finely. My own choice from all the field—and it is a brave thing to make a selection when it will be verified or disproved before it appears in print—is Taylor. The accuracy of his second shots and his control of the approach stroke should make him very formidable at St. Andrews, where the second stroke counts for so much, and the greens are so closely guarded by dangerous bunkers. If an amateur should win, I am inclined to think Mr. Maxwell would be the victor. Although the amateur champion is at home at St. Andrews, it is hardly to be thought that he will not have a bad hole or two in the long course of seventy-two holes, and in such a field as that no man can afford a bad hole or two. For thirty-six holes Mr. Graham might be dangerous, but he does not seem able to keep his best game going day after day. I do not see that there are any others very likely to win, and after making a statement as rash as that, it is almost certain that by the time this is read someone not named in these speculations will have turned up as winner. Herd, of course, is very much at home at St. Andrews, and he played very well at Ranfurley, near Bridge of Weir. Harry Vardon was second to him there in the scoring, qualifying, round, and Vardon also played a wonderfully good game lately against Willy Fernie at Troon, defeating him badly. So it does not do to overlook his chances. Whether the entry is a record one I do not know; but this year it would almost create a record if it were not a record—so many record entries are there. There was a record entry for the amateur championship, a record entry for the ladies' championship—in which, by the way, Miss Dorothy Campbell played a very fine first scoring round indeed—and a record entry for the Bar tournament. I rather think the entry was a record one for the Parliamentary tournament, too, but am not certain. With regard to the Ranfurley tournament, where Herd had the best of them all in the scoring, it has to be said that Taylor was not in the field, neither was Braid nor White. All these had gone on to St. Andrews, in preparation for the bigger business there.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT WOLLATON.

THE migration of the Bath and West of England Show to Nottingham has turned out a most pronounced success; indeed, the occasion seems to have been a record one, both for the town and for the show. The number of entries exceeded that of any previous year, and luckily the weather was beautiful, and the number of visitors in excess even of that which attended the last show of the Royal Agricultural there. Everything went on so well that there can be very little hesitation in anticipating that the results will show a handsome surplus, and thereby encourage the Bath and West to still further extend its circuit, so as eventually to bring the whole of England under its influence.

The show was opened with great pomp and ceremony, and several excellent speeches were made by the Mayor of Nottingham, the Duke of Portland, and others. It is worth noting that in almost every particular Nottingham beat Swansea in regard to the number of entries. There were, for instance, in the former place 592 cattle, as against 475; 362 horses, as against 283; 187 sheep, as against 131; 221 pigs, as against 158; 225 specimens of farm produce, against 207. The only falling off was in poultry, the figures being 282, against 335. The quality, too, was as good as the quantity. Particularly in horses was this true of the Shires, though there was a slight falling off in the show of hunters and other light horses. The fourteen different sections of cattle threw a weight of responsibility on the judges: many of them were not only first-rate, but very level.

Among those who were fortunate enough to carry off prizes were His Majesty King Edward VII., whose well-known Hereford bull Fire King beat Mr. Faber's Prime Minister, the only opponent in the class, though the King was beaten in his turn in the younger class by Mr. A. P. Turner's Marquis and Mr. A. E. Hughes's Premier. Among the other winners in the cattle section may be mentioned the Right Hon. A. E. Fellowes, M.P., with his beautiful red-polled cow Alba. The third place in the class was awarded to Lord Amherst of Hackney. In Aberdeen-Angus Mr. Cridlan and Mr. R. W. Hudson had their usual duel, the victory going to Mr. Cridlan on this occasion. In Jerseys Lord Rothschild scored very well, and so did Lady de Rothschild, of whose herd we show photographs in another part of the paper, Coral winning first prize in her class, Lady Dora being awarded first in the milking trials, and first and gold medal in the butter test, and Freak being placed third, and winning special butter prize in the butter test. In Shires Lord Egerton of Tatton, Sir P. A. Muntz, the Duchess of Newcastle, Mr. S. Atkinson-Jowett, Mr. Bradley, Lord Middleton, and Mr. P. L. Mills all carried off premier places. Much satisfaction will be felt in the increase of the number of sheep exhibited. The Leicesters were particularly good, and a fine specimen belonging to Mr. Jordan of Driffield was a shearling ram that ought to be heard of again.

The butter and cream exhibits were of a very high quality, and those competing were mostly people in the neighbourhood. The Bath and West has always been noted for its implements and machinery, and these were above the usual high standard. There were no fewer than 104 sheds in the showyard, and many interesting novelties were shown which are worthy of more special note than there is room here to give.

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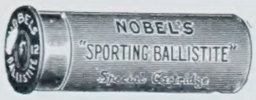

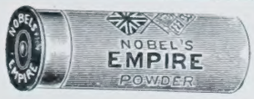

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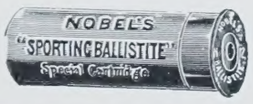

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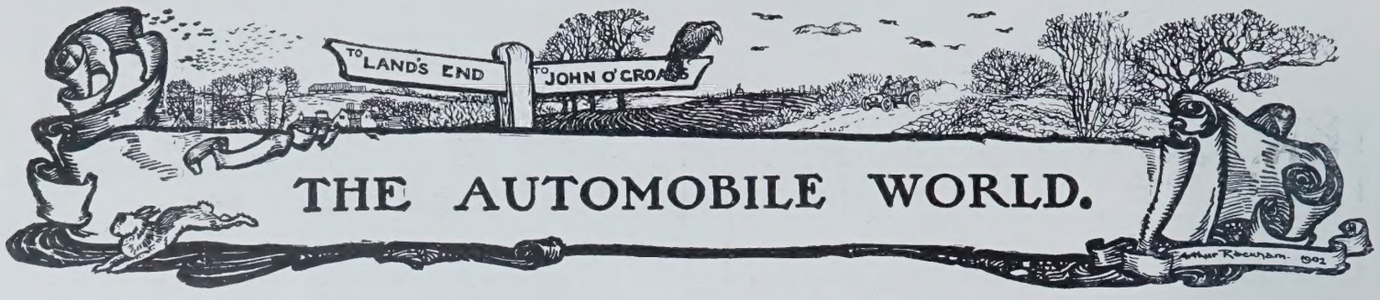
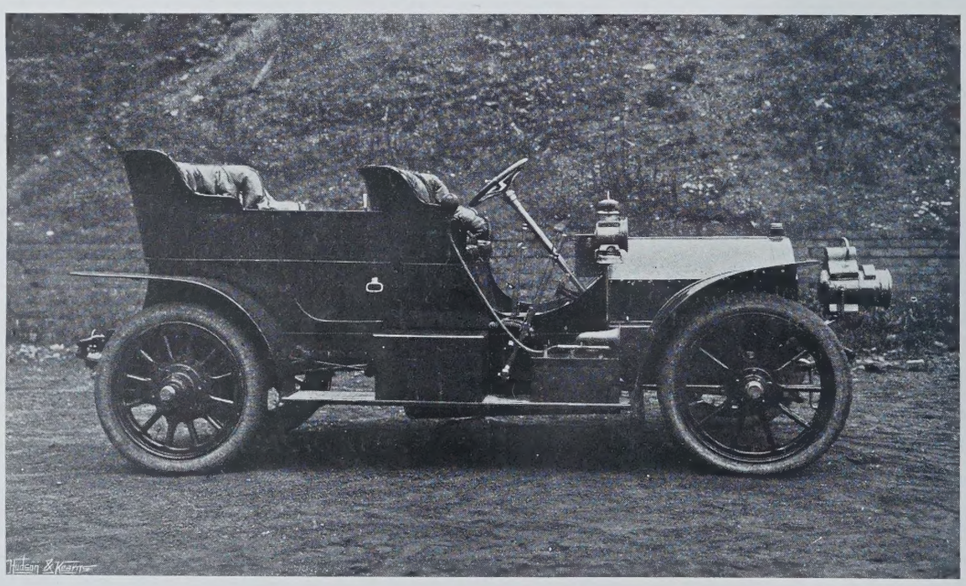


THE AUTOMOBILE WORLD.

A SHORT TOUR FOR WHITSUNTIDE.

[By a Correspondent.]

As many of your London readers may be unable to get away at Whitsuntide for more than two or three days, I should like to recommend a short tour, which, while including some of the most delightful scenery of the home counties, will yet be found quite easy of accomplishment by the smallest-powered car. As the whole distance covered is only some 230 miles, it will not entail any of that continual pressing on which always mars the real enjoyment of touring. The car should leave London by the Hammersmith Road, and, traversing Richmond Park, strike the Portsmouth Road at Kingston. As this great highway is probably very familiar, at least as far as Guildford, a pleasant little detour can be made by turning sharp to the left in Esher at the Bear Hotel, over Oxshott Common, bearing to the right after crossing the railway, till by a winding country road Cobham Station is brought into view, when another turn to the right takes one through Cobham Village past the old mill. The first sharp turn to the left after this leads round by the church, and over the Mole bridge—giving picturesque views of the river—when the right-hand road should be taken through Hatchford and out into the Portsmouth Road again just above the Hut Hotel. The last part of this winding side-road is particularly attractive at the present time, as masses of rhododendrons clothe the slopes on either side; indeed, the whole of this unfrequented detour is quite worth the slight trouble and the extra few miles which it may entail, apart from the comfort it gives of escaping, for a short time at least, from the dust of the main road. From the Hut, on through Ripley, Guildford, and Milford to Hindhead the road is full of interest, while in the fine air of the latter spot the passengers may enjoy lunch, and the engine a "cool-down" after its long climb and the forty odd miles of its journey. By far the most pleasant way of "refreshing the inner man" while touring, however, is to carry a luncheon-basket (which can be refilled wherever one stops the night) and picnic in some quiet spot off the main road. The wayside hotels seem always unprepared for guests, and after a long wait in a stuffy room, the food which arrives is usually unpalatable, while the final straw which breaks the motorist's temper is the charge of 1s. frequently levied for the standing-room of his car during lunch!



THE WINNER OF THE SCOTTISH TRIALS.

The 20 h.p. Ariel which made highest marks out of forty-three cars, and was awarded the gold medal in its class.

Continuing the run from Hindhead down the long incline and through the lovely scenery of Liphook to Petersfield, the main road is there left, and a good cross-country road taken to Winchester, up Bordean Hill and through Bramdean. At Winchester—after a break for tea, and possibly a view of the cathedral—a lovely drive can be taken in the cool of the evening *viâ* Romsey and Cadnam—where the pretty twisted chimneys of the cottages along the road are worth notice—to Lyndhurst, and here a halt is suggested for the night, the day's run having reached about 100 miles. The New Forest, always an ideal spot for motoring, is in the zenith of its beauty now, with its varied greens still in their fresh brilliance, the young bracken springing underfoot, and the birds, with which the forest abounds, in full song. On Whit-Sunday short drives might be taken through the wood and moorland, whose peaceful solitudes cannot fail to charm the tired Londoner, and where fresh beauties are unfolded at every turn of the road. One of the most varied of the short circular drives is through Cadnam, past Castle Malwood and the Rufus Stone (near which is the curious natural freak of an oak and beech tree growing from one stem), through Stony Cross to Mogslade Hill, and so, by a sharp turn to the left, back to Lyndhurst. The suggested run for Monday being about 120 miles in length, the first thirty miles might be accomplished on Sunday evening to Ringwood, and thence directly north to Salisbury, where the second night could be spent. Leaving the Cathedral City not *viâ* Old Sarum, but through Woodford and along the right bank of the river Avon, the Exeter Road is struck beyond Little Amesbury, and here, a few miles to the left, is Stonehenge. Turning on the homeward route, presumably after a visit to the famous monoliths, all is "plain sailing" through Amesbury, Andover, and Basingstoke, till Hook Common is reached. Here, however, it is worth while to leave the main road by a turn to the right at the Dorchester Arms for Odiham, and have refreshments at the quaint old coaching inn, with its dark oak panelling and its glass and china of a bygone age carefully arranged in antique cabinets. A four-mile run back into the main road at Hartley Row, a whizz over the three miles of dead level at Hartford Bridge Flats, and one is soon nearing Bagshot. A halt should be made here to visit Messrs. Waterer's well-known nurseries, where the rhododendrons are now in full beauty, a special show of them being held from June 8th onwards. From thence to London is only a matter of twenty-six miles, through Egham and Hounslow; but if this narrow tram-infested entrance to the metropolis seems a poor ending to a pleasant trip, there are several pretty cross-country routes from Staines into the Portsmouth Road, which, though longer, keep one in sight of green hedges till Putney itself is reached.

MOTORISTS AND PARLIAMENT.

Automobilists may view with mingled feelings the debate in the House of Commons last week on the administration of the Motor-car Act. On the one hand they may console themselves with the fact that there was less absolute ignorance of the true inwardness of the automobile movement than was displayed when the Act was first discussed and passed; while, on the other, they have reason to deplore the inacquaintance with the practical side of motor-car management which still prevails among many members of the House. So far as attempts to make party capital out of the situation are concerned, it would be out of place to discuss them here; let it be charitably assumed that the debate was conducted on strictly academic lines, with the sole object of discovering a solution of the

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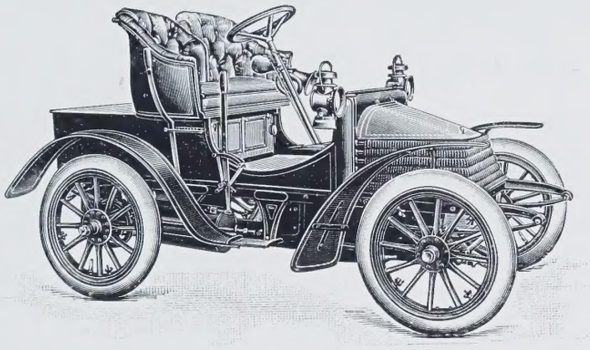
AGAIN WON BY

GOLD MEDAL 1904.



GOLD MEDAL 1905.

THE 6-H.P. LIGHT CAR

IN THE

SCOTTISH A. C. TRIALS.

This small car made non-stop runs each day, and its wonderful Hill-Climbing powers were once more demonstrated by its making faster time on the Test Hills than any other single-cylinder or two-cylinder car competing, with the exception of the 14-h.p. Wolseley.

The 14-H.P. Standard Wolseley Gained 7,421 Marks,

Being 595 more than any other competitor in its class, and only had one stop of less than a minute during the trials.

ILLUSTRATED LISTS FREE, DESCRIPTIVE OF WOLSELEY AND SIDDELEY CARS.

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THE ISLE OF MAN ELIMINATING TRIALS.
The winning car taking a corner at Ballaugh.

problem. In the matter of the Local Government Board's recommendation to local authorities not to press for special limits of speed until the stringent powers of the police under Section I. of the Act had proved inadequate—which recommendation was the *fons et origo* of the debate—it is impossible for anyone who has genuinely examined all the facts to say that the Board has not acted constitutionally and wisely throughout. In the few cases where speed-limit enquiries have been pressed for, there has not been the slightest evidence put forward on which the Board could legitimately grant the application. In nearly every instance the police have admitted outright that they have had no difficulty whatsoever in dealing with whatever cases of furious driving have occurred. Moreover, the applicants have invariably been posed by the following questions: "You must admit that even if a ten-mile limit were imposed there might be cases in which drivers proceeding at eight miles an hour might be driving to the danger of the public. In that case the regulation as to the ten-mile limit would be of no use to you, and you would have to proceed under Section I." To this the answer has necessarily been in the affirmative. Then comes the obvious corollary: "Then why cannot you equally proceed under Section I. in cases where ten miles an hour is exceeded?" In not a single instance has a satisfactory answer been returned, and having attended several of the enquiries myself, I have been an eye-witness to the complete discomfiture of the applicants in the face of these propositions. Another thing which has made it impossible, moreover, for the Board to grant the various applications is that they have been too sweeping. Instead of defining certain congested areas they have embraced in most cases the entire borough; and where is the town which, however congested in the centre, does not extend its boundaries into an uncongested area? At Beverley, on the other hand, a small area was defined as exceptionally unsuitable to free locomotion, and a limit was obtained even so low as five miles an hour!

As for the references in the debate to the broad question of furious driving, they were chiefly conspicuous for the moderation of the automobilists and the excess of punitive zeal on the part of their antagonists. Mr. Arthur Stanley and Mr. Scott Montagu admitted that a percentage of hooligan drivers did exist, but denied that they were more than a small minority, and expressed a keen desire to secure their suppression. Nothing that was said by the other side, however, could carry conviction for a moment to anyone who really understood automobiles and their handling. It was regrettable in the extreme to see a sober politician like Sir Henry Fowler, himself a former President of the Local Government Board, arguing that a reduced speed limit was the panacea for motoring ills. He was corrected, too, on a point of law with which every layman, much less a lawyer or a politician, who had read the Motor-car Act would be perfectly familiar; indeed, the frequently-expressed inacquaintance with the legal aspects of the problem which anti-automobilists display is ever more distressing than their want of practical knowledge. To one contention of Sir Henry Fowler's I would proffer a particularly strong denial. He averred that cars were driven every day in London at speeds which were dangerous to the public. Personally, I see hundreds of cars a day circulating in the West End, and, whatever occurs elsewhere, I can testify to the high average of skilfulness and consideration which is displayed by metropolitan drivers. What is wanted is some method of inducing drivers who lack manners to slow down more systematically in villages which adjoin a straight high road, instead of merely in winding streets, where speed reduction is automatic, and to display more consideration in passing other vehicles; and, above all, that the dust nuisance should be abolished. None of these things, however, can in any sense be attained by any arbitrary speed limit, to which the hooligan type of driver would pay no heed. COMMUTATOR.

IN HYDE PARK.
Some contrasts in locomotion.

MOTOR-CYCLE ELIMINATING TRIAL.

IMMEDIATELY following the Eliminating Trial for the Gordon Bennett Cup cars in the Isle of Man came a trial for motor-cycles, with a view to determining the selection of the British team in the International Motor-cycle Cup Race, which takes place a few days hence in France. Originally the trial course was the same as that for the cars, but owing to the difficulty of the corners on Snaefell, the route was materially altered. Instead of going all round the island, it formed a triangle of twenty-four miles in extent, the angles being at Douglas, Castletown, and Ballacraine respectively. The entries were numerous, but from one cause or another, only seven put in an appearance, among the absentees being Sir A. Conan Doyle's machine. Starting at 3.30 a.m., the competitors had to cover the course seven times, making a total distance of 168 miles in all. Accumulator and other troubles prevented more than two men finishing, in the persons of Campbell on a 6 h.p. Ariel, and Collier on a 6 h.p. Matchless, though for the first four rounds Franklin on a 6 h.p. J.A.P. was easily first. Campbell's time was 4hr. 9min. 36sec., and Collier's 4hr. 9min. 52sec. The first named also secured

THE INCOMPARABLE

WHITE STEAM CAR

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CAR for SERVICE.

SILENT,
VIBRATIONLESS,
RELIABLE.

NO CAR OF ITS PRICE OR POWER CAN APPROACH ITS SPEED, AND VERY FEW CARS INDEED. REGARDLESS OF PRICE OR POWER. ARE IN ITS CLASS FOR HILL-CLIMBING

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PRACTICALLY IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

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The Car that is thorough all through.

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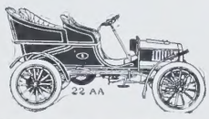
Thorough-Going Thoroughly-Built.

Two-Seated Touring Model Car, Price £175.

Two-Seated Car £150.



Four-Seated Car 200 Gns

The OLDSMOBILE represents thoroughness in every detail. It is built to a standard, and that standard is the highest efficiency. The Car throughout is well and strongly built, is simple to handle, one lever controlling everything. In its construction nothing has been sacrificed to appearance; at the same time it is the most elegant light Car that can be purchased.

The Car that will accomplish everything and go anywhere.

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CHARLES JARROTT & LETTS, LIMITED,
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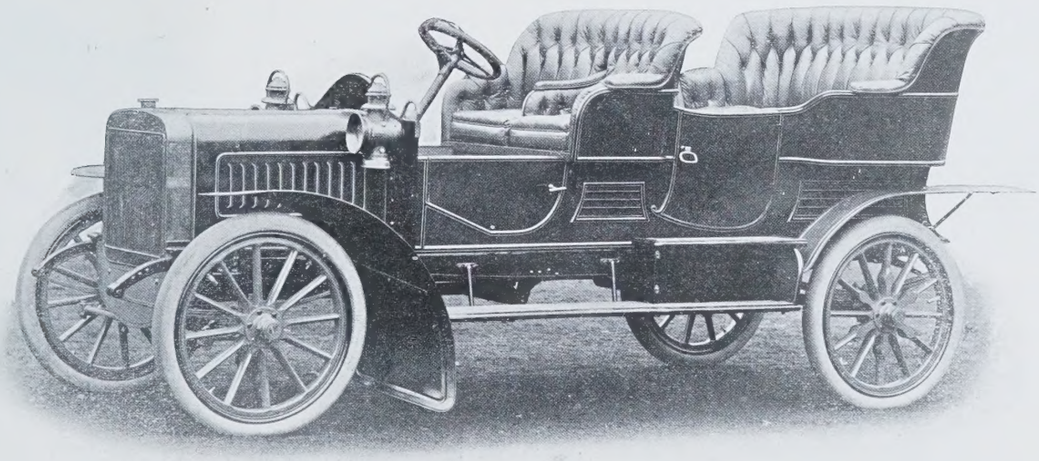
Telephone—2362 and 1585 Gerrard. Telegrams—"Jemidar," London.

A fast, silent, and thoroughly reliable British-made Car.



24-H.P. TOURING CAR. Price ***£650*** *Complete.*

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Sole Agents:

Trials and full details may be had on application to our Agents or at our Works.

LONDON and SOUTHERN COUNTIES	HEWETSON'S, Ltd., 251, Tottenham Court Road.
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NORTHERN COUNTIES	WHITE & CO., Claremont, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
SCOTLAND	L. NEILSON, Kilmarnock.

the *Motor* Cup for the first man to finish. Campbell, Collier, and Franklin have been selected to represent this country in the International race.

THE AUVERGNE CIRCUIT.

No hope is held out by the president of the French Automobile Club of any withdrawal of the recent regulation of the Minister of the Interior prohibiting all practice by racing cars on the Auvergne Circuit. Needless to say, this ukase, however necessary in the circumstances, as the peasantry have become alarmed at the continued presence of so many fast cars, presses very hardly on the British representatives. The French cars have been on the course for weeks, as also have the Germans and Italians, and the interdict has done them little harm. It was obviously impossible, however, for the English cars to be in Auvergne when they were obliged to be practising in the Isle of Man; besides which, no one would care to go to the expense of practising over the Cup course until certain of a place in the British team, whereas the German and Italian teams were long since chosen without an eliminating trial. On such a route it is absolutely imperative that every driver should know the course by heart; a tour of the Isle of Man route was of itself quite sufficient to show anyone that without familiarity with the gradients and corners success was out of the question. As matters have turned out, it may even happen that the British team may be withdrawn, and that this would rob the race of much interest is obvious.

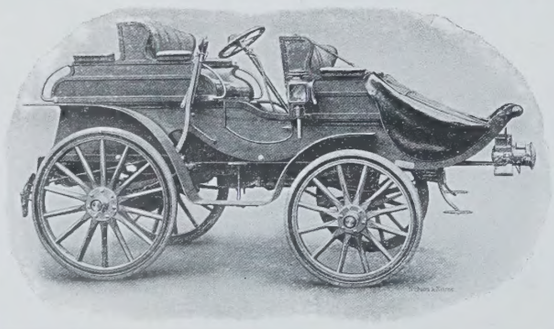
LIGHT DELIVERY VAN TRIALS.

Regulations have now been issued by the Automobile Club for the Light Delivery Van Trials, which will be begun on September 19th. They will comprise thirty days' service of each vehicle, and subsequent examination by the judges. The vans will be divided into four classes according to size. In Class A the load will be limited to 5cwt and in Class B to 10cwt., and in each of these categories the vans will be expected to average a distance of eighty miles a day. The load for Class C will be up to 1 ton, while in Class D the maximum limit will be 1½ tons, and sixty miles is defined as the daily distance in each case. During part of the trials the vans will be run without a load. Every vehicle will stop as great a number of times as may be directed for the purpose of testing their starting and stopping powers, and in order that the conditions may approximate to those of actual practice. Not more than two vehicles of the same type by the same maker shall compete in any one class. The club reserves the right to abandon the trials if the number of entries received by noon on August 23rd is inadequate. The first award in each class will be the gold medal of the club, and the second award a silver one. There will also be many awards from the prize fund to which the club, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, and Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son have contributed. A diploma is also offered by the Army Council for the vehicle which is considered by the War Office Committee on Mechanical Transport to be, either as a whole or in some detail of its engine, etc., most meritorious from a military point of view, and therefore likely to be of service to the Army. As regards the actual running, the main condition is that a maximum period of 30min. will be allowed both before and after each day's run for replenishing, lubricating, adjusting, repairing, and getting up steam; any time in excess of 1hr. will be added to the running-time of the following day's run. The regulations as a whole seem to be comprehensive and satisfactory, and it is only to be regretted that the club has not seen its way to take into consideration the kind of body fitted to the light delivery van, instead of considering the mechanical aspects of this type of vehicle alone. The hooded van is the most dangerous vehicle on the London streets, and, if motor-vans are to increase largely in number, it is desirable that they should adopt a better kind of body than that to which so many accidents may be ascribed.

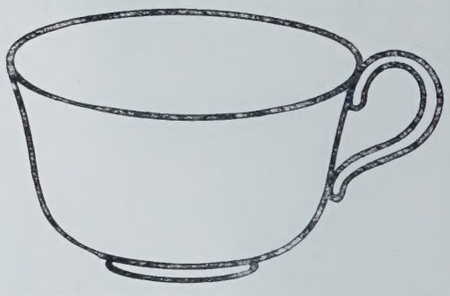
CAPTAIN BANBURY'S 24 H.P. MORS.
Driven by its owner in the Scottish Trials, this car has been awarded a silver medal in its class.

THE ALIEN DRIVER.

A reckless motor-car driver in this country, after a second conviction, may have his licence suspended by a bench of magistrates for any period they may think fit. It is unfortunately open, however, for any alien driver who has found his occupation gone in his own country, owing to his proved negligence, to come to Great Britain and start with an apparently clean sheet for lack of evidence to the contrary; in other words, he may take out a driver's licence, free of endorsement, although in his own territory he has



Any Car can win a Cup like this.



It takes an ARROL-JOHNSTON to win the GLASGOW CUP.

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Because
Of their efficient motors.
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Of their Solid Tyres.
They do not use an Automatic Carburetter.

How was this proved?

25 British and 19 Foreign Cars were entered for the Scottish Reliability Trials. The ARROL-JOHNSTON Car ran 43·8 ton miles per gallon of Petrol and won the Glasgow Cup. The next best car ran only 35·37 ton miles per gallon.

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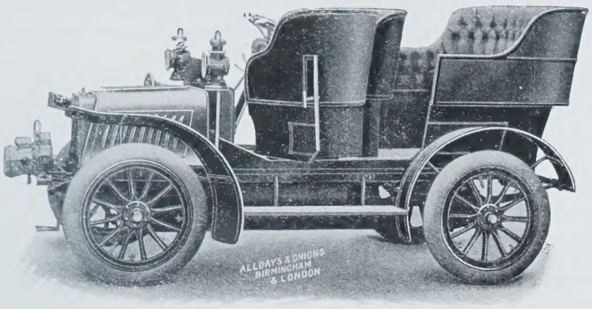

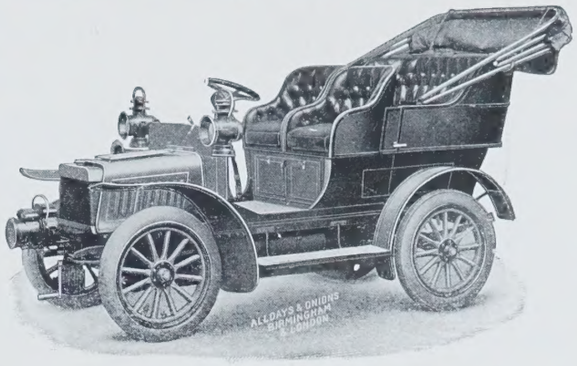

8-B.H.P. Engine - **£197 : 10 : 0.**

10-B.H.P., Double Cylinder - **£230 : 0 : 0.**

This side entrance car can be fitted with single or double cylinders. The revolving front seat is most convenient, quite easily worked, and saves much room.

APPRECIATION.

ORMSKIRK, MAY 22ND, 1905.
"The Alldays Car is everything one could desire. It is very silent, very powerful, and will go up the steepest hills with ease, is a very sweet running car, and I must say gives me great satisfaction." H. P. H.

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"Car simply runs to perfection. The more I take it out, the more pleased I am with its performance." G. R. T.

TRIALS can be arranged either from LONDON Showrooms, 20, Bucklersbury (Mansion House), E.C., or from Works, Small Heath, BIRMINGHAM, or LIVERPOOL, 20, Kenshaw Street.

Send for list showing various types of cars, and by a trial test for yourself their **Silence, Ease of Manipulation,** and **Sweetness of Running.** There are no cars to compare with them in value for money.

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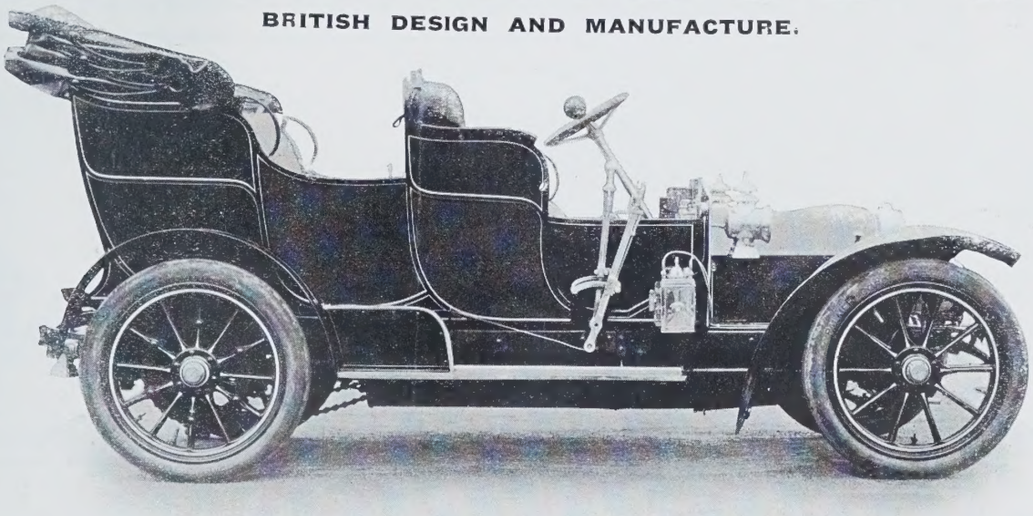
BROTHERHOOD CAR

BRITISH DESIGN AND MANUFACTURE.



20-h.p. Brotherhood Car, with Side Entrance, Leicester Phaeton Body

SUPPLIED TO THE HON. CHARLES W. FORESTER.

All the functions, the fine and constantly varying adjustment of which are necessary for the most refined and efficient running results to be obtained, requiring expert experience, in the BROTHERHOOD CAR are MECHANICALLY ASSURED BY THE MOTOR AUTOMATICALLY adapting the same to suit all varying speeds and conditions.

Mechanical Automatic Advance and Retard of Ignition. Automatic Carburettor.
Positive Mechanical Lubrication to Motor, with Automatic Variation of Supply, etc., etc.

UNDER PERFECT CONTROL BY TWO FOOT-PEDALS ONLY, doing away with the necessity for any levers on steering wheel or pillar, or even a third foot-pedal, as is usually adopted, avoiding any confusion, and minimising the risk of an accident in the most extreme case of emergency, as it always leaves BOTH HANDS AVAILABLE FOR STEERING.

Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue from the Makers:—

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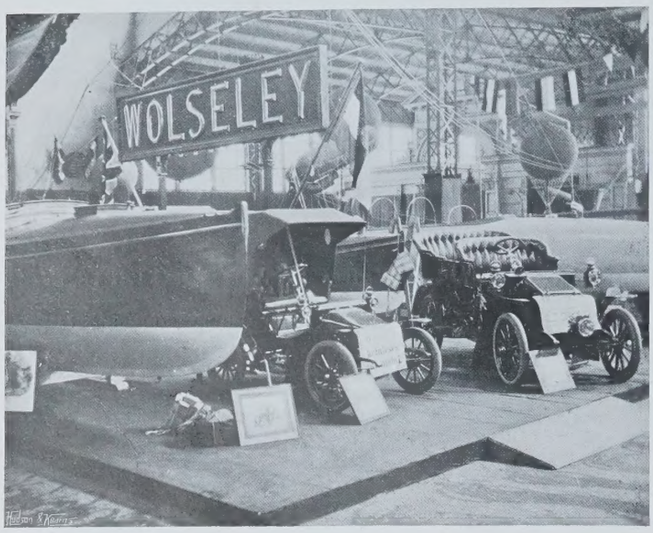
become a marked man. To remedy this state of things Mr. Scott Montagu has brought in the Motor-car (Alien Drivers) Licences Bill, which has just been printed. It proposes to make it compulsory for every person taking out a driving licence to state whether he is or is not a non-resident alien, and, in the latter event, to state particulars as to his nationality, place of birth, and residence. He must further produce evidence in writing from the police authority of his district that his character and conduct as a driver of motor-cars have been satisfactory, and, if drivers in his locality are required to be licensed or certificated, must produce the actual licence which he held before leaving his own country. The



BRITISH MOTORS AT THE BUDA PESTH EXHIBITION.

furnishing of false particulars, or forging a certificate or licence, is to be accounted an offence under the Motor-car Act. The term "non-resident" is to refer to an alien who has not been living in the United Kingdom for at least six months. There is a considerable number of foreign drivers in this country, and no power exists at present to compel any such to furnish evidence as to his previous career. Some of them have doubtless "left their country for their country's good," and it is just as well that further incursions of the kind should be frustrated as far as possible. Hence, one may hope that Mr. Montagu's proposals may receive Parliamentary sanction in due course.

Wolseley Motors at Buda Pesth.

We illustrate herewith the Wolseley exhibit at the recent exhibition held at Buda Pesth. The cars in the picture are 6 h.p. and 12 h.p. standard Wolseleys. The boat in the foreground is a 40ft. cabin cutter fitted with a 60 h.p. four-cylinder motor. In the background is a racing hull fitted with a 100 h.p. engine. Farther back are to be seen the balloons exhibited by the Hungarian War Department, so that all three modern methods of locomotion—motor-car, motor-boat, and balloon—are represented. Special interest attaches to the Wolseley motor-boats, a branch of the industry to which the great Birmingham firm are at present paying much attention.

Inaccurate Police Timing.

The inaccuracy of the timing methods employed by the police was never better exemplified than in a recent case heard before the Bishop's Stortford Bench, when a motorist was charged on the evidence of four constables with covering four miles between Thorley and Sawbridgeworth in five and a-half minutes, or at an average speed of 43½ miles an hour. The defendant stated that on the day in question he was driving a 7 h.p. Panhard with four people in it, and that there was a strong head wind and the roads were wet. He estimated his speed, when he was being timed, at fifteen or sixteen miles an hour. Since the date of the charge he had taken the car to the same four-mile stretch, and with a dry road and the wind behind him and only two passengers on board, had been unable to cover the distance in less than twelve and a-half minutes, or seventeen miles an hour. Messrs. Panhard's manager said the maximum pace the car could do under the most favourable conditions was twenty-four miles an hour, and the speed alleged by the police was utterly impossible. If any 7 h.p. car could run at 43½ miles an hour his firm would purchase it at once. At this point the magistrates stopped the case and dismissed the charge, the chairman remarking that they were not satisfied with the evidence of the police watchers. At the end of the sitting, during which a number of motorists were heavily fined on similar evidence to that which had been proved so utterly unreliable in the case quoted, the chairman said that the Bench wished to state that they thought much greater care should be taken by the police in checking the times occupied by motorists in covering certain distances, and the police should also be provided with more reliable watches, and should be carefully drilled in the proper method of timing.

The Truth about some Recent "Motor Accidents."

Much of the recent public agitation against the automobile has been engendered by the unscrupulous tactics of a few of the halfpenny daily papers, which delight in sensationalism, and pay little heed to the injury and injustice that their lying headlines often cause. Any accident on the road, the cause of which is not immediately apparent, is unhesitatingly ascribed to the motor-car, in order that the "Motor Peril" column may be kept well filled. The true facts, when they become known, are entirely ignored; and it is little to the credit of a certain class of journalism that temperately-worded letters of

FOUR RECENT ARIEL SUCCESSES.

THE GOLD MEDAL. Scottish Reliability Trials.

THE SILVER CUP. Petrol Consumption Trials. Wolverhampton and District A. C.

THE ALL-BRITISH ARIEL CAR.

FASTEST TIME, GATACRE HILL CLIMB. Wolverhampton and District A. C.

International Cup Race. Eliminating Trials. ARIEL MOTOR CYCLE fastest time.

Free trials by appointment.

Illustrated particulars post free.

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BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

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THE BEST HILL-CLIMBER.

At the HUDDERSFIELD AUTOMOBILE CLUB Hill Climb on May 27, the 28-h.p. DAIMLER made fastest time.

On the same day, at Kettleby Hill, the 30-h.p. DAIMLER made fastest time, and the 28-h.p. DAIMLER came in second.

On Saturday, June 3, the 30-h.p. DAIMLER made the fastest time in the MIDLAND AUTOMOBILE CLUB Hill-Climbing Contest at Broadway.

The DAIMLER continues to prove itself the best hill-climber of the year.

DAIMLER MOTOR CO. (1904), LTD.,

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"There's nothing so good as a Cadillac at the price of a Cadillac."

ANOTHER TRIUMPH

FOR

THE

CADILLAC

IN THE

SCOTTISH TRIALS

which are acknowledged to have been the most severe test ever given to motor cars in this country, it finished with an

ABSOLUTE NON-STOP RECORD,

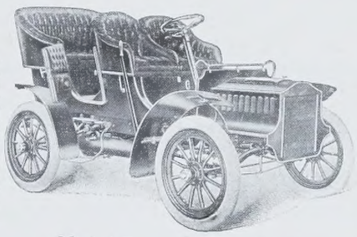
PROVING THAT THE

Horizontal Single-Cylinder Principle is correct for Light Cars.

(Compare the Cadillac Record for Reliability and Hill-climbing with that of the two-cylinder cars in these trials.)

THE MORNING POST.

"The run on the Cadillac proved somewhat of a revelation in respect of slow-speed single-cylinder machines. It is impossible to recognise the pull as being that of one cylinder. The thudding and jerking which were familiar with Cars of this sort only a couple of years ago are absent in the Cadillac."



Model F. 220 Guineas.

MOTORING ILLUSTRATED.

"The Cadillac has more than maintained its reputation by the manner in which it has emerged from the severe test imposed by the Scottish Reliability Trials. When comparison is made in the various times recorded for the climbs, the superiority of the Cadillac as a hill-climber is well manifested."

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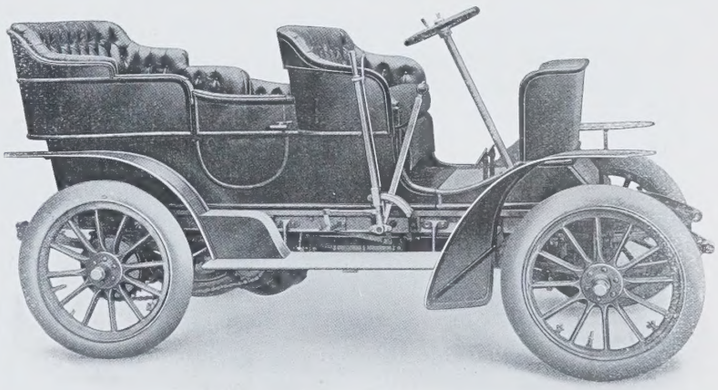

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TWO, THREE AND FOUR SEATED,

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Direct Drive on Second and Third Speeds. Frictional Speed Changes. Ample Seating and Luggage Space, etc., etc.

From 230 to 400 Gns.

SINGER 6-H.P. TRICAR.

Twin Cylinder Engine. Water-cooled with forced circulation. Two Speeds. Comfortable Bucket Seats. Wheel Steering.

THE FINEST TRICAR YET CONSTRUCTED.

CONTROLLED LIKE A CAR. SPEED: 5 TO 35 MILES PER HOUR.

PRICE 110 GUINEAS.

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"Cars for men of moderate means."

THE . .

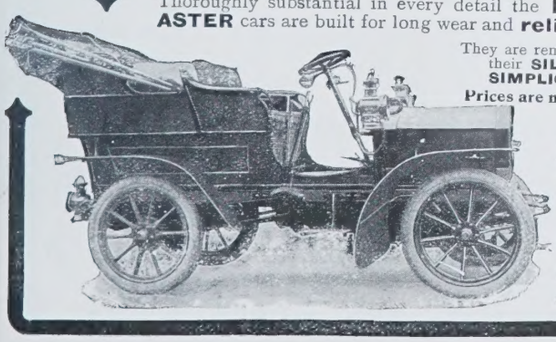
HERON-ASTER CAR.

The Car that gives good service.

Thoroughly substantial in every detail the HERON-ASTER cars are built for long wear and reliability.

They are remarkable for their SILENCE and SIMPLICITY.

Prices are moderate.



It will pay you to have full particulars before buying elsewhere.

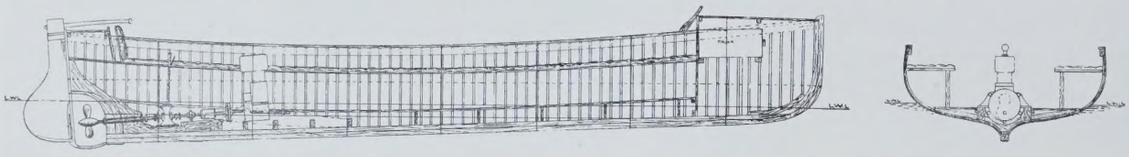
HERON MOTOR CO., 87, John Bright Street, BIRMINGHAM

correction are frequently refused publication. We quote two typical cases: In the Press of May 22nd there appeared an account of a labourer being left in a senseless condition on the road by motorists. The facts were investigated by the local correspondent of the Motor Union, and the police informed him that they were satisfied that no motor passed through the place at the time, and that they were also satisfied that the accident was not the result of motoring. The local papers acknowledged that there was no truth in the original report; but most of the London papers neglected to correct the falsehood to which they had given wide currency. Another case was that of a boy at Hendon, who was reported to have been killed by a motor-car. Independent witnesses at the inquest proved that the boy was riding his bicycle down a hill at a furious speed, with his feet up, without a brake, that the tyre burst, and that he suddenly rushed from behind a van which he was overtaking and fell from his bicycle upon his head, some feet in front of a car which was travelling slowly uphill. The car never came in contact with the boy at all, who died from the effects of his fall—a fact duly recorded in the verdict of the jury, who acquitted the motorist from all blame.

MOTOR-OMNIBUSES *v.* TRAMCARS.

As a result, no doubt, of the difficulty in obtaining capital for tramcar developments, because of the growing faith of the public in the superiority of the motor-bus, every attempt is being made by those who are directly interested in the electric tram to prove that it is the most economical and beneficial vehicle ever built, and that the motor-omnibus has not even the ghost of a chance against it. The mere fact, however, that so vigorous a campaign has been organised by Mr. Clifton Robinson, and the electrical journals, of itself betokens a considerable amount of apprehension on the subject. This apprehension is based not only on the fact that several boroughs, which were about to inaugurate a tramway system, have decided to abandon their projects and resort to motor-buses instead, but also on the many and palpable advantages which the new type of vehicle confers. Looking at the subject broadly, it must be admitted that the motor-bus is free from most of the disadvantages of the tram, and that there is little to be said *per contra*. That a tram system will carry a large number of people cheaply is incontestable; that is the sole justification, in fact, for the establishment of the monopoly. This monopoly, however, brings with it numerous permanent disabilities for other road-users, and as these disabilities can all be abolished by means of the motor-bus, it is obvious that the latter should be welcomed accordingly. Tramlines, owing to their slippery nature and frequently unskilful laying, are a source of danger to all other forms of traffic. The system, moreover, of sending vehicles along a rigid line in the middle of the highway has many drawbacks.

The breakdown of a single car will "hold up" a whole system, a thing which occurs on lengthy tram routes like that to Uxbridge with great frequency. It often happens, moreover, that a whole line of tramcars is held up by the breakdown of a waggon or other heavy vehicle across the rails. In all such cases, motor-buses would cause infinitely less inconvenience to the public. If one bus failed, the others would still continue running, while, if a cart broke down in the middle of the road, the motor-bus could go round it, or even be diverted into a side street. In another way, too, tramcars offer considerable obstruction to free locomotion, for every time a car is stopped the traffic has to be held up while passengers alight and walk to the pavement, or walk from the pavement in order to board the car. Accidents, too, it may be added, occur from this same cause. Motor-buses, on the other hand, could draw up to the pavement either to set down or take up passengers. The tramcar partisans have vigorously proclaimed that tramcars are cheaper than motor-buses; but inasmuch as motor-buses are quite new, and no authorised figures have yet been forthcoming, it is to the last degree absurd to speak of cost in the absence of all evidence. One thing is quite certain, however, that wherever motor-bus services have been established on business-like lines they have proved a success, and have been, and are being, extended.



DRAWINGS FOR AN 18ft. MOTOR-LAUNCH.

This useful little vessel has recently been built by the Immisch Company from designs by Mr. Linton Hope.

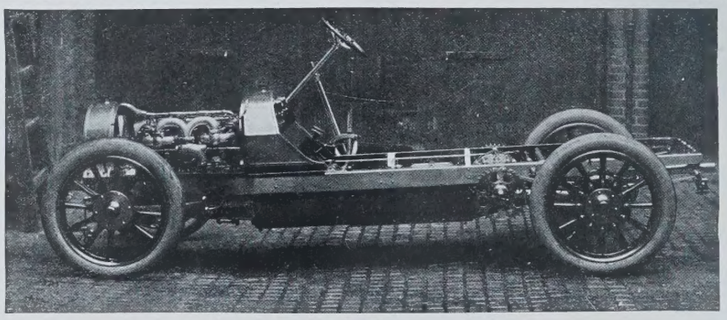
A KINDLY WARNING.

It is to be hoped that motorists of all classes will pay careful heed to the requests of the Chief Constables of Lincolnshire and Dorset, who are evidently anxious to avoid the necessity of employing the harsh measures which the authorities of so many other counties have recently adopted, with the usual result that careful drivers have often suffered equally with the reckless and inconsiderate. These two officials have written to the Automobile Club, the first asking that members should observe special care on the Great North Road, and more particularly in the neighbourhood of Grantham, where complaints have been numerous of late; the latter making the same request in the case of the town of Sherborne and its neighbouring villages, in view of the coming "Sherborne Pageant" on June 12th to 15th. The letter of Captain C. Mitchell-Innes, the Chief Constable of Lincolnshire, contains the following sentence, which we gladly quote, as indicating the reluctance of the police of that county to make use of the detested and unfair system of "traps": "Relying upon the sincerity of the desire of the committee and members of the Automobile Club, so often and so strongly expressed, for the suppression of

DELAUNAY BELLEVILLE

The Famous Boiler Makers to the British Navy.

The Most Reliable, Silent, and Beautiful Car yet produced. .



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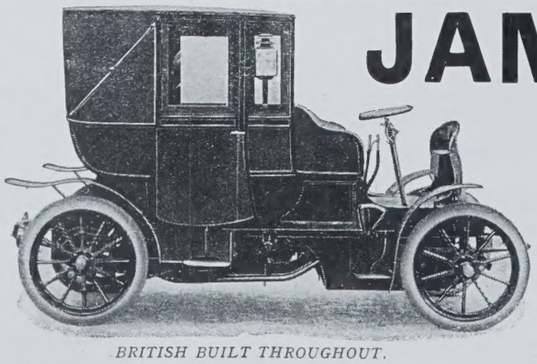

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FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY A NOVEL DEVICE THE MOTOR IS STARTED FROM THE DRIVER'S SEAT AND IS

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THE SILENT

Crossley

"THE CAR FOR THE CONNOISSEUR."

"THE GOOD POINTS OF EVERY CAR."
"THE BAD POINTS OF NONE."

PERFECTION IN DESIGN,

material, and running qualities are aimed at in the construction of the Crossley Cars. For combined town and country use the

CROSSLEY LANDAULETTE

embodies the perfection of travel. Silent, smooth, and luxurious. It is the very latest thing in up-to-date automobiles.

IF YOU ARE REQUIRING A TOURING CAR, write

Mr. CHARLES JARROTT, stating your requirements, and you can ensure being supplied with a luxurious Crossley, complete in every respect, and suitable for the country and special conditions under which you wish to use it.

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45, Great Marlborough Street, Regent Street, W.

THE

DE DIETRICH.

20,000 MILES IN TWO YEARS.

Extract from "THE CAR," May 17, 1905—

"Both Captain and Mrs. Ethelston are enthusiastic "motorists, and have on their 16-24 h.p.

"De Dietrich covered something "like 20,000 miles in less than "two years.

"Captain Ethelston speaks in high terms of the car, "which is used on all occasions, having

"entirely superseded the horses."

16-H.P. 24-H.P. 40-H.P. 60-H.P.

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CARDINET ELECTRIC CAR.

Any Shape of Body can be fitted to our Chassis.

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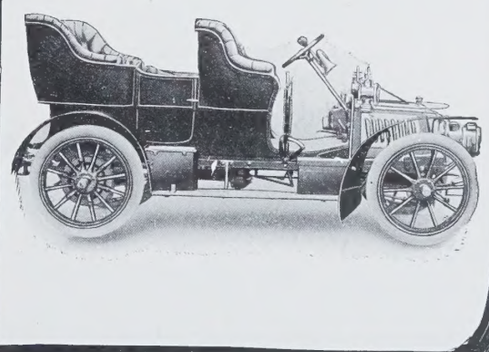
Telegrams: "MORSLIM, LONDON." Telephone: 1465 GERRARD.

PANHARD



THE PERFECTED MODEL.
THE JUSTLY CELEBRATED

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Early Deliveries.
ILLUSTRATED PARTICULARS POST FREE.
Trials by Appointment.

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LEVASSOR.

AN ECONOMICAL CAR.

The 12 h.p. Arrol-Johnston, which won the Glasgow Cup for economy in petrol consumption in the Scottish Trials.

inconsiderated riving upon public roads, and appealing to the perfectly fair and considerate treatment extended towards all motorists by the police of this county, I would ask the Automobile Club to use their best endeavours towards securing a more satisfactory state of affairs as regards the use of the road in question, and so enable the police to avoid employing harshly repressive and vexatious measures, which are so much to be deprecated in principle, and are repugnant to all concerned." During the Whitsuntide holidays the many hundreds of motorists who will be travelling upon the Great North Road will have an opportunity of showing their appreciation of the good sense and the kind feeling of the Chief Constable of Lincolnshire, of which we hope they will be careful to avail themselves.

THE CONTROL OF COMPETITIONS.

Last week we pointed out that the stringency of the very excellent competition rules recently formulated by the Automobile Club might with advantage be relaxed in the case of "closed" events organised by provincial clubs in which sport and amusement are the objects that the participants have in view rather than mere trade advertisement. It is clear that the parent body already recognises that regulations which are absolutely necessary to secure the satisfactory management of a big public meeting might, if strictly enforced, seriously discourage the holding of friendly competitions between the members of provincial clubs, and the Races Committee has immediately taken in hand the task of amending the competition rules with a view of rendering them more elastic than was at first intended.

AUTOMOBILES AND AGRICULTURE.

If slow, the progress of the agricultural motor is none the less sure. So successful has the motor-waggon service been in Yorkshire between Tollerton Station and Brandsby that it has quite revolutionised the produce trade of the district, and the Agricultural Organisation Society has in consequence been able to start the erection of a set of buildings at Brandsby which are to serve as agricultural stores. Another sign of the times appears in the shape of an interesting statement by a Staines farmer, who has used an agricultural motor for a period of twelve months. During that time it has ploughed on an average $2\frac{1}{4}$ acres per day, using a double-furrow plough, and making each furrow 6in. deep by 9in. wide. The land on which the motor-plough has been used is of a heavy character, and requires three horses, with a man and a boy, to plough three-quarters of an acre per day. To do the work accomplished by the motor-plough, nine horses, three men, and three boys would be required. As regards the relative expense, the farmer states that the work cost £1 14s. 6d. with horses, men, and boys for ploughing $2\frac{1}{4}$ acres, as against 18s. 6d. with the agricultural motor. The latter machine, moreover, in addition to ploughing, can be used to drive a five-knived chaff-cutter at half the cost of steam, thus saving 7s. 6d. per day. It is also used on occasion for threshing and for hauling.

It may be added that two new agricultural motors have just been introduced. One is an Ivel, intended for use in hop-gardens and vineyards, for which purpose it has been made specially narrow, so that it can go through the alleys without damaging the fruit; the total width, in fact, is only 4ft. $3\frac{3}{4}$in., the wheels being placed inside the frame instead of outside. The horizontal motor which is used has twin cylinders of $5\frac{1}{2}$in. bore by 5in. stroke and develops 14 h.p. at 900 revolutions per minute. No pump is fitted, the thermo-syphon system of water cooling being employed. The machine can be driven on petrol alone, or, if desired, can be used with a new carburettor which will serve for petrol or paraffin alike. As a result of some recent contests it is stated that with this carburettor, while using paraffin, only $8\frac{3}{4}$gal. of fuel were consumed during a working period of 4hr. 13min.,

Rochet-Schneider

"The world's finest touring Car."

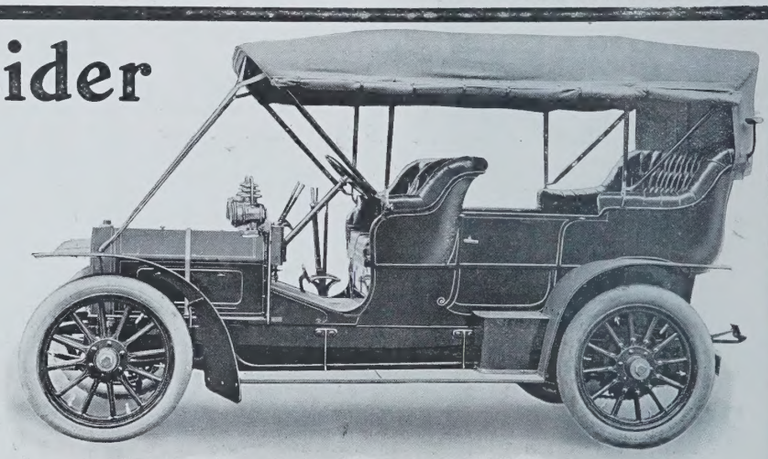
A motor masterpiece. . . Has the most modern improvements—is exceptionally well fitted and finished, and perfectly reliable.

Immediate Deliveries.

Trials by appointment.

Donne & Willans, Ltd.,

29a, Gillingham St., South Belgravia, London, S.W.



24-30 H.P. ROCHET-SCHNEIDER. D. & H.

MERCÉDÈS

18-28 H.P. Immediate Delivery. **28-32 H.P. Delivery in June.**

CARS FOR HIRE BY DAY, WEEK OR MONTH.

SPARE PARTS IN STOCK. **ALL REPAIRS EXECUTED.**

The Cannstatt Automobile Supply Association,

34, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.

Telegrams: "CANNSTATT, LONDON." Telephone: 10714 Central.

A CAREFULLY-DESIGNED, WELL-CONSIDERED, AND WELL-MADE MOTOR CAR.

The Autocar, April 22, 1905.

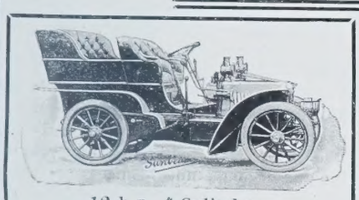
The Autocar says:

"It was with considerable interest that we made our regular show examination of this vehicle, and promised both our readers and ourselves the pleasure of describing and illustrating it more fully in our columns at a later date.

"The makers having now put all the necessary diagrams at our disposal, we are able to do this, and we are of the opinion that the perusal and examination of the accompanying description will enable our readers to appreciate the fact that there is yet another **carefully-designed, well-considered, and well-made motor car of home manufacture** upon the market. . . . . "The examination of the accompanying plans, with the brief description attached, will, we think, serve to show our readers that in the **LEGROS & KNOWLES Car**, we have an automobile **which will do credit to the name of the English industry.** We have inspected the small but very complete works in which this car is turned out, and if up-to-date methods, coupled with the latest things in machine tools and engineering skill, can make the **LEGROS & KNOWLES Car** a popular vehicle, its successful future is assured."—*April 29th, 1905.*

LEGROS & KNOWLES, Ltd.,
Cumberland Park, Willesden Junction.

The Silent Sunbeam



12-h.p., 4 Cylinders.

A 12-h.p. 4-Cylinder British-Made Car, with Oil-Bath Chain Cases, **£451 10**

QUIET WHEN WORKING, ELEGANT in DESIGN, and of PROVED RELIABILITY.

Every part of most Motor Cars is at the mercy of mud and dust, or flying stones. Every vulnerable part of the SILENT SUNBEAM is covered from the front to the back of the gear box by a sheet-steel shield. Our Oil-Bath Chain Cases insure the same protection to the chains, and reduce wear and tear, and vibration and noise.

Particulars, testimonials; trial trips arranged. Apply **Sunbeam Motor Car Co., Ltd.** (Dept. 7), **Upper Villiers Street, Wolverhampton.**
London Agent: H. C. DIGNASSE, 5, Marshall Street, Regent Street, London, W.

BROOKE

Brooke Motor Vehicles are as reliable as Brooke Motor Boats. The wonderful reliability of Baby II. at Monaco is only another example of the thought and care exercised in the construction of Brooke products. You should become further acquainted with them.

J. W. BROOKE & CO., Ltd.,
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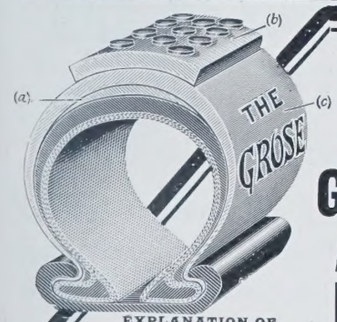
Telephone 80. Telegrams: "BROOKE, LOWESTOFT."



EXPLANATION OF DIAGRAM . . .
(a) Intermediate Leather to prevent rivets from injuring Rubber Cover. (b) Leather Tread with Steel Studs. (c) Leather Cover vulcanised on the ordinary Tyre which is taken down over the Beaded Edge.

WAS FIRST, 1897.
STILL THE BEST, 1905.

THE

GROSE NON-SKID AND PUNCTURE-PROOF BAND.

Send for Particulars of the "Grose" Band and Tyre combined. . . . .
A Revelation in Tyre Construction.
A Revolution in Price.

All particulars from the Sole Manufacturers,
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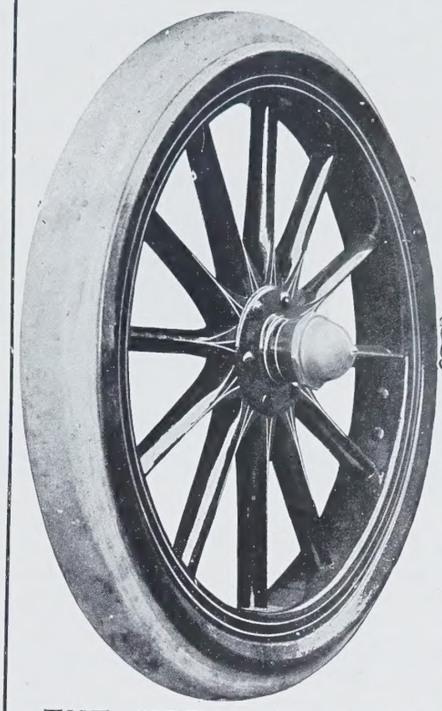
RUBBER TYRE MANUFACTURERS
By Special Appointment
TO H.M. THE KING.

Are you having . . .

TYRE TROUBLES ?



IN THE SCOTTISH RELIABILITY TRIALS.
In the Scottish Reliability Trials **20 cars broke down** owing to pneumatic tyre troubles, losing **over 12 hours** in less than four days only for repairs in the hands of experts with assistants, yet this loss of time was counted as a **non-stop.**

Let us quote for converting your wheels to these large High-speed.

PROVED SIRDAR BUFFER TYRES

In the BADMINTON LIBRARY (third edition), Sir ALFRED HARMSWORTH, Bart., says:
"I am inclined to think that the **pneumatic tyre craze** has been altogether overdone by motor car owners." "They are very liable to punctures in hot weather, more prone to cause sideslip, and in several ways a luxury that has to be paid for." "I advance these points to prevent a purchaser from committing himself to pneumatic tyres **because other people use them.**" "For some time past I have been gradually increasing the proportion of solid tyres in my stable."

Thousands of delighted users can be referred to.

THE SIRDAR RUBBER CO., LIMITED,
Depots: Moss St., Dublin; 116, North St., Glasgow, etc.
Offices and Works: Shirland Road, Paddington, London, W.
Showrooms: Down St., Piccadilly, London, W.
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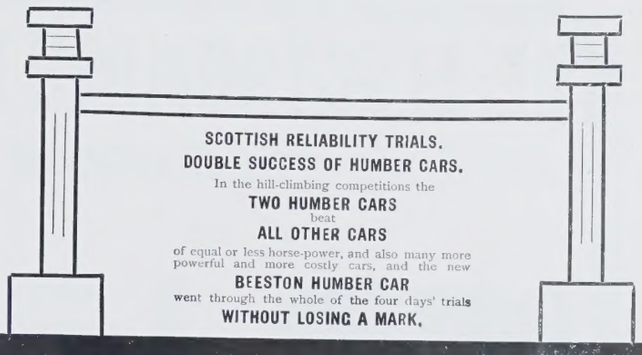
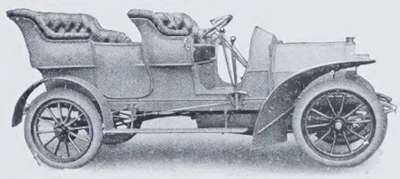
Telephones—1833 Paddington. 751 Dublin. Nat. 163 Charing Cross, Glasgow.



SCOTTISH RELIABILITY TRIALS.
DOUBLE SUCCESS OF HUMBER CARS.
In the hill-climbing competitions the
TWO HUMBER CARS
beat
ALL OTHER CARS
of equal or less horse-power, and also many more powerful and more costly cars, and the new
BEESTON HUMBER CAR
went through the whole of the four days' trials
WITHOUT LOSING A MARK.

THE FOUR-CYLINDER HUMBER CARRIAGE.



Prices: 225 to 450 Guineas.

COMPLETE SPECIFICATION ON APPLICATION. FREE TRIALS ARRANGED.

HUMBER, LTD., BEESTON (Notts.) and COVENTRY.

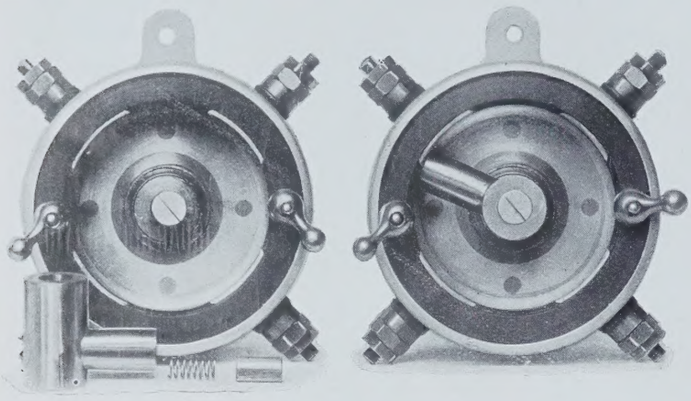
Depots: LONDON (Motor Cars)—13, Cambridge Place, Paddington, W.; (Cycles and Motor Cycles)—32, Holborn Viaduct. E.C.
LIVERPOOL—73, Bold Street. MANCHESTER—5, Deansgate.
BIRMINGHAM—4, Victoria Square. NOTTINGHAM—Grey Friar Gate.
SOUTHAMPTON—27, London Road.

during which time the machine ploughed 3 acres 1 rood 30 poles, at an average depth of 7½in.

Another new petrol-driven plough has also been introduced in France. It is fitted with a four-cylinder Vautour motor of 24 h.p., and is mounted on a steel chassis. The engine is water-cooled and works a dynamo charging the ignition batteries. The machine is fitted with a carburettor, which will use petrol, paraffin, or alcohol at option. When used as a plough the machine can be driven at an average speed of 2½ miles an hour, but it can also be employed at a faster pace for tractive purposes on the road.

THE MOTOR-BOATS OF 1905.

Continuing our practice of describing from time to time representative types of motor-boats of recent design, we reproduce on another page drawings of an 18ft. launch which has been completed within the last few days by the



THE LANCASTER ADAPTER
For altering a commutator from roller to wipe contact.

Immisch Company of Hampton-on-Thames, from designs by Mr. Linton Hope. This is a useful and attractive-looking little craft, which is suitable for general use on rivers or inland waters. The seating room is sufficient for six to eight persons, and the arrangement of the propelling mechanism renders the boat particularly convenient for the owner who is his own steersman and mechanic combined. The hull is carvel-built with 3-8in. cedar planking, finished in narrow widths, and the timbers are of elm, ½in. sided, and 7-16in. moulded, and spaced 3½in. centre to centre. The keel is of Oregon pine, and stem, sternpiece, deadwood, breasthook, floors, beams, and knees are all of English oak, natural crooks being employed wherever possible. It will thus be seen that the hull is a substantial piece of work, well fitted to bear the weight and strain of the propelling mechanism. The latter consists of a 3 h.p. four-cycle "Scout" motor, fitted with a 3 to 1 reducing gear. The reverse is obtained by a Gaines reversible propeller in bronze and fitted with a Hoffman ball thrust-block. The control is simplicity itself, as the engine is fitted with a special throttle connected with the reversing lever, so that the engine is automatically slowed down when the lever is in the neutral position. This is a point of some importance when the boat has to be taken in and out of locks by one man, as he has only the tiller and the reverse lever to attend to. The speed is about seven to eight miles an hour, which is ample for a river-boat, and the small draught—only slightly over 1ft.—would enable many out-of-the-way spots to be visited which would be inaccessible to the ordinary steam-launch. In a sense this motor-boat may be described as a "popular" type, as the cost, complete with cushions and fittings, is only £100.

A NEW SYSTEM OF CHARGING ELECTRIC CARRIAGES.

The cost of keeping an electric carriage will be very materially reduced by the system which the Electromobile Company has introduced, in conjunction with the principal electric-supply companies of London. There is no doubt that the garage system has proved a success in conducing to reliability and freedom from breakdown, owing to skilled periodical examination, and the replacement of worn parts immediately it becomes necessary. Up to the present, owing to difficulties in connection with the private charging of the batteries, carriages have been obliged to come daily to the depôts to charge or change their batteries; and this, in the case of owners living at some distance from the garage, has led to a waste of battery power and of tyres which has unnecessarily increased the cost of keeping an electric carriage.

It is now proposed to continue the garage system so far as it concerns the mechanical upkeep of the carriage, but the charging of batteries can henceforward be carried out in private stables at an extremely low cost. The plant will be put into the owners' stables by the companies at a small rental, and the necessary power for charging will be supplied at rates varying from 1d. to 2d. per unit. Of course this arrangement cannot be made in every part of London, but several of the electrical supply companies have come into line on the matter, and the chief residential districts are already covered.

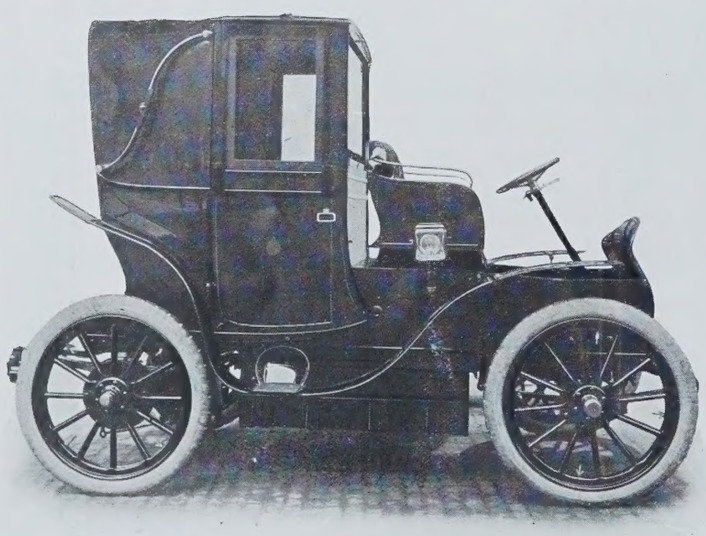
Under the new scheme the cost of electricity should not exceed £20 per annum, and in many cases it will be less. The battery has now reached such a degree of excellence that replating should not be necessary under eighteen months, which would make the cost of replating about £50 per annum. An ordinary coachman can be taught all that is necessary to keep the battery in good condition. Tyres will cost about £35 a year, and mechanical replacements should not exceed £50 a year, thus bringing the annual cost, exclusive of wages, to £155 a year. If owners prefer, they can have their carriages systematically inspected and maintained in running condition by contract, and all parts renewed when worn out for an inclusive sum of £75 a year. In such cases they are lent a carriage while their own is being repaired.

HILL-CLIMBING AND PETROL CONSUMPTION IN THE SCOTTISH TRIALS.

Last week we gave the full list of awards in this competition, but, owing to pressure on our space, were prevented from dealing at greater length with

THE ELECTROMOBILE COMPANY, LIMITED,

7, CURZON STREET, W.,



have now completed arrangements with the principal Electric Supply Companies in London, whereby

ELECTROMOBILES MAY NOW BE CHARGED IN THE OWNERS' STABLES.

By this means a

GREAT REDUCTION IN THE COST OF UPKEEP

will be effected owing to the

Saving of the mileage incidental to running daily to and from the Garage.

The Company is prepared to continue the system by which

THE CARRIAGE IS MAINTAINED IN EFFICIENT RUNNING CONDITION ON CONTRACT.

MERCÉDÈS

"His Majesty the King has recently added to his motor car stud one of the latest creations of the Cannstatt firm, viz, a 40-h.p. Mercédès. The new Royal Car is being housed at Buckingham Palace, and is mainly intended for travelling between London and Sandringham." —*Daily Paper.*

SPARE PARTS KEPT IN STOCK FOR 18/22, 18/28, 28/32, 35/40, 40/45, 60, 70 & 90-h.p.

Repairs executed by mechanics who are experts in their knowledge of MERCÉDÈS.

J. E. HUTTON, Ld., 81/83, Shaftesbury Avenue,

SOLE LONDON AGENTS.

AUTHORISED AGENTS—

RENNIE & PROSSER, Glasgow.
H. A. HAMSHAW, Leicester.
T. SHAW, Ltd., Dundee.
J. A. LAWTON & CO., Liverpool.
JOHN CROALL & SONS, Edinburgh.
GEORGE ACE, Tenby.

THE ABOVE SELLING AGENTS HAVE BEEN APPOINTED BY THE SOLE CONCESSIONNAIRES—

CANNSTATT MERCÉDÈS, Ltd., 127 and 130, LONG ACRE, W.C.

MICHELIN TYRES

AGAIN SCORE.

SCOTTISH RELIABILITY TRIALS,
May 10th and 13th, 1905.

11 Cars fitted with MICHELIN TYRES lost 33 minutes with tyre troubles.
19 " " X . . . . . TYRES lost 359 minutes with tyre troubles.
7 " " Y . . . . . TYRES lost 275 minutes with tyre troubles.
2 " " MICHELIN & Z . . . TYRES had no trouble with tyres.
4 " " A . . . B . . . & C . . . TYRES No report.
43 Cars.

MICHELIN & CIE.,
49-50, SUSSEX PLACE, SOUTH KENSINGTON, LONDON, S.W.

Telegraphic Address: "FIATISM, LONDON."
Telephone Nos.: 3171 & 1849 GERRARD.

World's Track Record Broken

BY 75-H.P.

F.I.A.T.

AT NEW YORK.

Standing Mile - 52⅘ Seconds.

MILAN RELIABILITY TRIALS:
24-h.p. FIAT - 1st in its class.
16-h.p. FIAT - 1st in its class.

BRIGHTON DEPOT:—
Brighton & South Coast Motor Garages, Ltd.,
ST. JAMES'S STREET, BRIGHTON.

SOLE CONCESSIONNAIRES FOR GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND—

FIAT MOTORS, Ltd.,
37 & 38, Long Acre, London, W.C.

the judges' report. We now give a list of the cars which completed the trials arranged in order of merit according to the marks awarded for hill-climbing. In the second and third columns respectively will be found the figures relating to the average petrol consumption per ton mile, and the miles run per gallon by each car throughout the trials. The former alone shows the real fuel efficiency of the competing vehicles, and the latter is merely of interest as indicating the quantity of petrol required to run each car with a full load over roads of a peculiarly trying character. It need hardly be pointed out that the low marks obtained by the Daimler in no way reflect on the undoubted hill-climbing powers of that very excellent car, and were entirely due to the unfortunate silencer trouble which it experienced during the ascent of Aberfeldy hill.

Name of car.	*Hill-climbing marks.*	*Consumption per ton mile in gal.*	*Miles per gal.*	*Order of merit for fuel consumption.*
	CLASS A.			
6 h.p. Wolseley	5,303	·0404	33·2	17
9 ,, Cadillac	4,358	·039	29·2	14*
8 ,, De Dion	2,967	·043	25·1	20*
	CLASS B.			
14 ,, Wolseley	7,421	·03	25·5	3*
12 ,, Arrol-Johnston ...	6,826	·023	31·1	1
12 ,, Gladiator	5,347	·029	24·5	2
12 ,, Clement	5,113	·034	23·6	5*
16 ,, Albion	4,835	·034	19·7	5*
10 ,, Argyll	4,351	·034	24·7	5*
10 ,, Ford	1,845	·066	15·7	30
	CLASS C.			
20 ,, Ariel	8,009	·034	16·5	5*
24 ,, Mors	7,808	·036	16·4	9*
16 ,, Argyll	7,481	·03	22·8	3*
24 ,, Thornycroft	7,450	·04	15·7	16
18 ,, Siddeley	7,071	·036	20·1	9*
20 ,, Vinot and Dequingand	6,884	·038	16·5	13
30 ,, Belsize	6,149	·041	14·5	18*
8 ,, Humber	5,860	·041	23·1	18*
16 ,, Humber	5,626	·043	17·5	20*
12 ,, Swift	5,420	·037	23·2	11*
12 ,, R. Brasier	5,220	·037	18·6	11*
14 ,, Minerva	5,110	·045	18·8	22*
12 ,, Argyll	5,003	·039	18·4	14
12 ,, Gladiator	4,588	·049	16	24*
15 ,, Chenard and Walcker...	4,405	·053	14	29
16 ,, Clement	4,317	·045	13·5	22*
24 ,, Germain	4,105	·067	9·9	31
15 ,, Brooke	3,876	·051	14·6	27
16 ,, Gladiator	3,677	·049	11·8	24*
12 ,, Pipe	3,479	·052	15·2	28
30 ,, Daimler	1,613	·05	11	26

ITEMS.

At the time when there seemed a probability that the match between M. Paul Meyan and Mr. Siddeley would fall through, owing to a hitch in the preliminary negotiations, Mr. Edge wrote to the former, saying that he would be very pleased to drive his Napier against M. Meyan's De Dietrich. Messrs. Jarrott and Letts have now offered, in order that Mr. Edge should not be disappointed in his desire to test his car, to run another De Dietrich against his Napier over the same route and under the same conditions as the Siddeley-Meyan trial, or any reasonable modification of the same.

Messrs. Rolls inform us that the brake tests of their six-cylinder engine, which proved quite satisfactory, have been confirmed by the road tests of the complete chassis, which, when carrying a full load, has proved that it can be driven on the flat from five to fifty miles an hour on the top speed. Moreover, all ordinary hills are mounted with ease on the top gear, on which the drive is direct.

Carburine motor-spirit was used solely by the members of the Midland Automobile Club in their Consumption Trials held on May 13th, in which, as we reported at the time, the winning car made an average of thirty-eight miles to the gallon.

The "Handbook for Automobilists," the second edition of which has just been issued by the Continental Tyre Company, is a handy volume, stocked with useful information, and is rendered doubly attractive by the fact that it can be obtained free (except for sixpence for postage) on application to the firm at 104, Clerkenwell Road. The contents comprise sections on the Motor-car Acts and regulations, the taxes on motor-cars, the automobile clubs in this country and abroad, and, most important of all, a gazetteer, giving an alphabetical list of towns, with particulars of oil and petrol depôts, repairers, garages, electric charging stations, doctors, and hotels. Railway freights, customs tariffs, and European frontier regulations are all described in detail. A list of convenient tours, with a map of Great Britain, completes the handbook, which for comprehensiveness and accuracy is altogether to be commended.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has placed an order for a 24 h.p. Wolseley, which will be fitted with a specially-designed body of the limousine type. The Wolseley Company also inform us that a further large order for motor-omnibuses for service in London has been placed with the firm. In this connection it is interesting to note that, like the pleasure cars, the Wolseley omnibus, including the body-work, is built throughout by the Wolseley Company.

We illustrate on a previous page an ingenious application of the system of multiple-point contact, fitted to a La Coste type of commutator, by which intermittent misfiring at high speeds is avoided. It will be seen that a small spring ensures firm contact. The adapter, which costs only six shillings, is the invention of Mr. E. H. Lancaster, the exclusive agent in this country for the well-known Clement cars.

Messrs. Humber have generously presented a 16—20 h.p. Beeston Humber car to the Gordon Boys' Home, in order to assist Colonel Purchas in his excellent scheme for training suitable lads in his charge to become motor-drivers.

THE SILENT

LÉON BOLLÉE

Is the Premier French Chassis.

24-H.P. 40-H.P.

SILENT, SPEEDY, and a POWERFUL HILL-CLIMBER.

One of these famous Cars, 24-H.P., fitted with very handsome side-entrance body and ready for the road, for immediate delivery.

A CUSTOMER WRITES OF HIS 24-H.P. LÉON BOLLEE:—

The Manager, Victoria Carriage Works, Ltd. "TUNSTALL, STAFFS., *May 5th*, 1905.

DEAR SIR,—I have very great pleasure in saying that the car quite comes up to my expectations (which were great), and goes better to-day than when I took delivery. Have done over 1,700 miles without a breakdown of any kind, and that is a good enough recommendation, since I am not a *slow* driver. The Bollée is quite up to its reputation.—Yours truly, J. H. FLEMING."

Sole Agents for the United Kingdom:—

VICTORIA CARRIAGE WORKS, LTD., 24, 25, 26, 121 & 122, LONG ACRE, W.C.

Builders of handsome Motor Car Bodies to suit all Chassis.

THE FOLLOWING CARS ARE READY FOR PROMPT DELIVERY:—

24-H.P. LEON BOLLEÉ, with tonneau body, scarcely soiled, first opportunity of offering one of these popular cars second hand, **£650.**

12-H.P. HUMBER TOURING CAR, new ... **300 Guineas.**

8-H.P. HUMBER CAR, tonneau body, hardly discernible from new, **200 Guineas.**

7½-H.P. HUMBER CAR, 2-cylinders, new ... **200 Guineas.**

TELEGRAMS: "GUERDON, LONDON." TELEPHONE: 4466 CENTRAL.

"MINIMAX"

57, LEADENHALL ST., LONDON, E.C.

THE ONLY HAND FIRE EXTINGUISHER

Specially designed for

MOTOR CARS.

4-CYLINDER 16 H.P.

CLIMAX MOTORS, LTD., COVENTRY,

CAN DELIVER FROM STOCK:—

2-Cylinder 10/12 h.p., 3-Cylinder 15 h.p., and 4-Cylinder 20 h.p.

LISTS AND TRIAL RUNS ON APPLICATION.

"Pioneers of High-Class Cars at Popular Prices."

"CARBURINE" MOTOR SPIRIT.

As supplied to the WINNER of GORDON-BENNETT RACE, 1903.

Prices, Particulars, and List of Agents in England, Ireland, Scotland, post free on application to

The Sole Manufacturers: THE GAS LIGHTING IMPROVEMENT CO., Ltd., 18, Devonshire Street, Bishopsgate, E.C.

"Maudslay" Motor Cars

14-b.h.p., 20-b.h.p., and 30-b.h.p. Cars

TWO, THREE, and FOUR-CYLINDER CARS,

Ready for **IMMEDIATE DELIVERY,** with open or closed bodies, can be seen and tried at London Showrooms,

213-223, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

OPPOSITE THE BARRACKS.

PUBLIC SERVICE CARS. MOTOR LAUNCHES.

Marine Agents for South Coast: **C. SIBBICK & SON, COWES.**

Works:
PARKSIDE, COVENTRY.

TELEGRAMS: "MAUDSLAY, COVENTRY."
TELEPHONES: 2364 KENSINGTON.
110 COVENTRY.

THE TEMPLE FLOWER SHOW.

THE flower exhibition in the Inner Temple Gardens seems to be an annual fixture, many years having elapsed since the Royal Horticultural Society, by the kind permission of the Benchers, held its first show in the restful gardens by the Thames-side. One exhibition is very much like another, but the display of this year will be remembered for its freshness, beauty, and brave massing of colours. If we may grumble, it is to direct attention to the absolute want of artistic arrangement. There is an oppressive monotony in these annual shows; but all English exhibitions are the same—a surfeit of beautiful things which must be sought out for close inspection.

MESSRS. PULHAM'S ROCK WORK.

The exhibits were delightful. Orchids, roses, cannas, alpine flowers in bewildering variety, exotics, trees and shrubs, and fruits and vegetables composed this memorable display, and all concerned in its production have good reason to congratulate themselves upon its success. The president, Sir Trevor Lawrence, Bart., the council, the secretary, the Rev. W. Wilks, who, it will be remembered, raised the beautiful "Shirley poppies," and Mr. Wright, the superintendent of the shows, have all worked with energy to achieve this great result. The Temple Show of 1905 was probably the greatest horticultural display the present generation has seen.

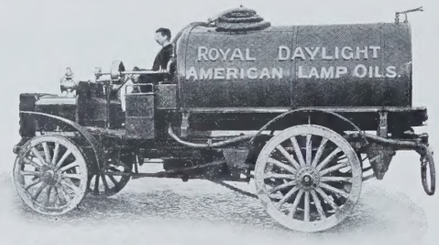
The roses were, as usual, a centre of great attraction, and the group from Messrs. William Paul of Waltham Cross contained, amongst other lovely varieties, two plants of the new rambler variety, Lady Gay, which is even finer than the famous Dorothy Perkins. It is an American-raised variety, strong in growth and exceptionally free, the flowers almost hiding the leaves, and the shoots bent with the burden of the large, clear pink rosettes. There is not the slightest doubt that this rose will become as popular as the ever-welcome Gloire de Dijon.

Mr. Charles Turner of the Royal Nurseries, Slough, was represented by the usual beautiful group of roses, the dwarf plants being shown to advantage by pillars and standards of the leading varieties. We noticed in this gay throng the Crimson Rambler, which Mr. Turner introduced to the public several years ago, and the famous La France. Messrs. Paul and Son of Cheshunt occupied their usual place in a corner of the large tent, and we think these well-known rosarians have seldom shown so varied and interesting an exhibit, which comprised not only leading varieties, but a new hybrid tea called David Harum. Then Colchester was represented by splendid groups from Messrs. Benjamin R. Cant and Sons, the Old Rose Gardens, and Messrs. Frank Cant and Co., Braiswick Rose Gardens, in the same town, the last mentioned showing the charming Austrian Copper Briar, which is of all the early summer roses the most welcome. There were roses, too, from Messrs. T. S. Ware, Limited, Feltham; Hobbies, Limited, Dereham; and Mr. George Mount, Canterbury. In almost every exhibit the variety Dorothy Perkins was conspicuous, and its pure rose flowers made bright bits of colour

PETROLEUM PRODUCTS.

FINEST AMERICAN LAMP OILS.

"WHITE ROSE" and "ROYAL DAYLIGHT."



Good Alike for Lamp or Stove.

Brilliant Light. Free from Odour.

PRATT'S MOTOR SPIRIT.

IN SEALED CANS ONLY. EMPTIES EXCHANGEABLE EVERYWHERE.

Always Reliable.

Always the Best.

SOLE IMPORTERS—

ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL Co., LTD., 22, BILLITER ST., LONDON, E.C.

Standard 24-H.P. Car, with Cape Cart Hood.

OUR SPECIAL FEATURES. SIMPLICITY OF DESIGN AND CONTROL. ACCESSIBILITY OF PARTS.

THORNYCROFT.

TRIAL RUNS BY APPOINTMENT.

Send for our Catalogue, Section M 3.

MOTOR VEHICLE DEPARTMENT: HOGARTH LANE, CHISWICK, W.

"HARDEN STAR" CHEMICAL FIRE EXTINCTEURS.

The only Reliable Means of Extinguishing Burning Petrol and other Combustible Materials.

NO OWNERS OF MOTOR CARS SHOULD BE WITHOUT THEM.

HARDEN STAR, LEWIS & SINCLAIR CO., PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.

THE LONDON GLOVE COMPY.'S CELEBRATED WASHABLE GLOVES.

SPECIAL ATTENTION is directed to these UNRIVALLED GLOVES.

IN KID OR SUÈDE for LADIES and GENTLEMEN.

From INDIA

A Customer writes:—

"I thought it might interest you to know my experience of your Washable Gloves in India. I enclose a pair bought from you two years ago, which have been in Madras nearly all that time; they have been washed countless times. They are the only Glove I know of that do not harden or spot in that climate, and their washable quality is invaluable."

London Press Opinions.

"Golden opinions come gratuitously to hand every day as to the complete success of the Washable Kid Gloves."

—*The Queen.*

"I myself have proved that they fit, wear, and wash excellently without the least deterioration in softness or colour."

—*Lady's Pictorial.*

BEST QUALITY

WASHABLE KID.

The "VALLIER" Washable French Kid, very best quality obtainable, in White, Lavender, Grey, Beaver, or Tan, two large Pearl Buttons, 3/9 per pair.

The "VALLIER" Washable French Kid, very best quality obtainable, in White and colours as above, four Buttons, 3/11 per pair; 23/- per half doz.

ELBOW LENGTH.

The "VALLIER" Washable French Kid, very best quality obtainable, 12-Button length Mousquetaire, in White only, 5/11 per pair; 35/- per half doz.

GENTLEMEN'S WASHABLE KID.

The "VALLIER" Best Quality French Kid, in Dark Gray, Tan, Lavender, or White, *Roundseam Sewn*, two Pearl Buttons, 3/11 per pair; 23/- per half doz.

BEST QUALITY

WASHABLE SUÈDE.

The "VALLIER" Ladies' Washable French Suede Gloves, very best quality obtainable, in White, Lavender, Grey, Beaver, or Tan, four Pearl Buttons, 3/11 per pair; 23/- per half doz.

PIQUÉ SEWN.

The "VALLIER" Ladies' Washable French Suede Gloves, very best quality obtainable, in White, Lavender, Grey, Beaver, or Tan, two Press Buttons, 4/6 per pair; 26/6 per half doz.

ELBOW LENGTH.

The "VALLIER" Washable French Suede, very best quality obtainable, 12-Button length Mousquetaire, in White, Lavender, and Beaver, 5/11 per pair; 35/- per half doz.

GENTLEMEN'S WASHABLE SUÈDE.

The "VALLIER" Best Quality French Suede, in Grey, Beaver, and Tan Shades. *Roundseam Sewn*, two Pearl Buttons, 3/11 per pair; 23/- per half doz.

New Price List, fully illustrated, will be sent post free on application to any address in Great Britain or abroad.

Postal and Post Office Orders to be made payable to the London Glove Company at the General Post Office.

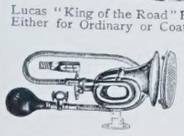
45 & 45a, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C., and 82 & 83, NEW BOND STREET, W.

LUCAS MOTORALITIES.

Lucas "King of the Road" Head Lights. Either for Ordinary or Coated Carbide.

Lucas "King of the Road" Side Lamps.

Lucas "King of the Road" Back Lights.



Lucas "Two Turn" Horns.

Lucas "Stirrup" Pump.

Lucas Lifting Jacks.

Lucas "Two Stage" Pumps.

BRITISH MADE.

SEND FOR MOTOR LIST.

JOSEPH LUCAS, LTD., BIRMINGHAM.

The Smoke that SATISFIES.

"L'extravagance de la perfection."

Tortoise-shell Mixture

5d. per oz. 1/8 per ¼-lb. Tin.

W. A. & A. C. CHURCHMAN.

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Gt. Britain and Ireland), Limited.

here, there, and everywhere. It was one of the brightest of the many things in this great show.

The large tent in which the roses were displayed was drenched with perfume not only from the queen of flowers, but also from the orchids, which were shown in great abundance and delightful variety. Messrs. Sander and Co. of St. Albans had a display covering no less than 200 square feet. It is impossible to mention every kind there displayed, but we noticed an exceptionally beautiful cattleya called C. Schröderæ The Baron, of which the flower is as pure as driven snow, except for a lip—or, to use the word of the botanist, labellum—of gorgeous colouring. A plant of Dendrobium thyrsiflorum, too, had no less than fifteen of its pendant, fragrant spikes, a mass of bloom which we have never seen excelled.

MECONOPSIS INTEGRIFOLIA.
(*Messrs. James Veitch and Sons.*)

There were orchids from Messrs. Charlesworth and Co., Heaton, Bradford, the great orchidists of the North; Messrs. Hugh Low and Co., Bush Hill Park, Enfield; Stanley and Co. of Southgate; Bull and Sons, Chelsea; and Mr. Cypher, Cheltenham; while among the amateurs, Sir Frederick Wigan, Bart., and Mr. J. Colman were conspicuous. Although orchids were less numerous than last year, the groups were even richer in rare kinds.

Crowds lingered about the displays of alpine flowers and hardy perennials, and no wonder. Messrs. Kelway and Sons' tree pæonies from Langport are always a source of interest, and this year the big flaunting flowers in many beautiful colourings seemed fresher than ever, and recalled the great splendour of large bushes in the open garden. We always seek their exhibit to refresh our memory of the old varieties, and make acquaintance with the novelties. It has become of late years the custom to show alpine plants on an artificial rock garden, to suggest the way the various things should be placed out of doors, and this is not only instructive, but breaks the monotony of rows of boxes and stands. Messrs. Cheal of Crawley, James Carter and Co., High Holborn, and several others had exhibits of this description.

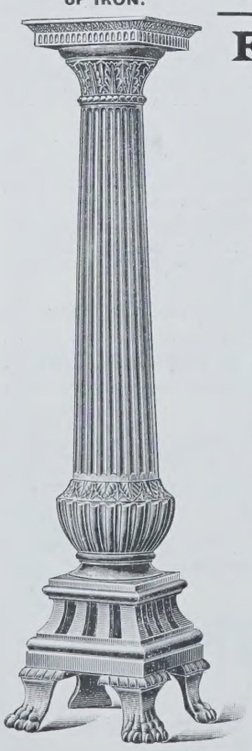
THE NEW RAMBLER ROSE, LADY GAY.
(*William Paul and Son.*)

It is impossible within the compass of a few notes to mention every exhibit of merit in the wonderful show. The tulips from Ireland were superb, and also from Messrs. Barr

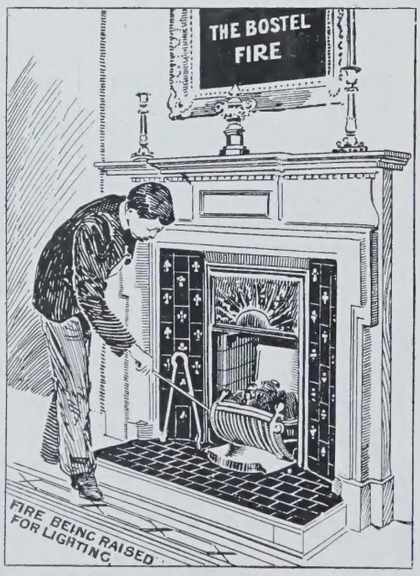
FOR THE GARDEN.

SUNDIAL PILLAR.
In BRONZE METAL or IRON.

VASES. PEDESTALS. CHAIRS.
FOUNTAINS. FLOWER STANDS.
MADE IN IRON OR BRONZE METAL OR LEAD.



FOR THE HOUSE.
The "BOSTEL FIRE."
A SAFE MODERN FIRE PLACE.



Slow Combustion or Quick Combustion by Lowering or Raising the Fire.

A Purchaser writes:—"Enclosed please find cheque for another BOSTEL GRATE, 12in. I am glad to be able to tell you that the 16in. FIRE I had put in here is a *very great success*. It is very clean, economical, and gives out great heat, the room it is in being quite a different place since we put it in."

Refer to Department A.

THE COALBROOKDALE Co., Ltd.,
141, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

NO HOUSE
IS COMPLETE UNLESS IT CONTAINS ONE OF OUR
ELECTRIC KETTLES.

IN BRASS, COPPER, NICKEL OR SILVER PLATED.

PRICES FROM 27/6.

We are also able to supply the utensils necessary for doing all your Cooking by Electricity.

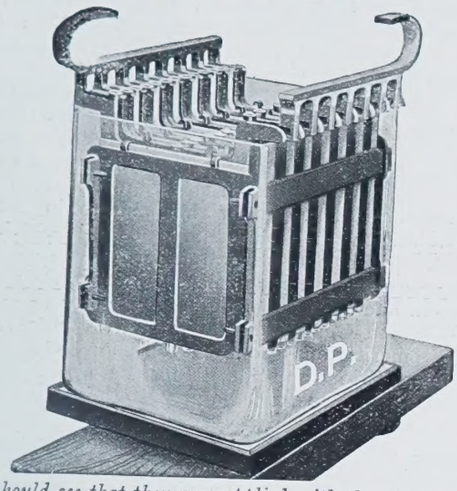
CALL AND SEE OUR SYSTEM IN OPERATION.

RASHLEIGH PHIPPS & Co.,
147, Oxford Street, London, W.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue, Just Published.

The

COUNTRY HOUSE ACCUMULATOR.



Users should see that they are supplied with the D.P. Battery, as used at Chatsworth, Eaton Hall, Wynyard Park, etc.

These are of **BRITISH MANUFACTURE THROUGHOUT,** being made at the D.P. Company's Works at Bakewell, Derbyshire.

The

D.P. BATTERY CO., LTD.,

11, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.

There's nothing better than

'Cravenette' (Regd.)

FOR

WET or FINE RAIN or SHINE

You must have "Cravenette" shower-proofs for wet weather; they are waterproof and hygienic because porous.

You can wear them for fine weather, because they are smart and fashionable.

Dust-proof as well as shower-proof.

TO BE OBTAINED FROM ALL LEADING DRAPERS.

IN CASE OF ANY DIFFICULTY PLEASE WRITE TO—

THE CRAVENETTE CO., Ltd., Bradford, Yorkshire.

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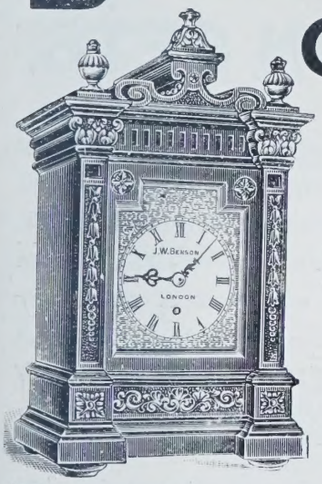

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and Sons of Covent Garden, who had also many dainty alpines, poppies, and other flowers of late May. Lilies, primulas, eremuri, and a very charming variety of Phlox canadensis, called Perry's, came from the well-known grower of hardy plants, Mr. Amos Perry, Winchmore Hill, N., and Messrs. Wallace and Co., Colchester, also had an exceptionally fine display, including several of the quaint irises, known as the cushion or oncocyclus, in which the petals are veined and suffused with

GLOXINIAS, CINERARIAS, AND CALCEOLARIAS.
(Messrs. Sutton and Sons.)

exquisite colouring. There were lilies in profusion, and, while looking at the odorous flowers, we realised that summer is at hand, when once again that peerless of all flowers, the Madonna lily, will open its white petals to the sun. The anemones from Messrs. Reamsbottom, Geashill, King's County, Ireland, have been seen on previous occasions, but we are always pleased to renew acquaintanceship with this race of flowers. Messrs. George Bunyard and Co. of Maidstone are more famous for their fruit than for hardy flowers, but a charming little display of alpines deserves mention.

Near the principal entrance Messrs. Pulham of Broxbourne, the well-known makers of rock gardens, had an elaborate display, which proved one of the most important features of the show. It was a most instructive and well-planned exhibit, and deserves hearty praise. Mr. Notcutt brought from Woodbridge his salmon-orange-coloured poppy Lady Roscoe, a flower of great delicacy and beauty.

The exhibits on the lawns were more beautiful than usual, and we are pleased that the council have determined to make an open-air garden, as much as possible, of the Temple Show. Owing to a want of ventilation the tents are uncomfortably hot, and the sultry weather, especially of the first day, made a tour of the tents almost impossible. Grouped on the lawns were the exhibits of Messrs. James Veitch and Sons, Limited, of Chelsea. There were pæonies, primulas, and the towering spikes of Eremurus robustus elwesianus, which were worth a long journey to see, but the keen gardener was, perhaps, most interested in the new meconopsis, M. integrifolia, from China. This firm has accomplished a great work for horticulture in sending out Mr. E. H. Wilson to explore the wilds of Eastern Thibet. Messrs. Veitch also had several other classes of flowers—caladiums, crotons, ferns, and azaleas. Messrs. R. G. Cuthbert, Southgate, N., had beautiful azaleas.

The Veitchian Cup, valued at fifty-two guineas, and given for the most meritorious group in the show, was awarded to Messrs. Thomas Cripps and Son, Tunbridge Wells. It consisted chiefly of maples, but we noticed amongst other things the golden elm and the golden oak.

A bright splash of colour was seen in the display from Messrs. Fisher, Son, and Sibray, Handsworth, Sheffield, the well-known rhododendron Pink Pearl having many clusters of its clear, soft, rosy flowers; but quite as worthy of note was a rhododendron called Doncaster, which is of a bright crimson shade, and very charming. Ilex Wilsoni, one of the finest of the hollies, was also shown. Almost opposite this group were the curiously-cut bushes from Messrs. William Cutbush and Sons of Highgate. The group was quite an object-lesson in topiary work, and it was a happy coincidence to find the large collection of pigmy trees, from Messrs. Barr and Sons of Covent Garden, a few yards away. The two classes have much in common.

The maples and other things from Messrs. R. Smith and Co., Worcester, made a great show, and also represented by groups on the lawn was Mr. Russell of Richmond, Surrey.

Messrs. Sutton and Sons of Reading had a magnificent display. It consisted of their graceful Stellata cinerarias,

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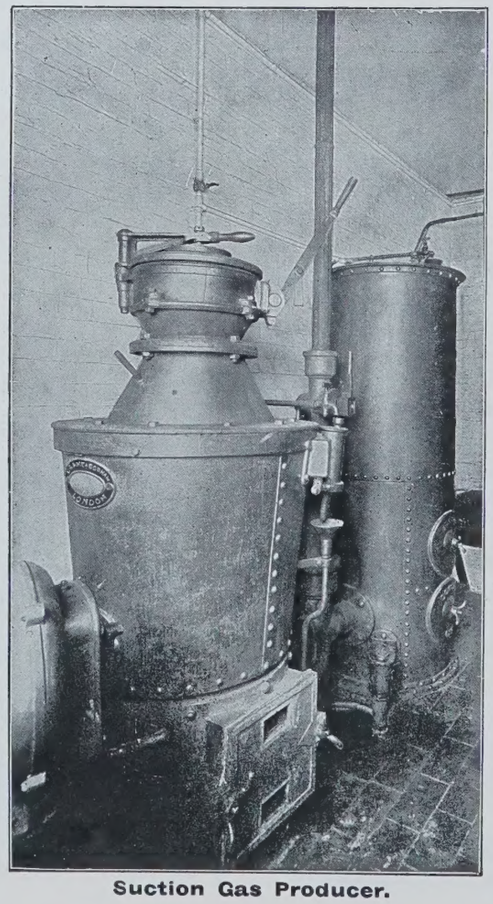

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calceolarias in many rich colourings, gloxinias, and schizanthus, delightfully set off by maidenhair ferns and the pretty little Caladium argyrites. The cannas from Messrs. Cannell and Sons of Swanley were gorgeous, and a blaze of scarlet, crimson, and gold. Messrs. Cutbush's and Hugh Low's carnations, the clematises from Messrs. R. Smith and Co. of Worcester, the rhododendrons from Messrs. J. Waterer and Sons, Limited, Bagshot, Surrey, the lilies of the valley from Mr. Jannock and Mr. W. Iceton, scented the air with their fragrance.

The Temple Show is for the most part one of flowers, but it would not be complete without the fruits from Messrs. T. Rivers and Sons of Sawbridgeworth. Their new peach, Peregrine, will be the joy of the garden in the future; its flavour is delicious. Messrs. Sutton and Sons had a remarkable exhibit of forty varieties of potatoes from tubers planted on March 1st, and the strawberries from Messrs. Laxton Brothers, Bedford, were tempting. Bedford Champion and Reward are two novelties of great promise. Messrs. Bunyard and Co. had a collection of no less than eighty-five varieties of apples in excellent preservation, and a cherry named Guigne d'Annonay, the chief merit of which is its earliness. Messrs. Cannell's vegetables were, as usual, remarkable for their even quality. It may be interesting to know that of the many awards made by the judges, the following each received a gold medal: Sir F. Wigan, Bart., for orchids; Sir A. Henderson, Bart., M.P., for fruit and vegetables; Messrs. James Veitch, for stove, hardy, and new plants; Messrs. F. Sander, for orchids and nicotiana; Messrs. Cutbush, for carnations and alpines; Messrs. Paul and Son, for roses; Messrs. Charlesworth, for orchids; Messrs. Cripps and Son, for shrubs; Messrs. Sutton and Sons, for greenhouse plants; and Messrs. Wallace and Co., for alpines and lilies.

JUNE MAGAZINES.

THE *Fortnightly* for June has, in addition to the usual supply of political articles, several papers of very great interest to the lover of literature. The number opens with a discourse by Mr. L. Higgin on Alfonso XIII. of Spain, which is varied by a few of the stories that usually spring up about Royalty. Here is a fair example:

"Many were the stories told of his childhood; one, which is well known, shows so much the characteristic determination of his later years that it is worth repeating here. While still a child in the nursery, his governess rebuked him for putting his knife in his mouth. 'Gentlemen never eat like that,' she said.

'But I am a King,' remarked the child.

'Kings still less put knives in their mouths,' said the governess.

'This King does,' was the reply."

And here is another, which perhaps is legendary:

"The Royal children were playing in the gardens of the Palace, which overhang the steep decline to the Manzanares, the resort of the laundresses of Madrid, whose children may always be seen playing on the banks while their mothers dam up the river water and cleanse their linen in this primitive wash-tub. Down below was a group of these poor children playing, probably at bull-fight, in which game one boy will be ferocious in a pair of horns made of sticks with the curled shavings from a carpenter's bench twisted round them. After a time the group dispersed, thinking of some fresh game to play, and all ran away but one little girl, who being lame could not keep up with them. Finding herself alone and deserted, the little mite leaned against the wall, sobbing as if her heart would break. The King, who had been watching the game, became furious; he would do all sorts of dreadful things to the selfish runaways, and insisted that his gentleman-in-waiting should go down to the deserted child and bring her up to him. This was done; the Royal children gathered round her and persuaded her to tell them her sorrow, while they consoled her with their own toys and various good things dear to small people. The Queen-mother, who was by this time on the scene, approved of all her boy had done, and suggested to him in addition that, as the child was lame, they should send for her parents and try to find out if something could not be done to cure her, or, if not, to provide anything that might be necessary to make the best of her calamity. This was done, to the great delight of the King, and permanent provision was made for the future of the little cripple."

Mr. F. G. Bettany writes a vigorous article in praise of Anthony Trollope's novels. Apparently he is under the belief that this novelist is in the way of a revival. It is interesting to hear his views, though for our own part we disagree with him. Trollope enjoyed a reward in his own day and generation, but he was not a great writer. He was what has been said of him—Thackeray with all the poetry and all the philosophy of Thackeray left out; and, for our own part, after making several conscientious attempts to re-read him, we had to give it up in despair. Still, we reproduce Mr. Bettany's belief for what it is worth:

"If only contemporary novel readers knew what a full and exact picture of their fathers' days, what an array of entertaining and convincing types of humanity, what storehouses of humorous invention and shrewd analysis lie buried behind the covers of the yellow-backed novel or clumsy 'three-decker' which on some bookseller's stall, maybe, bears 'old Anthony's' signature, they would turn from their many modern story-tellers to the man whom such have often imitated, and there would be no longer any ground for talking of the neglect of Trollope."

Mr. Maurice Gerothwohl writes a very learned paper on the "Ethics of Don Juan," full of history, but somewhat lacking in understanding of the philosophy of the matter. If we would thoroughly apprehend the idea of Don Juan as it is imaged in the works of many different writers, we have to remember that monogamy is a very artificial arrangement which probably is

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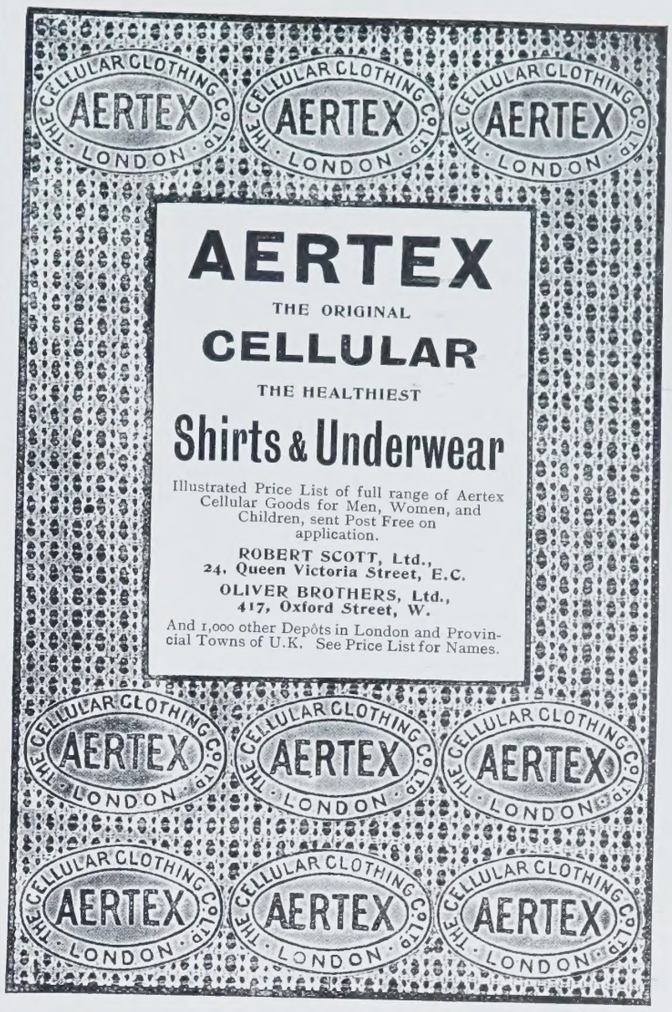

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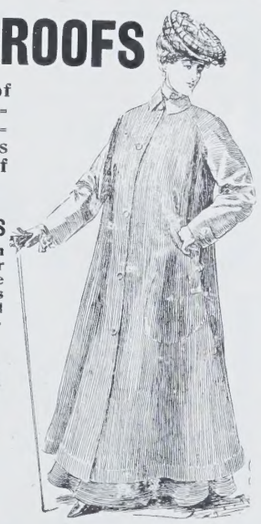

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for the good of society, and, therefore, is all worthy of observance; but the beast that is in man will at times tend to revolt against it, and when an individual does so revolt there is enough sympathy to make the episode amusing.

Among the things that might be better left out of the *Fortnightly* might be numbered, we think, "Time's Abstract and Brief Chronicle," by Mr. G. K. Chesterton. It is a sort of conversational commentary on the topics of the hour, and how much refinement and elegance it contains may be judged from the following extract:

"My view of female suffrage is, that if it were conceded it would make absolutely no difference at all. There are the same kind and the same number of Conservative she-donkeys as there are of Conservative donkeys. There are the same type and number of Progressive Radical pigs as there are of Progressive Radical sows. As long as your whole community is dominated by gentility and social needs and modern refinements, in a word by false goods, you will not find any sensational difference between the sexes on that side. If you have a snobbish society, you will not find that the women will, to say the least of it, be less snobbish than the men. They could not well be more."

Mr. F. S. A. Lowndes writes pleasantly about the "Literary Associations of the American Embassy," and Laurence Binyon contributes a characteristic piece of verse on Paris and Œnone.

In the *Cornhill* there is an article full of gusto by Alexander Innes Shand on "Gastronomic Divagations," from which we take the following appetising little passage:

"You land your six or eight pound grilse shortly before dinner, silver-scaled, fresh run, and covered with the sea-lice. You crimp him on the bank, plunge him again in the chilly water, and then send him to the lodge by swift messenger. As Mrs. Poyser sensibly remarks, it is a poor thing when the flavour is in the cruets. Sprinkle with parsley, serve simply in the water in which he was boiled, with, perhaps, a dash of anchovy and some faint suspicion of chili; but that may be matter of opinion."

The *Independent Review* is, as usual, extremely political, but it contains one or two articles of interest to the general reader. As an example we may refer to Mr. G. G. Coulton's "Catholicism and Morals." Mr. Coulton is in the way of engaging Dr. Barry in a controversy, and in the course of his arguments he is not afraid to stick up for the people of his own generation. He says:

"Even the slight tendency of certain crimes to increase in recent years leaves us still out of all proportion better than our ancestors of 600 years ago. I will review briefly all the crimes of which Dr. Barry complains. By two independent calculations, from coroners' rolls of Oxford and Bedfordshire, I get at the same result—that the percentage of murders and homicides to the total population of those days was *more than twenty times* greater than at present. With rape the disproportion is greater still; for it was a habitual practice in warfare, and when was Europe without war? Even nowadays it is in Romanist countries that gambling is especially rampant; in the Middle Ages it was far worse, and rendered even chess a disreputable game. St. Bernardino complains of the horrible blasphemies and mutilations of saints' images to which the gambling mania led—far worse than anything known to modern Protestantism. Drunkenness, even without the worst modern temptation of distilled liquors, was also rampant in the past; at Oxford, as Dr. Rashdall points out, it was not even an offence recognised by the University authorities. As to obscenity, I dare not even summarise the testimony of Thomas of Celano and Gerson, which points to something far beyond modern France and Italy. One of St. Catherine of Siena's worst trials lay in the impossibility of escaping from foul talk in respectable middle-class circles. There is scarcely a book of mediæval history or fiction, even including the collections of anecdotes for preachers' use, which could conveniently be published in an unexpurgated translation."

The only other article requiring attention here is that on "The Agricultural Labourer" by B. Seebohm Rowntree. Most of the ground has been gone over before. This is the conclusion at which Mr. Rowntree arrives: "There is no doubt that the lack of outlook in the case of the agricultural labourer is a most important cause of rural depopulation. If an intelligent and energetic man knew that, as the result of hard labour and thrift, he would be able to become a small peasant proprietor, then the towns would exercise less attractive force for him, and the best men would be willing to stay in the country."

The *Monthly Review* has several general articles of considerable importance. Readers will be glad to find "The Goddess of Wisdom and Lady Caroline Lamb," by Mr. Rowland Prothero. Mr. Forrest Reid writes on "Edward Dowson," and Mrs. Hessey has quite an amusing paper called "Quaint Memories." Of these we quote the following sample:

"A cousin of mine went to take duty in a remote hamlet in Lincolnshire. He was astonished to find a great part of the west end of the church, under the tower, stacked almost to the roof with faggots. He told the clerk, after service, that he hoped they would be taken away, anything so unseemly could not be allowed in the church. 'Lor' sir! Muster A——' (mentioning the farmer's name), 'would never hear of they faggots being moved. Why, they do make capital ferreting. There's a wonderful lot of raggits gets in there, and beautiful sport 'tis, too, I can tell you. No, 'twould never do to move they faggots!' In the winter my cousin would often receive a message from the farmer saying it was so cold that nobody would go to church to-day, but if Muster Paul liked to come there'd be no objection to his having service in the kitchen."

The *National Review* is an exceptionally good number. Her Majesty the Queen of Roumania discourses upon "The Vocation of Woman." Dr. George Brandes, Mr. Filson Young, Mr. Maurice Low, Lord Egerton of Tatton, Mr. Churton Collins, and Dr. Cunningham all write interesting general articles. Perhaps the most interesting, from the point of view of listening to candid opinion, is that of the German's candid impression of England. The nature of these reflections may be judged by the following extract: "One result of your education without religion has been to implant in the working class a spirit of envy of all who are better off than themselves. We have this spirit, too, to some extent, though with us it is not so mischievous, since, despite the belief that Socialism is a peculiar peril to Germany, it has gained far

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Eastern Muscle Oil, fills out hollows and removes lines, **£1 10s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 5s. 6d.**

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less power with us than with you. Your workers are determined to level down, not to level up; they would drag down the industrious and energetic to the standard of the idler and the shirker. It is within my own knowledge that wages have recently risen in England to a degree beyond the advance in productivity, so that your labour is paid more and produces less. Whether it is the Trade Unions, or whether it is the physical weakness of your city-bred population, I do not know, but both causes may be at work. In any case, this is a serious danger for England, inasmuch as with us, though wages have immensely advanced in recent years, the output of the worker has increased in even greater ratio."

POLO NOTES.

THE Ranelagh management are steadily carrying out the extensive programme which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE early in the season, and a strong club team has once more made its appearance and played a fine match, which was probably the game of the week, against Roehampton on Monday: Ranelagh—The Hon. A. Hastings, Captain L. C. D. Jenner, Mr. F. A. Gill, and Mr. A. Rawlinson; Roehampton—Mr. W. Jones, Mr. G. A. Miller, Captain E. D. Miller, and the Duke of Roxburghe. The two sides played very evenly, first Ranelagh and then Roehampton scoring, so that the score was 2 all at half time. In the fourth period Ranelagh went ahead again, and made two goals in quick succession. Then came the two pretty bits of combined play in which Mr. Walter Jones took a leading part. The Duke of Roxburghe, riding hard and hitting well, came right up through the game and looked like scoring, till Mr. Rawlinson, whose resolute style of riding off we all know, stopped him. Then in the nick of time Mr. Walter Jones dropped on the ball and hit through. Again in the last period, when the ponies were fairly extended and every player was doing his utmost, Mr. George Miller made a very clever pass to Mr. Jones, who, on a fast and very perfect pony, was never caught until he had scored the winning goal (the scores were previously 4 all) by a somewhat difficult angle shot. Thus Roehampton, with a little the best of the luck, for Ranelagh had two fouls given against them, and some excellent play, won by 5 goals to 4.

The Murrayfield ground laid out by Mr. T. B. Drybrough in 1889 was the first ground in England to adopt the slope inside the boards, which, on a boarded ground, is so useful to prevent the ball hanging under the guards. It was when the late Mr. Moray Brown was on a visit to Edinburgh that he saw the slopes, and he introduced them at Ranelagh in 1895.

It is very interesting to note the excellent class of polo ponies now being used. There are this year few important studs with foreign ponies in them, and one seldom sees Argentines or Americans in first-class polo. As for the Arab, he has almost disappeared from the field, though a few Anglo-Arabs by such well-known Eastern sires as Mootrub and The Bey are playing. But English and Irish breeders are now supplying the needs of the market, and prices, though good, are not extravagant. Among our native breeds, the Welsh pony has the lead. Mr. Coltman Rogers, the editor of the Welsh Stud Book, thinks that quite 30 per cent. of English polo ponies have Welsh blood in them. I hope to write more in detail about some of the notable studs and the ponies of the year. In the meantime, I should like to note that hand in hand with the great improvement of the average player at polo has been the increase in the number of ponies of high quality. Indeed, as far as looks go, there is not much difference between the ponies used by some of our first-class players and those of the rank and file, the superior training, handling, and horsemanship in the former making the most of the natural aptitude of the pony. Probably such animals as Old Dutch, recently sold by Mr. Waldorf Astor for £300 at Tattersall's, My Honey, the property of Mr. J. B. Dale, and such old friends as Luna, Siren, and others, belonging to Mr. Walter Jones, would be good anywhere. Captain Miller's Worcester, Mr. Garland's Sir Horace, and Captain Phipps Hornby's Constance (lately sold) are ponies which can hardly fail to make their name. Other ponies there are which, though their career may be cut short by accident, like Whalebone, find a useful end in a stud. I understand the last named has gone to one in Devonshire. One cannot be accused of too much optimism if we conclude that while our first-class players are at their best, the polo players in the London clubs were never so well mounted on home-bred ponies as they are this season. X.

FOR TOWN & COUNTRY.

BOTH the Town Mouse and the Country Mouse, when they belong to the feminine gender, need to preserve their complexions—most precious of all beauty-gifts to a woman; and both will, therefore, prove that mice can be wise as well as men, if they put themselves in the hands of Mrs. Pomeroy, the well-known complexion specialist of New Bond Street. The Town Mouse can go to Mrs Pomeroy's charming rooms and have a course of face-treatment which will result in a delightful rejuvenation of appearance; and her country sister, though deprived by distance of Mrs. Pomeroy's ministrations, can yet do wonders for herself under the instructions she can obtain with the necessary toilet articles, which Mrs. Pomeroy will also supply to meet the requirements of each case. It is wonderful what results can be obtained under Mrs. Pomeroy's expert advice even at a distance; though naturally a course of her treatment is more effective still if the applicant can call personally at the establishment in New Bond Street.

Those who are thinking of redecorating their houses should write beforehand to Messrs. Sissons Brothers and Co., Limited, of Hull, and 199B, Borough High Street, London, S.E., for one of their most enlightening booklets, "Modern House Decoration," wherein are set forth the manifold advantages, both sanitary and æsthetic, to be obtained by using Hall's Sanitary Distemper. The illustrations in colours give a most admirable idea of the effect of the distemper in the different rooms of a house, and nothing could be more decorative and harmonious than the dining-room with walls of burnt orange, frieze of warm yellow, and ceiling of cream, all blended and harmonised by the woodwork treated with Hall's "Sisco" white Japan. There are seventy colours and shades to select from, and apart from its practical and economical

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(as sketch).

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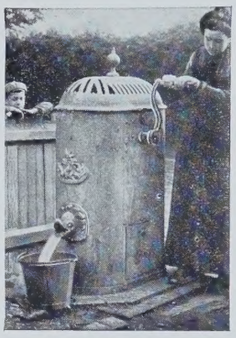
advantages Hall's Distemper lends itself to the production of fine decorative and artistic effects, which have been appreciated by many eminent artists in the decoration of their houses and studios. People are rather apt, when planning the decorative scheme of a house, to overlook the fact that when walls are treated in light tones there is far less expenditure in artificial light necessitated; and also that rooms thus treated look larger and more airy than when decorated in dark or pronounced colours. Walls require no preparation for Hall's Distemper, which can be used with a saving of 80 per cent. in the cost of materials and labour. The distemper is durable, washable, and not affected by light, heat, or gas fumes, and consequently long outlasts ordinary oil-paints. It can be applied over a wall-paper, or on new and damp plaster, and is so simple in use that unskilled labour only is required for its application. It should, therefore, be found a boon to all householders both in town and country; and its many merits will be at once realised on a perusal of Messrs. Sissons' booklet.

Those who wish for a more permanent remembrance of their relations and friends (not to mention themselves) than they can hope for from photography, should look at Miss Edith Maas's charming miniature in the New Gallery Exhibition. Miss Maas's work is unusually good, being treated with a breadth and directness not often to be found in modern miniatures, which are usually stippled and photographic; and those who would like to see other specimens of her work should apply to her at 11, Hollywood Road, South Kensington.

One of the most noticeable features of this season is the popularity of the hotels. House agents and proprietors are tearing their hair, and meditating a period of seclusion in the most hospitable workhouse available; but the hotels are turning people away daily from their doors, as they are full to overflowing. One of the most popular of the great London caravanserais is the Hyde Park Hotel, and this is not much to be wondered at, seeing its unique situation, overlooking Hyde Park, and the great comfort in every detail which the most capable management secures to its visitors. It seems hard to believe, when one is in the unusually lofty and spacious rooms of the Hyde Park Hotel, that one is in the centre of the most bustling part of fashionable London, so delightfully quiet and reposeful are the surroundings, while the outlook from the terrace over the Row and the Park is quite sufficient to account for its popularity as an afternoon-tea resort. The ballroom suite is almost too well known to need comment, for many are the London hostesses who appreciate the convenience of giving their balls and receptions in these palatial rooms, which, having a separate entrance, are completely private.

Shank's patent motor-mowing machines are of the greatest value in the garden, especially the splendid machine which has proved so successful on Lord's Cricket Ground. This is made to cut 42in., and it weighs 19½cwt. It is fitted with a reversing gear, and by this means it can be stopped, backed when necessary, and restarted without stopping the engine. As the front portion of the machine is hinged and free to move, irregularities in the ground are no obstacles to the cutter, and this is a point worth special attention. The driver can also throw the cutter out of gear, and raise it from the ground by means of hand-levers. As Messrs. Shank well say, "These facilities are most useful when backing the machine or clearing an obstruction, and they safeguard the cutter and, indeed, the whole machine from shock." Not only is this motor machine a perfect grass cutter, but it acts also as a roller, the weight being concentrated over the main drum. When it is to be used as a roller the cutting portion is raised by lever clear of the ground. As may well be imagined, this machine is of the greatest use in keeping in condition a large extent of lawn, and also for polo and cricket grounds. Its price is £180.

The Safety Water Elevator Company of 104, Leadenhall Street, E.C., have been lately showing at the Builders' Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall a water elevator which does away with both the drawbacks of the old open well and village pump. Two buckets, working over a wheel on a steel rope, empty themselves automatically as each arrives at the top into a channel that feeds the spout. They take the water in through apertures in their bottoms, closing or opening by a valve which is operated on by levers working from the top of the bucket. The wheel over which the rope runs is worked by handles, one geared down to suit the strength of women and children, the other, of a higher gear, for men, and a clutch is ever ready to hold the wheel when the handles are let go. Altogether the mechanism seems solid, simple, and effective, and the price brings it within the reach of anyone owning house property or the parish meetings of the smallest villages.



WATER ELEVATOR.

The Great Western Railway, whose main lines to the West Country provide perhaps the most luxurious travelling to be had in England, seem to us to owe this superiority in a great measure to the excellence of the track and to the extra width of the seats, as well as the slant at which they are fixed, and other companies would do well to make a note of both these points. Their Whitsuntide programme is as elaborate as ever, and tourists have the advantage of starting from a station which can bear any strain which even a Bank Holiday crowd puts upon it without being unduly crowded.

The North Western Railway has long been noted for its comfortable journeys to Scotland, and now that tourists are more and more learning what pleasant holidays may be spent in Ireland, they will be glad to learn that special arrangements are made for their transport from Holyhead to Dublin direct by the same company, which will enable them to avoid the change, always irritating after a rough passage, at Kingstown.

Socks descending over one's pumps do not add to the picturesqueness of ballroom attire, and the "Boston Velvet Grip" Garter is one of the many appliances devised to prevent such a catastrophe, and seems likely to be useful.

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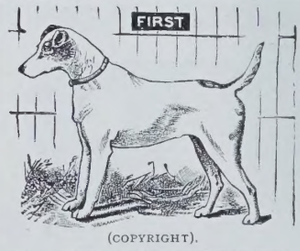

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THE GROWING TASTE FOR ENGLISH WORK of the XVIIIth CENTURY.

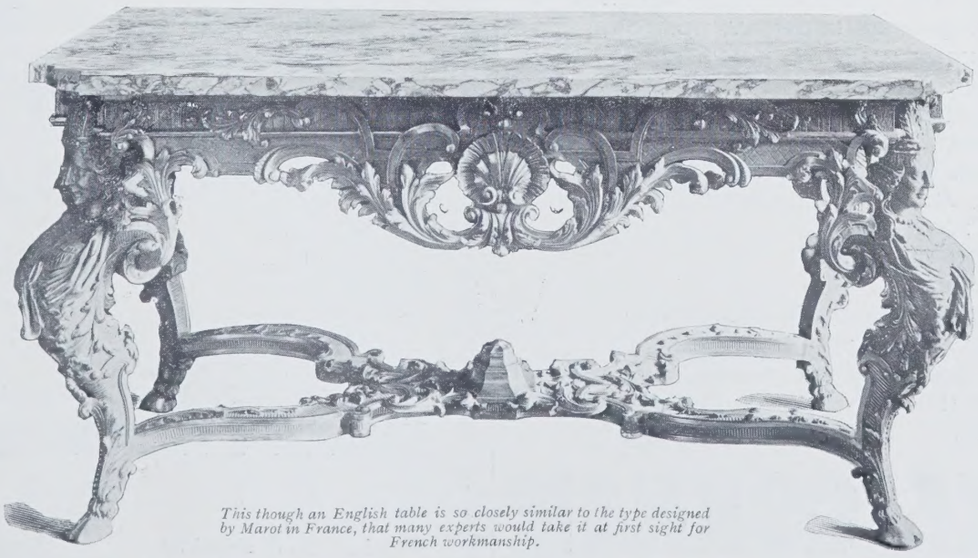
THE Georgian styles are often referred to as the English Louis XIV., but it would be more correct to say that the wave of taste which started from Italy left its influence in France in the great artistic epoch of Louis XIV. and passed on, leaving England to evolve from the same source what are termed its Georgian styles. In the latter case, the designers being less directly under the influence of the Renaissance and less refined, produced an equally original type from it, while less light and graceful, and less extravagant.

These fine examples of English work of date about 1700 are said to have been in the room in which King George II. died. The table has some interesting initials in the corners.

The patrons of art in France had greater facilities and inducements to call to their aid the great Masters in Sculpture, Architecture, and Decoration than those in England, where the refined work of Sir Christopher Wren and Inigo Jones had laid the foundations of the finest period of English architectural taste since the Gothic. This influence has never been quite lost in France, except during the dangerous wave of the Art Nouveau, but in England it lasted until the unscholarly and Early Victorian taste had full sway. However, England and America have again discovered what a charm attaches to the English homes of the early XVIIIth Century, and each fine example of furniture of that time, as it appears in the market, is eagerly bought up by connoisseurs. The illustrations accompanying this are further examples of some of the fine models used in Messrs. White, Allom & Co.'s Studios to enable their designers and carvers, in carrying out decorations and works of this type, to keep as near to the original character of the old work as possible. Amongst these, special attention may be drawn to the old Mirror and Table from the room in which George II. died, and to the fine Table at the bottom of the page, which is one of the rare cases in which French work of Louis XIV. time had a very direct influence upon English work, and the example is one which is in all respects equal to the best that France produced. These old Tables are at 15, George Street, Hanover Square, in one of the old rooms in Messrs. White, Allom's Offices, amongst a most interesting collection of models of some of the most beautiful English and American homes, most of which have been completely carried out in miniature before being handed over to the workmen to execute. This system of modelling the design to a small scale was adopted by most of the architects of the late XVIIth and early XVIIIth Centuries, and was the key to the wonderful success of their buildings. These models, together with the many beautiful examples of old carving which Messrs. Allom's factories contain, enable their craftsmen to produce work in many cases hardly distinguishable from the old, and they form quite an interesting museum of the finest English decorative period.

A curiously exaggerated form of Cabriole leg with hoof feet of Queen Anne period. From Mr. Allom's collection of models.

An example of the most refined Georgian work from Mr. Allom's carvers' models.



This though an English table is so closely similar to the type designed by Marot in France, that many experts would take it at first sight for French workmanship.

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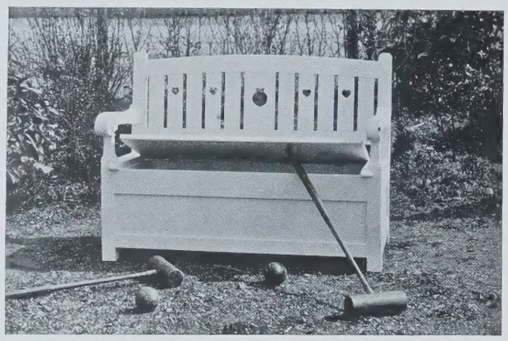

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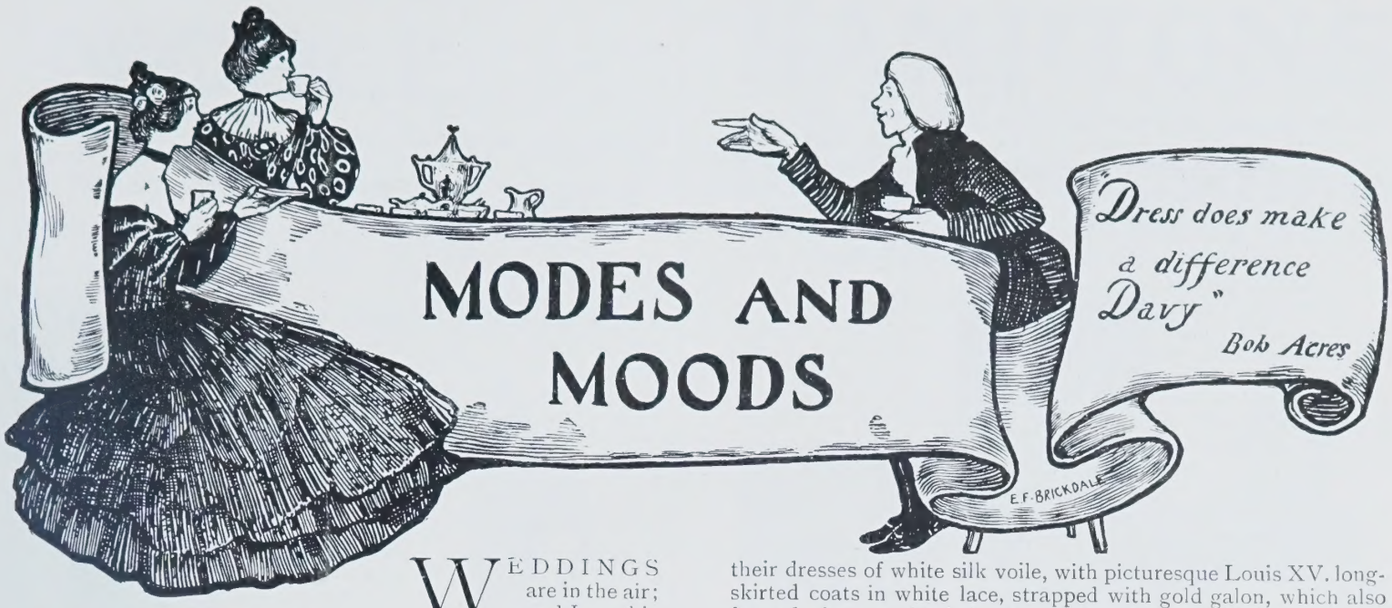

WEDDINGS are in the air; and June this year seems likely to break its record as the month of marriages. It is a wonder that so little originality is shown in the majority of bridal dresses, for, as a rule, competition provokes a desire to "go one better"; but brides seem to be content to repeat the themes of satin and chiffon until one has arrived at such a point of indifference that I own to returning from a big wedding a few days ago, and having nothing more to say about the bride than that she was in white! Few if any costumes afford such decorative and effective opportunities as does that of a bride, and yet how many bridal dresses can one remember which showed the smallest spark of originality or intention! Lady Helen Vincent is almost the only exception, and I can remember the sort of hushed amazement which greeted the appearance of her wedding train embroidered in great white lilies, the leaves being given in their natural tones of pale green. The effect was exquisite; and if anyone could have inaugurated a novel fashion, it should have been the marvellously lovely wearer; but, as a fact, no one followed the fashion set with such absolute success. However, Miss Marjorie Nevill, who was married last week to her cousin, also tried to break away from the prevailing monotony to which brides seem to be condemned, for she actually had the courage to relieve the effect of her charming dress of white tulle with a train of gold tissue lined with tulle, and trimmed with golden roses. Her slender waist was encircled with a golden girdle, which fell to her feet with golden tassels. The effect was exceedingly original and effective, and gave a certain regal air which should certainly emphasise a bride when possible. The bridesmaids repeated the same mixture of colour in their dresses of white silk voile, with picturesque Louis XV. long-skirted coats in white lace, strapped with gold galon, which also formed the corselet belts, fastened with Louis XV. buttons in gold. The hats of white crinoline had crowns of gold tissue; and golden shoes and gold-coloured stockings completed the picturesque effect. As a rule all-white bridesmaids' dresses do not advantage that of a bride. They swamp her, which is just the reverse of the effect that should be produced; for the bridesmaids should be considered from the point of view of a becoming relief and background to the bridal toilet. A very pretty fashion is that of putting the bridesmaids by pairs in different pale colours; and I would suggest another idea, which I have never seen tried, but which I am certain would be most effective, and that is that the pairs of bridesmaids should "shade" from dark to light of one colour. For instance, the pair next the bride might be in palest possible rose, the next pair in a fuller shade, and so on to the last pair in ruby rose, each pair having bouquets of roses to match the tint of their gowns. Imagine the beauty of such a background of shaded colour to the pure shimmering white of the bride's dress! This is an idea of my own, but I present it to any of my readers who meditate committing matrimony this summer, when it would be particularly appropriate, as shaded effects are so fashionable. The same idea could be carried out in any colour; in green from palest tilleul to laurel, in blue from forget-me-nots to cornflowers, in yellow from palest citron to mandarin orange. Another innovation I should like to suggest in wedding ceremonies is that the bridesmaids should precede the bride up the nave, not follow her. The bride is the queen of the day, a brief sovereignty, so she should make the most of it; and in all Royal processions the Court precedes Royalty, and does not follow after. If the

LINEN OR DRILL COAT.

bridesmaids preceded the bride and placed themselves in a semi-circle at either side of the chancel steps, the effect, especially if they were in the shaded dresses I have suggested, would be infinitely prettier and more effective than when they are wedged together in a narrow line between the seats of the congregation. This plan would also allow a far better sight of the bride and a possibility of appreciating the beauty of her dress; as it is, her effect is immediately swamped by the bridesmaids following quickly and closely after her, and spoiling the view of her train and its tiny bearers, which, if the bridesmaids preceded her, would then be seen to perfection.

Talking of weddings reminds me of some of the pretty things which have been made for Princess Margaret, now of Sweden and Norway. The papers have been full of descriptions of her wedding and travelling dresses, so it is unnecessary to speak of those. More interesting is it to chronicle some of the charming dresses which were made for her by Paquin of Dover Street. The Princess showed her wisdom in ordering several beautiful black toilettes from this famous firm. A lovely evening dress was in black tulle, whose foamy density of tint was heightened by very light embroideries of sparkling jet; the bodice had folds of black velvet with incrustations of white lace, crossing fichu-wise over a dainty little chemisette of white spotted tulle. To go with this dress was a beautiful mantle of black Oriental satin and black silk embroidery in high relief, the lining being of white satin with bouillonné's of white silk muslin relieved with white ribbons. The same beautiful black Oriental satin formed another charming gown trimmed with black mousseline de soie and black guipure, a little vest of white appliqué lace giving a becoming relief. A beautiful evening cloak was in pale blue Oriental satin, made very full and voluminous, as the fashion is, trimmed with bands of embroidery in pink, gold, and pale blue, and lined with pale blue mousseline de soie. To an entirely different category belonged the delightful little tailor-made gown in aubergine cloth, strapped with a design in the same material, an original note being given by a vest of yellow cloth, and some very beautiful old porcelain buttons.

Now that we are in the midst of the smart racing season, the need of ornamental yet useful coats is brought home to us daily; and I am, therefore, giving a design of one which, whatever its undeniable beauty and comfort, cannot be accused of being aggressively luxurious in material. For this charming coat is made in white linen, about the strongest and most serviceable material that exists for summer wear. It is cut in the prevailing Empire fashion, with a close-fitting short bolero as the upper part, into which the long full skirts, which can be comfortably folded over the dress, are set in folds. The bolero and the quaintly-cut collar and revers are outlined by a band of coarse white cotton embroidery in high relief; and the same embroidery continues down the fronts, and forms cuffs to the plain, full elbow sleeves, which are finished off with ruffles of lace. The horizontal folds of the big sleeves on the shoulder should be noticed, for they give the indispensable width required not to crush the high puffed sleeves, which are so effective and becoming a feature in all our summer dresses this year. A coat like this would not only preserve from dust, but is exceedingly smart and becoming, while still having that practical workmanlike air required of such a garment; and it has the further advantage of cleaning like the proverbial handkerchief. As we are on the subject of workmanlike garments, I also give on the previous page a sketch of a charming little coat in linen or white drill—just the thing required for river wear at this time of year. It is cut with a short basque, which stops at either side in front, where there is an original loose vest, with points of Chinese embroidery in dull blue tones on the inside, which can be worn open and turned back to display this embroidery, or crossed over and closed. A stitched band edges the basque, and is continued up the dart line at either side in front to the shoulder, whence it descends the outside of the sleeve and marks a double cuff at the wrist. Gold buttons ornament the fronts and the cuffs; and a particularly smart effect is given by the collar of blue velvet of the same tone as the Chinese embroidery. The same blue is repeated in the cravat and in the satin bows of the dainty little hat in Manilla straw, caught up with a couple of white wings. Such a smart little costume demands a pair of the fashionable coloured buckskin shoes, in the same tone of blue, for shoes to match the dominant note in a costume are the latest edict of fashion. No smarter fashion was ever invented than this; it gives a dainty completeness to a costume that cannot be over-estimated.

WHITE LINEN DRESS CLOAK.

The shopping of the King of Spain, our latest guest, was mainly directed to the purchasing of those charming novelties in leather and silver which are so peculiarly an English speciality. Foremost among those who have made a name in this class of goods is Mr. Vickery of Regent Street, and I was once more amazed, when I went there the other day to look for a wedding present, at the extraordinary variety of his inventions and designs. Walrus skin, which looks like a cross between crocodile and morocco, is one of the newest things, and makes the most charmingly soft and pliable cigar and cigarette cases, as well as blotters and card cases of all kinds. A most admirable invention, which should be particularly appreciated at present, when every day brings its account of robberies of

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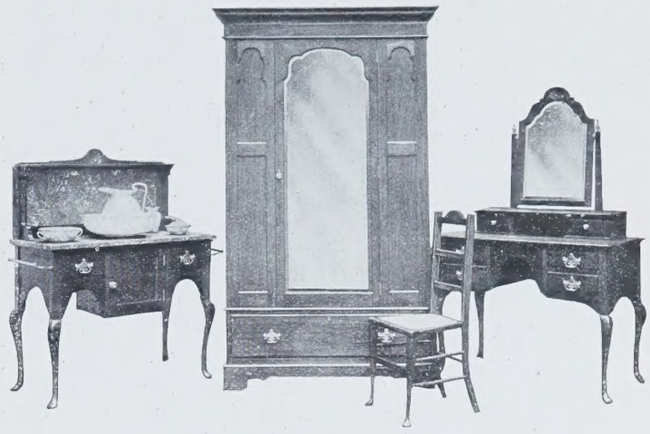

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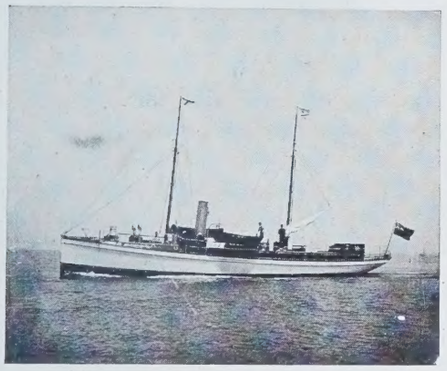

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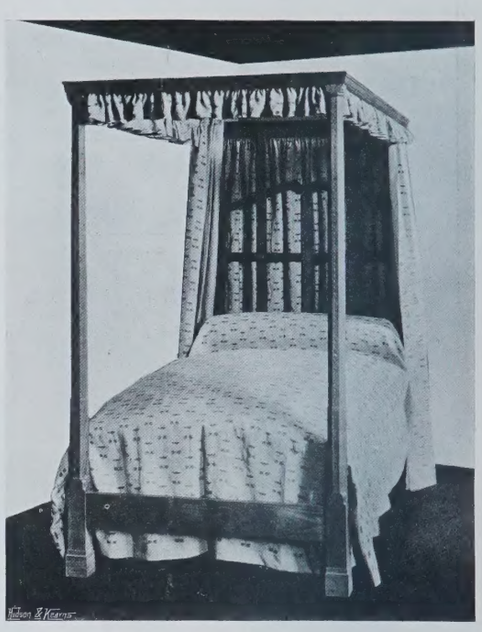
jewels, is Mr. Vickery's new patent alarm for jewel and dressing bags, despatch boxes, document cases, and jewel boxes. The combined purses and card cases, which draw together with chains ending in either a watch or a little puff box, which serve to hold the chain between the fingers, greatly charmed me; but I found the present I required in one of Mr. Vickery's registered gardening baskets, lined with moss green leather and containing every possible thing that the heart of the amateur gardener could require, as well as space for flowers. Other delightful things were the locked letter trays and blotter, the delicate ladies' canes with handles that contained all manner of useful surprises, and the admirably practical telegraph forms, which can be sealed down and sent safe from domestic inspection and comment. In fact, the only drawback to a visit to Mr. Vickery's is the difficulty of coming to a decision among such innumerable articles, all of which one desires to buy for one's self.

A material which is being cultivated by the big dressmakers in Paris is tussore silk in all kinds of delicate colours. I saw a charming dress at Doucet's in prawn pink tussore, made with a corselet cut with a long panel that made the front of the skirt; the corselet fitted closely over the hips a little below the waist, the skirt being set into it in broad, full pleats, which were barred by transverse pleats set at irregular intervals, making a kind of uneven Greek pattern round the skirt. Above the corselet the bodice was fully bloused; and the effect of this fulness above the close-fitting corselet, and the lengthening of line owing to the front panel, were exceedingly becoming to a good figure. Tussore is an excellent material for summer wear, being cool to wear and pleasant to the touch, as well as most durable; and now that its natural khaki colour (the most unbecoming tint that ever was imagined for the destruction of human complexions!) can be mitigated by dyeing, it is a material that should not be ignored. The mania for broderie Anglaise has invaded it also; and a pale blue tussore silk embroidered in this fashion, and trimmed with frills of Valenciennes, is an enviable possession.

Those who do not mind wandering a little far afield will find a very charming and interesting little exhibition at the beautiful old hall of Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street, E.C. This historic old building makes an admirable setting for the present exhibition of the Junior Art-workers' Guild, which contains much excellent work in many branches. Mr. Ambrose Heal sends a very quaint and picturesque four-post bedstead in chestnut, and a chest of drawers in Colonial mahogany, which has the immense and decorative advantage of being on legs. Mr. Harry Napper's wall papers and hangings are admirable in colour and design, especially in the printed velveteens, which are most harmonious and decorative; and among other work calling for praise are Mr. Christopher Dean's bookbindings; Mr. Ware's silver jewellery and metal-work; Mr. Edward Spencer's little pots in Martin ware and copper; Mr. A. J. Penty's chest of drawers; Mr. Alfred Dennis's cretonnes and wall-papers; Mr. Frank Carter's pencil and pastel drawings; and Mr. Luke Taylor's delicate etchings. LAMIA.



FOUR-POSTER IN CHESTNUT.

A FORTNIGHT'S TIGER-SHOOTING.

GENERALLY speaking the tiger (Felis tigris) is now as much preserved in India as the red deer is in Scotland. The Maharajah, or Nizam, who is still lucky enough to have tigers in his dominions knows full well how keen any visitor is to kill one, and to this end is zealous in their protection. It therefore follows that unless you can get an invitation to the preserve of one of these potentates, you are not likely to get a shot at a tiger while in India. It so happened that in March, 1905, my friend C. and myself were lucky enough to be given a beat in Hyderabad (Deccan). The word "beat" is, perhaps, misleading, when the district in which we were allowed to shoot was something between 1,000 and 2,000 square miles in area. Being the guests of the Nizam, we found all arrangements made in that luxurious style so peculiar to the Oriental. Our camp was pitched some fourteen miles from the railway station. Here we found a large bell-tent each, a tent for messing in, numerous servants, cooks (khansamah), waiters (khitmagar), and coolies to clean up the camp, besides a police guard, and a guard of honour provided by the local cavalry, to turn out and present arms whenever any of us showed our noses. Our party consisted of C., his wife, Miss C., Major C., and myself, so that our camp was of some size, and our retinue proportionately large. The heat was very great, but our camp being pitched beneath some tamarind trees, we were always able to find some shade; and with every imaginable kind of drink, and a daily supply of ice, we grew to enjoy rather than to dislike it. In these parts, the usual method employed to locate tigers is to tie up young bulls overnight in the jungle; and they are visited next morning by one of the local shikaris (hunters), who, if he finds a beast killed, reports at once to headquarters. Oxen being sacred, the natives are not allowed to kill them or eat their meat; so that the bulls, being superabundant, can be bought very cheaply for tying up, and their destruction by tigers does not outrage religious feelings. And, strange though this may seem to the student of moral codes, it is certainly advantageous to the pocket of the would-be tiger-slayer, who often can obtain all the bulls he wants for one rupee (1s. 4d.) apiece. The bulls are tied up in the jungle at various points. Should the tiger visit any one beast, it will probably be in the very early hours of the morning. Having killed it (usually by springing on the throat), the tiger will drag away the carcase to some thicker part of the jungle, where it will partially devour it, and, having eaten what it wants, lie down near it and sleep, as it were with one eye open, lest any other beast should wish to snatch a meal. The foregoing is what a properly-behaved tiger should do. About seven in the morning the local shikari comes along, and sees that a particular bull has been killed and dragged away. He notes in which direction the carcase has been dragged, and studies life in the jungle near, to see what he can learn. The vultures, if the jungle is not too thick, will have seen the prospect of a meal, and will now be sitting in the trees over the remains if the tiger is still by, for they will not venture near till they can get undisputed possession. The monkeys, too, will show signs of uneasiness, and keep chattering in the trees, and the birds will also testify to the tiger's presence by anxious twitterings, just as

HEAD-SHIKARI.

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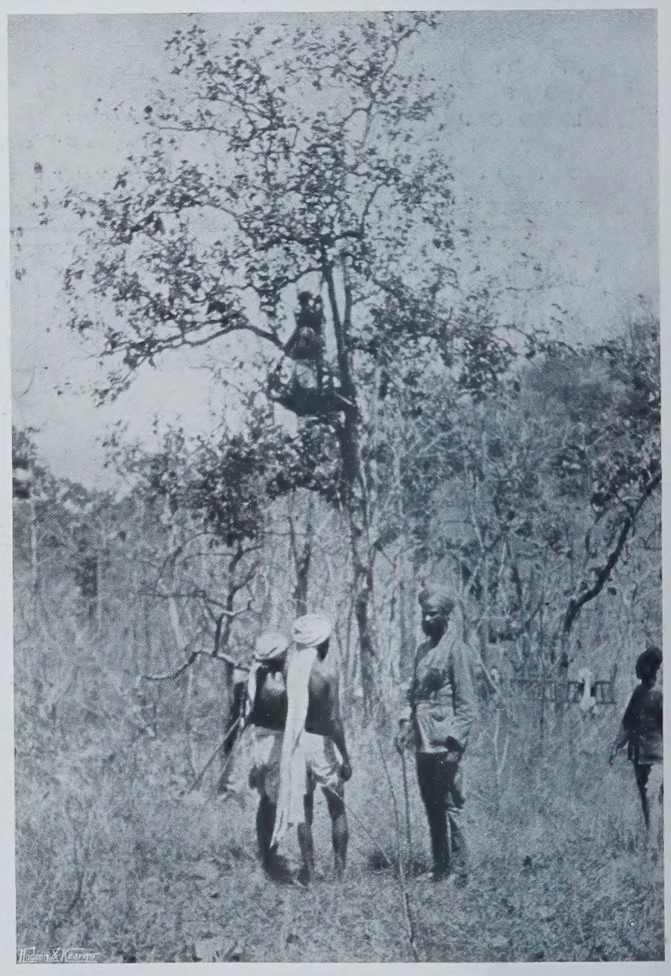
in Great Britain they proclaim the whereabouts of a marauding cat. But should no such evidences of the tiger's retreat be forthcoming, the shikari will make a detour and, going round in a circle, carefully scan the ground for any footprints. If none is visible, he is almost safe in assuming that the tiger is within the prescribed area. He then comes at his best pace to the camp to report to the head-shikari that there has been a "kill," and the head-shikari informs the Sahibs, gets together the natives necessary for the drive, and makes all bunderbust (preparations). To us from Great Britain the number of natives seemed enormous, and on several occasions upwards of two hundred

BEATERS.

were employed. Their remuneration is, however, very small, two annas (twopence) being the daily wage, with, usually, double pay should a tiger be killed. They always seemed quite contented, and trudged along through the jungle with nothing on but a loin cloth, even in the heat of the day. They took no food, but nearly all of them carried hollowed-out gourds, in which they kept a supply of water. On our third day in camp, March 15th, the head-shikari reported to us at 11.30 that there had been a kill ten miles off. Judging from the pugs, or footprints, he reckoned that there were two cubs and a tigress, the pug of the tiger being rather square, while the female's is more oval. We were all keen to be off, and shortly after noon we started, C., Lady C., and Major C. riding, Miss C. and myself driving in a tonga, a rather superior farm-cart tented over and innocent of springs. After a six-mile drive we come up with the riders; the track we had been driving on ceased, and we had to get out. Ungallantly leaving Miss C. behind with the tonga, I proceeded to follow the others on foot. The heat being very great, they were soon out of sight; but I kept plodding along the track in the jungle, led by a native who knew the way. After an hour's half-walking, half-running, lest I should be late for the beat, I came upon my party dismounted below a shady tree; their patience was almost exhausted, and they were on the point of having the drive without me. We walked for about a mile along an ill-defined track through thickish jungle, with no particularly tall trees, the general appearance being something like a hazel copse in winter. The grass and vegetation were all dead and burnt up, and the whole ground covered with dead leaves, on which it was impossible to walk noiselessly. Arrived at a spot where the jungle is rather clearer, we were shown our machans, or seats tied up at a safe height in the trees. In this case, charpoys, or native beds, on which we sat cross-legged, or wicker stools, had been securely lashed by all four corners in trees about 30ft. high, and about 50yds. one from the other. I had drawn the lucky number—1; next me, to my left, was Lady C., then Major C., then C. Long bamboo ladders had been brought, and with the help of these we climbed up into our machans. Mine was tied about 20ft. from the ground, where, with the slightest breeze and my additional weight, it swayed most alarmingly. Having climbed into our places, the various coolies who had been carrying our rifles and other impedimenta took up positions in trees in front of the two outside greens, acting much as flankers do in a grouse-drive, and forming, as it were, a funnel into which the tigress should be driven. The heat, beating down through the bare branches of the trees, was terrific. About 20yds. to my right ran a nullah, or dried water-course, beyond which was thick jungle. In front of me was the little narrow pathway we had walked down, with fairly thick jungle beyond, and on my left was fairly open ground. The first excitement was caused by a mob of monkeys, which came from behind, leaping and bounding over trees and through bushes at the most astonishing speed. All around one could hear doves and pigeons cooing; otherwise the jungle seemed peacefully tranquil. All of a sudden, when it was nearly five o'clock, we heard, about half a mile in front of us, the signal-shot fired for the beat to begin. Instantly there was an uproar. Every beater shouted, and many of them had gongs, antiquated firearms (some of them 7ft. long), or large rattles. These they beat, fired, or whirled with a will, which made the jungle a perfect pandemonium. Excitement ran high, and every ear was strained to catch the first snapping of a twig or to hear the footfall of the tiger or the crackling leaves. One of the coolies, flanking in a tree on my right, suddenly caught my eye. He was clapping his hands gently, and throwing pieces of stick into the undergrowth below him. As he pointed, I could hear a rustling, and almost directly after came a double roar. The noise in the distance grew closer and louder, and in a few seconds there emerged, on to the path we had come



A MACHAN.

down, a tigress. For a moment she stood about 100yds. off, looking back towards the beat, lashing her tail, and then proceeded to walk down the path towards me, quite slowly and very quietly. She was hid from me by a thick lot of jungle; but turning to my right she left the path, to go between me and the nullah. When she was broadside to me between two thick bushes I fired with my ·450. So far as I could see she did not flinch, and I snapped at her again as she passed behind the second bush. I thought she staggered as I last caught sight of her, and a few seconds later I felt sure I heard a tell-tale gurgling in her throat. The beat went on, and first one and then the

(Continued on page xliv.)

An Important New Building.

THE tendency of great commercial firms to keep abreast of the times by erecting handsome and appropriate premises is shown in a significant manner in the very handsome building which Waring & Gillow are now bringing to a completion in Oxford Street. In many respects it is architecturally superior to the great majority of business houses, and it will be universally admitted that, besides being imposing in itself, it is a decided ornament to the West End of London. The design, which is partly founded on the main façade of Hampton Court Palace, is of exceptional beauty, and is carried out with such a careful balancing of parts that it is impossible to resist its convincing effect of harmony and proportion. Carved granite and freestone play an important part in the ornamentation, and this, although rich, is never allowed to lapse into redundancy. The building affords another example of the artistic enterprise of this progressive firm, and is a splendid illustration of the part which commercial houses may play in the improvement of great cities.

The interior of Waring & Gillow's new building, which is of great extent, will be commensurate in importance with its architectural pre-eminence. A few facts will convey some idea of the magnitude of the building. The façade is 140 feet high from the foundations to the top. There are over 100 galleries, averaging 60 feet by 30 feet, for which a thousand steel fireproof doors are necessary. There is a rotunda in the centre of the building which is half the diameter of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. There are 800 windows, 10,000 incandescent lamps, 18 elevators, and, in order to see every department, the visitor will have to make a tour of two miles and a quarter.

Messrs. Waring & Gillow have justly achieved a reputation for artistic excellence combined with inexpensiveness, and this reputation will be fully maintained, if not bettered, in their new abode. Buyers of furniture and household effects are not the only persons who will be catered for. If any one wants a house—large or small—built to suit his own requirements or fancy, Waring & Gillow, in conjunction with the Waring-White Building Company, will be quite prepared, under the direction of their clients' architects, to undertake it; so that in effect a man may have his house built, lighted, drained, decorated, furnished and equipped under the auspices of one firm.

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other of her two little cubs trotted past me, going in just the same direction as their mother. They were beautiful little creatures, not much bigger than a retriever dog, and brilliantly striped with orange and black. When the coolies or beaters were within 150yds. of us they were halted, while the head-shikari called out to know what had happened. It is, as a general rule, understood that the tiger is not shot at in front; if it is, and is wounded, it may break back and maul one of the defenceless natives; similarly, if the tiger has been hit, and is lying near one's machan, it might, if the beaters came too near, suddenly revive and do serious damage. However, in this case, I was able to shout out that at any rate the tigress was a safe distance behind me, and I hoped and thought that she was dead. The beaters then came on, and we all climbed down from our machans, and examined the ground where I had fired. Not a trace of blood could be found, and I began to fear I had missed badly. It is on these occasions that accidents happen. The jungle is too thick to see far ahead, and before you know what to do you have almost trodden on the wounded tiger, who promptly dashes straight at you, and is on you almost before you can get your rifle to your shoulder. It is an invariable rule that several persons should go, all keeping close together, to look for a wounded tiger, the idea being that, should the tiger be come upon unawares, and should he charge, the effect of the combined shots, the multiplied noise and smoke may turn him off; but it is a position none of us wishes to be in. Having found no traces of hair or blood, we formed a little party and went very cautiously into the jungle, coolies being sent up repeatedly into trees to spy. Suddenly one of these called out that he saw the tigress lying dead, and we all ran forward to find her, shot through the lungs. From the position where the bullet had entered we saw that it was my first shot that had taken effect; but she had gone quite 100yds. before succumbing to it. She measured 8ft. 5½in. from the tip of her nose along her spine to the tip of her tail, and I was a proud man at the moment of our discovery. Leaving the natives to bring her in, we made our way back to camp. We heard of no more tigers in the vicinity, so moved to another camp on March 17th, where we found the same luxury as in Camp No. 1. On March 18th kubba (news) was brought in of a tiger twelve miles off. A drive being thought impossible, Major C. and C. rode off about 4 p.m. to sit up in a machan over a tied-up bull. This form of sport is rarely successful. The tiger is not likely to come till the early hours of the morning; he comes very cautiously and nervously, and the least sound or movement will scare him away. His sense of smell, too, is very acute, and he will not come near the bull if he scents danger. Moreover, shooting by moonlight is in itself uncertain. In confirmation of these facts, our sportsmen returned next morning empty-handed. They had heard the "wouf, wouf" of a tiger, but it had probably got wind of them, and they never saw it. We had now to possess our souls in patience, and content ourselves with pottering near the camp after peafowl and jungle-fowl (both excellent eating) till March 20th, when news was brought in of another tigress and four cubs only five miles off. This time we all rode off, and got to our machans by two o'clock. The jungle here was thicker, and strewn with rocks and boulders. Our positions commanded a valley flanked on either side by rocky hills. Before the drive began two nilgai trotted through the line, but were not shot at for fear of disturbing the tigress. The firing, rattling, and shouting of the natives commenced about 2.30, and immediately a large mob of monkeys came bounding along. There were also numbers of birds, and amongst the many brilliant plumages we noticed particularly some beautiful little woodpeckers. About three o'clock I heard a shot fired to my right, and looking in that direction saw that the tigress had been shot at by C., and was now charging full tilt past the machan next to mine. Lady C., who was its occupant, had a most difficult shot, as it passed right below her and came galloping towards me. Roaring, it leapt a nullah between us, giving me two crossing shots at about 25yds. I missed, and it bounded out of sight. The drive went on, and I had a glimpse of the cubs as they broke out in front of me to my left. The return to our camp empty-handed was disconsolate, and we had no news of a kill till March 23rd. That morning news was brought in that this same tigress had killed in nearly the same place. We were off by noon, and the strip of jungle was driven the reverse way. I was on the right, Lady C. in the centre, C. on the left. Our positions again commanded the valley between the two rocky hills, one of which was some 400yds. in front of me; the jungle was thick on my left, but there was a kind of track leading to the tree in which my machan was tied. Flankers were posted in trees to my right, as far as I could see, to the top of the hill. After a wait of nearly two hours the first shot was fired by the beaters. Almost instantaneously there was a reverberating roar, and I heard and saw the flankers in the trees shrieking and gesticulating wildly. Away on the hillside I could see the enraged tigress charging straight down at us. Snatching up my ·450, as she appeared at 20yds., galloping straight for my tree, I fired and missed; she looked up, roared, and dashed on. Just as she was right below my machan, I fired again, and, shot through the neck, she slid along the ground, and rolled over dead. The cubs shortly after crossed to my left, and C. got a right and left. The drivers coming up, we found that both the cubs were a good size, and my tigress quite a fine one, measuring 8ft. 9in. Hitherto having had all the luck, I made up my mind not to go out again; so that, on March 27th, when news came in of a tiger having killed seven miles off, Lady C. and C. went out alone. In the evening I walked out to meet them, and was delighted to hear that C. bowled the tiger over as he trotted past him at about 50yds. He was a fine fellow, 9ft. 8in. in length, and was known to the locality as the Burra Chaw (big thief). Having stolen many of their cattle, the natives were particularly pleased at his death. That evening when at dinner we heard a tremendous shouting and beating of gongs, and on going out found that the tiger was being carried in. Natives walked in front waving branches and carrying torches; and behind these the tiger was borne on a litter covered over with greenery by some dozen natives, while in the rear followed the yelling horde of villagers. Having given, under the guidance of the head-shikari, a very creditable rendering of three cheers for C., they were prevailed upon to disperse, and the camp was once more quiet. This was our last day's sport, as we had to start next day to catch the boat leaving Bombay on April 1st. We were more than satisfied with our fortnight's sport, especially as our trophies were extraordinarily good specimens. In these parts a tiger measures from 9ft. to 9ft. 10in., and not one in fifty will be over 10ft. The tigress measures from 8ft. 3in. to 8ft. 9in., and is very rarely over 9ft. When properly stretched and dried the skin measures some 2ft. more, which fact often accounts for the stories of absurdly large tigers. The shoulder height in a male is from 40in. to 42in., and in a female 35in. to 37in. Their weight is hard to estimate, but 450lb. to 540lb. for a tiger and 340lb. to 400lb. for a tigress would probably be found to be about correct. The older they are the less brilliantly are they marked, the younger ones being more vivid in colour, with their stripes darker and closer together. We were wise to have our skins carefully watched, as the natives in some parts singe the whiskers of a dead tiger as a mark of disrespect, and in others collect them, supposing them to possess magical charms. They are apt also to filch the claws, and you must remember, if you want them for brooches, to demand the two rudimentary clavicle bones, embedded in the flesh near the shoulder, which otherwise the natives take, as they consider their possession lucky. As it was, we got all the trophies we wanted, and only the carcase went to the coolies, who, as is the custom in these parts, ate it. The skulls were boiled to remove all the flesh, and the skins were roughly cured with wood ashes, in which condition they travelled quite safely to London. Here, they were handed over to be properly set up and mounted, to serve as reminders (if a reminder will ever be necessary) of our fortnight's tiger-shooting.

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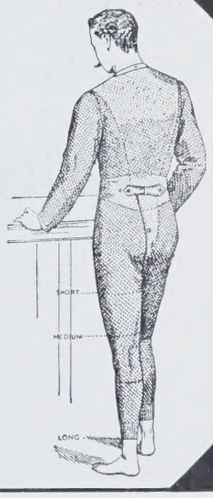

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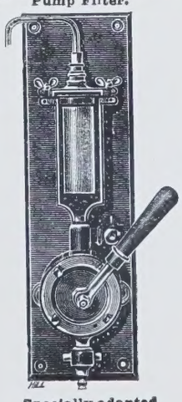

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LITERARY NOTES.

MR. WILFRID WILSON GIBSON is one of the most promising of our younger poets, and it is always a pleasure to see another of those little paper-bound volumes in which his verses appear. The latest of them, *The Nets of Love* (Elkin Mathews) will bear favourable comparison with its predecessors. Mr. Gibson belongs to the romantic style of poet, and perhaps if any fault can be found with him it is one small touch of what in golf they call "over pressing." He is best when he is homeliest, as in the fine verses "In the Byres," of which the first runs as follows:

"The warm milk swishes in the pail;
The kine's warm breathing fills the byre;
My brow, against the hot flanks pressed,
Throbs, aching, as, with hands that tire,
I ease the straining teats, nor rest
Until the teeming udders fail."

And here is a picture of the hayfield that it would be very difficult to surpass:

"I watched the martin wheel and poise
Above his nested mate,
When, clear through morning's murmurous noise
I heard a clicking gate,
As, down the dipping meadow-road,
He bore, with easy pace,
His shouldered scythe; and brightly glowed
The dawnlight on his face.
All morn, with swinging chorus blithe,
Unwearied, through cool hours,
Was heard the swishing of the scythe
Among the grass and flowers.
All morn, behind the swaying row
Of shoulders brown and bare,
I followed, glad at heart to know
He moved before me there.
And, as I laboured with the rake
Among the stricken grass,
Light-footed in the mowers' wake,
The happy hours did pass.
Too swift they fled; and all too soon
The hour of resting came,
When o'er the withering field the noon
Hung like an azure flame."

In some of the other poems it seems to us that the expression used by Mr. Gibson is somewhat too strong for the amount of thought and inspiration behind it.

Why Mr. Leicester Romayne should have called his verses *Tea-Table Rhymes and Others* (Brimley Johnson) one does not quite know. Many of them, however, are pretty and all are readable. We quote the following not because it is the best or the worst, but for its brevity, and because it gives a fair idea of the poet's quality:

"POETRY IN THE PAN.

'Great Alfred dead, and Browning gone away!'
Thus mournful spoke young Laurence on a day.
'What bards have we, in this degenerate time?
Poor stragglers they who now Parnassus climb!'
'You do not search aright,' I answer made;
'Look not in broadcloth, but in homelier plaid.
Our Pope in days gone by did foolish sing,
"A little learning is a dangerous thing."
Mistaken bard! our sapient school boards grow
Poets in Putney, wits in Ham and Bow.
In pantry seek the muse—nay, out upon it—
You serve the meal, while cook hits off a sonnet!'"

In the third part of the *Empire's Cricketers*, the pictures, which are even better than those in the preceding number, show us Mr. J. Darling stepping out to drive, Lord Harris playing a break-back on a slow wicket, Mr. Reginald H. Spooner finishing an off-drive along the ground, and Mr. Schofield Haigh about to deliver. It was a good idea to give us some of the earlier cricketers, such as Lord Harris. Memory is so short that a great many people, no doubt, have forgotten that Lord Harris took an English team out to Australia in 1879, and has represented England in four test matches. Mr. R. H. Spooner is another cricketer whose name is not quite so familiar as it ought to be, although he is the opposite of Lord Harris, in this way, that he has only recently come to the front. He played for his county while still at Marlborough in 1899, and last year he took a great part in securing the championship for Lancashire, securing five centuries and having an average of forty-eight. He is a very promising bat, who one day will probably be chosen as a representative of England. The portrait of Haigh is an exceptionally good one, so full of life and action that it might really have been the result of an instantaneous photograph.

The latest edition of the beautiful series of books illustrated in colours issued by A. and C. Black is *Beautiful Wales*, painted by Robert Fowler and described by Edward Thomas, a young journalist who is rapidly winning distinction for himself in London. He knows his Wales thoroughly, and writes upon it with heart as well as information; the result is a very charming book, of which we do not know whether we admire more the letterpress or the pictures.

In Drane's A B C Series, it was a capital idea to publish the beginning of Staunton's *Chess*. Since it was written Staunton's hand-book has been the best manual of the game existing in the English or perhaps any other language, and as far as the principles of the play are concerned it has not been, and cannot be, bettered. But analyses has discovered that many of his methods of attacking and opening, though effective at the time when he wrote, have now grown obsolete, and hence the hand-book has gone out of favour with chess-players, but all that is contained in the tiny volume is excellent, and it was a good idea to supplement what Staunton had to say with examples of very modern games such as those played between Marco and Janowski, Pillsbury and Lasker, and Charousek and Showalter. The little volume may be cordially recommended to those who wish to learn the most beautiful and fascinating of all our indoor games.

A pretty little edition of the poems of Gray and Collins has just been published by Messrs. George Newnes, Limited, which will inevitably lead to a good deal of comment on the poet who wrote the "Elegy in the Country Churchyard," as one or two modern critics, following the example of Dr. Johnson, have tried to depreciate the value of this poem in the public estimation. We do not think they will be successful, because, in spite of all that has been said about the commonness of the metaphors and sentiments, they are such a fine and accurate interpretation of the human mood that they are likely to please our successors as much as they have pleased ourselves. It is apt to be forgotten that Gray wrote many beautiful verses in addition to this most celebrated achievement. His "Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat" has a charm and elegance all its own, and such a good judge of poetry as the late Mr. W. E. Henley included in his "Lyra Heroica" the well-known "Bard" beginning:

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state."

Collins is less known than Gray, but several of his pieces used to be included in the school-books, and well deserve that honour. What could be finer than the following:

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall a while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!"

A very instructive and in a way entertaining book, although in places full of technicalities, is *Experiments with Plants* (Macmillan) by Dr. Osterhout, assistant professor of botany in the University of California. It reveals a deep insight into the ways of plants, but is more a book for the serious student than the casual observer. The author should in all future editions eliminate the "etc." which is generally an irritating term and often meaningless. It occurs frequently in this volume, and only leaves the reader in doubt as to the plants the author wishes to indicate. The following quotation will show that the information is conveyed in a clear and practical way: "Everyone is more or less familiar with the effects of wind on plants. Near the sea-coast, or on mountains, or wherever trees are exposed daily to strong wind, they show by their bent forms and curious shapes its potent influence. The dying of the branches on the windward side is due to the drying effect of the wind, which may increase transpiration as much as twentyfold. Even moist winds may have a drying effect. It is interesting to observe how the one-sided development of leaves and branches affects the stem. It may be observed in vines and other plants which climb on walls."

A practical little gardening book is *How to Make and Manage a Garden* (C. Arthur Pearson), which is useful to the beginner, and the amateur who has advanced a few steps in practical horticulture. The advice is sound and well expressed. Mr. Rowles, the author, has certainly written an excellent little book. It is freely illustrated with explanatory diagrams.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

POETRY.

The Poems of Gray and Collins. (Newnes, 2s. 6d. net.)
Tea-Table Rhymes and Others, by Leicester Romayne. (Brimley Johnson, 2s. 6d. net.)

FICTION.

Heretics, by G. K. Chesterton. (Lane, 5s. net.)
The Ship-building Industry, by David Pollock. (Methuen, 2s. 6d. net.)
A Grand Duke of Russia, by Fred Whishaw. (White, 6s.)
The Scarlet Bat, by Fergus Hume. (White, 6s.)
The Whisperer, by Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. (White, 6s.)
Just as it Was, by John Strange Winter. (White, 6s.)

REPRINTS.

A Shabby Genteel Story, and *The Adventures of Philip*, by W. M. Thackeray. (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.)
Castle Omeragh, by F. Frankfort Moore. (Constable, 2s. 6d. net.)
The Rogue's March, by E. W. Hornung. (Cassell, 6d.)

MAGAZINES.

London, Motor Car, Estate Management.

GUIDES.

Southwold, Deal, Royal Leamington Spa, Eastbourne. (Health Resorts Development Association.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Farming: Ex-Tensive, In-Tensive, Mid-Tensive, and Twentieth Century Alchemy, or the Art of Transmuting Clay into Gold, by Anon. (Duplex edition, Simpkin, Marshall, 1s.)
Richard Wagner as Poet, by W. Golther (Illustrated Cameos of Literature Series). (Heinemann, 1s. 6d. net.)
The Rudiments of Practical Mathematics, by A. Consterdine, M.A., and A. Barnes, M.A. (Murray.)
The Souls of Black Folk; Essays and Sketches, by W. E. Burghardt du Bois. (Constable, 5s. net.)

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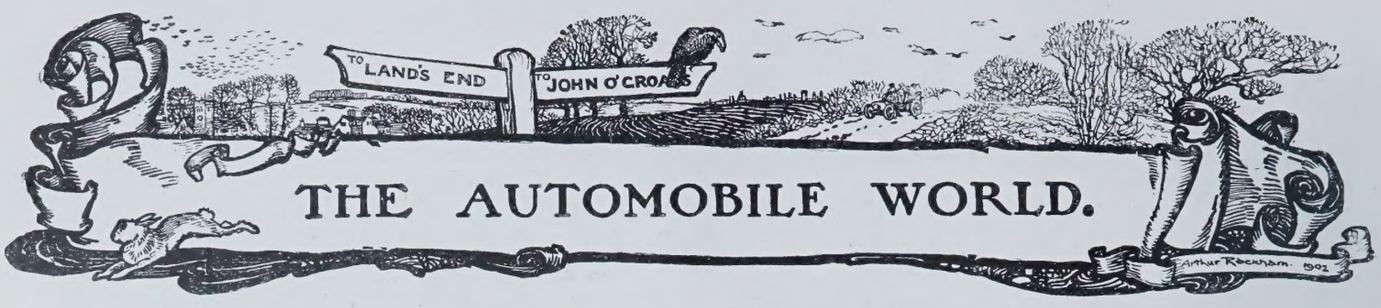


THE AUTOMOBILE WORLD.

THE recent rains, so thankfully welcomed by agriculturists throughout the kingdom, have also brought a temporary relief from a nuisance which affects an even wider class of the population. One has heard of late a great deal about the reckless and inconsiderate behaviour of a certain class of motorists, but it is extremely doubtful whether public feeling would have risen to such a height in the country districts, were it not that the automobile has once more roused into activity the dust demon which had lain more or less quiescent on our deserted roads since the disappearance of the fast stage-coach. Dust is the greatest enemy which the motorist who has the well-being of the movement at heart has to fight, for where one person may be endangered by a reckless driver, a hundred are inconvenienced and incensed by the dust that even the most careful and considerate of motorists cannot help raising at times. There are thousands of people who will watch a swiftly-moving car with interest and even admiration when the roads are moist and dustless, but whose feelings not unnaturally undergo a marked change when the same car carries in its wake a choking white cloud which settles thickly on everything within a radius of 20yds. or 30yds. The "motor question" is really the "dust question," for it is inconceivable that the police, with the very wide powers granted to them under the present Act, and supported by magistrates as a whole not too well disposed towards the motorist, are incapable of dealing with reckless driving or excessive speed.

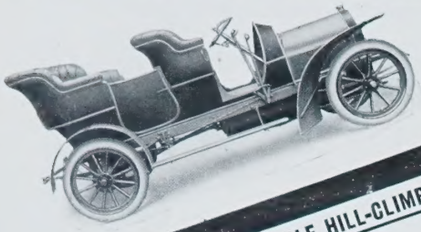
Experts are agreed that nothing short of remaking the roads with dustless materials can effect a radical cure of the evil, and several of the more energetic and progressive road surveyors are experimenting in this direction. The results go far towards proving that although the cost of road-making would be somewhat higher than at present, the increase in durability and the saving in the cost of repairs and general up-keep would more than compensate for the initial outlay. Much light on the subject was recently thrown by an interesting report prepared by the district surveyor of Godstone, who based his conclusions on an inspection of stretches of road laid with tar-macadam in various parts of the country. His figures are largely estimates, but coming from a practical man are worthy of serious attention. According to his calculations the employment of tar-macadam, including the tarring of the scarified foundation, adds about 4s. per ton to the present cost of road metal. This figure, it may be noted, is considerably higher than the estimates of other surveyors who have enquired into the matter, and it would doubtless be found to vary in different localities. A saving, amounting to about 65 per cent., would, on the other hand, be effected in the cost of rolling and consolidation; but it is in the cost of up-keep and in the increased durability of the road surface that the greatest economies would undoubtedly be experienced. The Godstone surveyor states from actual knowledge and personal observation that roads made with tar-macadam are found in good order after seven or eight years, instead of requiring repairs every three years. The cost of the ordinary manual labour required to keep the surface in good condition shows an equally satisfactory reduction, and, generally, the arguments in favour of the general use of the dustless tar-macadam are put forward in a very convincing manner. With such a promising solution of a very serious problem in sight it is to be hoped that local authorities will realise the necessity of carrying out experiments on a sufficiently extensive scale to prove conclusively the merits of this or any other dustless road material which may offer a reasonable chance of success. No sane person doubts that self-propelled vehicles of all kinds will rapidly increase in numbers, and that the dust question will become more and more acute as years go by unless some serious attempt is made to grapple with the difficulty.

In the meantime much can be done to lessen the nuisance by the use of tar and other dust-laying substances on those portions of the main roads which run through villages and past private residences. It is absurd for rich owners to complain loudly of the depreciation of their property when for a few pounds per annum they can adequately protect their frontages from dust. The use of tar for this purpose has passed beyond the experimental stage, and many of the district councils round London have learnt how to apply it to the road surface so as to obtain the best results and cause the least possible interference with the traffic. To take one instance, the Epsom Council has recently tarred several stretches of road at the cost of private owners, and the results have proved satisfactory in every way. The process is extremely simple, and experience gained during the summer of last year has enabled the road foremen largely to overcome any objections, such as stickiness in hot weather, which previously existed. The surface is first thoroughly scraped and brushed, so as to expose the bare metal, and the grit and small stones are collected by the roadside. The tar is then heated and poured over the surface, and evenly distributed by means of hard brushes. The scrapings are then scattered over the road again, and combine with the tar to form a hard, smooth, water-tight crust, which for a year, or even more, will be practically dustless. Half the road is treated at a time, and it is generally found that the tarred portion can be thrown open to traffic within a few hours after the work is completed. The cost is by no means excessive, considering the advantages obtained; and it is difficult to understand why every village on a main road near London does not abandon watering in favour of the tar process. For a private owner the cost works out at about £5 per 100yds. of road of average width; but this figure could doubtless be reduced where the work was carried out on a large scale. Speaking from personal experience, we can testify to the efficacy of the tarring process, and recommend it to those who, living near a motor-frequented highway, suffer from the dust nuisance.

MOTORING IN ITALY.
A White steam car near the Arch of Titus.

THE FRENCH ELIMINATING TRIALS.

IN many respects the French Eliminating Trials, which are held to-day (Friday), may be regarded as the most interesting motor event of the year, as they will decide the much-debated question of the suitability of the Auvergne Circuit for high-speed motor-racing. It is, therefore, of interest to recall a few of the leading features of the course, which, with the aid of the map on another page, will help to explain and render intelligible the telegrams from



A REMARKABLE HILL-CLIMBING TEST.

The following extract from "The Bristol Daily Mercury," of March 20, shows what a

Four-Cylinder Humber

WILL DO.

"The hill-climbing capabilities of a Humber 16-20 h.p. motor car were satisfactorily tested on Saturday morning, when it ascended from Stokes Crott up precipitous Thomas Street to Freemantle Square, to the surprise and admiration of a number of spectators who happened to be in the locality just before noon. This is how the ascent was made. The car, having been brought to a standing position at the bottom of Thomas Street, was set in motion, and at a rate of about twelve miles an hour reached the point where the even gradient of the hill is abruptly broken by a short and steep incline, that is, about half-way up. Here a stoppage was made, and then the car resumed its course, accomplishing the most difficult part of the run at about ten or twelve miles an hour. There must be a deal of reserved power in a car that can be re-started from such a position. Its four occupants kept their seats throughout the journey. The Humber runs very quietly and smoothly, and the 'flexibility' of the engines is a great advantage The car has climbed several noted hills, including Dundry Hill, Blue Bowl Hill (Wells), East Harptree Hill, Blagdon Hill, and the Cheddar Gorge. It was brought to Bristol to be tested in steep Thomas Street, the gradient of which shows an average of one in four."

The 16-20 h.p. four-cylinder Beeston Humber Car made a non-stop record throughout the Scottish Reliability Trial. See reports for complete details of its splendid performance.

Complete specification of these cars ("a worthy example of the lead taken by British production"—*Motor News*) on application to

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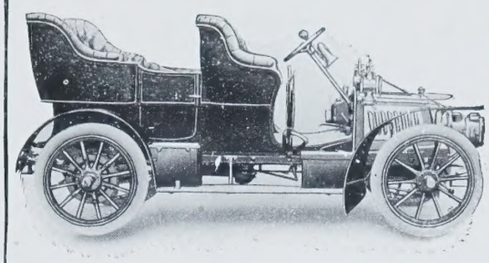

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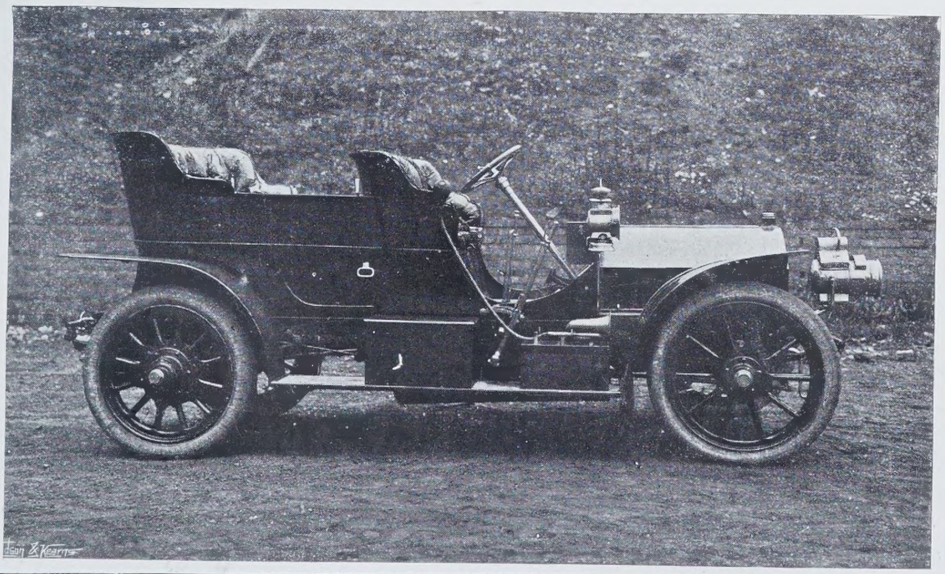

The 20-H.P. ARIEL

"Made highest marks out of forty-three cars, and was awarded the GOLD MEDAL in its class." *—Country Life, June 10th, 1905.*

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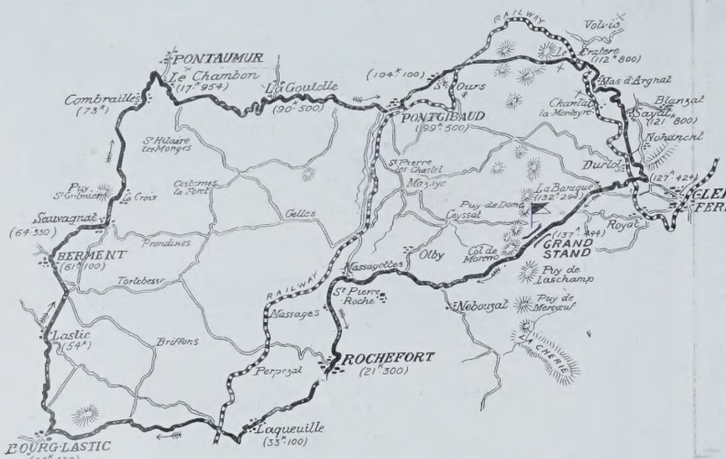
the scene of the contest, which will appear in the evening papers within a few hours of the time that these lines appear in print. For much of the information we are indebted to an excellent map of the course which has been issued by the great French firm of tyre-makers, Messrs. Michelin and Co., whose works at Clermont Ferrand are only a few kilomètres from the south-eastern corner of the circuit.

The start and finish of the race will take place on the plains of Laschamp, where the French Club has erected its grand stand. The



THE ROUTE FOR THE GORDON BENNETT RACE.

course is 137 kil. 444 in circumference, and has to be covered four times, making the total distance 550 kil. (or 341¾ miles). Rising with a steep gradient of about 10 per cent., the road soon arrives at the highest point of the circuit, about 1,065 mètres above sea-level, which is followed by a descent to the Nébouzat cross-roads. Thence to the outskirts of Rochefort (21 kil. 300 from the start) the course is fairly wide and free from dangers. Rochefort contains two dangerous turnings, and has been made a control, the cars being piloted through the town at a slow pace. After negotiating an exceedingly awkward corner about a kilomètre from Rochefort, the course is fairly good to Laqueuille (30 kilomètres), the second control. Here the cars will be stopped, and started at intervals of 3min. each. Beyond the village there is a dangerous turning flanked by a precipice, but thence, to the outskirts of Bourg-Lastic, the road is wide and fairly straight, and really high speed is possible for the first time since the start. The cars do not enter Bourg-Lastic, but turn northwards at one of the most acute-angled corners on the course, known as the Virage de la Vierge, towards Lastic (54 kilomètres), Herment (60 kil. 100), and Le Chambon (77 kil. 954). This is the most difficult portion of the circuit, the road presenting a constant succession of twists and turns, with numerous steep ascents and descents to aggravate the difficulties which beset the driver. From Le Chambon to La Goutelle (90 kil. 500) the road, though winding and undulating, is wide enough to render a good speed possible, but a few kilomètres beyond the last-named village there are three dangerous corners in quick succession, the first of which occurs at the bottom of a precipitous descent. At Pontgibaud (99 kil. 500) the cars will be stopped, and restarted in the same manner as at Laqueuille. Pontgibaud itself contains two dangerous points, one a right-angled turn over a narrow bridge, where the road narrows to about 18ft. in width. The town is left by a 12 per cent. ascent, but shortly after the village of St. Ours is left behind there is a good run to Le Cratère (112 kil. 800). Thence the road resumes its winding nature for the descent to the cross-roads near Clermont Ferrand. A few more difficulties in the shape of S turns and a 15 per cent. gradient, and La Baraque is reached, whence the harassed drivers will have a straight run back to the starting-point before they start the round of the course once more.

Much has been done to lessen the appalling dangers of the course by banking the corners, and erecting strong palisades to prevent the cars plunging over precipices. Moreover, three level crossings have actually been bridged to avoid any possibility of a collision with passing trains. The road surface, however, from all accounts, remains in a very bad state, and unfortunately it is worst in those rare portions of the course where a high rate of speed would otherwise be possible. It is possible that an effort may be made in the last few day sbefore the race to improve matters, and with this end in view the course has been closed entirely to racing cars for the last week or two. This prohibition gave rise to some apprehension in this country, as it was thought that the British team would thereby be prevented from carrying out their practice spins. The course will, however, be thrown open again after the French Trials. In any case, from the nature of the circuit, with its 145 dangerous turnings, its constant succession of steep ascents and descents, its poor surface and the numerous villages which line the route, the times recorded must necessarily be slow. Experts have estimated the probable speed of the winner at from 80 kilomètres to 85 kilomètres an hour, which is less than that accomplished by Théry on the Taunus course last year, but faster than the best time made in Ireland in 1903. An average speed of 80 kilomètres would make the duration of the race about seven hours, so that the results are hardly likely to be known in London till late this afternoon. We give below a table showing the starting order of the competing cars, their drivers, and a few of their constructional details:

Name of Maker.	*Order of Starting.*	*Names of Drivers.*	*Stroke & Bore in mm.*	*Horse-power.*	*Trans-mission.*	*Wheel-base.* ft.	*Wheel-base.* in.	*Track.* ft.	*Track.* in.
R. Brasier	1, 11, 18	Thery, Caillois, Stead	160 X 150	96 h.p. at 1,200 revs.	Ch.	8	7½	4	1
Renault	2, 12, 19	Edmond, Sisz, Bernin	150 X 150	90 h.p. at 1,300 revs.	C.	9	2	4	4
C.G.V.	3 ...	Girardot	160 X 160	100 h.p. at 1,050 revs.	C.	8	2	4	4
Bayard	4, 13, 20	A. Clement, Hanriot, Villemain	180 X 150	120 h.p. at 1,200 revs.	C.	9	2	4	4
Hotchkiss	5, 14, 21	A. Fournier, Le Blon, Lavergne	185 X 160	125 h.p. at 1,050 revs.	C.	9	0	4	4
Automoto	6 ...	Lapertot	150 X 150	90 h.p. at 1,200 revs.	Ch.	8	10	4	6
Dietrich	7, 15, 22	Gabriel, Rougier, Duray	190 X 150	130 h.p. at 1,260 revs.	Ch.	9	4	4	4
Darracq	8, 16, 23	Hemery, Wagner, De la Touloubre	150 X 140	85 h.p. at 1,250 revs.	C.	7	10	5	0
Panhard	9, 17, 24	H. Farman, Heath, Teste	170 X 170	120 h.p. at 1,200 revs.	C.	9	2	4	4
Gobron	10 ...	Rigolly	120 X 220	110 h.p.	Ch.	9	6	4	6

BRAKE DEMONSTRATIONS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

As might have been expected, some very interesting results were forthcoming from a series of tests at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday between motor-cars and horse-drawn vehicles, the affair having been organised by Mr. S. F. Edge. Five different types of the latter were utilised, namely, a carrier's van drawn by two horses, a single-horse brougham, a hansom cab, a butcher's cart, and a pneumatic-tyred sulky. The last named was driven by Will Bishop, an expert from the Coliseum, with a very limber-looking animal between the shafts. The motor-vehicles employed comprised a 20 h.p. G.P.O. van, a 30 h.p. six-cylinder Napier, a 18 h.p. Mercédès, a 15 h.p. De Dion, a 15 h.p. Napier, and the racing Napier which Mr. Cecil Edge drove in the recent Eliminating Trials in the Isle of Man. Excellent arrangements had been made for obtaining accurate results, official timekeepers being present, together with an army of flag-holders and men to paint white lines across the upper terrace, on which the tests took place. It is conceivable that the partisans of the horse may possibly consider that as the affair was organised by automobilists it would not be fairly conducted; in which case it may be said at once that no fault could be found in any way with the arrangements, and certainly the conditions favoured the horse-drawn vehicles, inasmuch as heavy rain was falling, and the ground was far too soft for the tyres to obtain

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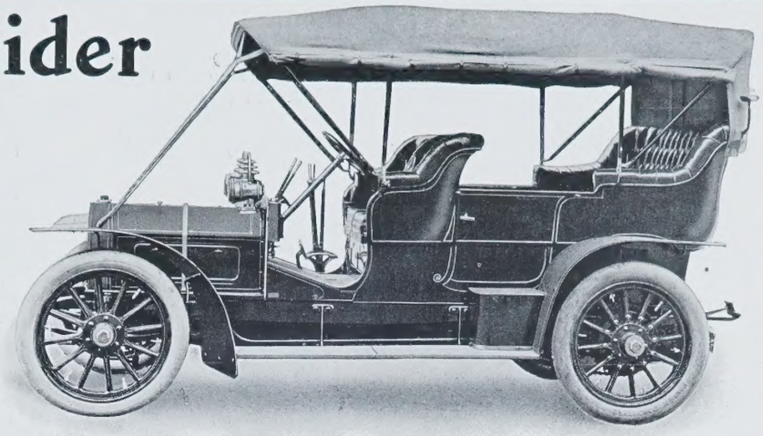

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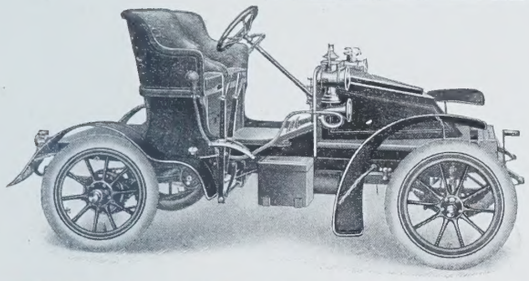

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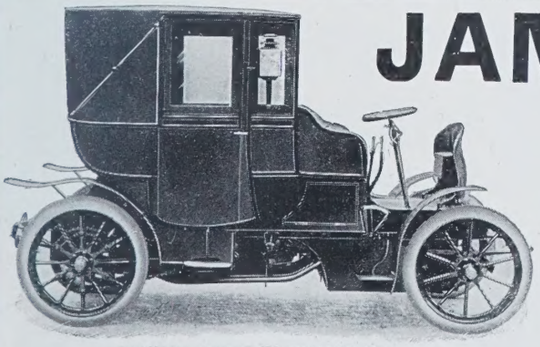

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their maximum of grip, whereas, on the other hand, it was just about right for the animals. The *modus operandi* was as follows: Twelve flag-bearers, each carrying two red flags, were stationed in pairs along the terrace. Before each trial one pair was instructed to give the signal to pull up, the pull-up, of course, taking place at a different place each time, so that none of the drivers knew where they would have to stop. All the flag-bearers held their arms and flags vertically, but the pair chosen to give the signal dropped their arms and flags suddenly to the horizontal. The drivers, therefore, proceeded past the flagmen until they arrived at the pair who dropped their flags. A broad white line was painted just beyond each pair of flagmen, and the aim of each driver was to bring his vehicle to a stop as near as possible to the line. Naturally in every case the motor-vehicle was faster than the horse-drawn type against which it ran; the horse-driver was, therefore, ordered to go as fast as he could, and the car driver had to keep on level terms. After each pull-up the distance was carefully measured from the fore feet of the horse to the white line, and from the front wheel of the car.

All the cars, it may be mentioned, were up-to-date patterns with long wheel-bases; in fact, in the case of the hansom, the butcher's cart, and the sulky, the total length of the horse-drawn vehicle would be shorter than that of the car. The speeds at which the respective vehicles were travelling were also carefully noted by the official timekeepers over a distance of one fiftieth of a mile. The motor-mail van made short work of the carrier's van, and then came tests against the brougham by the six-cylinder Napier. At the first attempt Macdonald, who drove the latter, had not properly realised the nature of the signal, and did not pull up until warned by his passengers. As a result, whereas the first time he took 26½ft. at ten miles an hour, the second time he pulled up in 10ft., when travelling at over thirteen. The brougham driver then warmed to his work, and got his horse to attain a speed of over 15½ miles an hour, which shows that town carriages move much faster than is popularly supposed. At this rate he pulled up in 42ft. 10in., whereas the car was pulled up in 18ft. It was the driver's first attempt, however, and he was by no means quick in applying his brakes. Still, the comparison was quite sufficiently in favour of the automobile. The hansom driver went so slowly that, though he could not pull up in less than 24½ft., the 15 h.p. De Dion pulled up in 1ft. 6in.! The butcher's cart, of course, was hopelessly out of it against two cars in succession. Very interesting, however, were the two matches between the racing Napier and the sulky. The driver of the latter was extremely clever, and, partly owing to the lightness and shortness of his vehicle, and his own favourable position for exerting a strong pull on the horse, he made a far better showing than any of the other horse-drawn vehicles proportionately to his speed. Even then, however, the motor-car was seen to materially better advantage. The general results showed that, roundly speaking, a horse-drawn vehicle requires three times as much space to pull up in as that in which an automobile can be stopped. The following table shows the results arrived at and the speeds at which the vehicles were travelling:

Vehicle.	*Stopped in Ft.*	*In.*	*Travelling at Miles per hour.*	*Stopped in Ft.*	*In.*	*Travelling at Miles per hour.*
Motor Mail Van ...	8	0	7·66	9	0	7·826
2-horse Carrier's Van	28	0	,,	24	2	,,
30 h.p. six-cylinder Napier	26	6	12	10	0	13·383
Brougham	53	0	,,	47	6	,,
18 h.p. Mercédès ...	18	0	15·652	—	—	—
Brougham	42	10	,,	—	—	—
15 h.p. De Dion ...	1	6	8·78	7	9	11·250
Hansom	24	6	,,	33	6	,,
15 h.p. De Dion ...	9	3	12·859	—	—	—
Butcher's Cart ...	50	5	,,	—	—	—
15 h.p. Napier ...	14	3	13·849	—	—	—
Butcher's Cart ...	38	5	,,	—	—	—
90 h.p. Napier ...	24	3	18·421	26	6	20
Sulky	35	0	,,	43	6	,,

THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB HILL-CLIMB AT SOUTH HARTING.

Except for a few brief moments of watery sunshine in the early part of the afternoon, the weather on Saturday last was most unfavourable for the Automobile Club, which was holding a hill-climbing competition for touring cars at South Harting. The scene of operations lies some five miles to the south-east of Petersfield, on the road from that place to Chichester. The dull and threatening outlook in the early morning, coupled with the remoteness of the locality, doubtless prevented a number of people who lived at a distance from putting in an appearance, so that until well on in the afternoon the attendance was very moderate in numbers. However, what it lacked in size it made up for in enthusiasm, and from an early hour there were little knots of interested spectators at all places where the gradient gave promise of affording excitement later in the day. The hill selected for the competition was just over a mile in length, the road winding up from the village of South Harting to the summit of the South Downs. The gradient is very severe, averaging for the entire course 1 in 12, with several exceptionally bad corners, where it is as high as 1 in 7, and 1 in 8½. It was naturally at these spots that the majority of the spectators assembled, with the intention of being "in at the death" in the event of any competitors coming to grief. However, considering how very stiff was the task set, both cars and drivers did remarkably well, the number of failures being extraordinarily low. The weighing-in of the cars took place at the Petersfield goods station at 10.30, nearly all the competitors, together with the club officials, having arrived at Petersfield overnight. The competition was run off in three classes, the cars being grouped according to price. Class A was for cars whose list price was from £150 to £350, and of these those priced at from £150 to £250 had to carry two "up," while those from £250 to £350 were laden with four passengers. Class B included all cars the chassis price of which was from £300 to £500. Class C was reserved for machines whose chassis cost from £500 to £850.

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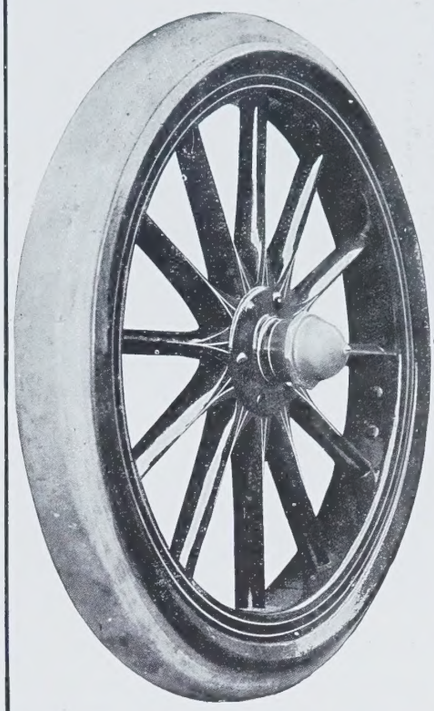

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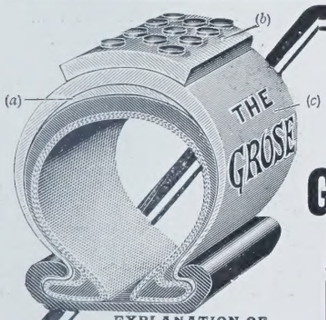

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200 ,,	2	2	0
500 ,,	4	15	0
1000 ,,	9	0	0

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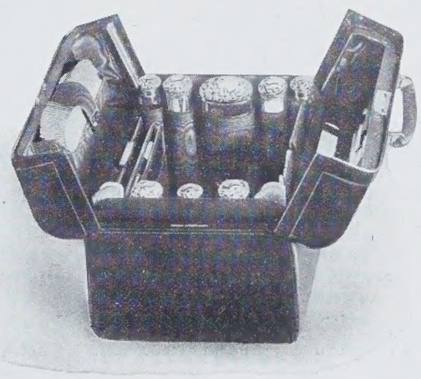

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In Classes A and B there were two prizes—the first prize a cup, presented by Earl Russell, while the second car received the club's silver medal. In Class C the first prize was a cup given by the Sussex County Automobile Club, and the second the club's silver medal. Owing to there being as many as forty-nine entries, the weighing-in took longer than had been anticipated, with the result that the start, which had been officially timed to take place at noon, was delayed until 12.30. However, the competitors made good use of the interval. The majority, as they arrived from the weigh-bridge, came up to have a final inspection of the course. The conditions generally did not favour the accomplishment of any phenomenally fast times, for the lower part of the hill was in a nasty greasy state, while the difficulty of negotiating the steeper portions in the middle was accentuated by the surface being rather soft after the continuous rain. The onlookers received some idea of the difficulties to be encountered from the struggles of several cars which were trying prior to the start to take up positions for the day just above the steepest "pitch." Many had to shed passengers, and one or two were not above accepting a friendly shove. A local custodian of the peace stationed at the worst spot of all was heard mournfully to deplore the improbability of anyone infringing the speed limit within his personal jurisdiction. In a biting wind and drizzling rain the start was made with Class A. Mr. Arnott's 14 h.p. Minerva was first on the list, but, unfortunately, was prevented from taking part owing to a mishap to the inlet-valve gear. No. 2 was the 12—14 h.p. Leader driven by Mr. Malcolm McCraith, who brought her up in good style. In the absence of the 12 h.p. Darracq, 12 h.p. Whitlock Aster, and another 12 h.p. Leader, the second to come up was the 8—10 h.p. Coventry Humber, which did a splendid course, the first speed lever once being used, and the second only on the worst part, just in the middle of the hill. This car afterwards came up with six passengers, though only seated for two. No. 3 was Mr. Ashby's 14 h.p. Minerva, which did very well. No. 4, 8 h.p. James and Browne, found the steepest pitch trying, but got safely up. No. 5, 8 h.p Alldays, was slow but sure. No. 6, Colonel Wilson's 12 h.p. Leader, did a good course. No. 7, 10 h.p. De Dion, found the bad curve difficult, but picked up well. No. 8, Miss Dorothy Levitt (and her dog!) on an 8 h.p. De Dion, got up safely. No. 9, the 10—12 h.p. Peugeot, after sticking three times on the worst corner, got up safely. No. 10, the 10 h.p. Speedwell, made a very fine course, and was much admired.

AUTOMOBILE CLUB HILL-CLIMB.

Class B was sent off when competitors in Class A had returned to the bottom of the hill. The first to go off was the 12—16 h.p. Spyker, which got up safely, but lost time owing to a bad change of speed. No. 2, 15 h.p. Orleans, did a good but not very fast course. No 3, 13 h.p. Dixi, went up exceedingly well without a falter. No. 4, 15 h.p. Darracq, was excellent. No. 5, 20 h.p. M.M.C., went steadily, though not fast. Another 20 h.p. M.M.C. being absent, No. 6 was a 15 h.p. White steam car, whose back-seat passengers were sitting on the floor of the tonneau. No. 7, a 15 h.p. White steam car. Neither of the Whites was quite up to expectation, though they both went well. No. 8, 15 h.p. Whitlock Aster, was rather slow, but very steady. No. 9, 16—20 h.p. Beeston Humber, went up splendidly, travelling very fast on the steepest gradient. No. 10, 12 h.p. Sunbeam, was very slow, but the engine pulled well. No. 11,

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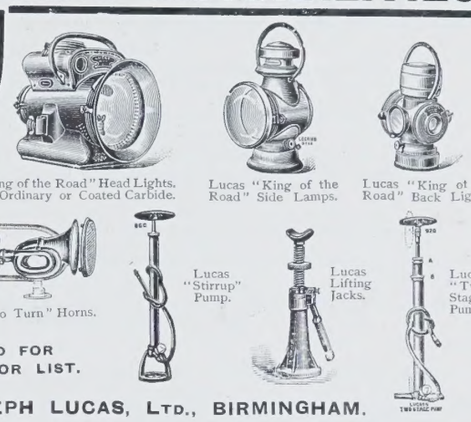

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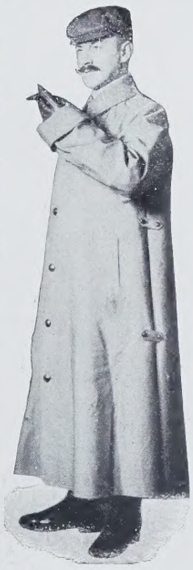

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20—22 h.p. Whitlock Aster, did excellently with five passengers. No. 12, 12—14 h.p. Climax, ran steadily and well. No. 13, 15 h.p. White steam car, was fairly fast. No. 14, 12 h.p. Mors, was very slow—perhaps Miss Levitt's dog is a heavy-weight. No. 15, 14 h.p. Hallamshire, stuck, and retired.

Class C afforded some fine sport, the Daimlers especially being much admired. No. 1, 18—24 h.p. B.A.C.S., went up nicely, but was missing a little. No. 2, 24 h.p. Thornycroft, driven by Mr. Tom Thornycroft, went well. No. 3, Mr. Gorham's 30 h.p. Daimler, was magnificent, and very fast. No. 4, 40 h.p. Berliet, went fast. This car is on Mércèdes lines, and has a great reputation as a hill-climber in France. No. 5, Mrs. Herbert Lloyd's 30 h.p. Daimler, was very fast. No. 6, 18 h.p. Peugeot, went well, but was slow after the Daimlers. No. 7, Mr. Instone's 30 h.p. Daimler, was excellent. No. 8: In the absence of the 24 h.p. Germain, owing to a broken piston, and the 20 h.p. Renault and 24 h.p. Mors not appearing, Mr. Manville's 30 h.p. Daimler was next up in fine style. The 30 h.p. Ariel was not forthcoming, so No. 9 was Mr. Baxendale's 24 h.p. Thornycroft, which, after negotiating the worst gradient, came to a halt and had to be helped to start again. No. 10, 24 h.p. Wolseley, was very slow, but had a waggonette body. No. 11, 16 h.p. Florentia, was not very fast, but pulled steadily. No. 12, 24 h.p. Rochet-Schneider, did well, in spite of missing fire a little. None of the times is published by the club, but the winners in the various classes were as follows:

Class A—First prize (cup presented by Earl Russell), Mr. F. W. Adams's 8—10 h.p. Coventry Humber; second prize (club silver medal), Mr. J. W. H. Dew's 10 h.p. Speedwell.

Class B—First prize (cup presented by Earl Russell), Mr. T. C. Pullinger's 16—20 h.p. Beeston Humber; second prize (club silver medal), Mrs. Benett Stanford's 13 h.p. Dixi.

Class C—First prize (cup presented by Sussex County Automobile Club), Mr. E. Manville's 30 h.p. Daimler; second prize (club silver medal), Mr. E. M. C. Instone's 30 h.p. Daimler.

In addition to the prizes enumerated above, the club is giving a gold medal to the car which does the best performance according to the club formula. The winner of this medal will not be ascertained for several days. It should be added that all the competing cars were genuine touring machines, fitted with lamps, mudguards, silencers, and touring bodies, the racing car in touring guise being rigidly excluded.

The Midland Automobile Club Hill-climb.

An interesting hill-climbing competition was conducted by the Midland Automobile Club on the 3rd inst., near the picturesque village of Broadway, famous as the residence of Mrs. Navarro (Miss Mary Anderson). The actual contest took place in the private grounds of Middle Hill House, the residence of Baron Max de Tuyll. The results were determined according to two formulæ, one for arriving at the actual horse-power, and the other for handicapping purposes, the last named being the time in seconds multiplied by the horse-power, and divided by the total weight in pounds. On these formulæ, the cup offered by the club was awarded to Mr. H. P. Barker, who drove a 10 h.p. De Dion, and the following list shows the order of merit of the first ten competitors; for purposes of comparison we also append the actual times made:

Order of Merit.	*Driver.*	*Car.*	*Actual Time.*
1.	H. P. Barker ...	10 h.p. De Dion	9min. 40 3-5sec.
2.	E. W. Lewis ...	8 h.p. Rover ...	8 ,, 4 2-5 ,,
3.	E. M. C. Instone ...	30 h.p. Daimler	4 ,, 42 4-5 ,,
4.	A. J. W. Millership	6 h.p. Wolseley	8 ,, 41 1-5 ,,
5.	R. R. Brown ...	10 h.p. Wolseley	8 ,, 8 3-5 ,,
6.	J. Mayfield... ...	12-14 h.p. Climax	8 ,, 13 4-5 ,,
7.	W. T. Stokes ...	8 h.p. Allday ...	9 ,, 51 2-5 ,,
8.	Mark Wild... ...	6 h.p. Wolseley	9 ,, 38 ,,
9.	Percy Martin ...	35 h.p. Daimler	4 ,, 42 4-5 ,,
10.	A. A. Remington ...	6 h.p. Wolseley	9 ,, 5 ,,

Four other competitors retired.

POLO NOTES.

It was, after all, a good idea on the part of the Hurlingham management to have their pony show earlier than usual. We like to see before the great matches the ponies that are to take part in these struggles, for it is the charm of Hurlingham that they show us there the great playing ponies. In every case that I can recall the winners have been ponies famous in the game, and the record of past champion winners would supply the names of most of the notable ponies from the days of the Peat family to the present time. "Better even than Matchbox," was the verdict of a well-known judge on Captain Miller's Worcester, winner at Roehampton and at Hurlingham in the heavy-weight class. The pony was shown in working condition, and will, no doubt, look better; but no one could possibly doubt his power not only to carry the 14st. and upwards of the conditions, but to do this at a good pace. This pony is a nice brown, with no white, a very good forehand, and, without being long in the back, he has plenty of reach and scope. With sufficient bone and a deep girth, he carries weight by his conformation rather than by mere size. He is, I believe, what one may call a hunter-bred pony, or a pony which was bred on hunter lines. Mr. F. Bellville's Attorney and Mr. Garland's Dr. Horace, the second and third ponies, were very much on a level. Dr. Horace is the more taking pony of the two and up to more weight. He has the first-rate back and loins which count for so much in a polo pony. The light-weight class not only showed us some excellent types, of which Mr. G. Miller's Bunny Rabbit is all over a polo pony, but brought out a new star in Major F Egerton Green's Ragman. Shown almost in the rough, he stood out from among the others, and nothing seemed to move better; if he is shown again his day is bound to come. In remarking that he is a little short in the shoulder you find almost all the fault possible. In the

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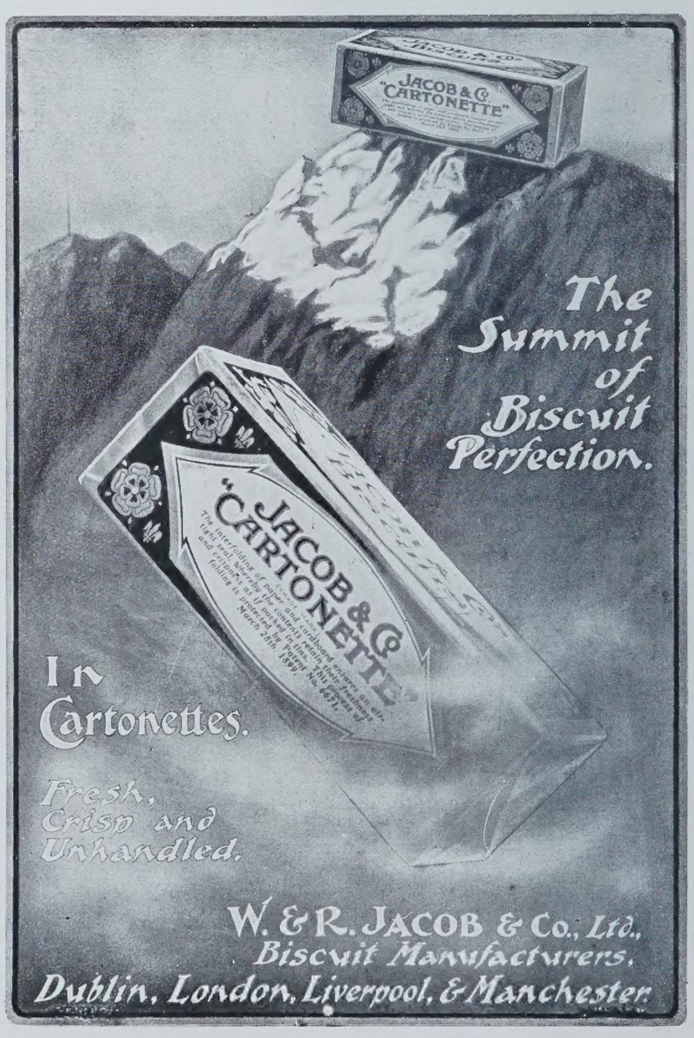

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MR. J. B. DALE'S MY HONEY.

Champion class Mr. McCrcery's Daly beat Larky. For my part, I should have preferred to put them the other way, but no one could say there was a great deal in it, and it must always be remembered that the judges ride the ponies and their critics do not. Mr. Game, Mr. Nigel Baring, the Master of the Duhallow, and Captain Godfrey Heseltine were the judges, and would have been joined by Mr. Buckmaster had he not met with an accident. It was this mishap that obliged the Orleans team to withdraw from the final of the Social Clubs, and deprived us of a very attractive-looking game with White's A Team. This latter now holds the Social Club's Cup for 1905. Mr. St. Quintin at once arranged a match for White's, but it was, of course, though interesting enough, not quite the same thing as the final of a tournament would have been. But there was another event which makes last week memorable in the annals of polo. A first-rate match was played before two Kings at Ranelagh. King Edward and the young King of Spain drove down quietly on Wednesday. Ranelagh, of course, was equal to the occasion. A match was arranged on the new ground. A pavilion with a raised daïs was erected near the ordinary stand, and in rather dull weather, with but few people present, the King of Spain saw an English polo match. There is a polo club at Madrid, and some Spanish players have been, and, indeed, still are, among the most skilled of Continental players. There is something in the chivalrous dash of polo which appeals to the Spanish. The young King entered into the game with the most unaffected enjoyment, watched every stroke, and seemed to leave with some reluctance. We should like to have shown him the most beautiful of our clubs at its best; but Ranelagh even on a wet day is picturesque, and not even a rather dead ground could spoil the match arranged by the managers. Though at short notice, the players were all in the first class. The Wanderers—the Hon. A. Hastings, Mr. F. M. Freake, Mr. E. B. Sheppard, and the Duke of Roxburghe—met a club team chosen by the polo managers with their usual skill in balancing players. Indeed, as the match ended in a draw, it was a notable feat of handicapping, on a ground so dead that the best players might well have lost their form. The club team was Captain L. C. D. Jenner, Captain Godfrey Heseltine, Mr. F. A. Gill, and Captain Hardress Lloyd, and students of polo will note how the two ends of the team, the forwards and the back players, were balanced so as to produce the most perfect combination. This team was an illustration of the advantage of brilliant forward play when well supported.

To look forward to the future—for the past has but a slender record—next week we shall have the Army Cup for soldiers past and present. This has secured a splendid entry, and the teams include nearly all the first-class players of our soldier teams. Dragoon Guards, Royal Artillery, Hussars, and Infantry are all represented, and members of the Old Cantabs, the Magpies, and Ranelagh Club teams will be found in the competition. Altogether this promises better than any tournament played up to the present.

I have the draw for the Inter-regimental—1st Life Guards play 2nd Life Guards; Royal Horse Guards, the 21st Lancers; the King's Dragoon Guards, the 3rd Dragoon Guards, 5th Lancers, 6th Dragoons, 8th Hussars, 11th Hussars, 20th Hussars, and 17th Lancers all have byes in the first round. The 14th Hussars play the Rifle Brigade, and the Scots Greys the 16th Lancers. The prospects for this tournament are very bright, and we shall all look forward to the semi-finals on July 5th and July 6th. X.

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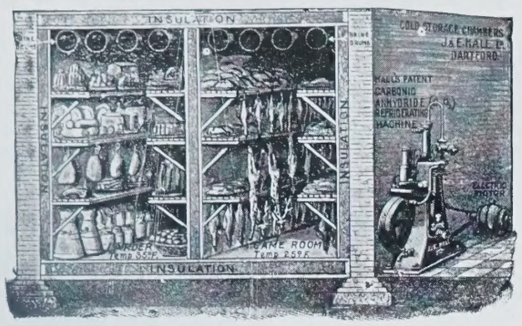

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CRICKET NOTES.

THAT a fast bowler is, practically speaking, essential to a team is self-evident; but really good fast bowling is not easily found. The first requisite is pace; it is just the bit of extra pace that distinguishes a fast bowler from the man who can send down what might be called a fast ball—Kottright, for instance, depended entirely on his extra pace to get wickets, and history tells us how often he succeeded. Then great accuracy in pitch and direction is peculiarly necessary to a fast bowler, or he is sure to prove very expensive, especially on the leg side; and even if he does keep a good length and direction, on a really true wicket, fast bowling is probably easier to play than any other, provided that the batsman judges the ball correctly and plays forward with a straight bat. The effective fast bowler is the one who will keep the batsman on the look-out by sending in a slow one from time to time, and who can combine his pace with plenty of spin and break. Only a few days ago the writer saw Lockwood playing apparently as well as ever in a village match, and memories came back of his great feat in the Test Match at the Oval in 1899, when on a perfectly true wicket he took seven wickets for seventy-one runs. Bowling at a terrific pace, many of his balls broke right across the wickets, and they came off the pitch like lightning, and taken altogether his bowling that day was an example of what a really first-class fast bowler can do; but fast bowling of that sort is very hard work, and few bowlers nowadays seem to care to attempt to develop their powers in that direction.

C. B. Fry has been batting in marvellous fashion this season, some of his best performances being 156 and 106 *v.* the M.C.C., and 201 not out and 233 *v.* Notts, and his average up to now is 106 for twelve innings, with a total of 1,060 runs. Denton for Yorkshire has scored 107 *v.* Somerset, 132 *v.* Warwickshire, 102 *v.* Middlesex, and 153 not out *v.* the Australians; he is sixth on the list of averages, with 57·78 for fifteen innings, and a total of 809 runs.

With Lord Hawke, Mr. Jackson, and Hirst absent from their ranks, it seemed as though Yorkshire would be easily defeated by the Australians; but Yorkshiremen are proverbially slow to acknowledge defeat, and they actually did better than any team has hitherto done against the Colonials, excepting, of course, the All-England Eleven at Nottingham. The honours of the match went to Denton and Ringrose, the latter of whom is a particularly fine bowler, especially on a good wicket. He is just the style of bowlert hat Yorkshire want, and if he maintains his recent form there are more unlikely things than that Yorkshire may recover the County Championship. Some critics would have it that Denton's fine innings of 153 not out was by no means free from faults; but not even the most critically-disposed can deny that he played cricket of an extremely bright and interesting character. The unexpected so often happens in cricket that one cannot say positively that Yorkshire would have won; but with only four wickets down they were in a position to declare the second innings closed, and at one time their sporting attempt to win the match seemed likely to succeed. But Noble and Armstrong came to the rescue of their side, and were still together at the termination of the play.

C. B. Fry gave one of his extraordinary batting displays for Sussex *v.* Notts, being given out leg-before-wicket after putting together the fine total of 233. With eight wickets down for 469, Fry declared the innings closed, and the Sussex bowlers went to work to try to get rid of the Notts batsmen quickly enough to win the match. Even the most sanguine partisans of Sussex could hardly have expected the sensational cricket which followed. In two hours and a quarter the whole of the Notts team were dismissed for a total of 62, and Sussex had won by an innings and 215 runs. These two counties have met on fifty-six occasions, and Sussex has only been victorious seven times.

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FEW of us realise when we partake of even simple dainties, such as an ordinary boiled custard, the culinary care that is necessary to prevent the eggs from curdling, and the ingredients from being spoilt. There are not many instances in which a substitute for eggs can be so successfully effected as in that of making a custard, and the use of Bird's excellent custard powder saves all anxiety and ensures success. During the hot weather it is particularly valuable, as custard and fruit, both stewed and in tarts, are always appreciated. With the use of custard powder the making of ices becomes a very simple matter, and all directions for making them will be found in an attractive little booklet, entitled, "Pastry and Sweets for Dinner and Supper Tables." It contains over a hundred practical recipes for puddings, omelettes, and dainty cold sweets, also for cakes (which can be made without eggs), bread, pastries, and an excellent recipe for home-made ginger-beer. The booklet can be obtained free from the publishers, Alfred Bird and Sons, Birmingham.

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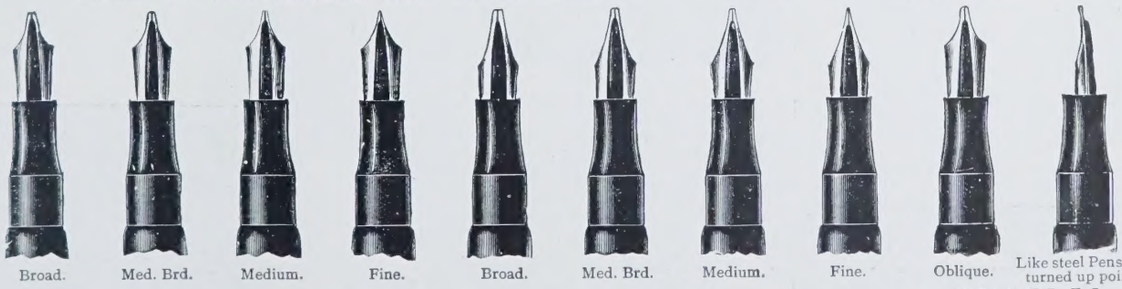

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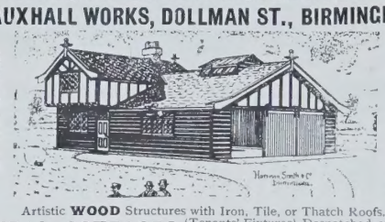

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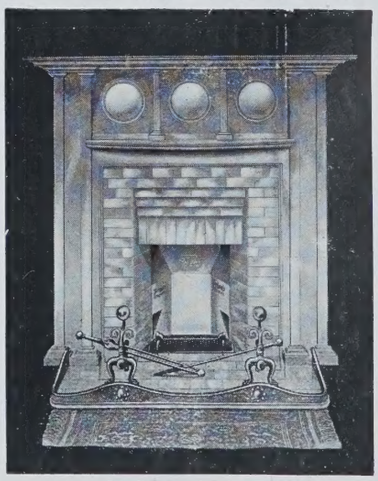

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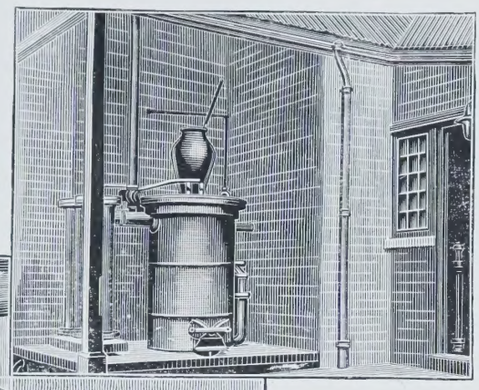

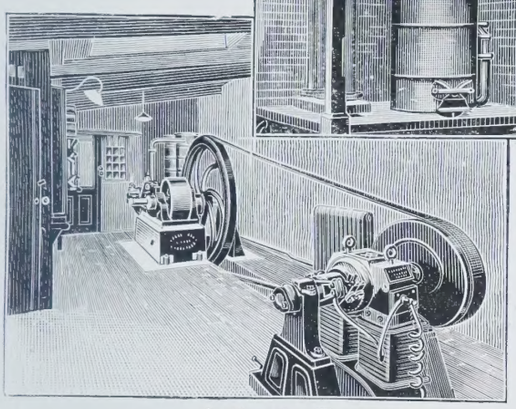

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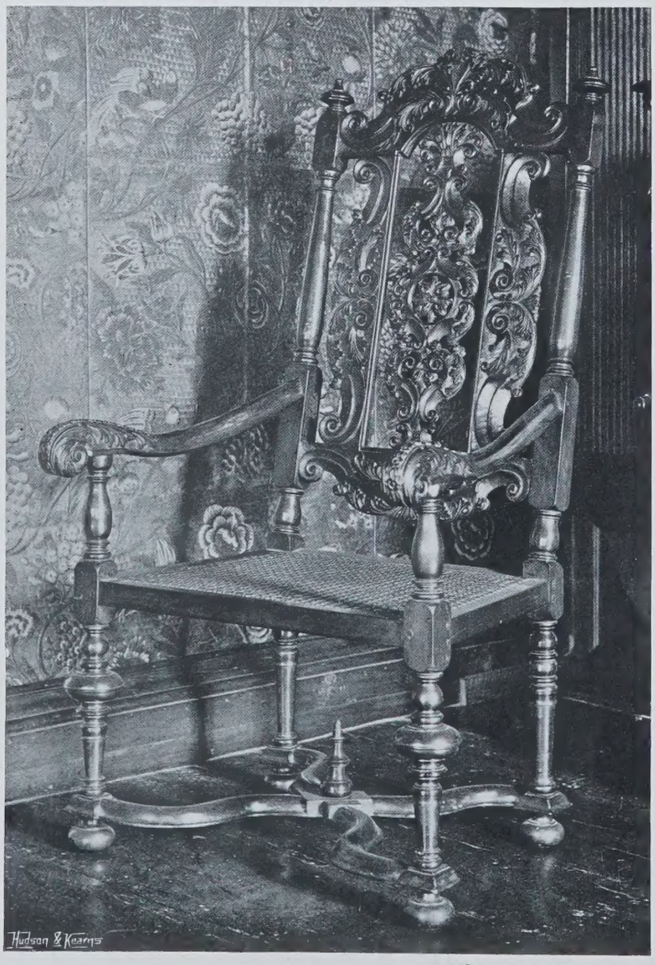
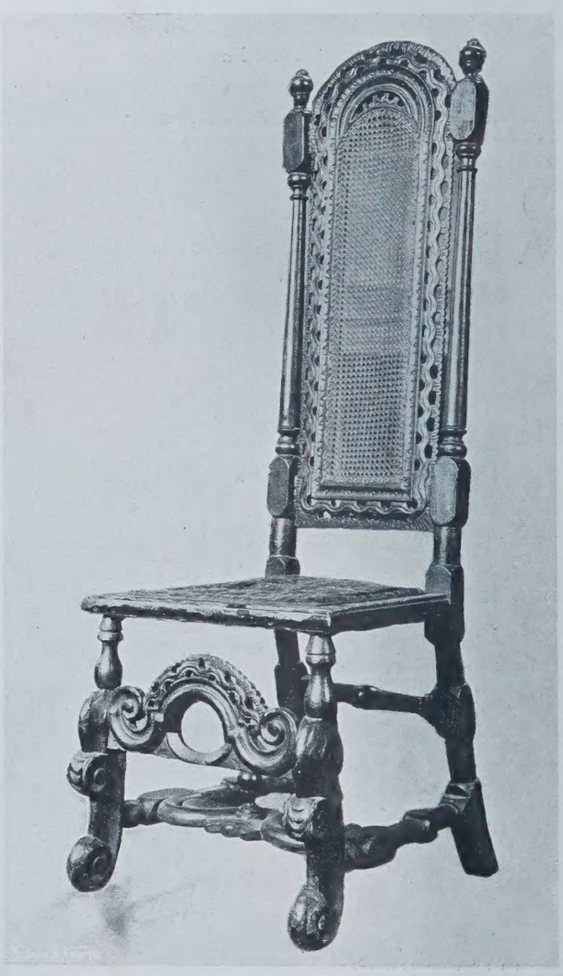
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY CHAIRS.

THE development of the chair as a recognised article of furniture belongs to the seventeenth century. Before that period it existed, of course, but hardly in its later intimate relationship to civilised mankind of every degree. The use of it was a matter of state and dignity; the common herd sitting—if indeed, they presumed to sit—upon stools or settles, such as one still finds, in fortunate moments, in the farmhouses and inns of the more remote country districts. It seems probable that the Civil Wars had much to do with the democratisation of the chair. With the rise in the social world of the middle classes we find that domestic furniture, during the latter half of the century, increases and multiplies; not only in mere numbers, but in form. The development of this branch of art in France and the Low Countries found an echo in Great Britain; and one of the most interesting of the changes is to be found in the variations which, doubtless under French influence, now sprang from the old settle. One of our illustrations represents a fine example of the double chair. Its straight back and arms are reminiscent of certain characteristics of Stuart chairs, and the carving, if its theme be derived from the ornament of Louis XIV., is in execution typically English. The desire for greater comfort was not the only incentive to change. The old oak furniture was too heavy for daily use, and lightness becomes more and more a serious consideration with designers of chairs. The use of cane was a happy expedient; and the high-backed single chair reproduced on this page exemplifies its utility in the clearest manner. The back is essentially Elizabethan in style; and it supplies an unusual contrast to the heavy and later carving of the lower portion. The simplicity of this example finds its antithesis in the luxuriant carving which decorates the back of our third illustration. One cannot help remarking that this elaboration could hardly have been quite appreciated by the sitter. Yet reticence in the other parts shows that the workman had a very good idea of giving prominence to the chief product of his handicraft. He has been content with turned legs, quite tastefully proportioned, but almost devoid of carving. As an exhibition piece this is an effective specimen. Foreign influence is apparent—even dominant; but one values it, nevertheless, as belonging to that period of absorption of the ideas of alien craftsmen out of which the independent and typically British school was to arise. E. F. S.

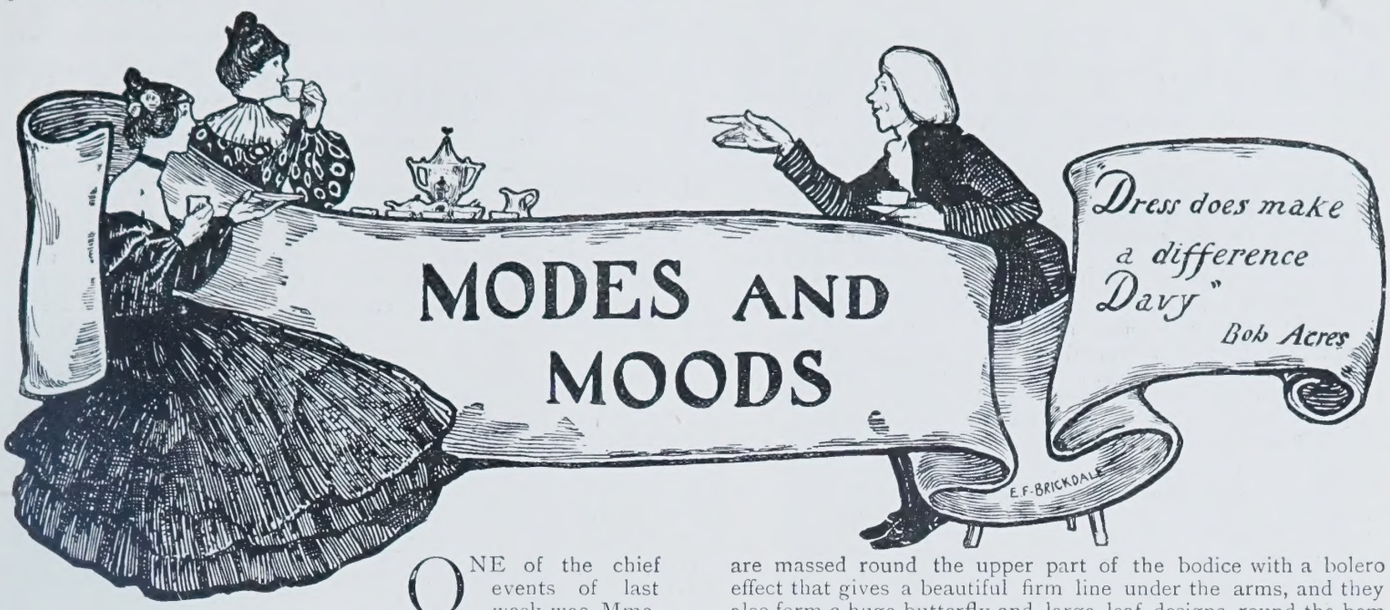
DOUBLE CHAIR: SECOND HALF OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.



ARM-CHAIR: LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.



CANE-BACKED CHAIR: LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.



ONE of the chief events of last week was Mme. Le Bargy's appearance on an English stage with an English company. Of the play itself and the acting it is not my province to speak, and, besides, it is in a way ancient history by now; but what is by no means ancient history are the dresses which Mme. Le Bargy wears in "The Man of the Moment." Even as her husband is celebrated as being the only man in Paris who can tie a cravat (his cravats are generally remarkable, and evidently the object of deep thought and preparation), so Mme. Le Bargy has a reputation as regards dressing which she certainly sustains at the St. James's Theatre. In the accompanying sketch the half-length figure on the right illustrates the charming robe d'intérieure which Mme. le Bargy wears in the first act of the play. I suspect it to hail from Doucet, for from that famous house came the almost similar dress worn by Mlle. Lender in "L'Ange du Foyer" at the Nouveautés in Paris last spring. The under-dress is in white muslin and lace, the skirt having two deep flounces of lace, headed with an insertion. The bodice has a transparent yoke and high collar-band of lace; the muslin is drawn down in a deep point at the waist in front, and the bodice is banded with three lines of satin ribbon, ending in front in bows of graduated sizes. The feature of the dress, however, as it was in Mlle. Lender's, is the most fascinating coat of spotted net trimmed over the shoulders and all round with heavy silver embroidery, the weight of this embroidery giving an admirable swing to the transparent net. Stole-ends of the embroidery come over the shoulders, intermixed with touches of deep green. This green-edged embroidered band reappears lower down at either side in front, reaching upwards from the hem, but leaving a space at the waist-line before the stole-ends are reached. The note of green is used in the same way at the back in ascending lines, but not round the border like the silver embroidery. Long scarves of lace hang loosely over the shoulders, back and front, ending in silver tassels. This net coat is cut very full, and hangs most beautifully, thanks to the heavy silver embroidery. The sleeves belong to the under-dress, and are made of puffs and flounces of lace reaching to the elbow. In her beautifully-dressed fair hair Mme. Le Bargy wears a dainty little knot of black velvet. The second dress in the sketch represents Mme. Le Bargy's dress in the second act, which is particularly graceful and effective. It is a Princess dress in deep champagne-coloured chiffon, the Princess effect being accentuated by long lines of deep gold sequins. The sequins are massed round the upper part of the bodice with a bolero effect that gives a beautiful firm line under the arms, and they also form a huge butterfly and large leaf designs round the hem of the skirt. The décolletage is draped with string-coloured lace, which also forms the full, puffed elbow-sleeves; and from

DRESSES WORN BY MME. SIMON LE BARGY.

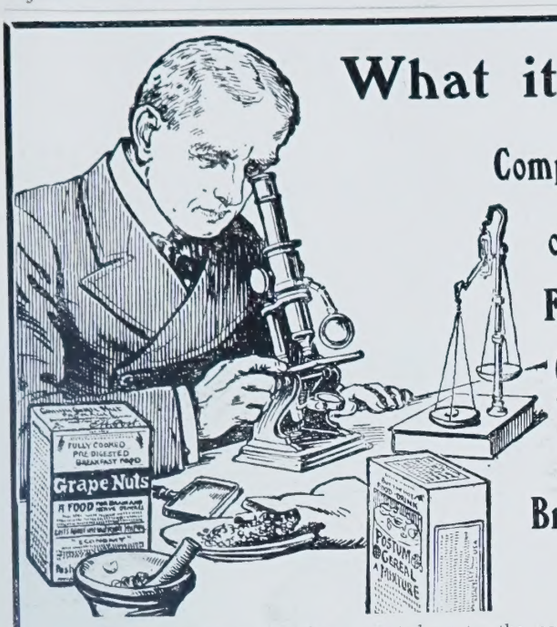
the right shoulder to the front is a garland of roses in curious subtle shades of pink and blue, caught at the breast by a bow of satin ribbon in the same tone of pink, while a similar ribbon ties the lace sleeves. With this dress Mme. Le Bargy wears in her hair a black osprey, not smartly erect, but slanting backwards, according to the fashion that prevails in all millinery at present, but which is certainly not decorative. In the last two acts Mme. Le Bargy's costume is the same, a charming white toilette, consisting of a coat down to the knees of white filet lace, over a skirt of white poplin. The dominant note in all her dresses, which is always the special feature of Doucet's designs, is simplicity of line; long flowing lines, which accentuate womanly grace, and the simplicity which denotes refinement of taste, and is in such marked contrast to the overloaded, flounced and furbelowed dresses one sees but too often in many houses of dressmaking repute. There is no easier way of hiding defective cut and style than a profusion of flounces and bouillonnés, which distract (and often afflict) the eye; and so it is naturally popular with many dressmakers to overload their costumes in this way, which indeed is also popular with many of their clients, who do not feel that they are "getting their money's worth" if a dress is exquisitely simple. The dresses of the charming French actress at the St. James's should correct many errors among our English actresses, the majority of whom are often sinners in this respect of allowing their dresses to be overloaded and confused in detail; and the beauty of simplicity of outline, which I am always preaching, is admirably illustrated by Mme. Le Bargy.

Beautiful cloaks are a special weakness of mine, and I was drowned in a sea of covetousness and envy when I surveyed the cloaks in the mantle department at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's this week. There were cloaks for all occasions, each more beautiful and original than its predecessor. A most charming coat was a sacque, three-quarter length, in shot taffetas, which was just the thing for an Ascot wrap. For warmer wear there was a beautiful circular cloak in a lovely shade of ruby plush, longer at the back than in front, which had a very graceful effect, the trimming being cascades of old lace, which looked splendid against the rich crimson of the material. But the most beautiful of all was the cloak I have had sketched for the delectation of my readers, so that they may share the feelings of covetousness with which I regarded it. It was made of the finest, silkiest, lightest cloth, pale blue in colour, cut in a circular shape, which made it fall in the most beautiful voluminous folds all round, almost to the edge of the skirt. It fell over the shoulders in Oriental fashion, the armhole being a deep slit; and the drapery below was caught together in a very original way, the square folds being held together with an immense tassel of blue silk and gold. The sleeves were formed of wide cascades of Alençon lace, caught together by motifs of guipure passementerie, and heavy tassels. There was a deep pointed yoke at the back of beautiful Eastern embroidery in gold thread, which also descended in a wide band along the line of the shoulders, edged at each side with an inch-wide flat gold braid. This gold braid descended down the fronts of the cloak to the hem, where it was met by two narrow lines of gold braid which edged the cloak all round at the bottom. The cloak, which was unlined, fell loose and straight from the shoulders; and a most excellent feature was the lace vest, which fastened across the chest, thus giving a protecting veil over the décolletage, as well as an additional decorative effect to the whole garment. A more beautiful or picturesque cloak for either evening or afternoon wear it would be impossible to conceive, and its fortunate possessor may well be envied.

Novelty is not always the best recommendation; and in some things our forefathers knew better than we do. In nothing is this so truly shown as in the question of the lighting of dinner-tables. Our forbears knew that there was nothing so becoming as wax lights, and latter-day hostesses have come round to their opinion. The soft radiance of wax lights is beautifying to both old and young; but wax candles have the drawback that as they burn down they require constant attention lest the candle-shades should topple over and catch fire. This commonest of accidents, which always costs a dainty shade, and often burns a hole in a valuable table-cloth, even when it does not do worse and set fire to a lady's dress, would be entirely obviated if Clarke's Cricklite lamps were universally adopted for dinner-tables, as they deserve to be. These "fairy lights" can be inserted into any ordinary silver or china candlesticks or candelabra, or, of course, can be had in the charming cut-glass or other lamp-stands provided by Messrs. Clarke. The lights cost one penny each, and burn steadily for five hours. There is no difficulty as regards cleaning, for once the light has burned out, the plaster wick sustainer is removed, and the lamp is ready for another light; and the lights will keep in good condition in any climate for an indefinite period. Nothing more handy or more beautiful in effect than these lights could be imagined; and the loveliness of their soft yet brilliant radiance may be seen at 137, Regent Street (the new premises of Messrs. Clarke), where a large dinner-table, set out with glass, plate, and flowers, illuminated by a number of Cricklite lamps, with lovely little shades of soft rose silk and deep fringes of tiny glass beads shimmering in the light of the unseen lamp, is an object-lesson in table decoration worth seeing and remembering. Other shades are in silk-lined chiffon embroidered with tiny garlands of flowers in coloured silk and mounted in eight panels; and, indeed, lamp-shades of all kinds are a speciality at Messrs. Clarke's, for the whole of the first floor is given up to nothing else but shades of every imaginable size, colour, and material.

LAMIA.

EVENING CLOAK AT MESSRS. MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE'S.



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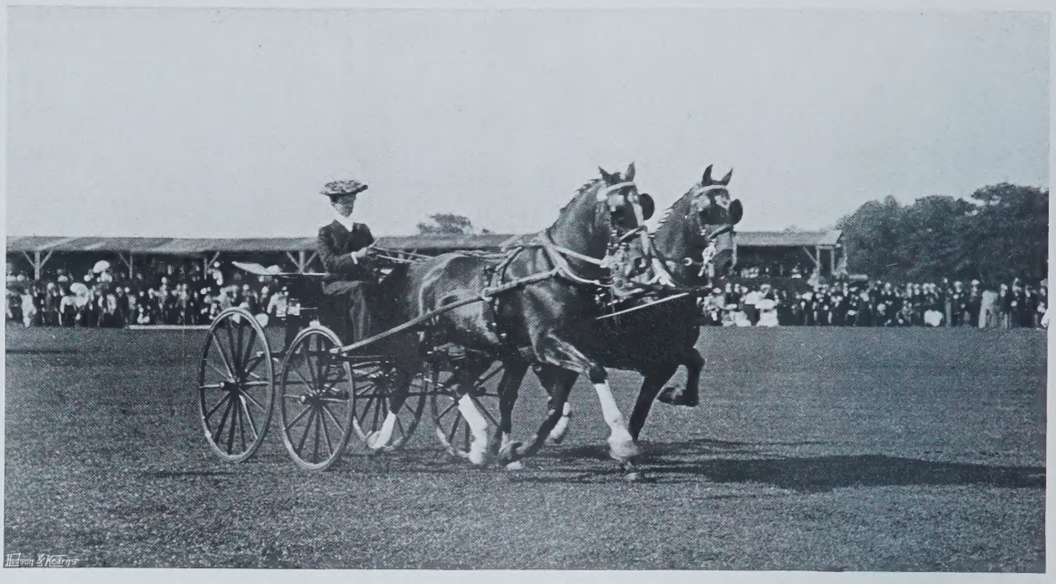
RICHMOND HORSE SHOW.

THIS horse show is such a pretty and popular function that general regret will be felt that the weather was not all it might have been this year. On Friday it was beautiful, but Saturday proved to be wet, and there was some falling off in the number of visitors. Even on the first day of the show complaints were heard that the programme was not carried out according to the letter. The catalogue gave it to be understood that the first judging would be the four classes of hunters, but, as a matter of fact, these were not taken until Saturday. And there was some other zig-zagging in the judging, which had the effect of puzzling the spectators. It is very desirable that on future occasions the catalogue should be carefully drawn up and adhered to. The show of horses was intrinsically very good indeed. In weight-carrying hunters, Mr. Drage was first with a bay gelding, which also took first prize in the class for novice hunters, and Mr. Stokes was second. In the four-in-hands Mr. H. H. König secured the first, with a team of browns, though the decision was not very well accepted by the crowd, who had set their minds on the team driven by Miss Ella Ross, but probably the judges were right and the crowd wrong. Mr. König and Mr. W. S. Cunard were bracketed for tandems. For pace and action horses Mr. W. Winans took the first prize, and all the others.

But the 527 entries included many animals besides these, and it was generally asserted by the experts present that the quality of horseflesh never has been better during the fourteen years in which a horse show has been held at Richmond. Two gold vases were given this year for the first time, one worth 100 guineas and the other 150 guineas. They are the gift of a number of gentlemen who are lovers of horses and interested in the art of driving. They laid down the salutary rule that, in competition for them, "horses entered in these classes must be the *bonâ fide* property of a lady or gentleman not in any way professionally interested in the purchase or sale of horses, and must be driven by the owner, or a member of his or her family, in whose possession it must have been for at least two months prior to the date of the closing of entries." The entries certainly did credit to the donors of these magnificent vases, and the judges on several occasions had very great difficulty in deciding between the rivals. It may be worth while to run roughly through the list of Saturday's competitions. In novice



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hunters the first was Mr. John Drage's Whisky; in hunters to carry under 14st. Mr. John H. Stokes was first with his Warrior; hunters up to not less than 14st. again offered a victory to Whisky; while Mr. John H. Stokes won in the open champion class with his Gold Reef. In double harness horses (pairs under 15 hands), Mr. W. S. Cunard's Jenny Lind and Wild Lucy proved too strong for Mr. Goad's pair; in single harness ponies Mr. Radcliffe's Marie Tempest proved victorious; while among single harness horses of any height Mrs. Hartley Batt's Heathfield Squire was at the top; in tandems Mr. Cunard's team was judged equal to Mr. König's; while Mr. Walter Winan's came in second. Mr. Wheeler won the jumping competition with Confidence, but Mr. Foster's Nomination took the Challenge Cup. The Challenge Vase, for double-harness horses, was won by Mr. König's Madge Kendal and Radiant. The Gold Challenge Cup, for single-harness horses, went to the same owner's Radiant, and the Richmond Challenge Cup, for hunters, to Mr. John Drage's Whisky.

LITERARY NOTES.

A TINY booklet by one of our occasional contributors, Miss Edith C. M. Dart, called *Nature Moods* (Elands', Exeter), may be confidently recommended to such of our readers as love orchards, meadows, seas, and the scenery round St. Michael's Mount. We give one or two examples of Miss Dart's verse, so that they may judge for themselves. The following seems to bring us within sight and sound of the shore:

SEA-BIRDS.

"Like bow drawn light along the strings,
To the sea's lute a soft wind sings,
Songs of faint, sweet, unworldly things,
Of breeze and surf. Ah! flash of wings,
Sea-birds go by!

Poised on a wave's turn—then away!
Grace of white curves 'neath boulders grey,
Lost in the haze across the bay,
What long-shut doors fly wide and stay,
Sea-birds go by!

Gleaming and song with an empty sky,
Piercing call of a gull's long cry!
Far hundred leagues the cities lie,
We want them not, the sea nor I,
Where birds go by!"

There is, again, a delicate touch in the poem called "Evening in the Orchard," which will be very evident to those who read the following lines:

"Late-flowering apple blossoms here and there
Drop loosened petals on the evening air,
That in the faint breath of this summer night
Upon the grasses tremulous alight.
And every tuft and root of weed and flower
Yields its damp fragrance to the dusky hour.
The world lies scent and shadow—twilight—dew,
Above, stars glimmer in the failing blue:
And like the sunlight I am loth to pass
From the long swathes of daisied orchard grass."

Miss Dart, however, ought to be a little more careful of her grammar, and should not write

"Lest sea or sky believeth
Each only may be blue!"

and occasionally a word, to say the least, is not inevitable, as when she writes:

"She bore a sceptre as she trod,
Of aromatic golden rod";

"aromatic" is prose.

Mrs. Violet Jacob is another contributor whose work frequently receives a welcome in our pages, and the book which she modestly calls *Verses* (Heinemann) more than justifies it. Mrs. Jacob writes up to a very high level, and seldom falls below it. Perhaps we could excuse an occasional drop if here and there we had the recompense of a wilder flight of fancy. It is all so good that we wish some of it were a little better. As an example of her at her best, we quote the following:

"COME ON, COME UP, YE ROVERS!

Come on, come up, ye rovers
Whose ships at anchor ride,
The west wind stirs the clovers,
And O! the world is wide:
So, up with your chains as the sun goes down
And out upon the tide!

There drives on the Atlantic
The torn scud of the rain,
And lines of foam leap frantic
Against the coast of Spain,
Where the air is full of the souls of men
Who sailed the Spanish Main.

Where Rocca's light is burning
On plunging miles of sea,
Eastward and eastward turning,
By Crete and Tripoli,
There is a spirit abroad in the wind
That cries aloud to me.

The coast drops low behind you,
The gull swoops round the spars;
Shall small men's limits bind you
Whose milestones are the stars?
Whose signposts stand where Orion swings
Above earth's locks and bars?

Come up, ye sons of morning,
This world was built for you!
Far off, Heaven's light's adorning
The lands where dreams come true;
And the Angel that sits at the Gates of the East
Shall open and let you through."

Mr. Douglas Ainslie is more ambitious, and gives the name of *Moments* (Constable) to his effusions. He seems to have spent one of the pleasantest of these moments in bed, and thus in verse does he discoures of it:

"THE DREAM.

Last night as I lay a-dreaming
Alone in my frozen bed,
Meseemèd I caught the gleaming
Of thine imperial head.
Then me from my place upraising
(For I sat far away)
I thridded the crowd a-gazing
On the players at their play.
But when our eyes a-meeting
I was piercèd by the gleam,
I knew by thy sweet smile-greeting
In my dream it was a dream."

Who Was He? (Routledge) is a little waistcoat-pocket miniature biographical dictionary which we think will prove quite useful, though it some of the people who considered themselves of importance in their day saw to what small dimensions their careers are reduced they might suffer in self-estimation. We turned up a few well-known names just in order to see what was said about them: "Alfred Tennyson, 1st Baron Tennyson (1809-92), Eng. poet (In Memoriam; Idylls of the King," which is certainly brief enough. The favourite heroine of Scotland is epitomised as "Mary Queen of Scots (1542-87); only dau. of James V. of Scotland; executed." Brief as these notes are, however, we have no doubt they will serve the purpose intended.

The American Blue Book (Harrison and Sons), edited by Genevieve C. Bancroft and Basil Bancroft, is a valuable work of reference, containing, as it does, a list of Americans and American firms in Great Britain. Such a book must be of very great service to all who have business to do with American houses.

George Whitefield's Journals, edited by William Wale (Deane, London). To this edition of Whitefield's Journals, together with his "Short Account" and "Further Account," an interesting appreciation, by Canon Hay Aitken, is prefixed, containing extracts from letters of the period anent George Whitefield. That of the Duchess of Buckingham (a natural daughter of King James II.) to the Countess of Huntingdon is particularly delightful. "I thank your ladyship for your information concerning the Methodist preachers. Their doctrines are most repulsive, strongly tinctured with impertinence, and disrespect towards their superiors, in perpetually endeavouring to level all ranks, and do away with all distinctions. It is monstrous to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl on the earth. This is highly offensive and insulting, and I cannot but wonder that your ladyship should relish any sentiments so much at variance with high rank and good breeding. However, I shall be most happy to accept your kind offer of accompanying me to hear your favourite preacher, and shall wait your arrival."

A Driving Tour in the Isle of Wight, by Hubert Garle (The County Press, Newport). This book is chiefly interesting from the account it contains of George Morland's associations with the Isle of Wight, of Shanklin, and its chine in particular. In connection with such anecdotes as that of Morland's arrest as a suspicious character while sketching Yarmouth Castle, and his drawings of a spaniel and the unfinished picture "Paying the Ostler" being taken for maps and keys of the island by the unartistic justice of the peace, a portrait of the famous Mr. Plumbley of the George Hotel, and other sketches are reproduced.

Derbyshire rivers have never lacked enthusiastic pens to record their scenery and their fish, and the last work by Mr. Walter Gallichan, *Fishing in Derbyshire and Around* (F. E. Robinson and Co.), will be welcomed by both those who live in the Midland county and strangers who intend to spend a holiday there. The information as to when and how to fish for its trout and grayling is sound, and where the names of tackle-makers are introduced it is evidently done in the interests of the fisherman and not the tradesman. Unfortunately, when the reader turns to the "Where to Fish," he must be warned that this book cannot be everywhere relied on as being either accurate or up to date. For instance, on the first pages of Chapter XIV. no mention

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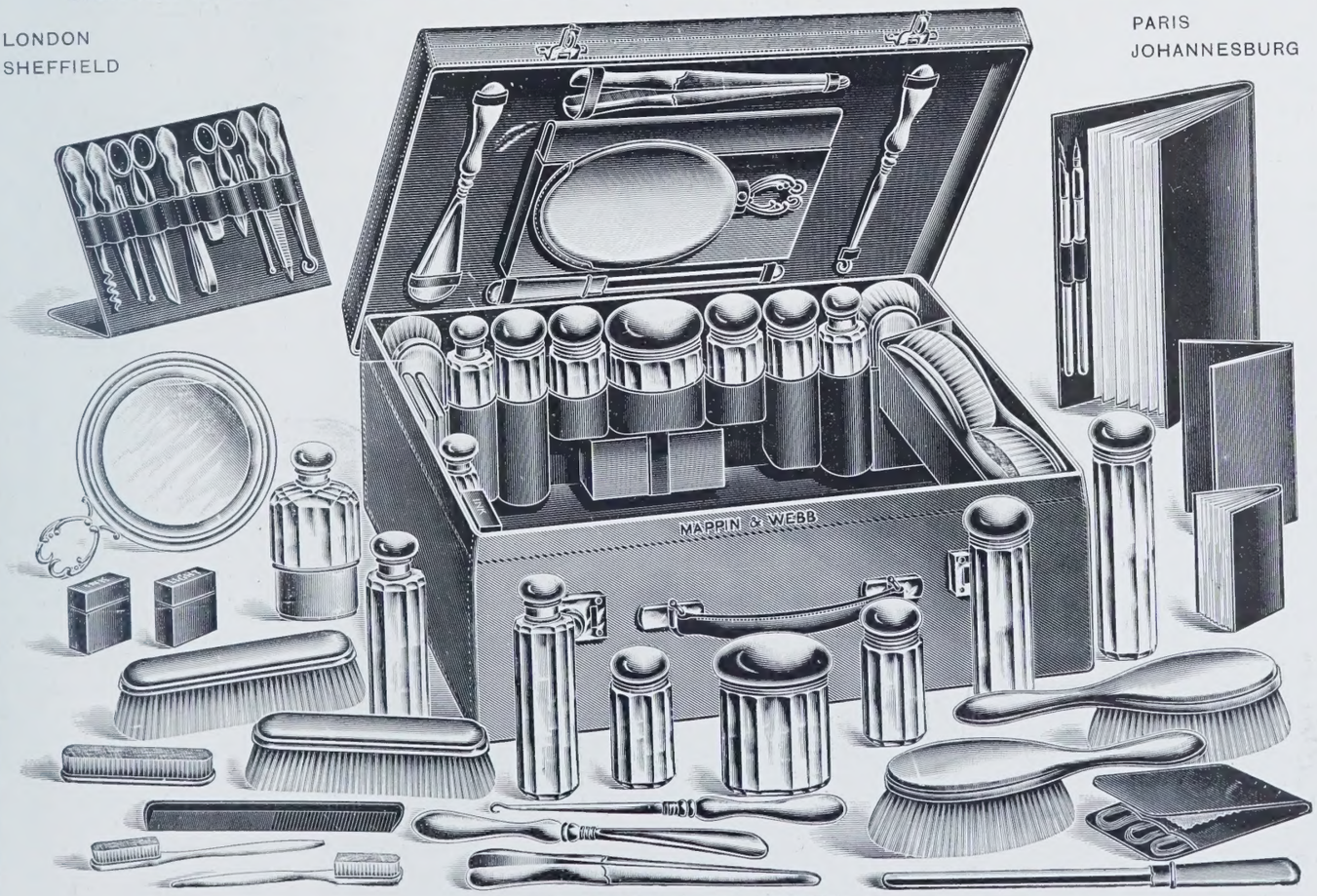


(ALL SILVER) TWENTY GUINEAS.

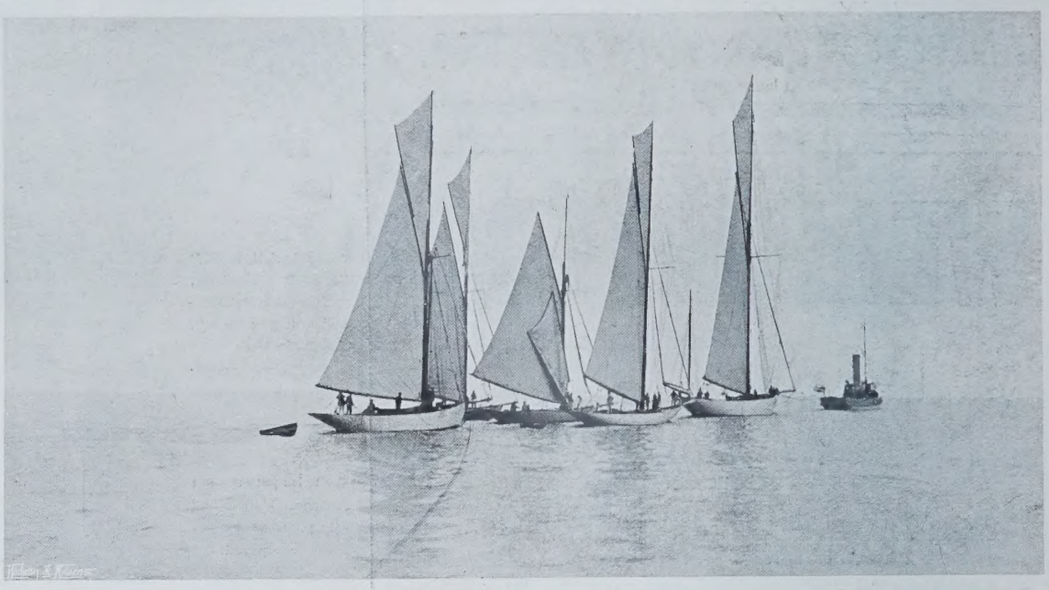
REGENT STREET, W. QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C. OXFORD STREET, W.

is made of the four guineas—entrance-fee—to the Darley Dale Club; and members receive ten, not twenty, transferable tickets for friends. Again, Allen of Rowsley, described as a good fly-dresser, had died before the publication of this book. Other information noted as inaccurate is that in regard to the riparian ownership of parts of the upper Dove, which the author would do well to correct in any future editions. Still, the whole book is so charmingly written, and with all a fisherman's love of his craft, that it will be a welcome addition to the angling corner of the library.

His party owe a lasting debt of gratitude to the genius of that genial caricaturist Mr. F. C. Carruthers Gould for the indefatigable way in which he has fought their battle during the last decade, with resolute persistency and never-failing good taste. The public, including his political opponents, are indebted to him for many a hearty laugh and quiet chuckle. All alike will welcome the No. 9 of his "Westminster Cartoons" (the *Westminster Gazette* Office), covering the period 1904-5. Almost inspired in its happiness is his adaptation of the well-known advertisement, "His Master's Voice," to the Prime Minister listening to the Caucus Commissionophone, and Mr. Chamberlain, as ever, is a favourite subject. No. XXXIV., "A Memory," is an excellent portrait of Sir William Harcourt listening to a Budget speech in a most characteristic attitude.

THE NORE TO DOVER.

SATURDAY did not prove a very favourable day for the popular yacht-races between the Nore and Dover. The morning opened very dull, and fog set in early in the day. Those who were on board the yachts had an unique opportunity of studying the behaviour of birds in thick weather, for here and there a number of pigeons which had evidently lost themselves in the fog kept circling round and round the yachts. On land, these birds, if they could not rise above the fog, would have settled on the nearest perch that they could find, and waited, looking very rumpled and dismal, till the fog cleared; but here they were afraid to settle, and merely circled round the vessels. On the other hand, a little fly-catcher that, by some mischance, had got out to sea was even more discomfited. It followed the club steamer for some time, afraid to leave it and go off into the mist, and yet too timid to seek refuge where there were so many of its human enemies about. At length, however, it did alight—a poor, half-drowned-looking object; but only to flutter off again, when it flew about for some time in dismay, returning at length to the vessel. All on board were extremely interested in its fate, and were glad to allow it to perch undisturbed, when it finally alighted on one of the spars, where it sat looking miserable and half-drowned till the vessel approached land; then it joyfully took its departure, and we may be sure bade a cheerful farewell to the water. The whole occurrence was very interesting to naturalists, as tending to show what must be the behaviour of migrating birds when caught in mist and fog. Some probably are able to rise above the cloud and continue their flight, but at times it must be too much for them, and they can but perish. No one who saw these birds on Saturday would ever again believe that they have any miraculous instinct of direction, because they were obviously trusting to their sight, and when that failed seemed to be completely beaten.



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The races themselves proved to be a somewhat weird performance, as the companion yachts no sooner came in sight than they began to drift silently into the darkness, looking gradually more and more like phantom ships upon a phantom ocean, until the thickness overwhelmed them and they were seen no more. The conditions, as may be supposed, were not very suitable for racing. Not only was there too much rain and fog, but also an entire absence of wind, which caused many incidents. Valdora, Senga, and Eilun all fouled at the mark-boat. As might also be expected, the finishes were extremely late; indeed, the last boat did not arrive at Dover until about three o'clock on Sunday morning. In the handicap for yachts of any rig exceeding 100 tons Thames measurement, the first prize-winner was White Heather, belonging to Mr. Miles Kennedy, Brynhild being second, and Valdora third. White Heather was the scratch boat, and allowed Brynhild 9min. 54sec., and Valdora 19min. 48sec. We have only space to summarise the results in each of the other races. Mr. Stothert's Rosamund was the winner in yachts of any rig exceeding 50 tons and not exceeding 100 tons. Sonya was the winner in the 52ft. linear rating class. Viera won the handicap for yachts exceeding 25 tons but not exceeding 50 tons. She won on her time allowance, the Induna being first home. In the handicap for little yachts, not less

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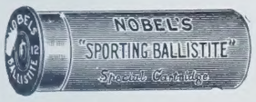
Yours truly, (Signed) CHARLES KIRK.



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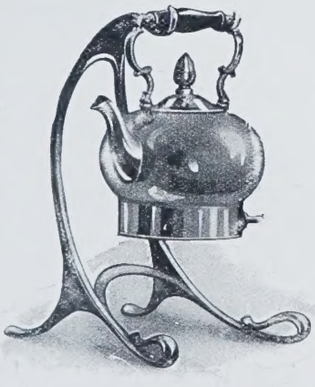

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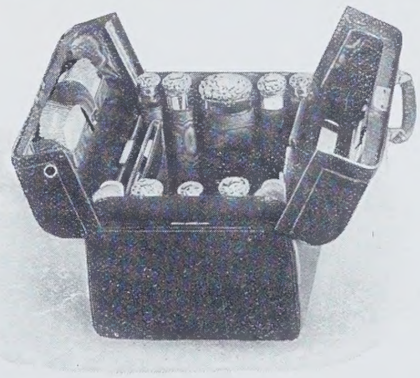

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than 9 tons and not more than 25 tons, the cutter Eilun won. She fouled the mark-boat at the start, but just finished ahead of L'Amoureuse.

POLO NOTES.

THE week was half over when we were able to begin polo again. Ranelagh had secured the best entry of the season for the Army Cup, five teams, and not four teams, as stated last week, being drawn. But not only was the entry a good one, as first-class tournaments go nowadays, but the matches were close, well fought out, and exciting. It was, perhaps, to be expected that the Royal Artillery —Captains Peel, Aldridge, Gosling, and Baron de Robeck—should beat the Hussars—Mr. Burdon, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Dunbar, and Captain Lee—for the R.A. were almost a regimental team, whereas it took all Captain Lee's skill as a leader to bring his team into coherence. How good the material was the second half of the match showed. The R.A. made three goals in the first three periods, the Hussars none. Then, in the last tens, the latter team made three as against one of the R.A., who thus won by 4 to 3. It seemed as if, with a better start, the Hussars might have won. The R.A. appeared to have a hard task set them when they were called upon to meet the Infantry. I have always thought that the team that could beat that would be the winners; but one was hardly prepared for the completeness with which the Infantry team overthrew the Royal Artillery. But then the team included Captain Wilkinson, who was one of the strongest men in the old Durham Light Infantry team, Captain L. C. D. Jenner, than whom there is no better among the Soldiers Past, and Mr. Ulric Thynne, the well-known captain of the Magpies. This team fell into their places at once, and with Mr. P. W. Nickalls as back proved strong enough for almost any class of tournament. The Dragoon Guards were a strong team, Captain Lockett, Captain Heseltine, Mr. F. A. Gill, and Captain Lloyd making up a powerful four which beat the Household Brigade—Mr. E. V. Boulby, Mr. Ashton, Captain Fitzgerald, and the Duke of Roxburghe—by 6 goals to 1.

The weather gave promise of a first-rate game for Saturday, which, as we know now, was not fulfilled, for the rain came down and polo was impossible. At Ranelagh there was a driving competition for ladies, and Mrs. Hine, Miss Barrow, Mrs. Shard, and Mrs. Stroyan all drove nicely-broken horses. I confess to liking Mrs. Hine's well-named grey Motor, for he has charming manners, moved all round, and withal showed a good deal of pace. On Saturday we are to have a show at Ranelagh, equally divided between polo ponies and harness horses, the latter being rather a special attraction at Ranelagh shows. Last Saturday, although we had no polo, the 21st Lancers gave a musical ride and played a match at push-ball. Next Saturday there will be the final of the Champion Cup at Hurlingham, but the game of the championship will be Roehampton *v.* Rugby, whenever it comes off, and it may, of course, have been played before this paper is in its readers' hands. Otherwise, Saturday may see it decided. Whichever of these two teams wins when they come together will win the Cup.

X.

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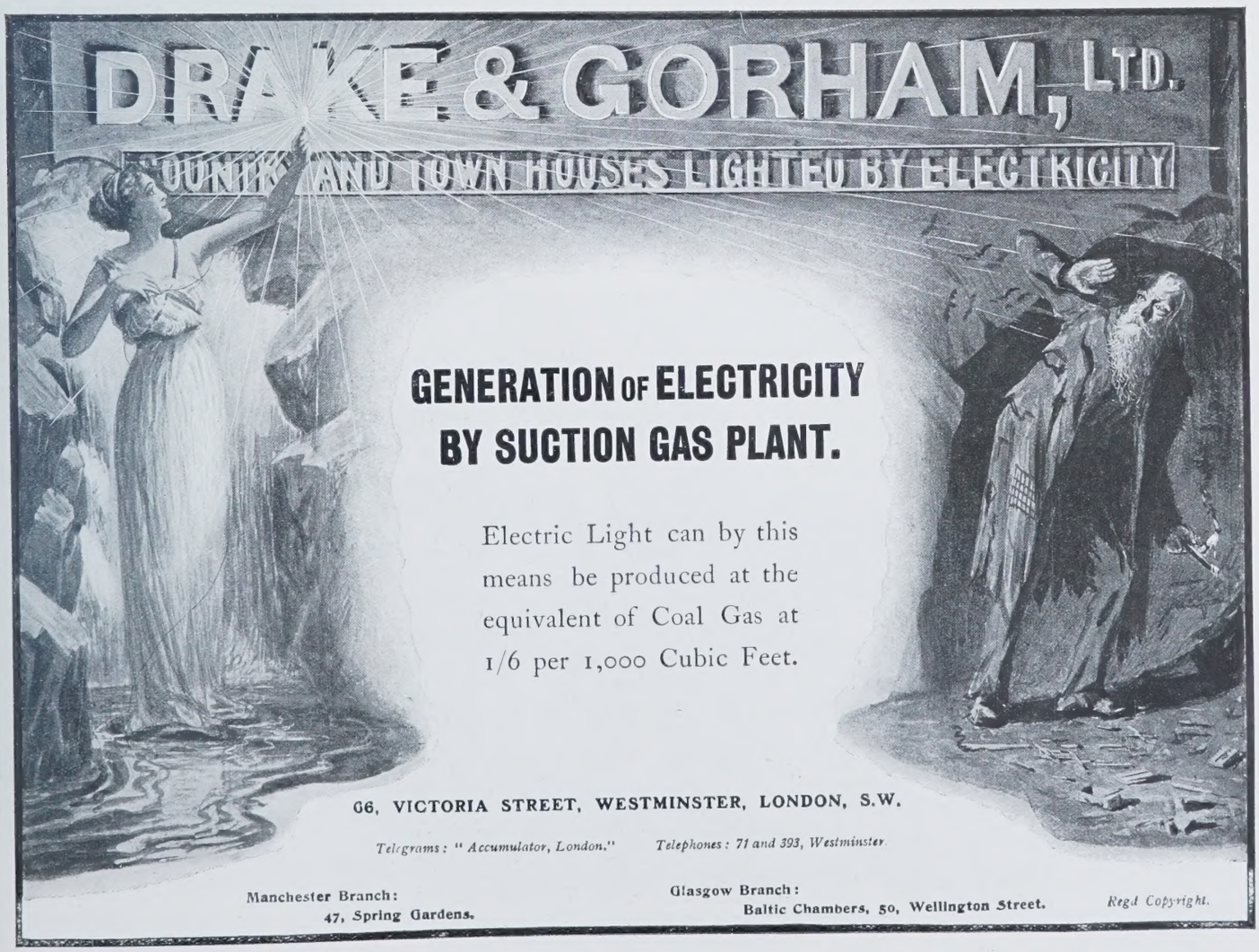

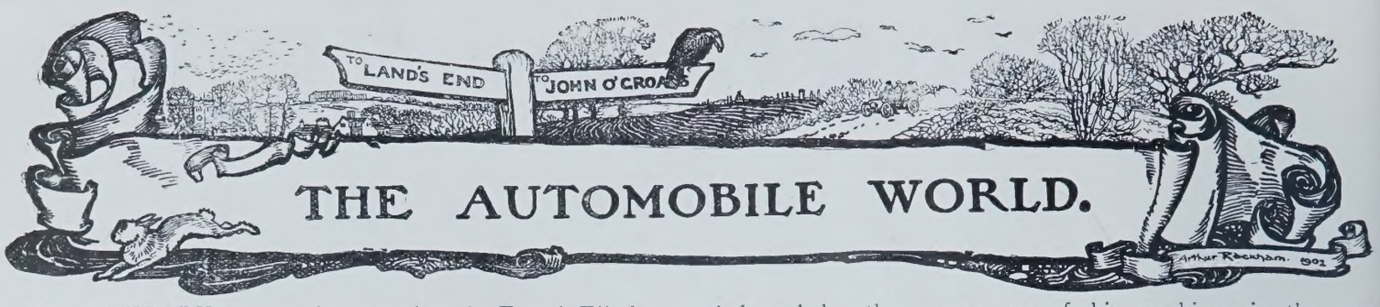

THE AUTOMOBILE WORLD.

CONTRARY to general expectation, the French Eliminating Trials passed off without serious accident. For weeks, and even months, past those best qualified to judge, the drivers who were about to take part in the contest, and expert automobilists of different nationalities who had examined the course, had united in protesting against the choice of the Ardennes Circuit as the site of the two great motor-races of the present year, and in predicting inevitable disaster when the cold-blooded cautiousness of practice spins was succeeded by the heat of the actual contest. One has heard the same forebodings of evil on many previous occasions, notably in Ireland in 1903, and last year at Homburg, but never were they more universal or better founded than in the case of the recent race in France. The advocates of this form of sport, or advertisement, are fully entitled to point to the remarkable absence of serious accidents, since the ill-managed Paris-Madrid contest of 1903, as evidence that motor-racing is far less dangerous than is generally supposed; but we do not hesitate to number ourselves amongst the pessimists who believe that luck has favoured the motorist, and that the ever-present possibility of a number of fatal accidents in every big motor-race constitutes a danger to the movement, which no advantage derived by individual firms can outweigh. On humanitarian grounds we heartily rejoice in the successful issue of our own and the French Eliminating Trials, and sincerely trust that the same good fortune may await the Gordon Bennett race itself, where the danger will be far greater, owing to the presence of drivers with limited racing experience, and with probably an imperfect knowledge of the course. We trust, however, that an unexpected immunity from accident will not result in a fresh impetus being given to a competition which has to a very great extent lost its original usefulness, and, in any case, represents an expenditure of energy and capital which might be utilised to far better advantage in other directions.

We believe that the days are long past when the purchaser of a touring car was directly influenced in his choice by the results of the Gordon Bennett race, or any similar competition, for the simple reason that the average modern racing machine bears only the slightest resemblance, either in construction or appearance, to the car for everyday use. It is well recognised, moreover, that a firm which succeeds in producing a successful racer, does not necessarily turn out an equally satisfactory touring vehicle. By entering for a big event a maker gains a certain notoriety, as his name is mentioned week by week in the columns of the motoring journals, but in the vast majority of cases any advantage he may thus obtain is largely counterbalanced by the non-success of his machines in the race itself. By his failure he may have gained experience in design and the selection of material, which may help him to improve his touring cars, but it is difficult to believe that the outlay could not have been made to better advantage in private experiments in his workshops and on the road.

Apart from the vague general advertisement to which we have referred, it is difficult to point to more than one or two firms who have gained in general public estimation as the result of racing during the past two or three years, a poor outcome of the enormous expenditure of capital which the motor industry has incurred during that time. On the other hand, there are makers, both in this country and abroad, who do not participate in the great international road races, but who, nevertheless, are producing cars which are universally admitted to stand second to none in general excellence. Certain well-known makers may consider it to their advantage to continue the manufacture of huge-powered and costly machines which are useless for any rational purpose, but it is to be hoped that our own Automobile Club, which for some time past has declared itself as opposed to road-racing in any form, will seriously consider the desirability of taking no further part in the Gordon Bennett Cup, whatever may be the result of the forthcoming contest.

The club's first and foremost duty is the advancement of the useful side of automobilism, and there can be no question that its efforts in this direction are seriously hampered by the heavy expenditure of time and money that a challenge for the international trophy necessarily involves. In no instance was this more glaringly illustrated than during the weeks that preceded the recent Eliminating Trials in the Isle of Man. At a time when public feeling was running highest, and the efforts of the club should therefore have been directed unceasingly towards allaying irritation and refuting the arguments of the anti-motorists, most of the chief officials and many of the prominent members of the committee were absent from headquarters, engaged in the preparations for a competition in itself fraught with danger to automobilism by reason of the possibility of accident, and which, at the best, could benefit the movement far less than any one of the club's many useful undertakings, whose progress was thereby stayed. In fairness to the body that represents automobilism in this country, it should be admitted that there were good reasons for the challenge for the Cup which the club issued late last year, chief of which was the hope that, as an actual participant in this year's race, it would be able to bring stronger pressure to bear to secure a reform in the conditions of motor-racing which might in a measure restore to it

THE FRENCH ELIMINATING TRIALS.

Sizsz on a Renault taking a sharp corner.

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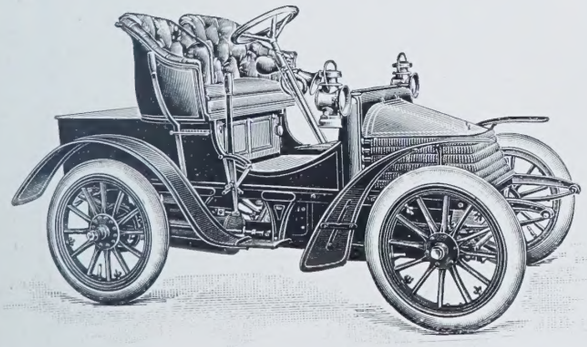

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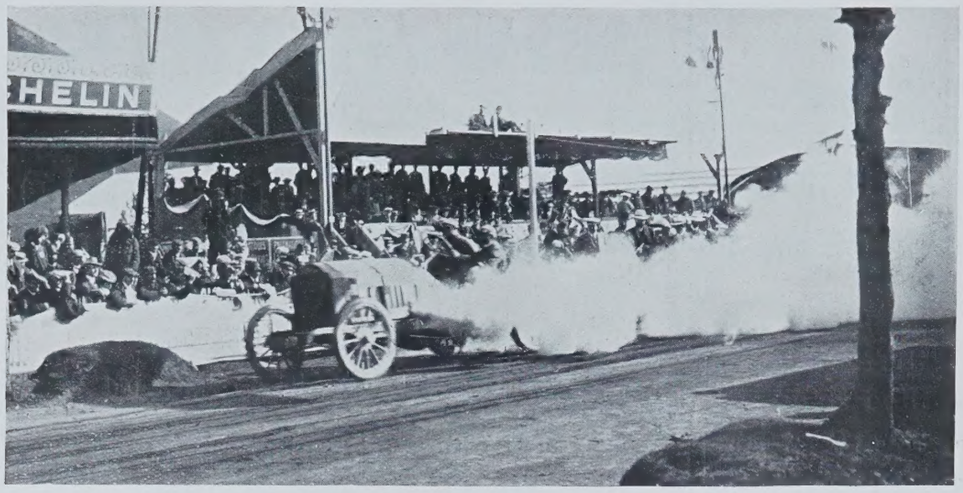

THE STARTING-POINT AT LASCHAMPS.
Duray (third) passing the stands at full speed on his third round.

its original usefulness. Unless such a reform is speedily forthcoming, we hope that the Automobile Club will definitely retire from the contest, and devote its best energies during the months that intervene between the present time and the revision of the Motor-car Act to the suppression of the abuses which have brought so much discredit on motorists in general.

THE FRENCH ELIMINATING TRIALS.

A YEAR ago, a firm little known to fame leapt into notoriety by winning in rapid succession the principal events at the Monaco Motor-boat Meeting, the French Eliminating Trials, and finally the Gordon Bennett Cup Race itself. On Friday last the same firm eclipsed its previous record by securing the first and second places in the great contest over the Auvergne Circuit in competition with practically all the leading makers in France. The achievement is a truly remarkable one, and proves conclusively that M. Brasier, who, before he joined the firm of Georges Richard, had added immensely to the reputation of the great Mors firm, is almost without a rival among the designers of modern racing cars. The French Eliminating Trials were singularly uneventful for a contest so fraught with possibilities of sensational incident, and though the issue remained in doubt until the very end, Théry, the holder of the Cup, was marked out in the earliest stages of the race as a probable winner. All the twenty-four cars entered put in an appearance at the starting-point at Laschamps, and were despatched at intervals of 4min., Théry, on one of the three Richard-Brasiers, being the first to go, having by an extraordinary stroke of luck drawn the number 1 in the ballot. He maintained his position from start to finish, and, so far as is known, no other competitor was ever ahead of him on time at any period of the race, except the Renault of Sizsz, which gained a few seconds on the first run to Rochefort. The cars were timed over the first 400 mètres from the start in order to ascertain their respective powers of acceleration, a matter of vital importance on so winding a course. Curious to relate, the Richard-Brasiers were somewhat slow in picking up speed, taking 26sec., 26 2-5sec., and 26 1-5sec. respectively for the distance, a remarkably consistent performance, but one that was easily excelled by the majority of the other cars. The best time was the 22sec. of Villemain's Clement, and the 23sec. accomplished by two of the Panhards, all three cars, it is worthy of note, being fitted with metal to metal clutches of the disc type.

The order of starting is shown in the table following, giving the net time for the four rounds of the course and the average speed of the competitors who finished. Ten minutes after H. Farman had left on his Panhard, Théry passed on the completion of his first round, his time for the 137 kil. 444 mètres being 1hr. 42min. 52sec., which was the best accomplished during the day, and equivalent to an average of a fraction over 80 kilomètres, or about 50 miles, per hour. The next best time, also made in the first round, was the 1hr. 44min. 40sec. of Wagner, who up to the end was regarded as a likely winner, and actually achieved fourth place. All the twenty-four cars accomplished the first lap in safety, but thenceforth the process of elimination commenced, Albert Clement dropping out in the second round, owing to a fractured cylinder, Farman meeting with an accident which wrecked his car, and the Automoto and Bernin's Renault dropping out from causes not ascertainable. At the conclusion of the second round Théry on gross running time, without deducting any delays which may have been enforced in the controls in order to maintain an interval of 3min. between the cars, was 3min. ahead of Wagner (Darracq), who then occupied second place, Duray (De Dietrich being third, 1½min. behind, Hemery (Darracq) fourth, Caillois (R. Brasier) fifth, Heath (Panhard) sixth, Rougier (De Dietrich) seventh, and Sizsz (Renault) eighth, all having made excellent times. In the third round Girardot met with a serious accident, the other eliminations being Rougier, Stead, and De la Touloubre. At the end of this lap Wagner had reduced Théry's lead to about 6min., and Caillois had taken third place, Duray having fallen back to seventh, owing to a bad round. Heath at this period was fourth, and well in the running, with Hemery fifth, and Sizsz sixth. On the last round Teste, Villemain, Bernin, and A. Fournier dropped out, leaving fifteen cars out of twenty-four to complete the race, a very high percentage for so difficult and dangerous a course.

Théry made somewhat slow time on his last round, and even after his arrival at the finishing-point the issue was in doubt, as there were still Wagner and Heath to be reckoned with. The necessary time passed, however, without the appearance of any of the possible winners who had started behind Théry, and his victory became assured. The second to finish was Sizsz (Renault), 15min. behind, followed by Caillois (R. Brasier), Hemery (Darracq) with a punctured tyre and a damaged wheel, and Wagner, who had had a very unlucky fourth lap owing to the bursting of two covers. It may here be remarked that the consumption of tyres during the race was enormous, even the winner using up five covers. Wagner is said to have had no fewer than ten punctures. Messrs. Michelin had produced a new antiskid tyre for the event, which was used on every car, and is said to have stood the enormous strain of the constant braking and acceleration, and the turning of the innumerable corners, in a far more satisfactory manner than any ordinary tyre could have done. At the conclusion of the race the deductions enforced in the three controls at Rochefort, Laqueuille, and Pontgibaud were quickly worked out, and the official announcement was made that Théry was first, with Caillois second, and Duray third. These three drivers will, therefore, constitute the French Gordon Bennett team, Wagner and Sizsz, who were fourth and fifth respectively, gaining the right to be included in the team of five which will represent France in the Vanderbilt Cup in the autumn. The winner's time works out at an average of only 72 kil. 555, or 45 miles per hour, a result which is an eloquent testimony to the difficulties of the course. Besides the honour of obtaining first and second places the Richard-Brasier firm secures the 100,000fr. given by the *Auto* for the maker of the winning car, and the 25,000fr. subscribed by the Automobile Club of France as a second prize. The maker of the third car receives 15,000fr., and Renault Frères 5,000fr. as fourth prize.

There is luckily little to record in the way of serious accidents. Girardot burst his two front covers simultaneously on the third round near Sayat, during the dangerous descent to the Clermont cross-roads, with the result that the steering-gear became deranged and the car overturned. He broke a collar-bone and several ribs, but his condition was never regarded as serious. Farman on a Panhard came to grief at the same spot, and it is said that his car disappeared over a precipice. Neither the driver nor the mechanic was hurt, however. Hemery's Darracq caught fire near Volvic, while some adjustments were being made to the ignition, but the flames were extinguished before any serious damage was done.

Order of starting.	*Driver.*	*Maker.*	*Net total times.*	*Average speed in kilometres.*	*Placing.*
1	Théry	R. Brasier	7-34-49	72·555	1
2	Sizsz	Renault	7-55-47	69·347	5
3	Girardot	C.G.V.	—	—	—
4	A. Clement	Bayard	—	—	—
5	Le Blon	Hotchkiss	8-13-13	66·815	7
6	Lapertot	Automoto	—	—	—
7	Gabriel	De Dietrich	9-0-29	61	14
8	Hemery	Darracq	8-21-38	65·748	9

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A Thornycroft and a Germain at the starting-post.

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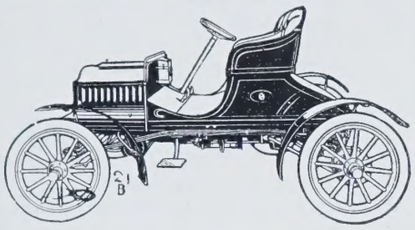

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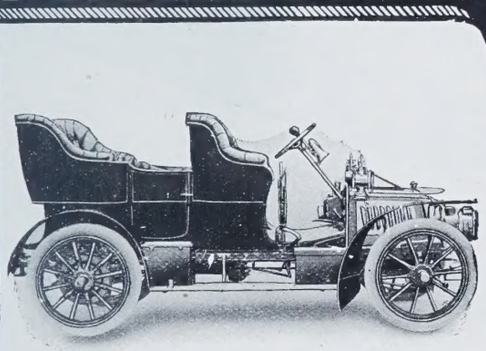

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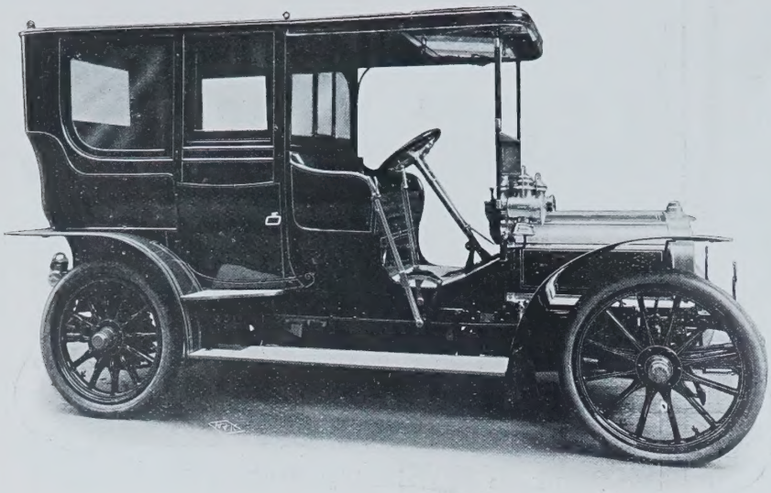

A COMFORTABLE TOURING CAR.
A 24 h.p. Leon Bolée with removable top.

Order of starting	Driver.	Maker.	Net total times.	Average speed in kilometres.	Placing.
9	Heath	Panhard	8-11-38	67·089	6
10	Rigoly	Gobron	8-16-57	66·411	8
11	Caillois	R. Brasier	7-43-11	71·144	2
12	Edmond	Renault	8-57-24	61·340	13
13	Hanriot	Bayard	8-23-39	65·486	10
14	A. Fournier	Hotchkiss	—	—	—
15	Rougier	De Dietrich	—	—	—
16	Wagner	Darracq	7-47-11	70·535	4
17	Teste	Panhard	—	—	—
18	Stead	R. Brasier	8-56-8	61·455	12
19	Bernin	Renault	—	—	—
20	Villemain	Bayard	—	—	—
21	Lavergne	Hotchkiss	9-5-14	60·440	15
22	Duray	De Dietrich	7-44-47	70·991	3
23	De la Touloubre	Darracq	8-30-54	64·588	11
24	H. Farman	Panhard	—	—	—

The Richard-Brasiers and Darracqs were the only teams to complete the race intact.

THE BEXHILL MEETING.

Time was when the Bexhill Meeting formed almost the sole opportunity for sport, the private track of Earl De La Warr being available before local corporations had seen the advisability of promoting automobile races, as at Southport and Blackpool. At the latter place, however, they seem likely to be an annual feature, while the Brighton track should offer a particularly good rendezvous for Southern devotees. Hence Bexhill has no longer a monopoly; and this fact was largely responsible for the comparatively small entry-list at the meeting of the 14th inst. The affair, moreover, had not been particularly well boomed in advance, while the unfortunate arrangement of the classes was also a deterrent to many who would otherwise have competed. There were only two classes for cars, one being for those with a chassis price of from £350 to £650, and the other for those of £650 to £900. Obviously, this arrangement was ridiculous, for what car anywhere near the smaller limit could hope to compete with one at £650? Between £350 and £900 there should have been at least four classes, and even intervals of a hundred pounds, say, from £300 to £1,000, would have been preferable. However, there were thirty-one touring cars entered, with five racers and fifteen motor-bicycles; and, as the quality of nearly all the competing vehicles was first-class, there were some very good performances when the times are considered, though the finishes were seldom close, as is inevitable with motor-car events, since even at thirty miles an hour a difference of 1sec. between two cars means a gap of 44ft. The racing cars proved too fast for the course, and were obliged to race over a half-mile only, with standing start. Within that distance they performed astonishingly. The following were the principal results:

TOURIST SECTION (about three-quarters of a mile).

Class C (cars with chassis not less than £350 nor more than £650).—A. H. Bush, 28 h.p. Daimler, first; H. Ramoisy, 24 h.p. Germain, second. Time, 55 3-5sec.

Class D (cars with chassis over £650 but not more than £900).—Percy Martin, 30 h.p. Daimler, first; E. Manville, 30 h.p. Daimler, second. Time, 50 3-5sec.

Class H (handicap sweepstake).—F. Coleman, White steam, first; Claude Johnson, 15 h.p. Orleans, second. No times were announced.

RACING SECTION.

Class G (cars weighing not more than 1,000 kilogrammes, for the best average time for three runs against the watch, half-mile, with standing start).—A. Lee Guinness, 100 h.p. Darracq, first—time, 94 1-5sec. for three runs; Cecil Edge, 80 h.p. Napier, second—time, 97 2-5sec.; Sir R. St. G. Gore, Bart., 100 h.p. Mercédès, third—time, 98 3-5sec.; J. E. Hutton, 90 h.p. Mercédès, fourth—time, 104 1-5sec.

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(Winners of the Gordon Bennett Race, 1904.)

Gordon Bennett Cup, 1905.

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Distance, 336 Miles.

ALL THE CARS WERE FITTED WITH

MICHELIN TYRES

AND SEVERAL WITH

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1. THIÉRY	7 hrs.	34 mins.
2. CAILLOIS	7 „	43 „
3. DURAY	7 „	44 „

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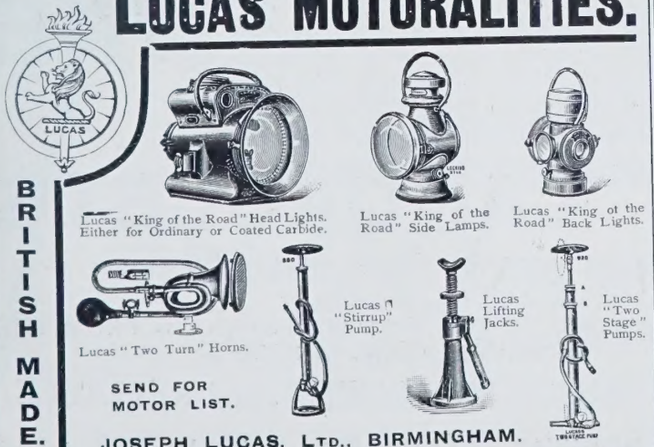

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JOSEPH LUCAS, Ltd., BIRMINGHAM.

From May 6 to June 17.

A STRIKING LIST OF SUCCESSES. . .

American Automobile Club Races at Brighton Beach, Coney Island, U.S.A., May 6. Event No. 1, Winner, 30-h.p. Daimler. Event No. 4, Second Place, 30-h.p. Daimler.

Scottish Touring Trials, May 11 to 13, Spittle-of-Glenshee Hill Climb. 30-h.p. Daimler made fastest time.

Royal North of Ireland Yacht Club, May 6, Hill Climb at Cultra, County Down. Class 1, Daimler First Prize.

Derby and District Automobile Club Hill-Climbing Competition, May 27. Fastest time by 30-h.p. Daimler. Second fastest time by 18-h.p. Daimler.

Huddersfield Club Hill Climb, May 27. Fastest time by 28-h.p. Daimler.

South Harting Hill Climb, Saturday, June 10. First place, in the fastest time, won by a 30-h.p. Daimler. Second place also won by another 30-h.p. Daimler.

Filey, June 12. Kirk Trophy won by a Daimler.

Bexhill Race Meeting, June 14. Class C, 28-h.p. Daimler, First. Class D, 30-h.p. Daimler, First; 30-h.p. Daimler, Second.

Nottinghamshire Automobile Club, June 17. Gold Medal flying kilometre to 30-h.p. Daimler.

These successes are explained by simplicity of construction, effective transmission of power, and scientific precision in the standardisation of parts.

Daimler Motor Co.

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Seabeach Racing.

The future of sand-racing would appear to be somewhat uncertain. Someone finds a course which he believes to be eminently suitable, and then a committee of inspection goes down and endorses his opinion. But experience has shown that both promoter and committee may be deceived by the favourable conditions prevailing at the time. They fix a date and announce a meeting, and lo, ere it comes off the sands are strewn with flotsam and jetsam, or soddened instead of firm, and the meeting proves very different from anticipations. Even the famed Ormond Beach was not perfect this year, albeit records were lowered upon it in plenty; the Portmarnock Meet last year was not completely satisfactory, though it promised well for next time; and now the Filey Meeting has taken place and proved something of a fiasco. It had been widely stated that the course was perfect, and so hard and dry that motor-cars left no visible tracks; yet on the actual day the sands were soppy, and labourers had to be employed to cut trenches and drain the water out. A great crowd had foregathered, and proved difficult to keep in order along the whole length of a mile course. The arrangements for announcing the winners were very primitive, and the events proved dull in consequence, while further disappointment was caused by the absence of several racing cars which had been expected. Even if a dry course can be guaranteed on the next occasion, it is clear that the organisation must be vastly improved.

The Side-entrance Body.

A few weeks ago (writes "Commutator") I discussed the apparent defects and virtues of the side-entrance type of body which was so much in evidence at the Olympia show. The former, I pointed out, were, in my opinion, somewhat numerous, while there was little in the way of the latter to counter-balance the apparent drawbacks. Since then I have myself become the possessor of a car with a side-entrance body—which may sound somewhat inconsistent, but was, nevertheless, inevitable. Conformity to fashion is practically imperative when one has to consider the prospect of ultimately selling one's car, at which time one wishes it to appear as little out of date as possible; and for the nonce this type of body is chiefly in favour. Then, again, the car I wanted, so far as related to its mechanical features, was only sent out with side-entrances as standard, and I could not go to the expense of a special design. What I wish to point out now, however, is the way in which every one of my contentions has been proved in actual practice; from the fact that I own the car, for better or worse, I could wish it had been otherwise. I have discovered, however, just one new factor in the side-entrance body's favour, and, small though it is, I must in fairness give it mention. The absence of the door which is found in the back of an ordinary tonneau enables the whole of the space beneath the back seat of a side-entrance phaeton to be used for storing tools, and for long articles like pumps this is a convenience, as the cupboards underneath the seats of a tonneau are necessarily small, and it is not every tonneau which will take long baskets at the sides. The faults of the new system, however, are even more conspicuous than I expected. I believe I said that the alleged advantage of the side door for ladies would often be found more apparent than real, and that one could not always find a kerb at which to draw up. In confirmation of this I may now add that during the course of a recent tour there were frequent occasions on which my wife had to step into the road just as much as if she had been on a tonneau car. She was alone in the rear portion, and the luggage was placed on the far side of the well. When we drew up anywhere on the same side as that on which the luggage was fixed, and no one was handy at the moment to take it away at once, it was necessary to dismount from the other side. Then, again, it is not always convenient to draw up absolutely close to a kerb. My front mudguards are very broad at the bottom and very low, and to strike the kerb is easy, while even in front of my own house the road has so much camber and the channel is so deep that I invariably prefer to draw up a couple of feet away from the gutter. One does not like starting with a pronounced resistance on one side only. One may have, moreover, to draw up in any town to buy petrol. If the car is over in the gutter it is impossible to fill the tank properly because of the list, so one intentionally keeps away from the kerb on that account alone; but while the filling up is being done it is more than probable that a lady will want to alight and be looking at shops! I find, too, as I expected, that the new arrangement is horribly unsocial. The back passengers are so far away that conversation is impossible unless they stand up. Some of the space devoted to the provision of the side doors, moreover, has been taken out of the footboard; hence my legs are more cramped on my 8ft. 6in. wheel-base than on my last car, which was only 7ft. 4in.; and from this fact, and the remoteness of my rear passengers, I feel like a professional chauffeur rather than the driver of my own car out for pleasure. In my case, too, at all events, the extra wheel-base is of no advantage in respect of steadiness and comfort. The car is not as well sprung as my last, and I cannot go over hummocks or a level crossing as fast as on the shorter car, which had very fine springs; and, of course, the latter was much handier at turning in traffic or tight places like a garage. Much more might be said on the same subject, but I will content myself with saying that in actual practice I do not care twopence for the latest fashion, and that if I could have my this year's engine and gear with last year's body I should be infinitely better satisfied. The side door is a town fitting entirely, but touring motor-cars are something better than Bond Street carriages.

Items.

Mr. Herbert Austin of the Wolseley Company has been elected chairman of the permanent committee of the British Motor Trades' Alliance.

The Grand Duke Michael and the Countess de Torby recently paid a visit from London to the Dennis works at Guildford, and gave an order for a 24 h.p. Dennis car. This is the second car that the firm has supplied to the Grand Duke, the first having been in use for nearly two years.

The Victoria Carriage Works, Limited, have recently supplied to Mr. Leycester Barwell of Ascot a handsome 24 h.p. Leon Bollée, a photograph of which is reproduced on another page. This is a type of car which is certainly increasing in popularity. The body is of the Roi des Belges type, and the whole top is readily removable, so that the car may be used either open or closed as desired. The same firm has received an order for a 40 h.p. Bollée from the Maharajah Cooch Behar.

GOBRON-BRILLIÉ MOTOR CARS.

The FASTEST The MOST SILENT
The BEST HILL CLIMBER
The MOST PERFECTLY-BALANCED ENGINE.

Full particulars and catalogue, apply at the Show Rooms of
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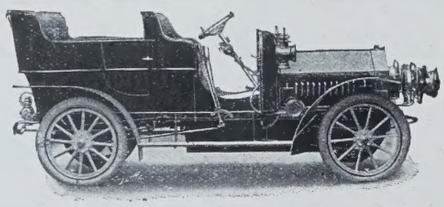

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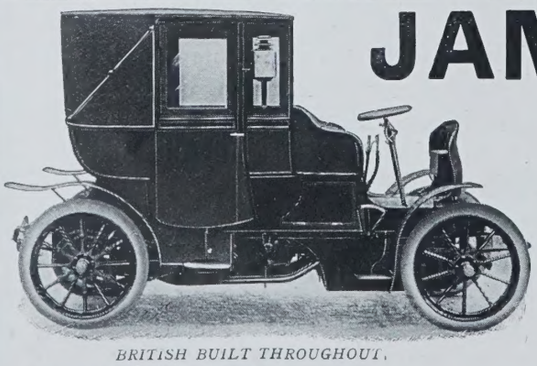

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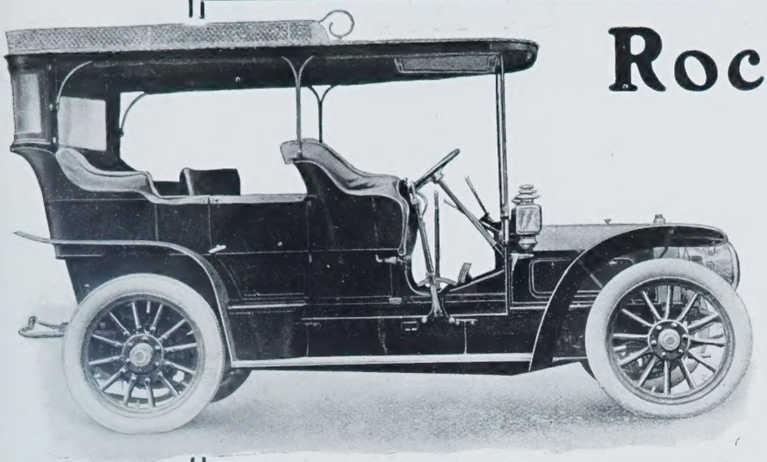

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CAN BE SUPPLIED IMMEDIATELY.

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A CAREFULLY-DESIGNED, WELL-CONSIDERED, AND WELL-MADE MOTOR CAR.

The Autocar, April 22, 1905.

The Autocar says:

"It was with considerable interest that we made our regular show examination of this vehicle, and promised both our readers and ourselves the pleasure of describing and illustrating it more fully in our columns at a later date.

"The makers having now put all the necessary diagrams at our disposal, we are able to do this, and we are of the opinion that the perusal and examination of the accompanying description will enable our readers to appreciate the fact that there is yet another **carefully-designed, well-considered, and well-made motor car of home manufacture** upon the market. . . . . "The examination of the accompanying plans, with the brief description attached, will, we think, serve to show our readers that in the **LEGROS & KNOWLES Car**, we have an automobile **which will do credit to the name of the English industry.** We have inspected the small but very complete works in which this car is turned out, and if up-to-date methods, coupled with the latest things in machine tools and engineering skill, can make the **LEGROS & KNOWLES Car** a popular vehicle, its successful future is assured."—*April 29th, 1905.*

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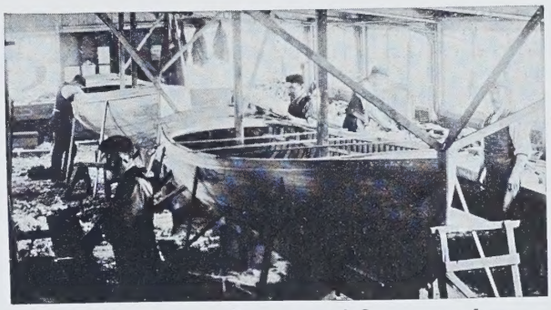

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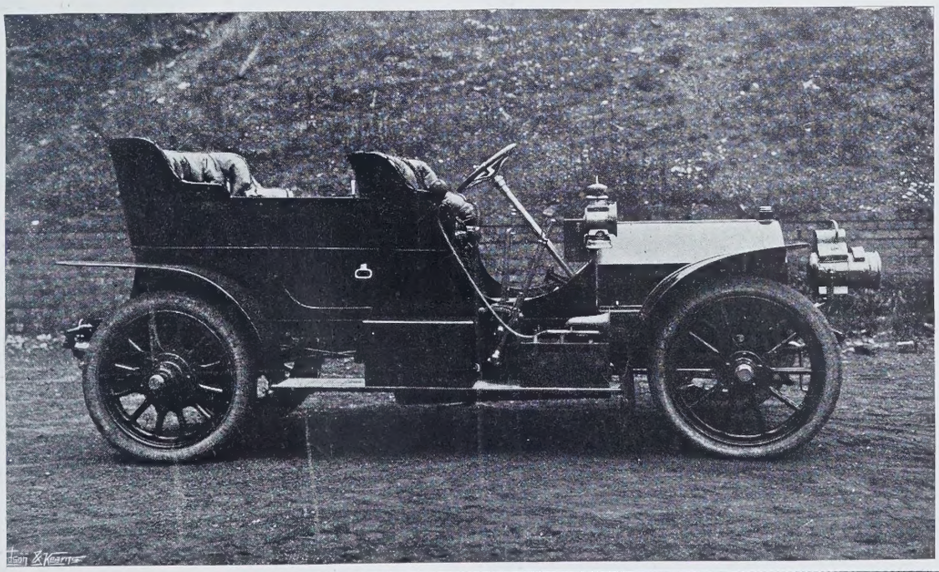

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SHOOTING NOTES.

NOISY BEATERS.

MR. CHARLES BOSWELL, the well-known gunmaker in the Strand, says: "Being a fairly good shot, it has been my luck to have a good deal of the best shooting given me by friends and customers at all kinds of game found in this country. When out I constantly notice what might have been splendid drives spoilt and birds lost through the noise made by the beaters, and through bad flanking. If they made as little noise as possible, and kept the outside flankers well ahead, twice the amount of game would be brought over the guns. The beaters, collected from the surrounding neighbourhood, are untrained, and talk and make as much noise as they like, and the birds are on the alert, and often rise and leave the ground before the drive begins. Hares are driven off in the same manner. In Yorkshire, on the other hand, where I enjoy grouse-driving, the beaters are nearly all sons of small farmers, who have been used to driving grouse all their lives. The way in which they are educated to bring the birds over the guns is a treat to witness. The flanking is simply perfection, and the outside flankers seem to place themselves correctly without orders. If there is a sudden change of wind during a drive they at once change their tactics, seeming to know exactly what to do to meet the emergency. The same beaters drive the same ground year after year, because no others are to be had in the district."

A LEATHER PUNT.

RETRIEVING SETTERS.

He also adds: "While on this subject, perhaps I may be allowed to give my experience as to the best dogs for picking up wounded grouse or partridges in coverts such as heather or turnips. In Cumberland and Yorkshire, when grouse-shooting, not only retrievers, but pointers and setters are used for picking up grouse after a drive. We find the retrieving setter far the best. He gathers as many as would two or three other dogs. The setter ranges so far and works the ground so splendidly that it is a treat to witness him at work. I am sure that if more setters were taught to retrieve there would be a great demand for them. They are very fast, too. A friend of mine had one of the grandest retrieving setters that it was possible to obtain. He was as ugly a dog as I ever saw, but when he began to find the wounded or dead grouse he often made guests who had brought a brace of retrievers down from London wish that they had left them at home."

DUCK-SHOOTING AT ROORKEE.

It may interest our readers to see the accompanying photographs, illustrating a day's shooting near Roorkee. The following is an extract from a letter from Captain Campbell of the Royal Engineers: "The first photograph, taken near our camp on our return from duck-shooting, shows the punt we use here. It is made of leather, stretched over a bamboo frame, and is useful for this part of the world, as it can be carried about the country on a cart without suffering any material damage. The water in the distance is a large jhil, on which we have had a good deal of duck-shooting this year. I had a very good bag at the end of a pleasant day's shooting with a friend in this district. Most of our birds were gadwall, with red-crested pochard,

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Telephone Nos.: 3171 & 1849 GERRARD.

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F.I.A.T.

1st in Touring Class.

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SOLE CONCESSIONNAIRES FOR GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND—
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The . . .
HERON-ASTER CAR
CANNOT BE EQUALLED AT THE PRICE.
IT IS NOTED FOR ITS . . .
POWER,
RELIABILITY,
SIMPLICITY,
SILENCE.
THE FLYING HERON
If these are points you wish embodied in your new car, send for our latest Catalogue, and have the full specification of Heron-Aster Cars. It will only cost you One Halfpenny.
"HERON-ASTER" CARS SATISFY WHERE OTHERS FAIL TO PLEASE.
THE HERON MOTOR CO., 91. JOHN BRIGHT ST., BIRMINGHAM.

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PATENT
GROOVED SOLID TYRES.
As comfortable as Pneumatics and Non-skidding.
MARK WHAT USERS SAY:
"They prevent side slip."
"For easiness of running they give just as much satisfaction as Pneumatics."
"They do not throw up dust as much as Pneumatics."
"Their non-skidding properties are certainly very good."
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14-b.h.p., 20-b.h.p., and 30-b.h.p. Cars

TWO, THREE, and FOUR-CYLINDER CARS,

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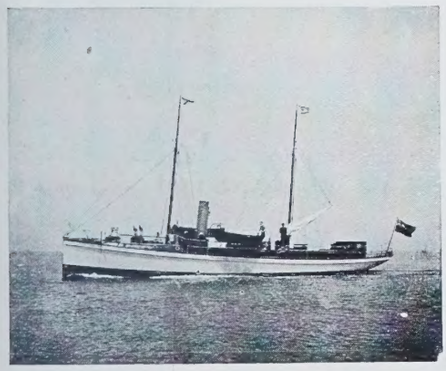

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BUILT FOR SOLID TYRES.

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These Cars are renowned for their Simplicity, Silence, Easy Control,
ECONOMY IN PRICE, AND ECONOMY IN WORKING.

The Arrol-Johnston Transmission is the most efficient known, as much as from 66 to 70 per cent. of the engine power being transmitted to the road wheels. There is a special Throttle Valve that is much more efficient than any so-called Automatic Carburetter, and effects a wonderful saving. **Arrol-Johnston Cars, Vans, and Lorries are built in 12, 16, and 20-h.p. by the ARROL-JOHNSTON MOTOR CAR Co., Ltd., Underwood, Paisley.**

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ESSENCE OF ANCHOVIES.
SAUCES OF ALL KINDS.

mallard, white-eyed pochard, and widgeon—in that order as regards numbers. I also got three pintail (all three to one shot, by the way), and saw a few marbled and one blue-winged teal. I think one of the greatest pleasures of duck-shooting is looking over the bag at the end of the day and picking out the different varieties. The second photograph is one of a crocodile I got in a drainage cut running into the jhil. We suddenly came on it about a mile from camp, asleep on the bank, with its mouth open, not more than 20yds. from us. I fired two shots as quickly as I could get them off, the first into its open mouth, and the second into its neck as it turned its head. That stopped it effectually, and it never got into the water. I had seen another on the way down, but had not been able to get a shot at it, so the following day I got a friend to come down with me, and we sent the boat back to the same place. We found the crocodile lying where I had seen it before, and my friend got it just above the shoulder. This was not enough to stop it, but we both fired as it was getting into the water, and one bullet hit it in front of the quarters. They sometimes come up again when wounded, so we waite about twenty minutes, and then, looking about, I saw it lying on its back the bottom of the stream. It looked dead enough, so we got hold of the en of the tail and pulled it on shore. We gave it two more shots, one in th neck and the other in the middle of the back, and it then still had vitali enough to bite a paddle in two, though the legs were paralysed and it coul not move. As I was using a 500 express rifle, you can understand ho these beasts often get away after they are hit. The first one was 9ft. 4i long, and the second one 10ft."

YOUNG CROCODILE.

A LOST LONDON GAME PRESERVE.

Richmond Park, the type of all that is best in English parks, w until last year the last place where Londoners could see game in an quantity, and revise in fancy their sporting memories, if they possessed an or enjoy the sight of pheasants, partridges, and rabbits in natural surrounding if they did not. Now, owing to the decision to abandon the preservation the coverts there, the whole park is rabbitless. Where th big warrens were, with scores of young rabbits playin round the earths, there is now only a waste of choppe turves, which have been let down into the trenches mad to exterminate the unhappy coneys. It is very unsightl too, though in time the ground will settle down an the grass grow. Meantime, most visitors miss th cheerful presence of the rabbits.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PARTRIDGES.

SIR,—A week or two ago a correspondent aske what success I had this spring with artificial eggs. A I can say, in reply, is that I found the partridges lai to, and sat on, them just as well and readily as the do when their own eggs are left untouched.—EAS KENT.

RACING NOTES.

WERE it not for the irresistible attraction o the Ascot Week it is probable that strong English contingent would hav been present at the opening of the grea Concours Hippique, which commenced i Paris on Tuesday, June 20th. Althoug this show may not come, strictly speaking, under the hea of racing, it serves to illustrate a subject to which attentio has repeatedly been drawn in these notes, viz., the fosterin care and liberal expenditure devoted by the Frenc Government to the improvement of the breed o

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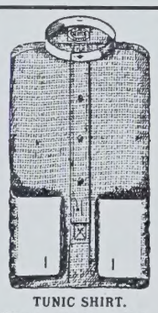
From 3/6.



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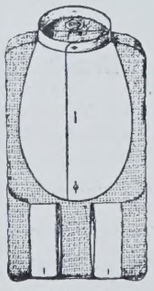

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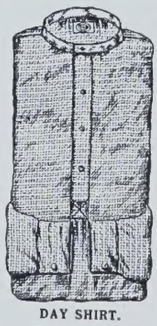

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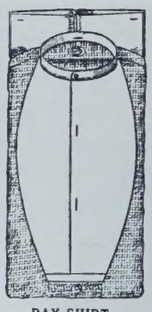

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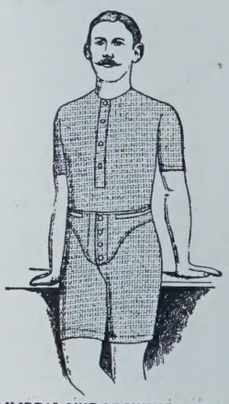

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horses in the country. At this "Concours," which is entirely under the direction of the Government, over £12,000 are offered in prizes, and over 950 entries, representing all classes of horses, have been secured. Among the thorough-breds are four winners of the French Derby, a similar number of winners of the Grand Prix, and two of the French Oaks; then there are twelve Arab stallions and mares, and an interesting class is that which comprises twenty-nine specimens of the cross between the thorough-bred and the Arab. There are also strong entries in the classes for horses adapted to a variety of purposes, such as riding, driving, hunting, military work, and both light and heavy draught. Some idea of the importance attached to the subject of breeding horses in France may be gathered from the fact that out of the £1,783,000 voted for the French Ministry of Agriculture for 1905, the National Studs receive £295,500, the Veterinary Department £56,568, and the general encouragement of the rearing of horses £60,000 These Concours Hippiques are most admirably managed, and must render the greatest service to the interests which they are intended to promote.

There has been much racing in France of what may be called an International character, some of which has already been dealt with in these notes. Our English horses made but a sorry exhibition of themselves in the Grand Prix, for which Val d'Or, the solitary representative of M. Blanc's stable, started at 6 to 4, an absolutely false price, considering that he had barely had time to shake off the attack of influenza from which he had been suffering, and that he was evidently short of condition. All things being equal, there is but little doubt that he would have won, for when well he is about 20lb. in front of Finasseur, the actual winner of the race, who was bred by M. Blanc and then sold out of the stable as being not in the same class as four or five of the other colts of his age owned by M. Blanc. As things go, Finasseur has proved to be one of the cheapest bargains ever made in the way of thorough-bred stock, for after being sold as a yearling for about £300 he has now won three races in succession, which total up an amount of £17,000, and his victories in the French Derby and the Grand Prix de Paris will, undoubtedly, draw further attention to his sire, Winkfield's Pride, who, curiously enough, was also sold by M. Blanc but a short time ago for £8,000. Nash Turner rode a good race on Finasseur, and a word of praise is also due to the jockey Beaume, who made the running for him on Brat. The disease which has wrought such mischief amongst M. Blanc's horses is of a most insidious nature, and even after a horse has apparently shaken it off, one can never be sure that he will ever completely recover his form; it is most sincerely to be hoped that none of these after effects may prevent such brilliant three year olds as Adam, Val d'Or, Jardy, and Genial from continuing their successful career, and the meeting between them and Finasseur will be looked forward to with much interest.

The weather interfered not a little with the enjoyment of what may be called the holiday racing in Whitsun week. Hurst Park is always a popular resort, and there was plenty of money to be run for at the recent meeting, £2,000 being provided on the first day, and not far short of £1,500 on the second; but as far as numbers go, a poor response was made by owners to the attractive programme set forth for their approval. Primerole upset a very warm favourite in Ardeer for the Sprint Selling Plate, and in the Monday All Aged Selling Plate the well-backed Poppits just squeezed through by a head from Lady Ursuline and Stephen's Green. Some useful horses, amongst which were El Maestro, Scotch Cherry, Vril, and Wet Paint, came out for the Holiday Handicap of 500 sovs., but Goring Heath, by Cyllene, starting at 10 to 1, made all the running, and won easily by a length. Golden Measure, who has been taking part in the classic races of the season, proved too good for Cyanean and Prudent King in the Whitsuntide Plate of 1,000 sovs.; but if the winner is anything like as good as he is supposed to be, Cyanean must be coming back to the form he showed as a two year old, which was good enough to induce his present owner to purchase him for 3,000 sovs. In the Hampton Court Stakes Demure, by Blairfinde out of Shy Lady, was backed with the utmost confidence and won in a canter by two lengths. Ypsilanti had a nice exercise canter to beat Wargrave by twenty lengths for the Open Plate, and "Mr. Jersey's" Vergia scored a rather unexpected victory in the Vyner Handicap. On the second day of the meeting Captain J. Orr-Ewing's Thrush had no difficulty in winning the Hurst Park Yearling Plate of 1,000 sovs., which he did by two lengths from Lord Hastings, who finished second, four lengths in front of Honeysweet.

So many of the Manchester meetings have been spoiled by the weather, that the beautiful summery surroundings of the recent Whitsuntide Meeting were much appreciated by the numerous attendance, and the improvements which have been made were greeted with general satisfaction and approval. The race-cards issued by the executive might well be copied by others; not only was the pedigree of each horse given against his name, but the form shown during the present season by each of the horses engaged was set forth in full on the card. Mr. H. E. Randall was the owner of Borghese, the winner of the Stamford Welter Handicap, and of Cricket, who won the Thursday Selling Plate, both of them being ridden by his son. Mr. W. H. Hall-Walker's Golden Table, by Count Schomberg, just got home a short head in front of the Mine d'Or filly in the John o' Gaunt Plate. A field of nine turned out to do battle for the 1,000 sovs. attached to the Castle Irwell Handicap, and for once in a way the public fancy proved successful, though it was only by a neck that Nutwith managed to beat Kilteel after a pretty race; three lengths away from the leaders, Esquire finished third. Beyond noting that Mr. S. Joel's Horn Head won the Trial Handicap, the remainder of the day's racing calls for little comment.

Believers in omens might perhaps find food for reflection in the race for the Derby Selling Handicap on the following day, the three placed horses being The Czar, Get to Work, and Persian Garden. Just a dozen horses went down to the post for the rich Manchester Cup of 3,000 sovs., which, according to "the man in the street," was little short of a certainty for Thunderbolt, the winner of the Prince Edward Handicap in September last, but he could do no better than finish third, a head behind Whistling Crow, who was beaten into second place by Airship, who won rather easily by a length. Nirvanah, Electric Current, and Xeny ran a tremendous race home for the Beaufort Handicap; head and head, they finished in the order named.

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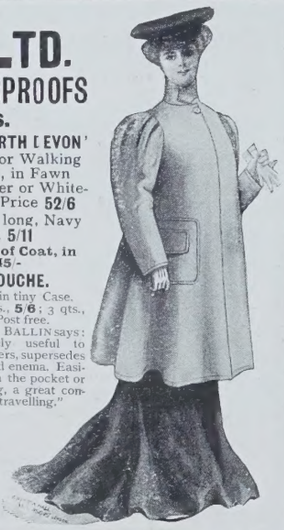

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Mr. S. B. Joel has certainly no cause to regret the purchase of Waterflower, by Watercress out of Pansy, who was bought very cheaply for him in America on terms which were anything but remunerative to the agents who brought about the transaction, the performance of the filly in winning the Devonshire Two Year Old Plate by a length from a field of eight runners being quite a creditable one; of those who finished behind her, Peter Jackson and the colt by Bill of Portland out of Eidothea are sure to win races in their turn. Readers of these notes will remember that a short time ago attention was drawn to Charcot, by Gay Hermit out of Nesta, who has now won races in three continents, and I may, perhaps, remind them that it was pointed out that this horse's performances in South Africa were such that sooner or later he was bound to win a race in this country, and these hints were more than justified by the style in which he romped home a length in front of such horses as St. Brendan and Melayr for the Salford Borough Handicap of 1,000 sovs., and it is by no means improbable that before these lines are printed he will have won a race of even greater importance. It is to be regretted that Major Platt has definitely decided to disperse without reserve the stud from which so many good animals have been bred. The whole of his well-known brood mares will be sold at the July sales, and the present yearlings will as usual be sold at Doncaster. It is not often that such really well-bred brood mares come into the market, and it is much to be hoped that the best of them, at all events, may not be allowed to leave this country.

TRENTON.

CRICKET NOTES.

THE performance of the English batsmen on the first day of the recent Test Match at Lord's may have been caviare to the multitude, but to the initiated it was undoubtedly full of interest for more than one reason. The majority of our representative cricketers appear to have adopted the proverb that "caution marks the guarded way" for their motto, C. B. Fry, in particular, being completely unable or unwilling to attack the bowling. All credit must be given him for his stubborn and scientific defence; but it is difficult to understand why such a first-class batsman as the Sussex captain undoubtedly is should have been reduced to such a cramped and passive style of play. At his best, he is admittedly weak on the off side; but in the recent game he had apparently only one stroke at his disposal on the on side, and, in the second innings especially, was unable to get the ball away at all. No doubt the Australians placed their field with great skill; but it is just on such occasions as these that one expects a really great batsman to show his skill in placing the ball. As far as defence was concerned, Fry played a great game, and, with the exception of a few overs from Armstrong, he was never in difficulties, and has more than justified his claim to be included in the All England Team.

Taking it all round, when the matter is considered calmly, there is no doubt that our men played the right game, and the score of 258 in the first innings was, in reality, worth a good deal more than it appeared to be. Although the wicket was never really difficult, it was by no means a good one for getting runs. Jackson is not the man to lose an opportunity of scoring, and yet it took him an hour and a-half to score 29; and, moreover, numbers of runs were saved by the excellence of the Australian fielding. The Australian bowlers kept a good length, and although the bowling was perfectly playable, no liberties could be taken with it; both McLaren and Hayward being got rid of in attempting to hit shortish-pitched balls, from which they would have scored easily nine times out of ten. Tyldesley and McLaren both showed that the bowling could be hit, but with these two exceptions, the main difference between our men and the Australians would seem to be that the former play every ball as if they expected to be bowled, and the latter as though they intended to score off it.

When stumps were drawn on Friday the game was in an extremely interesting position, England being 252 runs to the good, with five wickets in hand. Undoubtedly they had the best of the position, but the battle was far from being over, and had the weather but held fine a very exciting day's play would have been witnessed on the Saturday. It is difficult to understand why some people should cavil so much at Armstrong's leg bowling; the theory of bowling to the off side for catches has long been practised, and there does not appear to be any valid reason why a bowler should not make a similar attempt on the leg-side. Be that as it may, it was almost ludicrous to watch the vain attempts of first-class bats to get Armstrong away to leg. McLaren did certainly time him accurately on more than one occasion, but he was the solitary exception, the others indulging in blind schoolboy swipes long after the ball had passed them. There was a time when Trumper seemed to be well set for one of his tremendous scores; all bowling came alike to him, and he was administering such punishment as only he is capable of doing. Jackson, however, put himself on to bowl, and with his very first ball got rid of our most dangerous opponent, amid a roar of applause. Oddly enough, retribution was in store, and in his second innings, Jackson himself was bowled first ball by Armstrong, whose previous delivery had put an end to McLaren's brilliant, if somewhat lucky, innings of 79. The Australians showed great judgment in running, and in this respect they were undoubtedly our superiors; they played a good plucky game, as they always do. I am inclined to think that such luck as there was went all our way, and there is every reason to expect that there will not be much advantage on either side when play is called for the final game.

ON THE GREEN.

THE people of the Royal St. George's Club of Sandwich are like the heathen, according to the Psalmist's description of them: they furiously rage together, all about the best manner of reconstruction and stretching out of the course, and whether anything eventually will be done seems still to lie on the knees of the gods. Meanwhile, the second course and club, of which Mr. Mallaby-Deeley appears the prime organiser, proceed to establish themselves as going concerns, and with the prospect of a good hotel, we may hope to find the conditions surrounding the golf more pleasant than we have found them at Sandwich in the good old days.

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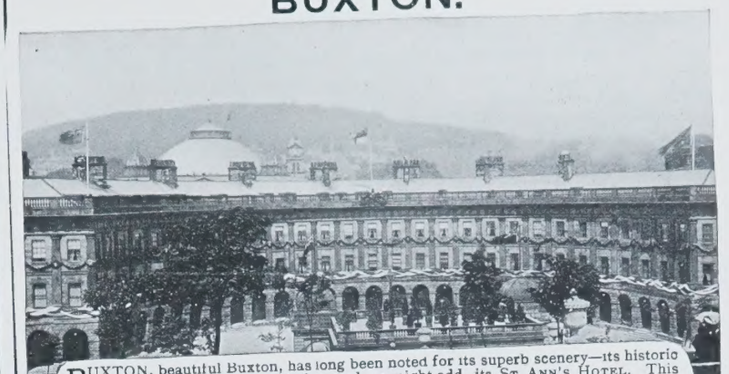

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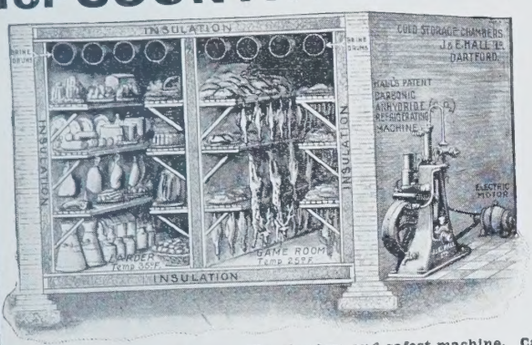

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It would be too much to say of the professionals and others who took part in the open championship, that they, too, have raged likewise, but certainly some of them have grumbled more than a little at the catchy places in which the holes were placed for that championship at St. Andrews. It was known beforehand that the authorities would not like to see their justly-venerated course done in the low figures, in the neighbourhood of 70, in which it was prophesied that it probably would be; but there is a right and a wrong way of making courses more difficult, and the local authorities seem to have made both ways their own. They have dug very many side bunkers—all very good. One bunker at least they have made in the fairway of the course—also very good. And they stretched back the tees, which was very excellent. Not content with this, however, they had some of the holes very close to the bunker corners, not in the centre of the greens. The centre of the greens is the recognised place for the holes on medal days, and what is right for them ought to have been right for the open championship too. It was especially unnecessary to add to the difficulties and the trickinesses, when a very keen wind and very keen greens made the golf tricky enough already. All the new bunkers are fully justified, and even more bunkers still might be made with advantage, but whether two at least of the old ones might not be filled up, also with advantage, always has been rather an open question; these are the pot bunker just beyond the Principal's Nose bunkers going to the sixteenth hole, and Sutherland's bunker, which catches many a good tee shot, both to the fourth and the fifteenth holes. On the way to the ninth hole the little pot bunker might really well be made into a great big pot, but such classic features are only altered after many years, many words, and many tears.

Mr. Arthur Crosfield has won the championship of France, and I do not think that anyone could have a better right to gain it, for he has brought a great many good golfers into France, and done much to encourage the golf and the *entente cordiale* generally by the Hoylake teams that he has taken down to Cannes to encounter the team of the Grand Duke Michael. This championship was played at La Boulie, and also at L' Touquet there has been great golfing, so that France would appear to be educating herself satisfactorily in the golfing way that she should go. It has to be admitted, however, that at present a great majority of the players at all the French courses are English or American, and not native French.

The play at the Newquay professional tournament must have been fine, and certainly it was interesting. The players were the notable four, Braid, Vardon, Taylor, and Herd. At the beginning of play Braid held the record of the green with 70. In the morning round Vardon took this pride of place from him by going round in 69, and in the afternoon Braid replied by going one better again with 68. The conclusion of the matter on the first day was that Vardon scored 141, Braid 142, Taylor 146, and Herd 147. On the second day best-ball foursomes were played, with the result that Braid and Herd, representing Scotland, beat the two English players by 3 and 1, in the thirty-six holes; but the best of the best-ball rounds only equalled Braid's 68 on the day before.

The opening ceremony of the Bramshot Golf Club, near Fleet in Hampshire, is fixed for to-day. HORACE HUTCHINSON.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

FICTION.

Marraquitta: A Romance of Monte Carlo, by Charlotte Wales-Almy. (Drane, 3s. 6d.)
The Velvet Glove, by H. Seton Merriman. (Newnes, 6d.)
Stories and Essays, by Kate Scanlen. (Drane, 3s. 6d.)
Mrs. Darrell, by Foxcroft Davis. (Macmillan, 6s.)
The Little Neighbour, by Mary Deane. (Murray, 6s.)
The Dog from Clarkson's: A Vagary, by D. F. T. Coke. (Jarrold, 3s. 6d.)
The Outlet, by Andy Adams. (Constable, 6s.)
Isidro, by Mary Austin. (Constable, 6s.)
Lagden's Luck, by Tom Gallon. (Arrowsmith, 3s. 6d.)
The Marquis's Eye, by G. F. Bradby. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)
The Yellow Wave, by M. P. Sheil. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)
"*Smithy*," by E. Wallace. (Tallis Press, 1s.)
Rose of Lone Farm, by Eleanor G. Hayden. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

MAGAZINES.

C. B. Fry's, The All-Story, The Delineator, Flora and Sylva, The Health Resort.

MISCELLANEOUS.

How to Use a Camera, by Clive Holland. (Routledge, 1s. net.)
Military Surgery in its Relation to the Science and Art of War, by Miles. (Drane, 6d. net.)
Special Reports on Educational Subjects, Vol. XV. School Training for the Home Duties of Women, Part I. The Teaching of "Domestic Science" in the United States of America. (Wyman, 1s. 9d.)
Russia Under the Great Shadow, by Luigi Villari. (Unwin, 10s. 6d. net).
The American Thoroughbred, by C. E. Trevathan. (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net.)
The Poetry of the Future, by Laurence Owen. (Simpkin, Marshall, 2s. 6d.)
Nights at the Opera: Bizet's Carmen, Mozart's Don Giovanni, Gounod's Faust, by Francis Burgess. (Moring, 1s. net each.)
A Memorial of Horatio, Lord Nelson, by S. Baring-Gould, M.A. (Skeffington and Son, 2s. 6d.)
All About Sussex Fowls and the Chicken Fattening Industry, by J. W. Hurst. (Southern Publishing Company, 1s.)
Guide to the Teaching of Hygiene and Temperance, by G. H. V. Appleby, M.D., and J. Stephenson. (Grant and Lewis, 6d. net.)
The Health of the Nation: A Letter to the President of the Local Government Board, by J. Theodore Dodd, M.A. (Alden, Oxford, 6d. net.)

POETRY.

A Chapter from Malory, by Henry Cloriston. (Nutt.)

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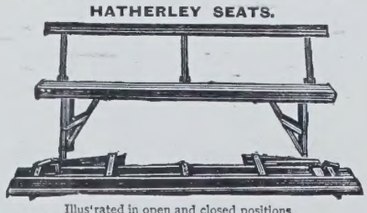

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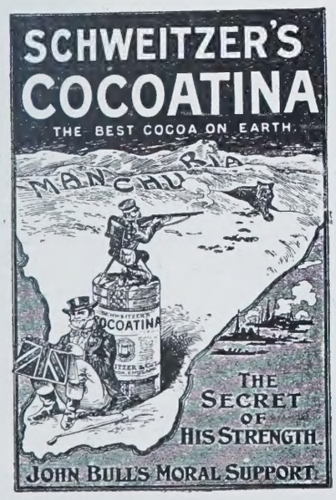

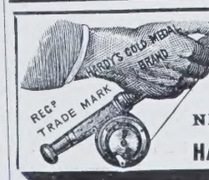

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One of the most noticeable groups at the recent exhibition in the Temple Gardens was that from Messrs. Kelway and Son of Langport, and a glance through their "Manual of Horticulture for 1905" is a reminder of the enormous collection of flowers grown on those sunny Somersetshire slopes. At the present moment the pæonies are in full splendour, making brave masses of colour, and comprising a host of varieties raised in the nursery. Kelway's new Imperial pæonies form a splendid race of flowers, representing quite a fresh departure. The guard petals resemble a beautiful sheet of varied colouring, sometimes as dainty as the pink of the wild rose, sometimes a strong purple shade, and occasionally of purest white. One may compare the flowers of some of the varieties to water-lilies, so waxy in texture are the petals, and this means that the flowering season is more lasting than in the case of pæonies of the ordinary kinds. A coloured illustration of this very charming class forms the frontispiece to the "Manual," the varieties represented being Knight of the Thistle, crimson-purple; White Lady, pure white with orange centre; and Meteor Flight, pale pink. Within the next few weeks the delphiniums will be a mass of beautiful colouring, the dark and light blue varieties standing out conspicuously. It is no exaggeration to say that the delphiniums or perennial larkspurs of the Messrs. Kelway have given a fresh charm to the borders of the English garden, the plants sending up sheaves of bloom. In July and August, one might write of the pyrethrums raised by Messrs. Kelway, of the great variety of hardy plants, hollyhocks, gaillardias, dahlias, sweet peas, and a list too lengthy to enumerate. There is always something to see the year round at Langport, bright colour filling the many glass houses in winter, then the fine variety of the netted iris (I. reticulata major), in fragrant groups out of doors, to be followed by a galaxy of spring flowers. It is a great bulb nursery as well as a nursery of hardy plants, and fruits and vegetables in the best varieties, and perhaps it is when the gladioli are flowering in profusion that a visit is as well repaid as at almost any season of the year. We are looking forward to seeing the new forms of gladiolus Kelwayi in flower this year—the varieties of 1904-5. Aphrodite we well remember last year for its absolute purity, the segments showing no trace of colour. It has been well described as "the whitest gladiolus yet seen." There are few lovelier garden flowers than this white gladiolus. Dovedale, pink and white; King of Gladioli, a magnificent gladiolus, the colouring a soft, salmon rose, with white spot; Miss Zena Dare, creamy yellow, with carmine stripe, and Saltpetre, pink, are handsome flowers. The other groups of gladioli are also fully represented; indeed, this is the finest collection in the world. We strongly recommend Kelway's "Manual" for its lengthy descriptive lists of flowers, fruits, and vegetables, and plain practical hints to the beginner. At a meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society, held in their new hall on June 20th, Messrs. Kelway brought from their nurseries a beautiful lot of pæonies, delphiniums, and pyrethrums, and were awarded a silver medal for the group. It was indeed a gathering of flowers fully representative of the varieties grown at home. The pæonies, bearing large handsome blooms in numerous delicate shades of colour, the stately delphiniums of brightest blue, and the ever-welcome pyrethrums, most useful as cut flowers at this time of year, combined to make a display of early summer flowers that was worth going far to see. Those who plant these three subjects, all specialities with the Langport firm, cannot fail to have a border full of blossom in June.

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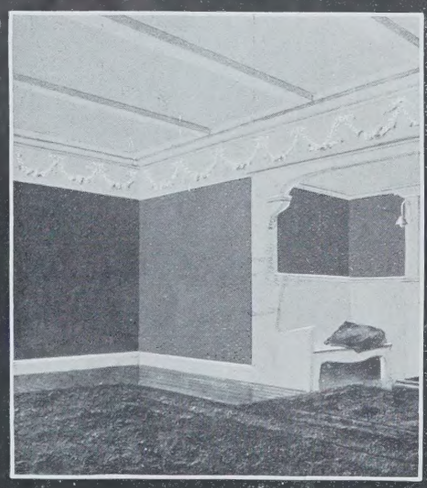

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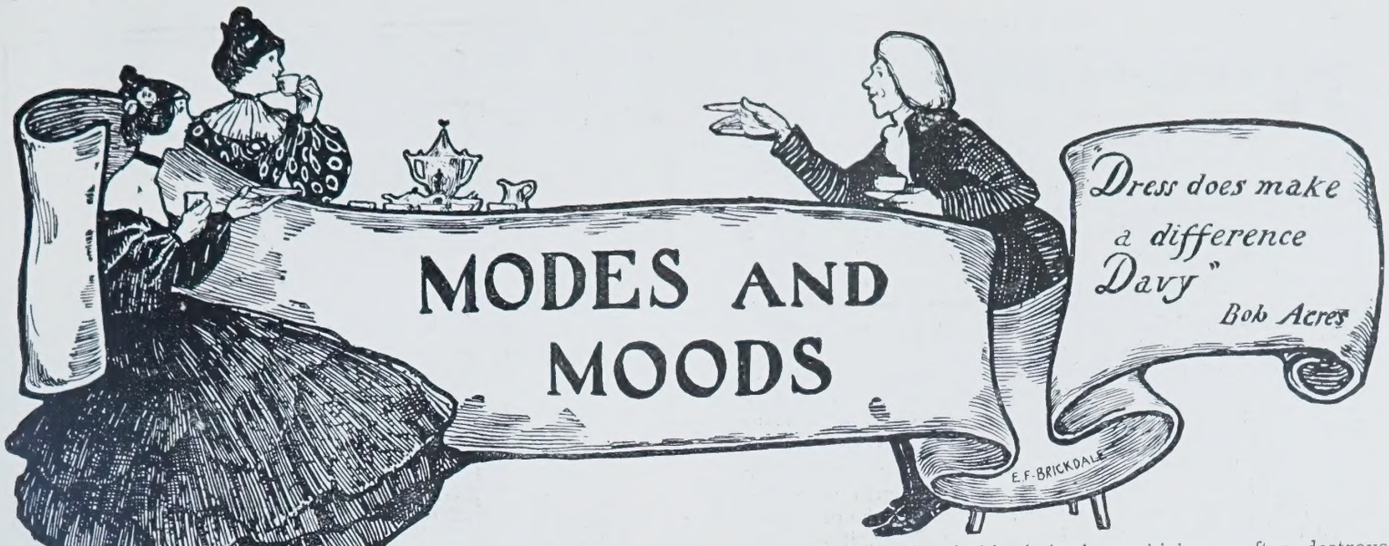


MODES AND MOODS

NOW that Ascot is over, everyone is back in town, and balls and dinner-parties are more rife than ever, the week of country air having apparently given an added zest to the hustle of town life in the season. It is, therefore, well to turn our thoughts to evening dresses once more, for the fabrics of which they are chiefly composed this season are so daintily delicate that the term of life of a fashionable evening frock is brief indeed, and new ones are constantly needed, to the joy of dressmakers, and the future despair of the husband when he has to "foot" the bill of the season's frocks. But with his future feelings I have nothing to do; and certainly as regards the present, any husband worthy of the honour he bears would feel a thrill of pride could he see his wife attired in the evening dress I am illustrating this week. It is that most indispensable item in a woman's wardrobe, a beautiful black dress for evening wear. The skirt is of black tulle or net, with a ring-spot design, made over soft black Liberty satin. The skirt is in four gathered flounces, each flounce trimmed and edged with crescents cut out in black velvet, those at the edge of the flounces being larger than those above. What little is to be seen of the bodice between the deep-pointed corselet of black velvet and the double ruche of white tulle that edges the bodice, is of gathered black tulle. Above the white tulle ruche is a tucker of white net embroidered in pearls; and the same embroidered net forms the upper part of the little sleeves, which are finished with flounces of white tulle. A silver ribbon divides the white tulle ruche across the bodice in front, and ends in a true-lover's knot, with a little cascade of tulle to meet the uprising point of the corselet; and the same ribbon is used in bands on the embroidered net sleeves. A slanting black osprey, and a white ostrich tip holding a knot of silver ribbon in the hair, repeat the note of the dress with charming finish and completeness. Another charming black dress I have seen was also in black tulle (which has been revived this year with great success after long languishing neglected), the plain full skirt embroidered with long lines, in fine black jet, which started upwards from a band of black velvet round the hem. The bodice was of the ever-becoming cross-over design, the full draperies from each shoulder being caught together with a big jet butterfly where they crossed; and the opening between was filled with a little chemisette of white chiffon drawn on a black velvet ribbon. Shaded opalescent effects of superimposed layers of chiffon are more the rage than ever; and really poetic effects of colouring are now achieved with these. A dress which was greatly admired at one of the big Ascot house-parties was composed of a foundation of softest white Liberty satin, over which came a veiling of pale blue chiffon, then one of mauve chiffon sewn with silver and diamond paillettes, while over this again was an outer skirt of palest pink mousseline de soie. The effect of this mingling of delicate colours, heightened by the gleam of the silver and diamonds under the outer film of pale pink, was exquisitely delicate and artistic. The low bodice preserved the same blend of tints, with a berthe of ivory lace adorned with raised floral embroideries in chiffon, sequins, and diamond paillettes; and the deep corselet belt was of blue, mauve, and pink soft satin in bands, which still further emphasised the lovely tender colours of the dress.

Weddings have been, and still are, happening nearly every day of this season, which has been remarkable for the number of couples who have plunged into matrimony. Now, all these couples are setting up housekeeping, and if the sweetness of the honeymoon is not to be wasted, they would do well to weigh the serious question of ways and means when they begin house-furnishing, or else their early married life will be soured by money difficulties and the consequent and inevitable irritation which so often destroys conjugal harmony. In the little booklet, "Business Methods Applied to Furnishing," which Messrs. Gillow and Co. have just brought out, the best of advice is given in these words, which are the text of the pamphlet, *àpropos* of the bitterness of exceeded

ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR A SIMPLE DINNER-GOWN.

estimates: "Why not start with the price? Sit down quietly and decide, before doing anything else, the amount of money you want to spend, and let that be the basis of your scheme." If this is done, the rest can be confided to this well-known firm, whose reputation is a sufficient guarantee of pure design and quality of materials; and they make a speciality of preparing designs, complete schemes, and estimates free of cost, showing exactly what they can do for the amount desired to be spent. Success in decoration and furnishing is not so much a matter of expenditure as of taste and judgment, and the experience gathered by this firm during its two centuries of existence is thus placed at the command of their clients with a minimum of trouble and expense. This most practical little booklet will be sent to anyone who applies for it to Messrs. Gillow and Co., 406, Oxford Street, and it should appeal to all business men.

Is there a woman with soul so dead to feminine joys whose heart does not leap at the magic words "Sale Catalogue," when she first sees them at this time of year? Later on these words of glorious possibilities may, perhaps, pall by much iteration; but the first promise of the annual summer sales fills every woman with joyous anticipation of bargains hitherto unattained, though perhaps often seen in visions. This year the promise of such bargains seems nearer fulfilment than ever, if one may judge by the catalogue of Messrs. Peter Robinson in Oxford Street, whose sale begins next Monday, July 3rd. The reductions in all departments have been unusually liberal, and I think that most women will be desirous of acquiring the "Henley" coat in cream and navy serges, with a contrasting collar in faced cloth, a most admirable and useful tailor-made garment, at the ridiculously low price of a guinea; or the "Sandown" alpaca dust-coat trimmed with fancy braid, and with comfortable loose cape sleeves, which is marked at the same price. These are the garments which are the very things required at this time of year, for the river, the seaside, or for travelling and driving, and such an opportunity should not be missed. Then there are charming costumes for both day and evening wear, notably the "Carlton," in the new crystalline silk trimmed with lace and velvet, and lined throughout with glacé silk, at 6½ guineas; and the "Windsor," a very smart afternoon dress of taffetas, chiffon, and lace, at 5 guineas; the charming series of blouses, absurdly cheap, and of which one can never have too many; and the ever-useful and smart sun-ray-pleated fancy check voile skirts, which are actually reduced to 19s. 11d. There are innumerable other things also illustrated in this remarkable catalogue which I have not space to mention; but those of my readers who cannot be present at the opening of the sale on Monday should write for the catalogue to Messrs. Peter Robinson in Oxford Street, and they will be astonished at the opportunities offered therein.

All women who respect their figures will be glad to hear that Messrs. Dickins and Jones (the makers of the famous "Spécialité Corsets") announce their sale for Monday next also. These corsets will be sold at reduced prices during the sale, and no one should lose this opportunity, for the "Spécialité" are made in so many different types, that every woman can be certain of being properly fitted therewith, to the improvement of her figure and her personal comfort. The corset department, however, though vastly important, is not by any means the only attraction at Messrs. Dickins and Jones's famous establishment in Regent Street. They are equally renowned for their costumes, their lace, tulle, and feather boas (which are such a marked feature of the dress of the moment), and their beautiful petticoats and underlinen. These, like everything else, have been wonderfully reduced in price, and a special note should be made of the hand-made lace robes, which are simply marvellous value at 58s. 6d., and especially desirable this year, when lace dresses are the rage at every fashionable gathering.

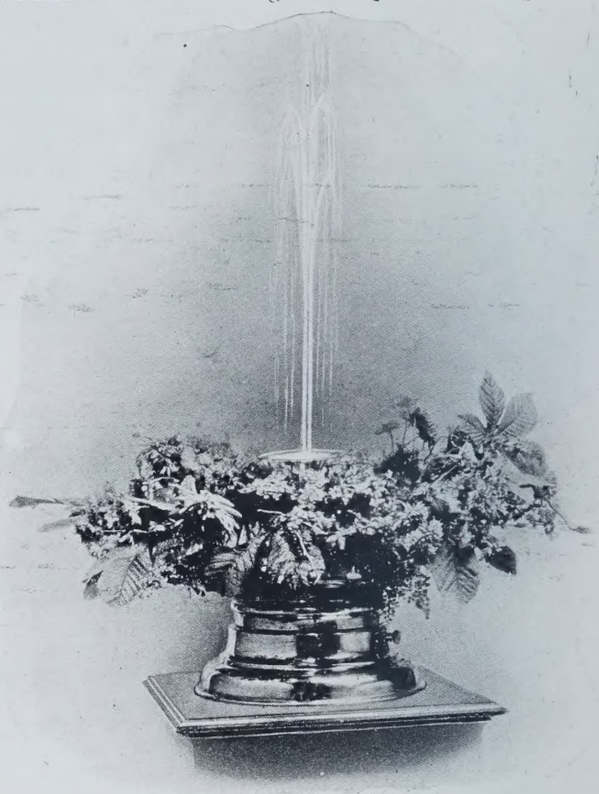
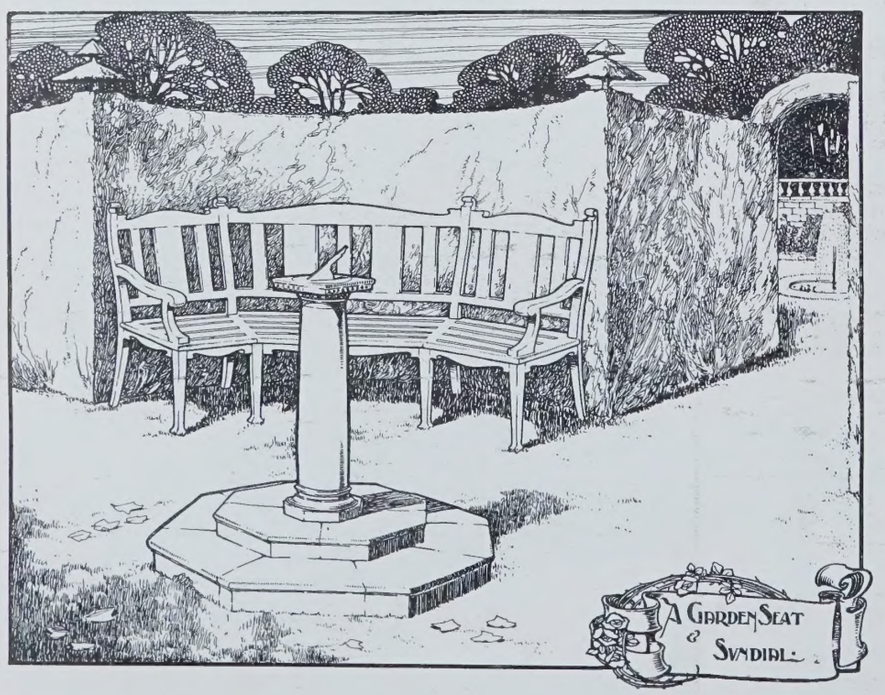


TABLE FOUNTAIN AT MESSRS. EDWARDS.

The hand-embroidered linen robes, too, are charming, and the most useful wear in the world, as they wash or clean like the proverbial handkerchief; and the robes in "broderie Anglaise" soft white lawn are most covetable possessions at the greatly-reduced price of 59s. 6d. Anyone who is going to the seaside, or up the river, should purchase one of Messrs. Dickins and Jones's soap-shrunk flannel costumes in various grey stripes, navy or black with white lines, or in cream with fine stripes of black and pale blue, which, with the beautifully-cut coat and skirt, are extraordinary value at 49s. 6d. Altogether, if one may judge by these two brilliant sales which begin on Monday next, this season's opportunities for acquiring those bargains so dear to the feminine heart seem likely to be more remarkable than ever before.

With dinner-parties crowding each other out every night at this season of the year, hostesses will be glad to hear of a dainty novelty which will certainly please their guests in hot weather. This charming novelty is the new and improved Table Fountain of Messrs. Edwards and Sons, 161, Regent Street, which makes the most decorative centre-piece to a dinner-table that it is possible to imagine, as may be gathered by the accompanying illustration. The fountain is constructed on pneumatic principles, and is so simple that it can be managed by anyone; and it has the great advantage that it can be prepared hours, or even days, before it is required to play, so that no decoration need be displaced. The appearance of the flower-laden bowl and the tinkling music of the falling water, as well as the coolness it brings, make the Edwards Table Fountain quite the most charming adjunct for a dining-room, drawing-room, or boudoir which could possibly be imagined.



The summer seems at last to have decided to remain with us, and not to be playing hide-and-seek with winter at our expense any longer; so we can now once more look forward to the delight of life in the garden, which is the real joy of the summer months. But that joy is not to be attained unless one can rest and bask in sunshine or shade at one's will; and a garden without seats or with too few of such resting-places is a garden shorn of one of its greatest charms. It is only given to hasty youth to enjoy sitting on the ground or grass (always more or less damp in this climate); the rest of us demand seats as appropriate in design to their surroundings as they are comfortable to the human form. Such a combination

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Bottles, 2/3, 4/6.

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Preserves, Beautifies, Nourishes, and Restores it more effectually than any other preparation. It closely resembles the natural oil in the hair so necessary for its preservation, and without which the hair becomes dry, thin, and withered. No internal medicines are of any use to prevent the hair falling off.

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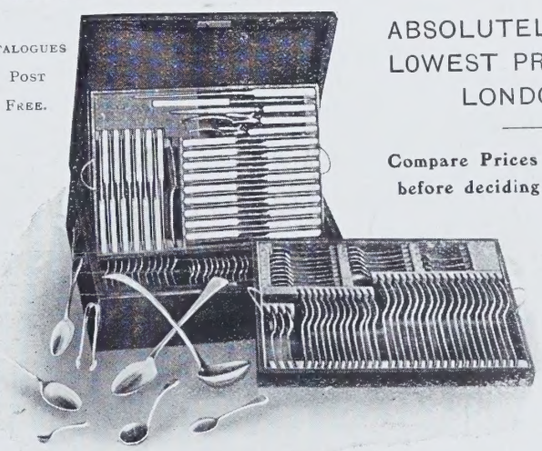

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£25 14 4

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12 Table Spoons ...	29·10 ,, 2/9	4	0	0
12 Dessert Forks ...	19·25 ,, 2/9	2	12	11
12 Dessert Spoons	20·00 ,, 2/9	2	15	0
12 Tea Spoons ...	8·05 ,, 2/9	1	2	2
6 Egg Spoons ...	3·10 ,, 2/9		8	6
4 Salt Spoons ...	1·50 ,, 2·9		4	2
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2 Sauce Ladles ...	4·45 ,, 2/9		12	3

	Ozs.	£	s.	d.
1 Sugar Tongs ...	1.10 at 2/9		3	0
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1 Butter Knife ...	1·00 ,, 2/9		2	9
1 Mustard Spoon	·55 ,, 2/9		1	6
18 Table Knives ...	... ...	1	12	6
12 Cheese Knives...	... ...		17	0
1 Pair Meat Carvers	... ...		8	6
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Polished Oak Cabinet, with Separate Division for each Article ...		2	5	0

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may be found at Messrs. Maple's, who are making a new speciality of what they call, not inappropriately, "Garden Furniture" of all kinds. This "furniture" includes seats, sundials, pedestals, tables, fountains, garden tubs and pots, and beautiful reproductions of old French latticed arches which are so charming for pergolas and verandahs, and give such admirable foothold for climbing plants or plants that need support. The garden seats are particularly good in design, and remarkably inexpensive. They begin with the "Paxton" seat, 6ft. long, in either pale green or ivory (or in any colour or size to order) at £2 10s. 6d., and rise in price by a few shillings as the seats grow more ornate and elaborate, through a whole range of admirable designs to the "Ashridge," which appears on the illustration on a previous page. This seat is 9ft. long, and is shaped to fit in angle, and its price is five guineas, which is distinctly moderate for its beautiful design and workmanship. A very stately design is the "Melford," while the "Riseley's" severity of line would bring it into harmony with stone terraces and cut yew hedges. All those who desire to make their gardens both decorative and comfortable should write to Messrs. Maple for their illustrated catalogue of garden furniture.

There is nothing more trying to the complexion than the combination of hot sun and cold winds which we have had to endure lately, and I am, therefore, doing my readers a good turn in reminding them of the necessity of constantly using Dr. Dys's Sachets de Toilette and Sève Dermale. The daily and nightly use of these two invaluable toilet articles will not only preserve the skin from the evil effects of sudden changes of temperature, but will also keep freckles and sunburn at bay; and now that the boating season has brought Henley in view, this should be remembered. There is nothing so disastrous as the reflections from water glittering in sunlight to a tender, rose-leaf skin; and, though veils are some protection, they are somewhat stifling if thick enough to be of practical use. The constant use of the Sachets de Toilette and the Sève Dermale will obviate the use of veils, and all my readers who are wise will write for supplies to Dr. Dys's sole agent, V. Darsy, 54, Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris, who will also send particulars. LAMIA.

LITERARY NOTES.

VICTOR HUGO was not as other men. He was a man to whom, perhaps more truly than to any other, La Bruyère's description of a genius was applicable: sublime, isolated, too immense to be classified, shocking cramped and moderate minds which judge the things of to-day by the standards of yesterday, over-riding their rules, and arousing their resentment. His life began with a romance. As a child he had played with Adèle Foucher in that garden at Feuillantines; at eighteen, possessed only of the as yet unrecognised power to write good verses, he asked the hand of his playmate; met by a refusal from prudent parents, he persevered with ode after ode, until France awoke to his genius, and at twenty he married Adèle. This was in 1822; and for a few years all was tranquillity in the Hugo household. Four years later, just before the literature of France underwent that upheaval caused by the advent of Romanticism, a red-haired, awkward youth, who was walking the hospital, and reviewing books for the *Globe*, called on Victor Hugo in the Rue de Vaugirard. The visitor was none other than Sainte-Beuve, who had eulogised the "Orientales." "J'étais conquis dés ce jour," said the critic, "à la branche de l'école romantique dont il était le chef," and a friendship was formed. Sainte-Beuve then worshipped Hugo, and with Théophile Gautier, Lamartine, and Vigny, he formed part of the brilliant coterie which surrounded the newly-discovered star, and discussed the wonders of their newly-discovered literary universe. Then, calling a few years later, Sainte-Beuve discovered Mme. Victor Hugo *en déshabille*, "La robe tout d'un flot tombant jusqu'à ses pieds," and realised that he loved her. Thereafter, he wrote verses and dedications to her, and alternately praised and reviled her husband. Mme. Victor Hugo was *sans reproche*, but an element of discord had entered the family circle, and shortly after the poet was captivated by the charms of Juliette Drouet, mistress of many men, who was acting a part in Hugo's play, "Lucrezia Borgia." It is at this point that Mr. Henry Wellington Wack (*The Romance of Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet.* Putman) takes up the story. The attachment he absurdly likens to that of Petrarch to Laura, of Abelard to Héloise, of Dante to Beatrice. With the letters from Victor Hugo to Juliette we are familiar. Mr. Wack has here given us the letters from Juliette, prefaced by a deal of matter which is not in the best of taste; and by an interesting introduction by M. François Coppée. M. Coppée relates an oft-repeated but characteristic incident of the poet. Conversation had turned on the immortality of the soul, in which Schoelcher, Victor Hugo's friend, disbelieved, and expressed his disbelief. "You are right, Schoelcher," said Hugo; "everyone is not immortal. One day Dante, having written two verses on a sheet of paper, went out for a little walk. Then the first verse said to the second: 'It is very nice to be a verse of Dante, for we are immortal.' The second verse in return replied: 'It is not at all sure; do you really believe we are both immortal?' Whereupon Dante returned, re-read his two verses, found the second worthless, and erased it."

A. G. Paterson. SUNLIGHT ON AN OLD PORCH. Copyright.

The Estate Nursery, by Mr. J. Simpson, is a handy little manual published by the County Gentlemen's Association, and treats of the practicability of having a tree nursery on every estate to supply its own wants more cheaply than can be done by buying. Much expense has been entailed in the past by treating the nursery as an odds and ends corner of the garden, which is a good point to make, for of all men gardeners are the most difficult to induce to take an interest in anything which they do not consider lies strictly within their province. The author considers no manure necessary as a rule beyond leaf-mould and a little lime, but a manured crop of potatoes can be taken off vacant plots from time to time if desired. An idea may be gained of his argument from the following figures: 15s. worth of Japanese larch seeds produce nearly 20,000 seedlings fit to transplant in two years, while to buy the same number of two year seedlings of this tree from the trade, £25 roughly would be needed, so that there is a good margin within which to economise on expenses of rent, planting, attention, and transplanting. A very practical hint or two is given as to this latter task. Dip the roots in a thick soil-puddle and plant wet, and remember that checking the growth in spring, by a process which Mr. Simpson describes, renders their transplanting in the autumn far safer.

Lord Byron was one of those men of letters who, whatever else might be said about him, had the gift of a great and interesting personality, and whatever chatter or gossip finds its way into print about him is sure to be read. Probably this was Mr. Bettany's reason for adopting so startling a title for his book as *The Confessions of Lord Byron* (Murray). The name never would lead anyone to expect what he will actually find between the covers, namely, a sort of analysis of Lord Byron's letters arranged in a kind of biographical order. We have different chapters headed "Byron's reflection on himself," "Byron's religious views," "Byron's opinions of the literary life," "Byron's estimate of contemporary English poets," and so forth. In one word, the letters of the distinguished poet are turned into gossip pure and simple. Nothing new is attempted, but

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still it is curious to glance over Mr. Bettany's pages, and take some account of that singular man who, during the course of his short life, attracted all eyes, not only in his native country, but throughout Europe, and has still the reputation in Germany and France of being the greatest English poet of modern times. As a Scotchman, Lord Byron was naturally superstitious, and everybody knows the story of his riding over the Brig of Balgownie in spite of Thomas Rhymer's prophesy "Brig o' Balgownie wite is tha wa' wi' a wife's ae son wi a mear's ae foal doon tha shult fa'." He did this in revolt, as he did everything; but a great many people would not have attached so much importance to the old rhyme as to demonstrate that it was untrue. In one of his letters he confesses "I am superstitious," but there are very few instances given to prove the assertion. With regard to religion, the opinions of Byron are by this time well known, and here they are stated with his customary force, and also with an indecision that was no less characteristic of him. On the whole the book is interesting, and well repays the lover of Byron who cares to make his way through it.

Messrs. Routledge and Sons have issued a pretty edition of Coventry Patmore's poems, *The Angel in the House* and *The Victories of Love*, with the usual prefix by Mrs. Meynell. We do not think she quite explains how Coventry Patmore came to be so very popular at one time of his life, while now he has ceased to attract the younger generation of readers. If, however, we take the lines which Mrs. Meynell quotes as being the best in Patmore, it will, we think, be possible to see why his popularity is not a very abiding one. She calls the following wonderful and spacious:

"Alone, alone with sky and sea,
And her, the third simplicity."

But it really is fantastic. The implied likeness of a woman to sky and sea being really unthinkable, while the simplicity of a fine nature is by no means that of a landscape; nor, in truth, can we see "the dignity and awful tenderness" which Mrs. Meynell reads in this:

"His sorrow boasts a secret bliss
Which sorrow of itself beguiles;
And love in tears too noble is
For pity, save of Love in smiles."

How Mrs. Meynell holds forth may be seen from the following quotation: "Although the little ruled lines of the octosyllabic 'Angel' were to him not fetters but wings, yet the Odes flew on a larger and a nobler pinion."

GAME PROSPECTS IN SCOTLAND.

THE Scottish moorlands now present a very animated and busy scene, being tenanted by a capital assemblage of lively, strong, well-grown grouse chicks in the pink of health and condition. There is certainly no lack of numbers, and judging from reports I have received during the last month, quite apart from my own observations, the present "season" holds out expectations of excellent sport on the "Twelfth."

The weather at the commencement of the present nesting period was not of a very favourable character for egg-laying, particularly on the high elevations. An extremely cold atmosphere prevailed until well on in April, accompanied by frequent snow-falls, keen frost, and rain. Since then, although the air, especially during the early mornings, has been unseasonably chill, it has apparently done no harm, for the grouse is a hardy bird and suffers little from cold, but dislikes rain, and is restless when changeable weather occurs. Previous to the heavy fall of snow which took place last March, the large packs had broken up into smaller coveys and pairs. (In fact, a number of eggs were laid at that time, and in a few isolated cases nests containing a full complement of eggs were discovered.) The storm had the effect of causing the birds to reunite, and they packed again and betook themselves to the lower grounds. But birds which sat on eggs at that period, and which I had under observation, did not accompany these migratory flocks. They kept to their nests and eventually reared their broods. I have seen one of the birds almost covered with snow, using her wings at repeated intervals to shake the white mantle from off her back, and a point worth noting is that she every now and then turned round and round four or five times in the nest, apparently with the object of keeping the snow from encroaching on the structure. This snow-fall ceased as suddenly as it came, and a thaw set in which quickly cleared the exposed portions of the hills, and the packs which had been harbouring on the lowlands reappeared, and almost immediately broke up, dispersing all over the moors. It was not till then that nesting operations commenced in earnest, and what surprised me most of all at this time was the astonishing activity of the birds, and the exposed situations chosen by them for their nests. The nest (if it is worthy of that name) of the grouse is a mere depression or slight hollow in the ground lined with grass and a feather or two; sometimes it has neither, and I usually find them on the sloping sides of the moor, generally fairly well concealed. This year, however, the eggs were deposited in hastily-made hollows in all sorts of easily-located positions, and almost bare. Such casually chosen situations would appear to show how impatient the birds were to get forward with their incubation. This latter occurrence has been observed on almost all the grounds, and has caused some worry to many owing to the fact that the eggs were easily observed by vermin. In some districts carrion crows have been troublesome, and these birds (the most destructive foes the grouse-preserver has to reckon with) have had to be constantly watched, and hundreds have paid the death penalty in their over-eagerness to obtain the eggs. Their egg-sucking habits is proverbial, and their cunning marvellous. To judge from the avidity with which the young carrions suck out the eggs, the taste is very early acquired or, shall I say, inherited.

Two most satisfactory features of the present nesting season are, first, that the birds deposited full clutches of eggs which have hatched out with a very low percentage of infertile or unproductive specimens being left; and, second, no disease has been reported up to the date of inserting these notes. I must not omit to make mention that the food-crop—the heather or ling, the principal nourishment of the grouse—has sprouted beautifully, thanks to the rain which fell earlier in the year, and there is an abundance of tender, juicy shoots on which the "grouselings" love to feed. Heather-burning has been conducted with more than ordinary vigour on many of the moors this season, and these grounds will reap the benefit of this at a future date. I cannot lay too much stress on the importance of getting rid of old, matted, useless heather, which is neither good for the birds nor the ground on which it grows; there is little or no nourishment to be got from it, and, practically speaking, it is worthless, not to say injurious, to grouse, particularly to young birds.

Pheasants.

Wild pheasants are not up to the average by any means this year, a conspicuous feature on not a few of the estates showing a dearth of hen birds, which is a matter of much regret among rearers, particularly to those engaged on shoots known to give good sport not only in the number of brace but where the pheasants are characterised by being thoroughly wild and so affording the guns the best opportunities for showing their skill. Wild pheasants play an active part on such preserves, which is somewhat difficult to make up with hand-reared specimens unless the season is an unusually early one, which would allow the poults a chance of becoming thoroughly wild, and so provide the class of shooting expected on such beats.

Terrible accounts of the destruction caused by rats have been received. It would appear that never before have they taken toll of pheasants' eggs to such an extent as during this spring. Notwithstanding the means taken to destroy the pests they still increase at a perplexing rate. A note recently received from a practical game preserver says: "The common grey rat has given us more than usual worry this year owing to their habit of sucking pheasants' eggs. We have tried poisoning, trapping, shooting, ferreting, pouring tar down the holes, etc., to get rid of the brutes; but all to no purpose. We have lessened their numbers by 420 by six weeks' work; but still they come. I have found that pouring tar into the holes is pretty effective in clearing them out of certain burrows, but they scamper out and establish a lodgment elsewhere. They appear to have got firmly rooted here. It is impossible to accurately reckon the damage they do among the game, especially to the eggs and young of pheasants . . ." This speaks for itself. The remedy lies with the preservers. With the help of the owls much might be done. But where are they? I am not, I hope, narrow-minded on the subject of wild bird protection, and can listen to both sides of the question regarding the destruction of our birds of prey before I give an opinion; but to observe owls, birds which render great service to the gamekeeper by destroying large numbers of rats—they might very truthfully be named the keepers' night-watchmen—nailed to the vermin-board, makes my blood boil. This is a practice tending to the destruction of game—not to its preservation. Hand-reared pheasants are an excellent lot, and an inspection of the rearing-fields discloses the fact that eggs have hatched satisfactorily, the coops holding batches of strong, vigorous, and well-grown broods, consequently the decrease in the stock of the wild progeny will be freely met by the supply from the rearing-fields.

Partridges.

Partridges are fairly plentiful, and the birds, followed by the young broods, are now beginning to frequent the open grasslands. In some districts they are scarce, while in others they are reported as being in more than their usual numbers; but, taken all round, I do not think the year will prove more than an average one, even in the most favoured neighbourhoods. The coveys observed, however, are strong and well grown. Barren birds are in considerable numbers. Partridges have not got over the severe wet of 1903, which wrought incalculable damage to both the eggs and young.

Hares and Rabbits.

The agricultural districts are well stocked with hares, and it is many years since I have observed so many leverets; they are fat and plump, and in splendid condition. Rabbits abound on all the

BARNET ORTHO PLATES & BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY

Gamuts on Nest with Young. Chas. Kirk, Photo.

Copy.

156, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow,
May 9th, 1905.

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Gentlemen,—With reference to my book of bird photographs, I have great satisfaction in stating that most of the negatives were made on Barnet plates, and since the introduction of the "Barnet Orthochromatic Plate" a new power has been placed in the hands of those who specialize in the photography of living wild birds. I have always found these plates of sufficient rapidity—even for focal plane work—giving good rendering of colour values without the use of a screen and in every way to be highly commended to the naturalist photographer.

Yours truly, (Signed) CHARLES KIRK.

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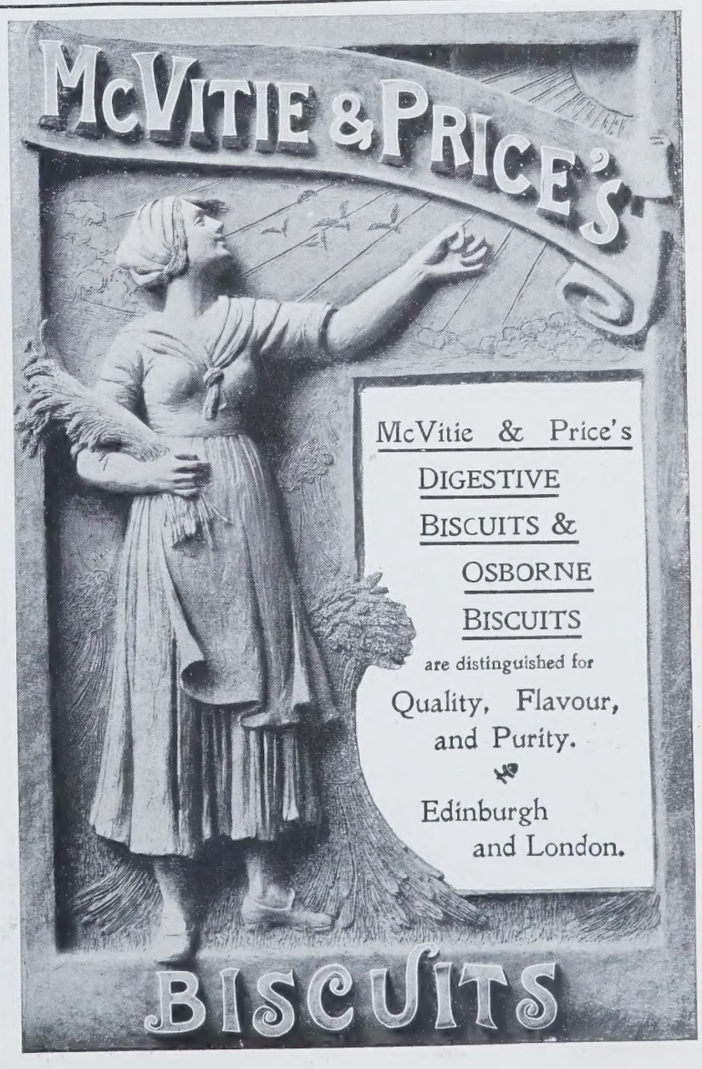

grounds, but a complaint or two exists that many are dying off with a disease known as spotted liver, a trouble caused by inbreeding.

WILDFOWL.

The wildfowl nesting season has been very encouraging, and capital sport is anticipated this coming fall. Wild ducks have reared large broods at their various breeding-grounds, and a splendid array of young birds inhabit the ponds and lochs. The moors are tenanted by a nice lot of curlew, golden plover, lapwings, etc., and wildfowlers may live in the hope of securing bags above the average when hostilities open. WILD MOORLAND.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SETTERS AND POINTERS RETRIEVING.

SIR,—The remarks in last week's issue concerning retrieving setters by Mr. Charles Boswell are interesting and instructive. When shooting quail last season in Florida, I found that nearly all the setters and pointers retrieved, and this extra duty seemed in no way to interfere with their ranging, nor with the locating of the birds. It also saved the necessity of carting about the ordinary retriever.—C. BERNEY BROWN.

SIR,—Mr. Charles Boswell's remarks in last week's "Shooting Notes" concerning retrieving setters and pointers were very interesting. I have often wondered why they were never used in this country. Retrieving setters and pointers are used all over the Eastern and Western States of America. I have now an Irish setter dog which I bred and shot over in California a few years ago. Two better all-round dogs than the father and son at ranging, retrieving on land or water, would be hard to find. A retrieving setter is very useful in the large duck-swamps, being able to wade in water when a spaniel has to swim. This makes a great deal of difference when one is pottering about in a swamp all day. I have used Irish setters for duck-shooting in Northern California in the winter, when it sometimes gets very cold, and I have seen them coated with ice and never stop retrieving; so this shows they can stand the cold. Of course, it is a much drier cold than in England. Setters and pointers, when broken to retrieve, are especially useful when quail (or partridge) shooting on the big ranges in Southern California. Dogs cannot range too far, and as there is hardly any scent in that dry climate, they gallop in and pick up a runner where a slow, pottering retriever would never find a runner in the dry heathery brush. Pointers are very good in the South, as they require less water, but do not make such good retrievers, and are not in the same class with a setter for duck-shooting, even in the warm southern climate of California. I think an Irish setter is a much hardier and keener dog than the English setter. A Scotch keeper once told me that the best retriever he ever saw in his life was an Irish setter broken to keep to heel. Irish setters always seem to work very jealous with other dogs if broken to retrieve. But there is one thing certain, that once a man has shot over a good all-round Irish setter, he will admit there is no gamer dog in existence.—VAQUERO.

HORSES AND PONIES AT RANELAGH.

ON Saturday last, in addition to the polo, there was the annual show of horses and ponies at Barn Elms. The show began with two classes, one for heavy and one for light weight ponies, which were won by Mr. Whitworth's Sermon and Mr. Roylance Court's Isaac, respectively. Of the latter I have often written, for there is no better or better-looking light-weight pony than he in England at the present time. In the class for pairs in harness, which always fills well at this show, the first prize went to Mr. E. H. Goad for the well-known dark chestnuts Lord and Lady Pickemup. The second and third pairs ran these very hard, and there were not wanting people who liked Sir Walter Gilbey's greys the best. However, as the judges were Colonel Maclean, Mr. Adrian Hope, and Mr. Romer Williams, the probability is that they were right. Judging horses is not one of those cases where lookers-on see most of the game. The Ranelagh members' class was won by that ever-fresh brown Marvel. Mr. Murray's pony is not badly named. In the open classes Sir Walter Gilbey's Society just beat Mr. E. H. Goad's Jersey Lily in ponies; while Lord Pickemup, well driven by Mr. Goad, beat Mrs. Hartley Batt's Diplomacy in the class for bay horses. This closed a very full and busy week, favoured by the best weather for polo we have had this season, and in which the intenseness of the heat in town caused a marked increase in the number of those who made the journey down to this delightful spot, there to enjoy the shade of the trees around the polo-ground, the pleasure of a dinner in "the country," and the cool freshness of the drive back afterwards. X.

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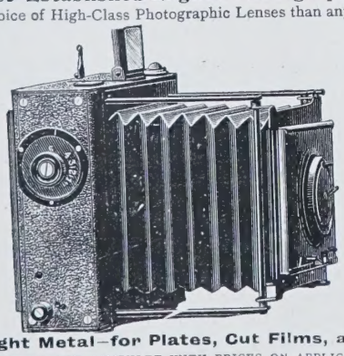

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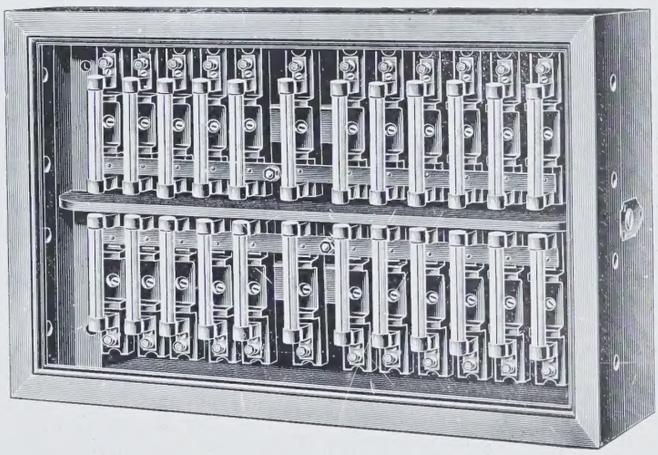

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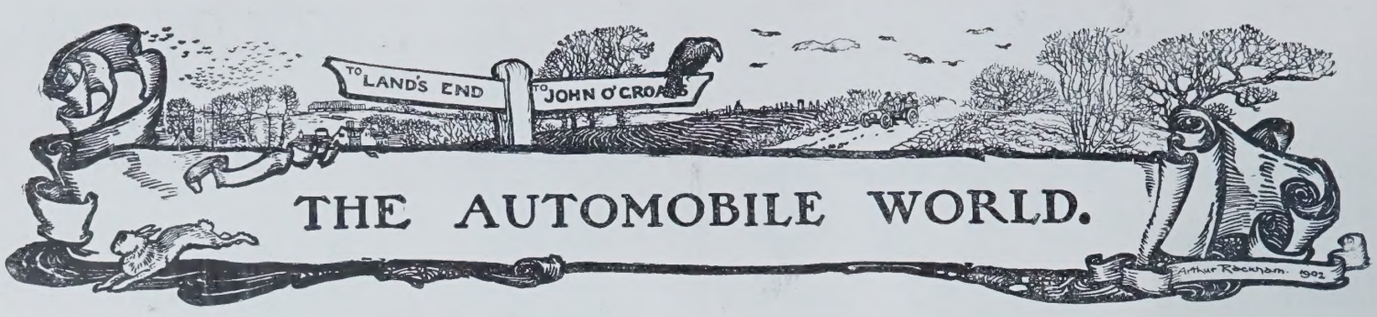
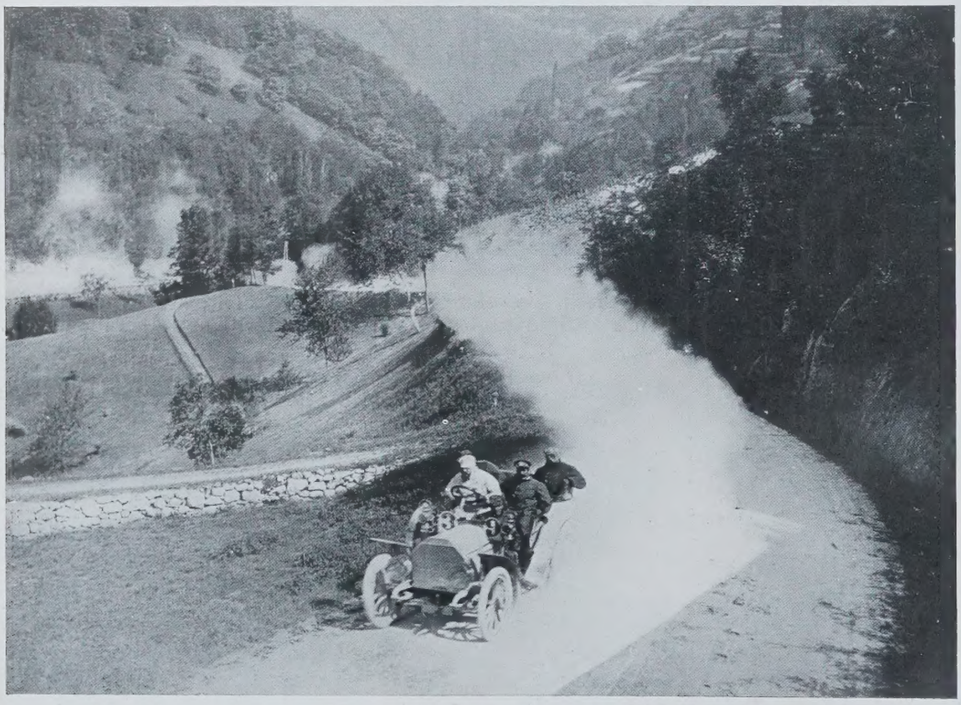


THE AUTOMOBILE WORLD.

SOME weeks ago, when the outcry which ensued on the Markyate accident was at its height, we drew attention to the questionable methods by which a certain section of the daily Press was endeavouring to inflame public feeling. For a time at least every accident upon the highway, the cause of which was not immediately apparent, was attributed to the motor-car, and local reporters throughout the kingdom were allowed to draw upon their imaginations in order to swell the daily "motor peril" column to respectable proportions. The true facts, when they became known, were either ignored or given in some obscure corner of the paper, where they probably escaped the notice of nine out of ten of the persons who had read the original story, with its introduction of flaring headlines. Meanwhile the Automobile Club has been enquiring into the alleged instances of brutal behaviour on the part of motorists, and the chairman, Mr. Arthur Stanley, M.P., has narrated in a letter to the Press the result of these investigations. He quotes four typical cases, each of which received wide publicity in the newspapers, and caused even motorists to think that there must be more black sheep among their number than they imagined. The first was that of an old man who was found badly injured on the Great North Road. He was alleged to have stated that a motor-car had knocked him down and driven away. The Chief Constable of the county has informed the club that the man never said that he was knocked down by a car, and that there is no evidence that such was the fact. A similar case, described in exaggerated phrases, was reported to have occurred near Cowbridge. This was also found to be a pure invention, and the police have stated that they are satisfied that no motor passed through the place at the time. In a third instance, a lady cyclist was the alleged victim, who was left unconscious on the road by an inhuman motorist. Here again the police, as a result of their investigations, expressed themselves as satisfied that no motor-car was concerned in the accident. The fourth case was reported in the papers with a wealth of circumstantial evidence. An aged lady, walking with a deaf niece, heard a car approaching, and pulled her companion out of the way. The car struck the old lady and hurled her over a stone wall. The occupants, of course, drove off without rendering assistance. Another version of the story is given by the Chief Constable of the county, who writes to the club as follows: "I have to inform you that there is absolutely no truth whatever in the report. Mrs. —— did fall over a wall at Buxton, but no motor-car was in fault." Mr. Stanley states that many other similar cases could be cited. We ourselves will give one, taken from a Yorkshire paper, to complete the tale. A youth, who was found on the road with a broken arm, told the usual tale of a reckless motorist, who had knocked him down and left him to his fate. The police were apparently suspicious as to the truth of his story, and subsequently pressed him for details. He thereupon confessed that he had jumped on the rear of a car, and, unobserved, been carried to the next village. There, in attempting to alight, he fell, and broke his wrist. He admitted that the driver never knew that he was there, and was entirely ignorant of what had happened.

Mr. Stanley's letter demonstrates the wisdom of the recent decision of the Automobile Club to investigate every case where motorists are alleged to have acted in an inhuman manner, and to be represented, as far as possible, at all proceedings in which the conduct of motorists is in question. It may be impossible to correct entirely the unfortunate impression caused by an unfounded report in the newspapers, but much good can be done by presenting the actual facts to the public when they become known. There is another aspect of the chairman's letter which is worthy of consideration and acknowledgment by motorists. It shows that the police in various parts of the country have readily assisted the club in its endeavours to arrive at the truth; and what is even more satisfactory, it proves that the members of the force investigate every case upon its merits, without attaching credence to the idle stories invented by the sensational halfpenny Press.



THE AIX-LES-BAINS MEETING.
Baron de Rothschild on a Mercédès descending the Cole de Plainpalais.

HINTS FOR BEGINNERS.—IV.

THE least satisfactory portion of the average car, and the one that is the most frequent cause of involuntary stoppages, especially in the hands of a beginner, is the somewhat complicated apparatus by which the explosive charge is ignited in the cylinder at the commencement of every firing stroke of the piston. It is, therefore, of vital importance, if trouble is to be avoided, that the novice should gain a thorough understanding at the earliest opportunity of both the theory and practice of the particular form of ignition employed on his car. He may remain for months ignorant of the mysteries of the differential, the intricacies of the live axle, or even the construction of the clutch or change-speed gear, with comparative impunity; but unless he learns the why and wherefore of the vital spark that constitutes the very soul of his engine, he will speedily find himself stranded by the roadside, grinding uselessly at the starting handle, which brings no response from within the bonnet.

As a preliminary to the comprehension of any ignition system, it is necessary to have some idea of the properties of a current of electricity. Disregarding modern theories as to the nature of this form of energy, it is simplest and sufficiently accurate for our purpose to liken it to water flowing through a pipe. A given quantity of water may be passed through a pipe in two ways; one may have a low pressure, a large pipe and a slow current, or the same result may be obtained by a pipe of small bore, a high pressure and a swift current. In the same manner an electrical current may be of high pressure (or tension, as it is called), requiring only a thin wire to convey it, but a very strong insulation to prevent the current escaping; or it may be large in volume, but low in tension, requiring a thick wire, but only a comparatively thin insulation to contain it. A given "quantity" of electricity may, therefore, take the form either of a high-tension current small in volume, or of a low-tension current large in volume. I may now explain two electrical

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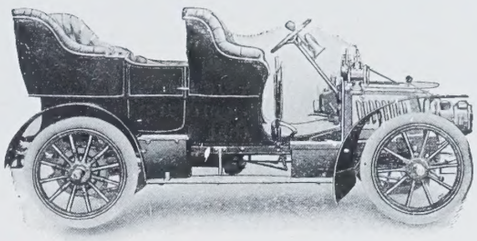

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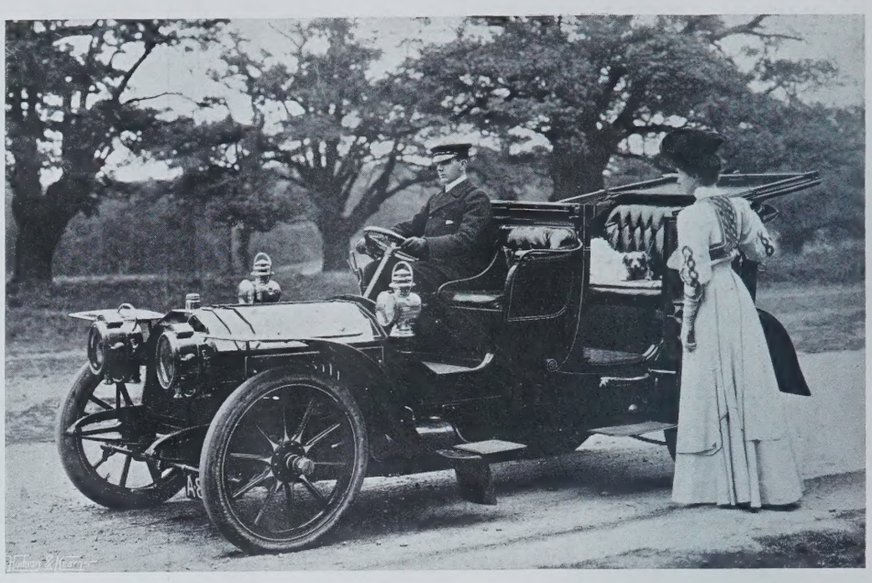
terms in common use. The pressure or tension of an electrical current is measured in "volts." Its volume is computed in "ampères."

In most small cars and many large ones the necessary current is derived either from an accumulator in which electricity has been "stored," to use the popular term, or from a dry battery which actually generates the current in the first instance. The accumulator or dry battery, as used on a car, is only capable of giving off a low-tension current (about four volts) of comparatively large volume. Such a current is useless for ignition purposes, as it is quite incapable of jumping the gap between the points of the sparking plug in the cylinder. Before it can do this it must be converted from a low-tension to a high-tension current, and this is the function of the sparking coil, which forms an essential part of the ignition apparatus. The principle underlying the working of the coil is shortly as follows: If two wires are placed side by side without touching, and a current passed through one, at the moment that the circuit is completed in the first wire, a momentary current is "induced" in the other, only in the opposite direction. The same phenomenon occurs when the current is interrupted in the first wire, only that the induced current now takes an opposite direction to that followed on the first occasion. If both wires are insulated, and the first is wound round a bar of soft iron, and the second coiled outside it, the strength of the induced current is increased. The sparking, or induction, coil is therefore constructed on these lines. There is a core consisting of a bundle of soft iron wires, round which is wound several layers of comparatively stout insulated wire called the primary coil. Outside of this, and quite distinct from it, is the secondary winding, consisting of a very large number of layers of fine wire most carefully insulated. If the current from the accumulator or dry battery is caused to pass through the primary winding, at the moment the circuit is made or broken, a corresponding current of enormously high tension is induced in the secondary wire, the voltage depending largely upon the quickness of the make and break, and the number of layers in the secondary winding. It follows, therefore, that if one can rapidly make and break the primary circuit the result will be a high-voltage alternating current in the secondary, and one property of this current is that it will readily jump a gap interposed in its path. F. P. A.



LADY ALWYNE COMPTON'S CROSSLEY LANDAULETTE.

Motors in Hyde Park.

THE excuse put forward by the Office of Works for the recently-issued order excluding automobiles from Hyde Park between the hours of four and seven during the remainder of the season is of a particularly unconvincing nature. It is alleged that complaints have been made of reckless driving, and that the new regulation has been made in the interest of public safety. When one remembers that between the hours named the Park is thronged with carriages of every type, that a very large force of police is on duty, and that, as a rule, it is impossible for any vehicle to proceed above a walking pace, the absurdity of the allegation is manifest, and the police themselves will no doubt resent the implied suggestion that, in spite of their wide powers and long experience, they are incapable of regulating the traffic. The prohibition is an exceedingly serious matter to the very large number of London residents who have replaced their horses by electric, steam, or petrol driven carriages. It means that they are to be excluded from the Park during those fashionable hours of the day when they have been accustomed from time immemorial to seek relief amid pleasant surroundings from stuffy offices or crowded drawing-rooms. The parks are meant for all to use and enjoy, and it is monstrous that the electric carriage, the safest and most silent vehicle in existence, should be denied the rights which are granted to the far less innocuous horse. Some grounds of complaint may be found against the petrol car, which not infrequently is both noisy and odoriferous, but it is manifestly unjust that the innocent and guilty should suffer alike. The modern petrol car, if properly managed, is almost as devoid of offence as the electric carriage itself, and it would be easy to authorise the police on duty to order any automobile which by reason of smoke or excessive noise was causing inconvenience to others to leave the Park by the nearest gate. We have heard it suggested that among the offenders are persons of considerable influence, and that the police, on that account, have hesitated to take action. This, however, hardly seems a probable explanation of the drastic and arbitrary step taken by the Office of Works, as it is well known that regard for those in high authority has not prevented the police from summoning members of the Cabinet or their drivers for breaches of the speed limit.

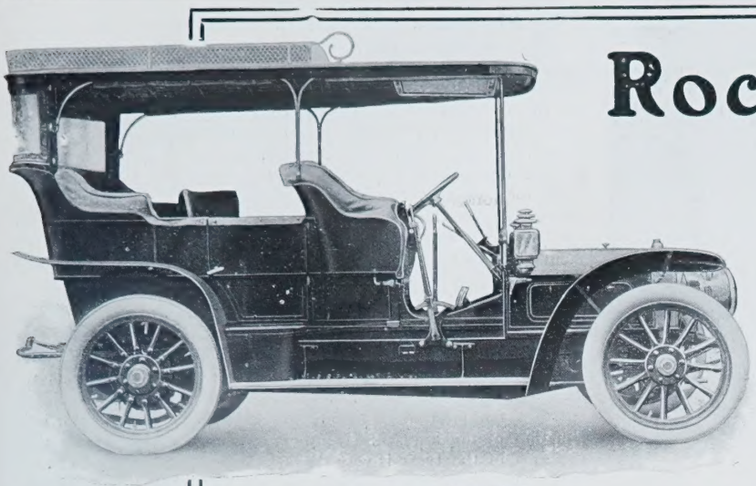
Wolseley Motor-boats.

The marine motor department of the Wolseley Company is now in full operation, and we are able to reproduce a photograph of a 40ft. cabin launch nearing completion in one of the building sheds. Although the firm has only comparatively recently taken up the construction of motor-boats for pleasure purposes, it has had a unique experience in the building of petrol engines for marine purposes, as many of the huge motors employed in the British submarines have been supplied by the Wolseley Company. The standard motors are made in a range of sizes from 8 h.p. up to 250 h.p., the sizes up to 75 h.p. being for ordinary use. The latter has six cylinders, with a bore of 6in. and a stroke of 7in., and weighs, with fly-wheel, well under a ton. The smaller sizes, up to 24 h.p., follow the design of the Siddeley motor, the induction valves being placed above the exhausts and fitted with a variable lift. High-tension coil and accumulator ignition is fitted in all cases, but above 100 h.p. low-tension magneto is used in addition. High-tension magneto may be supplied in the place of the coil and accumulator system. The larger sizes, above 70 h.p., are started by an independent engine or by compressed air, supplied by a compressor driven by a small petrol motor. The reversing gear, which in the case of the sizes up to 24 h.p. is self-contained with the engine, is of the epicyclic type, the gears only coming into action when going astern, when the speed of the propeller is about half the engine speed. The standard hulls which have been designed are a 20ft. dinghy, 25ft. and 30ft. launches, and 35ft. and 40ft. cabin cruisers. The last mentioned, which is shown in the illustration, is 47ft. over all, with a beam of 9ft. and a draught of 3ft. 6in. The propelling mechanism consists of a four-cylinder 60 h.p. motor and reversing gear and a single screw. All the Wolseley boats are carvel built of mahogany, with scantlings of ample size for sea work.

A WOLSELEY MOTOR-BOAT.
A 40ft. cabin launch nearing completion in the building shed.

The Use of the Highways.

Perhaps one of the most interesting statements made at the Society of Motor Manufacturers' and Traders' dinner last week was that contained in a letter from Mr. Cathcart Wason, M.P., whose views, as expressed in the House of Commons, have certainly appeared decidedly hostile to automobilism. Having been invited, however, to the dinner referred to, he wrote a letter of regret for absence, in the course of which he stated that he had a firm belief in the future of the automobile industry, and anticipated that in a very short space of time thousands of expensive and overworked horses would be replaced by motors. Except for purposes of farming, war, and pleasure, he added, the day of the horse was over. After the dinner a discussion took place on "The Use of the Highways," and Mr. Henry Sturmey, in opening, remarked that no driver of any vehicle ought to allow less space in front of him than he could pull up in. It ought to be a rule that every user of the high road could go as fast as he liked if there was nothing in the road; but that if anything was in the way he ought to approach it at such a pace that he could pull up if



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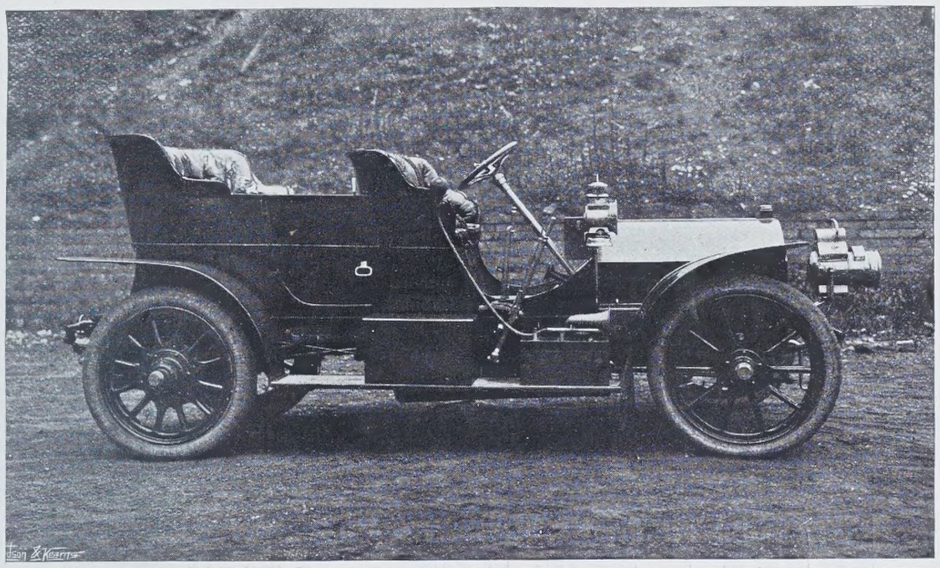

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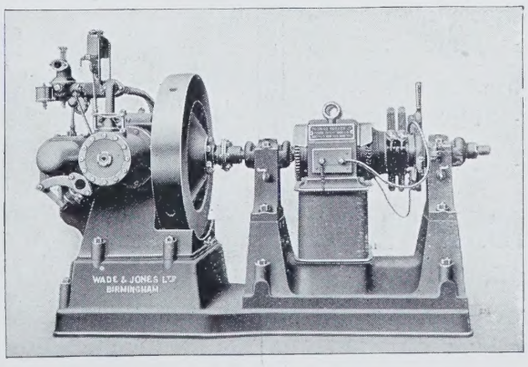

12-16 B.H.P.

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THE 10—12 H.P. CUPELLE
With side entrance through the front seat.

there was any possible chance of an accident. Corners should never be cut on the wrong side. The whole question of using the roads resolved itself into consideration for other road-users; in other words, they should drive as gentlemen. The pedestrian was one of the greatest nuisances on the roads. While all vehicles had to keep to a recognised rule of the road, he had no rule to observe, and was a chartered libertine. Where footpaths were provided, pedestrians should use the roads at their own risk. The drivers of heavy waggons and market carts were great sinners; they were constantly on the wrong side of the road. All road-users should give and take; but the great majority of other users of the road thought that the motorist was an interloper and had no right to the road at all. The Hon. Arthur Stanley, M.P., who followed, commented on the unfairness displayed by the newspapers towards automobilists. He believed that if they could solve the dust problem they would hear very little more of anti-automobile agitation. Major Lindsay Lloyd, dealing with the heavy-traffic problem, said that the roads were intended not for local, but for through traffic, and until they could get the Government to consider the through traffic, they would never have the roads properly constructed.

HENLEY REGATTA.

Motor-cars are likely to be much in evidence at the popular river fête which takes place on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday in next week. Arrangements have been made to reserve a portion of Phyllis Court for members of the Automobile Club and their friends. No better position could be found for viewing the races, as the shady and pleasant grounds have a long frontage on the course near the winning-post. In order to reach the entrance to the club stand, members driving from London should keep straight on after crossing the bridge, and turn to the right at Bell Street. At the fork at the end of the town the road on the right to Marlow should be followed for 100yds. or so, when the entrance, marked by a lodge, will be found on the right-hand side. The admission tickets will be 12s. 6d. per day, or 25s. for the three days, if purchased before July 1st. No charge is made for storage of car. These tickets admit bearer to the Grand Stand enclosure, but not to a reserved seat. There will be luncheon marquees and cloakrooms in the grounds, and the House Department will supply luncheon-baskets from the club each day, and deliver them on the cars on the course.

CLIMBING A CHUTE.

An interesting demonstration of the hill-climbing capabilities of the medium-powered automobile was afforded at the Crystal Palace last week, when a 14 h.p. Mors ascended the water-chute. This has a gradient of one in four, and the fact needs to be pointed out that the question of engine-power is not the only factor in a situation of the kind. So acute is the angle of inclination that the grip of the tyres is very slight. The only reason, of course, why a car cannot climb up the side of a house is that there would be no adhesion between the tyres and the wall; then the point for consideration is at what angle nearest to the vertical can sufficient adhesion be obtained. It is clearly possible at one in four, for Mr. Carle, who drove the Mors, ascended the chute in first-class style. The car had first to be floated across the lake on a raft laid across two boats, and driven across a platform to the foot of the chute. A double line of planks had been laid up this to give the wheels a chance, but no other preparation for the feat was needed. At the signal to go, up went the car, smoothly and steadily, and without the slightest difficulty. A turn-table at the top, used for the boats, enabled the car to be turned round, and Mr. Carle then brought it down the formidable gradient with full command over its every movement throughout; in fact, he stopped midway and saluted the spectators. Had the brakes failed the car would of necessity have been precipitated into the lake.

SOME HINTS ON DRESS FOR LADY MOTORISTS.

A correspondent, whose experience extends over several years, writes as follows: "The extremely dusty weather of the last two or three months has made it more than usually difficult for ladies who indulge in motoring to clothe themselves suitably. For those who are only just taking up this delightful method of locomotion a few hints may be useful as to the best means of keeping comfortable, neat, and clean—a far from simple task when one is whirled from one fog of dust into another. The opponents of automobilism often speak as though the dust nuisance was one from which they alone suffered, whereas it is certainly a fact that motorists themselves are troubled by it to an equally great extent. We women are in worse case than the men in this respect, as they at least can dip their heads in a basin of water on arrival, and feel comparatively clean again,

The SILENT
LÉON BOLLÉE
(THE PREMIER FRENCH CHASSIS)
embodies all the requisite qualities of a high-grade car, viz.,
SILENCE, SPEED, AND HILL-CLIMBING POWER.
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Secure your Car at once out of stock for the coming Touring Season.

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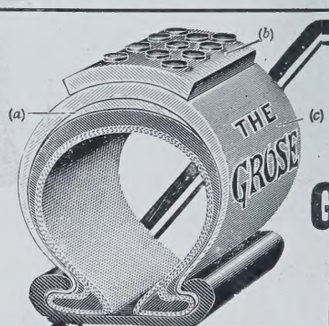

EXPLANATION OF DIAGRAM . . .
(a) Intermediate Leather to prevent rivets from injuring Rubber Cover. (b) Leather Tread with Steel Studs. (c) Leather Cover vulcanised on the ordinary Tyre which is taken down over the Beaded Edge.

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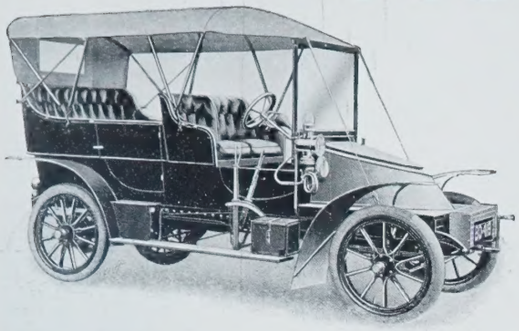

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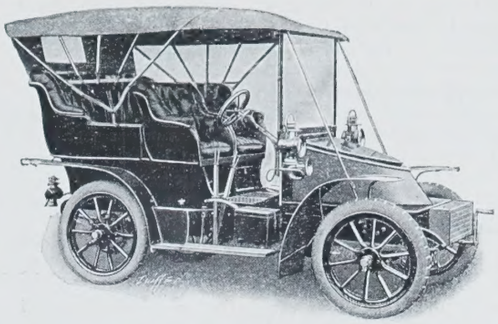

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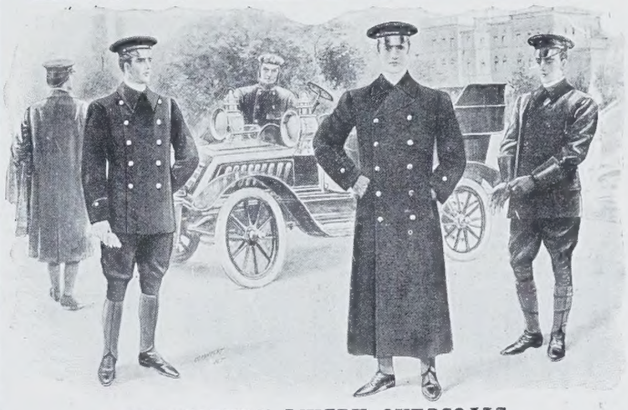

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TYRES FOR MOTORS

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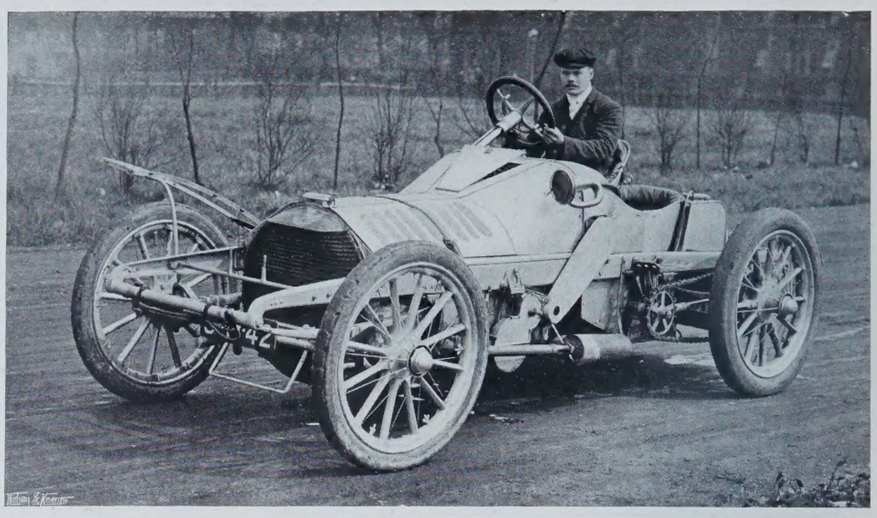
but, on the other hand, the condition of our face-veils, after a run, testifies to the amount of dust which presumably the unfortunate 'mere man' has had to inhale.

"The first and most important requisite, then, for motoring, is a veil which will exclude the dust; and it must be confessed that, however becoming the gauzy draperies of chiffon and lisse may be, nothing but thin silk will really protect the hair. Japanese silk can now be obtained in many pretty pale shades, and, of course, washes splendidly. The form which is by far the most satisfactory (and though the directions may sound complicated it is quite simple to make at home) is to have two widths 1½yds. in length joined together, and gathered on to a straight band 3in. or 4in. long, which goes across the top of the hat. At the back of the neck, that is to say, about 18in. from the band, the centre of the silk should be cut away, leaving a width each side about 8in. broad to form the ends, which should be twisted right round the throat firmly, and tied in a bow in front. The cut edge across the back of the neck should be slightly 'fulled' into a band, and a little flat cape about 4in. wide sewn on to it; this is held firmly in place by the ends being brought over it, and prevents dust entering. The face-veil, of lisse or chiffon, should be sewn on to a band of the silk about 12in. wide and 6in. long, which should be gathered on the front side of the band which goes across the top of the hat. A ribbon should then be run through a hem at the bottom of the veil, and be tied round the neck before the silk ends are brought round. A little safety pin fastening the front edges of the silk to the hat-brim well forward, each side of the forehead, is an addition which makes both for comfort and tidiness, as otherwise the wind soon inflates the silk bag like a balloon, the edges get pushed away from the face, and dust drifts in between the veil and the silk.

"A small hat is, of course, a necessity, but a 'motor-cap,' so called, is not the ideal head-dress. It is often heavy, and the brim keeps the veil away from the head at the sides, while, when it has only a veil from under the crown (a form in which one often sees it), this latter blows up and down in a most aggravating and ludicrous way. A small toque, of boat, torpedo, or tricorne shape, with the sides going up from the face, is the most comfortable and becoming wear. One is very seldom too warm in a motor when actually driving, therefore tussore and linen dust-coats are for visiting or shopping expeditions only on real summer days, while for long runs a double-breasted tweed, with no capes to flap, but with collar and cuffs that close in cosily, will be found always serviceable; and a shade that inclines to warm beige rather than to bluish grey is best, as the cold tones get a rusty look from the dust, and fade easily. Short skirts are now so universal that it is not necessary to vaunt their merits for the purpose of motoring."



ONE OF THE BRITISH TEAM FOR THE GORDON BENNETT RACE.
The Wolseley which will be driven by Bianchi next Wednesday.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR-CYCLE CUP.

The International Motor-cycle Cup Race, or "little Gordon Bennett," was brought off on the Dourdan Circuit on Sunday, and provided a very good and well-fought contest. The competitors numbered twelve in all, representing England, France, Germany, and Austria, three to each, as in the Gordon Bennett race. England was represented by Campbell on an Ariel, Collier on a Matchless, and Franklin on a J.A.P.; while the other contestants were as follows: France—Demester (Griffon), Giuppone (Peugeot), and Cissac (Peugeot); Germany—Müller (Progress), Genzel (Progress), and Jahn (Progress); and Austria—Toman (Laurin-Klément), Nikodem (Puch), and Wondrick (Laurin-Klément). Last year the race was won by Demester, who started first favourite on the present occasion. The course was 33¾ miles round, and had to be covered five times, with three controls in each circuit. It soon became evident that the issue lay between Demester and Wondrick, each of whom was making faster time than the remaining ten, while Giuppone was the likeliest candidate for third place. Of the English competitors, Collier and Franklin completed four rounds, and Campbell three. Nikodem also completed four, but none but the three first named made the five circuits. Wondrick's total net time was 3hr. 5min. 15sec., and Demester's 3hr. 13min. 2sec., while Giuppone took 3hr. 35min. 2sec. A protest was lodged against Demester, however, for having changed a wheel, and was upheld, his

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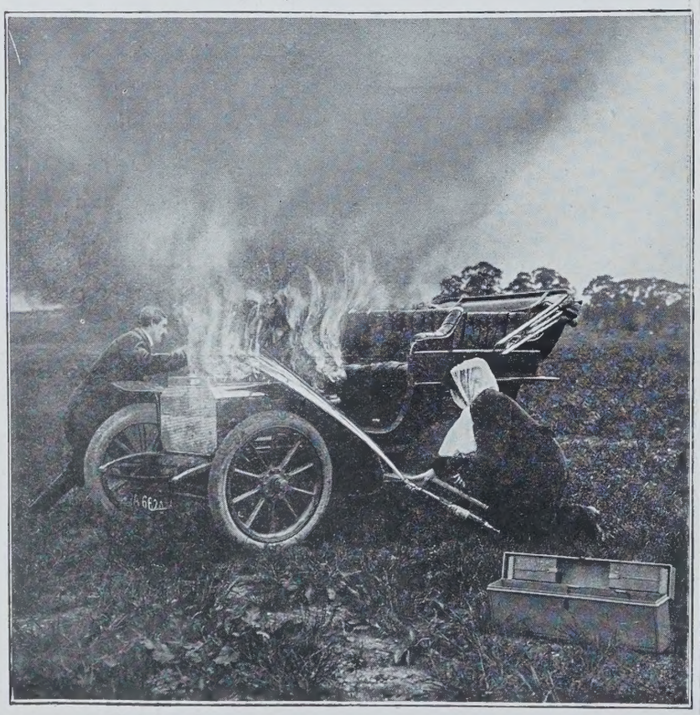

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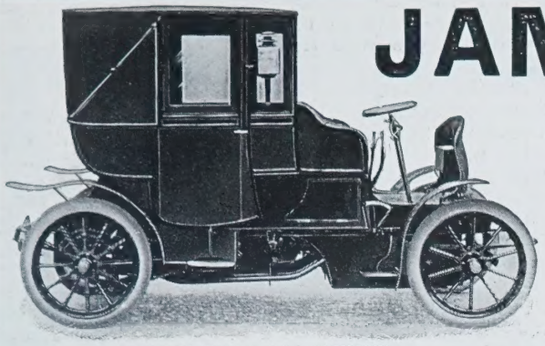

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THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

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NEW CATALOGUE FREE.
HARDY BROS., ALNWICK.

disqualification giving Giuppone the second place, but not affecting the transference of the cup to Austria. The winner's average speed worked out at the extraordinarily high rate of 54½ miles an hour. The result is a blow to French pride, but was not altogether unexpected, as France has not by any means been so supreme in the matter of motor-cycle production as she has with cars. The winner deserved his success, as the Laurin-Klement is a machine that has done well on previous occasions.

An Inexpensive Touring Car.

On another page we illustrate a 10—12 h.p. two-cylinder Cupelle car fitted with a comfortable four-seated body, with side entrance through the front seat. At the time of the Islington Exhibition we commented favourably on the excellent appearance of these inexpensive vehicles, and we are now informed that the car illustrated has run from London to Oxford *viâ* Henley on the top speed. The 10—12 h.p. Cupelle is sold at £260 complete with lamps, tools, etc., and the fuel capacity is 150 miles at an average consumption of 25 miles to the gallon.

The Marine Motor Club.

The racing committee has drawn up a programme for this year which includes the following events: July 25th, races at Plymouth; August 1st, Eliminating Trials for the British International Cup off Bembridge; also open handicap for *bonâ fide* cruisers, first prize, £20; second prize, £10; third prize, £5. Also races for the 25ft. and 30ft. restricted M.M.A. classes. August 2nd and 3rd, Reliability Trials; August (probably the 8th) regatta on the occasion of the visit of the French Squadron; prizes to the value of £65 will be given in races for the same classes as at Bembridge. Last week in August, Windermere Regatta; races will be held for the 40ft. open racing class, and also for the 25ft. and 30ft. restricted M.M.A. classes, together with a handicap for *bonâ fide* cruisers; the value of the prizes will be £100. It is proposed to alter the title of the club to the "Motor Yacht Club."

The Gordon Bennett Race.

It may be of interest to those who intend to be present at the great race on Wednesday next, to give the distances and brief details of the chief routes to Clermont Ferrand from Paris and the leading ports of entry into France. From Calais to Paris is 165 miles, the road usually followed running through Boulogne, Montreuil, Abbeville, Beauvais, and St. Germain-en-Laye. From Paris to Clermont *viâ* Melun, Nemours, Montargis, Briare, Nevers, and Gannat, is 233 miles, making the total distance from Calais 398 miles. Paris may be avoided at the expense of about thirty-six extra miles by leaving the direct route at Beauvais, and making a detour through Gisors, Mantes, Chartres, Orleans, and Gien. Havre to Clermont *viâ* Paris is 368 miles, but Paris may be avoided by taking the Chartres road at Mantes, which involves an extra fifteen miles. Full details of these and other itineraries have been prepared by the Touring Department of the Automobile Club, and will be found in the issue of the *Journal* dated June 15th.

The course is reported to have suffered somewhat severely during the Eliminating Trials, but efforts are being made to restore the surface to a proper condition. The British competitors are practising daily on the course, and Mr. Rolls has expressed himself as agreeably surprised to find it less dangerous than he expected. The following is a list of the cars and their drivers who will take part in the race next week, arranged in their order of starting:

1. Théry (R.-Brasier), France.
2. Earp (Napier), England.
3. Jenatzy (Mercédès), Germany.
4. Lancia (Fiat), Italy.
5. Braun (Mercédès), Austria.
6. Lyttle (Pope-Toledo), U.S.A.
7. Caillois (R.-Brasier), France.
8. Rolls (Wolseley), England.
9. De Caters (Mercédès), Germany.
10. Cagno (Fiat), Italy.
11. Hyeronimus (Mercédès), Austria.
12. Dingley (Pope-Toledo), U.S.A.
13. Duray (De Diétrich), France.
14. Bianchi (Wolseley), England.
15. Werner (Mercédès), Germany.
16. Nazzari (Fiat), Italy.
17. Burton (Mercédès), Austria.
18. Tracy (Locomobile), U.S.A.

The Brighton Meeting.

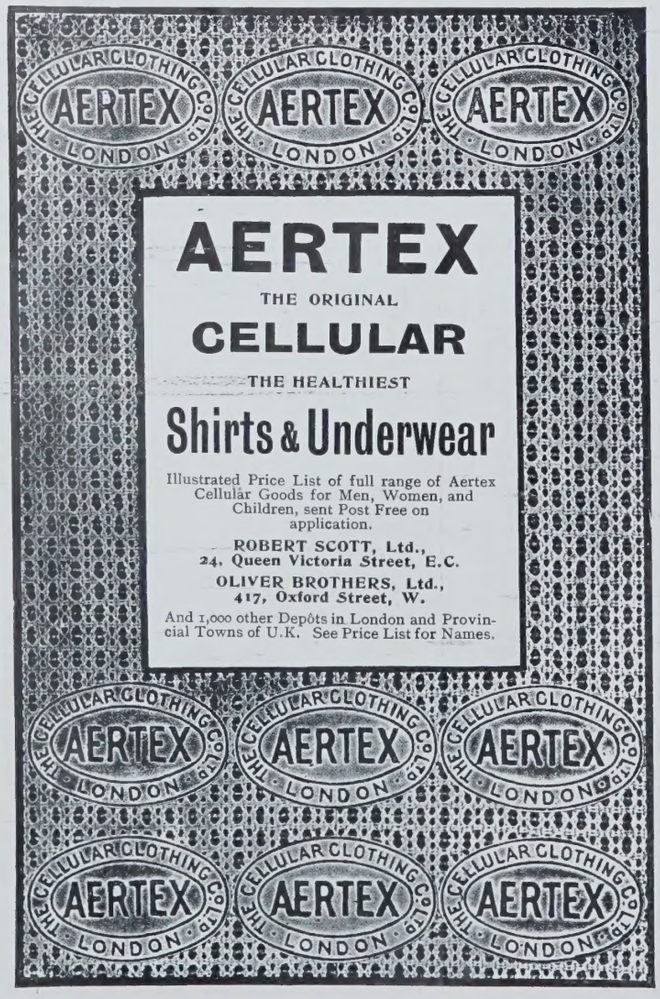
The preliminary announcement in regard to the motor-races which will be held at Brighton on July 19th, 20th, 21st, and 22nd has now been issued. A novelty in the tourist events will be races for standard types of touring cars. A list of forty-two well-known cars is given, ranging from 6 h.p. up to 30 h.p., but no race will be arranged for any type unless six entries are received. There will also be races for touring cars classified according to their price, beginning with those which cost £200 or less, and ranging by steps of £100 each up to those of which the chassis price is over £800 and not more than £900. The racing events will include standing and flying mile races for cars weighing not more than 1,000 kilos., the car doing the best average time for three runs to be adjudged the winner. There will also be attempts on the flying kilomètre record, with the *Daily Mail* and *Autocar* cups as prizes, and several handicap sweepstakes for racing and touring cars which have competed in the previous events. The course is on the Madeira Walk, which has been entirely relaid with tar macadam at a considerable cost to the Brighton ratepayers, and good times should be accomplished. Entries, which will be received at the Automobile Club, close on Thursday, July 13th.

The Ladies' Automobile Club.

On Saturday last nearly sixty members and their friends visited Mrs. Gerard Leigh—one of the vice-presidents of the club—at her country home, Kidbrooke Park, Forest Row, Sussex. Some twenty cars in all made the journey, and we regret to learn that five of them were caught in a police trap set near East Grinstead. Among those present were Evelyn, Lady Allington, Lady Beatrice Rawson, Mrs. Corbet, Miss Antrobus, Muriel Countess De La Warr, Mrs. Herbert Lloyd, the Hon. Mrs. Corbet, Mrs. Manville, and Miss d'Esterre-Hughes, the secretary. A gymkhana will be held by the club at Ranelagh to-morrow (Saturday), and the next run will be on July 8th to Woodhurst, Crawley, the home of Lady Beatrice Rawson, and not, as previously announced, to Charlwood Park, Surrey.

Items.

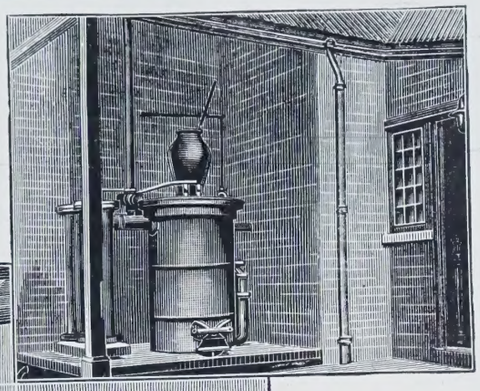
We are informed that Mr. Frederic Eastmead has been successful in driving his 12 h.p. Sunbeam from John o' Groat's to Land's End, a distance of 882 miles, without a single engine stop. The performance is certified by



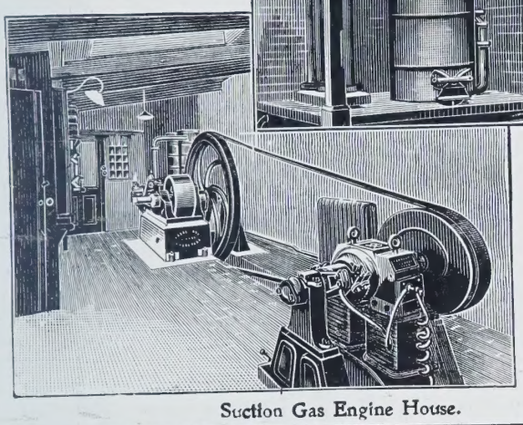
It will Interest You to Know

THAT the following two illustrations show the Interior and the Exterior of a SUCTION GAS PLANT which we have installed for Mr. J. S. Moss, of Wintershill Hall, Hampshire, who has kindly written as follows :—

"I have much pleasure in saying how thoroughly satisfied I am with the Electrical Installation which you erected for me at my house, and more especially with the Suction Gas Plant by which the Engine is driven, the cost of working it being about one-fifth of that of working an oil engine."



Exterior.



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Suction Gas Engine House.

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Invaluable to Sportsmen. Rainproof without Rubber. Is cut on a principle registered by us; gives complete freedom and ease in every position, is well-fitting and smart in appearance, and extremely comfortable.

Photographed from Life.

Gen. Sir FREDERICK CARRINGTON, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., writes us:—
"I consider the Westbury Shooting Suit you made me quite the most comfortable I have ever had. I think the coat is admirable."

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"THE WESTBURY GOLFING COAT you made for me is by far the most comfortable I have ever worn."

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Very small, and easy to take as sugar.

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Renders the Boots Soft, Durable, and Waterproof.

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Cannot be equalled for Renovating all kinds of Glacé Kid Boots and Shoes.

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NONPAREIL DE GUICHE
Parisian Polish
(For Varnishing Dress Boots and Shoes), is most elastic and easier to use than any other

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the editor of the *Motor World*, who travelled on the car, and who states that during the entire journey the wheels never came to rest, except for the purpose of taking in fresh supplies of petrol and oil, meals, and rectifying tyre troubles; no attempt was made to secure a time record, the distance being covered in 47hr. 53min.

The Rev. H. B. Davies, who is well known as an enthusiastic motor-cyclist, proposes to undertake a private reliability trial in order to demonstrate the capabilities of the modern autocycle. He will make Oxford his head-quarters, and tour 200 miles every day for a week, visiting Taunton, Monmouth, Grantham, Derby, Bournemouth, and Shrewsbury. Mr. Davies will ride a 3 h.p. light-weight Triumph cycle with magneto ignition, and the load carried, including rider and kit, will be 15st.

A possible explanation of the dangerous craze, so prevalent among village children, for taking down the numbers of passing motor-cars may be found in the following request recently received by the London Motor Garage; "Please send particulars for collecting motor numbers, 1,000 for a bicycle. I have got a good many." Needless to say, neither the London Motor Garage, nor, to our knowledge, any other firm in the trade, has offered a prize for the collection of motor numbers, and in the interests of the safety of the children in the country parents and schoolmasters should make the fact known.

At the Aix-les-Bains Meeting, which commenced on June 20th and ends to-day, a 50 h.p. Mors, driven by Huillier, won the hill-climbing competition for cars with a cylinder capacity of from 3 litres 750 to 4 litres 500, with a 20 h.p. De Dion and a 24 h.p. De Diétrich second and third respectively. In the class for cars above 4 litres 500 cylinder capacity Baron de Rothschild, on a 60 h.p. Mercédès, was the winner. On another page we reproduce a photograph of Baron de Rothschild descending the Col de Plainpalais, the scene of the competition.

Mrs. Walker Munro has presented to the British Motor-boat Club a handsome challenge cup, which will be raced for in the Solent on August 7th on the occasion of the visit of the French club to this country. The donor has named the trophy the "Entente Cordiale" Cup.

The ninth number of the *White Bulletin*, an attractively-illustrated pamphlet issued periodically in the interests of the White steam car, contains the announcement that Mr. Thomas Edison has purchased two of these well-known vehicles. It would therefore appear that the faith of the great American inventor in the immediate prospects of the electric carriage is not so great as is sometimes supposed.

It is a pity that a greater number of makers do not realise the importance, both from their own point of view and that of their customers, of issuing instruction books, embodying the experience they have gained in handling their cars. In the majority of cases the novice is left to work out his own salvation after receiving a few vague directions from one of the firm's drivers, and the result is not conducive to the reputation of the maker in particular, or to the credit of motoring in general. The Duryea Company is amongst the manufacturers who issue a proper book of instruction, a copy of which we have recently received. It is written in the simplest and clearest language, and in conjunction with the "Book of the Duryea Power Carriage" should enable the beginner to obtain a complete knowledge of his machine. Apart from the technical matter, there are some useful hints on driving which do not apply necessarily to Duryea cars only. Copies may be obtained at 1s., post free, except in the case of owners of Duryeas, who, of course, are supplied with them free of charge.

ON THE GREEN.

ONLY this week it happened to me to have the far-too-long-delayed pleasure of playing golf at Huntercombe—delightfully breezy—on top of what I believe are called the Chiltern Hills, with views over a flat country round extending to many counties and all beautiful. The course is long and it is good—over 6,000yds. in length, and good because the lies are good, the putting greens are big and true, the bunkers abound and are well placed. There are many whins, too, of a thickness that should make them useful friends to the ball-makers. The soil is not exactly sandy, but there is evidence of sand in the bunkers, and there is evidence, too, of great skill in the laying out of the course. The skill, as is well known, is the tried skill of Willie Park, ex-champion, and to him every credit is due. It is against Huntercombe that it is so far from a railway station. Henley is, I think, the nearest, and that is seven miles away. But the road is a very good one, the main road to Oxford, and the scenery besides is very beautiful, while there are two motors that run golfers up and down from the station to the course and back again. I think among inland courses Huntercombe must be rather specially favoured, for it is said to play well both in the summer and winter alike. The explanation is that as it lies high with a light soil, it drains quickly and soon dries—this is the reason of its winter merit; and for its summer excellence, this is due in large degree to the fact that even in the rainless weather there is a very heavy dew at nights at this relatively high elevation, and the dew tends to help the growth of grass and prevent everything from becoming too hard-baked. A point in the arrangement of the course that may be noticed is the great width of the tees. It is a liberal scheme that allows one to take advantage of a slant of wind, or avoid its directly opposing force, unless quite dead ahead, and makes in the long run for an economy of turf, because all the hitting and standing is not done in the space of a few yards only, as is the case on tees of the common size.

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Eastern Muscle Oil, fills out hollows and removes lines, £1 10s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 5s. 6d.

Diable Skin Tonic, closes and cleanses the pores, cures puffiness under the eyes, £1 1s. 6d., 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.

Lily Sulphur Lotion (prescription made by a doctor), improves, whitens, and makes the skin soft and smooth, is antiseptic, 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d.

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Ganesh Eastern Cream, the greatest skin food in the world, made up to suit all skins, contains a little of the Ganesh Muscle Oil, 6s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.

Special Book on the Tappy Treatment, for tired lined eyes, with box containing Ganesh Oil, Diable Tonic, Eastern Cream, Eye Bandelettes, Strengthening Drops for Weak Eyes, etc., complete £1 10s. 6d. Read "How to retain and restore the youthful beauty of face and form," price 1s.

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March 3rd, 1904.

To Messrs. Benger's Food, Ltd.

Gentlemen—I notice you advertise your food for 'Infants, Invalids and the Aged.' I do not come under any of these classes, yet I always use it for my last meal at night. It is so easily digested that having naturally a not too strong digestion *I ensure a good night's rest.*

The Rev. H. ——."

BENGER'S FOOD with Milk forms a delicate and highly nutritive cream, rich in all the elements necessary to maintain vigorous health, but entirely free from rough and indigestible particles, which often produce irritation in delicate stomachs.

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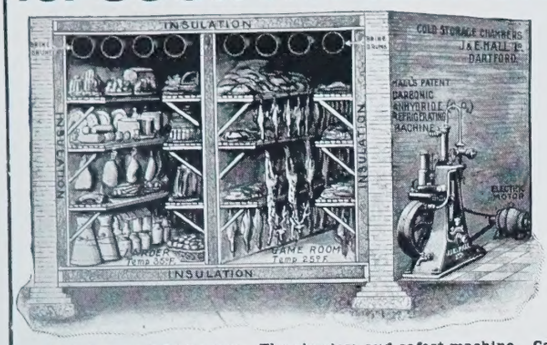

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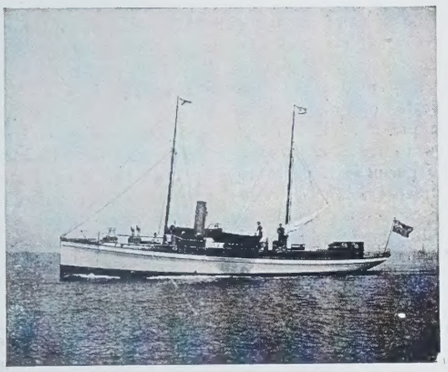

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"A visit to a respectable vendor of the divine herb has been attended with the happiest results, and I am now possessed of a mixture which has been justly described by the poet as 'Sweetest of all,' and which has acquired a reputation, shall I say, from China to Peru?

Remaining always, &c.,
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In short "**THREE NUNS,**" or "**KING'S HEAD,**" which is stronger.

1-oz. packets, and 2-oz. and 4-oz. tins, at 6d. per oz.

"THREE NUNS"
Cigarettes, 4d. per packet of 10.
Obtainable everywhere.

LAZENBY'S
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If you want the best value for money and the best goods obtainable, insist on being supplied with Lazenby's Preparations.

PURE OLIVE OIL. LEMON SQUASH. SALAD CREAM.

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The win of the St. George's Cup by Mr. Harris was a very good one. It is seldom that the field is so strong in any but an amateur championship year. I mean that when the amateur championship is played at Sandwich it attracts all sorts of talent, and the players thus attracted take part in the St. George's Cup competitions, with the result that the meed of glory acquired by winning it in those years is very much larger than the measure of fame attached to its winning in the intervening years. But Mr. Harris's winning score of 154 never has been beaten, even in the great years. He fairly scattered his field, beating them all by five strokes. Mr. Worthington and Mr. Cecil Hutchison were next after him at this distance, they being equal at 159. Even so they were four strokes again in advance of Mr. Hilton, who was fourth. The weather was rather boisterous, too, so that altogether these scores of 76 and 78 represented very fine golf. In the second round Mr. Harris looked much like repeating his morning's score, but he tumbled (or his ball did) into the "Suez Canal"; he took seven to that, his one bad, hole, and the total "panned out" as has been said. Good work! It is a total that has never been beaten in this competition, but has been equalled once, by Mr. J. Graham. I am not sure whether Mr. Harris was entered for the Stock Exchange tournament (he is a member, I believe), but if he was entered he certainly did not survive to any of the final ties. However, the sad fact that champions are only human, and cannot always show champion form, is proved even by the ladies, for Miss Bertha Thompson, the lady champion, was beaten in the Yorkshire County tournament by Miss Robson, and even so Miss Robson was not the outright winner, but was beaten by Miss Steel in the final. HORACE HUTCHINSON.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION AND IMPROVEMENT.

THE social historian of a hundred years hence, when asking himself what was the religion of our day in England, will reply—physical fitness. To say so will not be to tell all the truth, but it will be to tell the greater part of it. For that, indeed, is the bond, the common aim, which unites all classes and creeds. Let men squabble as they will over the details of religious observance, the existence of a first cause or the future of the soul; they all come together in agreement on the importance, here and now, of the body.

It is surprising to realise how recently this conviction has been accepted. A hundred years ago, as everyone knows, lives were thrown away by thousands, by greed and cruelty in mines and factories, by carelessness and ignorance at home. But fifty years ago, or even less, the most favoured classes of the nation did not enjoy the advantages of those organised games and pastimes upon which we count nowadays so much for the formation of character; while as to all other classes, the stuff and substance of the people, they were still utterly neglected. The churches imagined that their duties stopped short at the soul; educational authorities thought only of school-hours and school-books; no manufacturer believed that his responsibility for the people in his employment went beyond paying them for work done; few doctors felt called upon to do more than order medicines for specific complaints, and get paid for them if they could.

The results we all know, or can all see without troubling even to go into the slums. The churches, the municipalities have woken up; great manufacturers build model villages and start cricket clubs; doctors begin at the other end, and aim at prevention before cure. And yet the infant mortality (to say nothing of still-births, which are not registered) is something like half the birth-rate; we cannot walk down the street or through the village without seeing stunted bodies and hang-dog faces, or enter a police-court without being shocked by the spectacle of criminals whose only fault is a perverted nervous system. All around is a frightful waste, and our efforts to stop it have done hitherto but a mere nothing. With a vast Empire to maintain, and a future history that should be as great as our past, we are still letting our most valuable material be thrown away with both hands.

For herein lies the urgency of our duty. By teaching mothers to bear and rear healthy children, by training those children to breathe deep and live cleanly, that when they come to be men and women they may give out the best that is in them, we are not only securing their own fitness, their own capacity for work and honest play. The duty is higher, and the need further reaching than that. First of all, the mere training in physical fitness reacts on character in a way that no school learning ever does. Lessons in the temperance and self-denial that keep the body fit are retained, even though a street accident may reduce the body to a broken, tortured mass. And, secondly, the advocates of physical training are playing for the future even more than for the present. Healthy parents make healthy children. To teach a mother how to feed her child may be to defeat the invader a hundred years hence; to persuade a youth to play cricket or swim, instead of lounging about the streets smoking cigarettes, may be to make his grandson a great inventor instead of a criminal; or, at the least, to produce a succession of happy, healthy men, instead of miserable, unhealthy half-men.

We know too much now to suppose that the healthy man is not, in nine cases out of ten, the happy man, and the happy man the efficient man. Body and mind are too closely inter-dependent for it to be otherwise. Genius, it is true, has laws of its own. It may be that in the peculiar relations of organism to environment that produce a great writer or a great artist, ill-health or bad habits may play a part; and we can afford to neglect the faddist who tells us that Tennyson would have written better poetry if he had

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Palms, Valuable Plants, etc.

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REGISTERED DESIGN.

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Quaint and Uncommon.

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A NUMBER OF MEDALS AWARDED.

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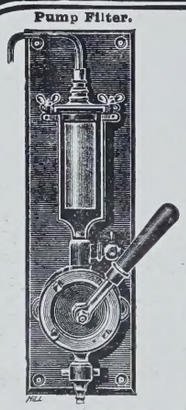

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SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION
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You must have "Cravenette" shower-proofs for wet weather;

they are waterproof and hygienic because porous.

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Are superior Cheese Sandwiches of piquant flavour. Unique Biscuits—specially suitable for dinners, luncheons and family use. In addition to their valuable dietetic properties, these Biscuits always retain an appetizing crispness in

The Wonderful Sealed Packet

in which they are now sold. This packet keeps out all air and damp, and preserves in perfection the quality of the contents. Order from your grocer to-day and make sure of the Seal.

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ARE NOW SUPPLIED TO ORDER FITTED WITH THE

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TWO-SPEED GEAR

(PATENT PENDING),

Combined with "Lea-Francis" Patent Clutch.

IN adapting a variable speed gear to the modern bicycle, one of the first decisions it is necessary to arrive at is as to whether the gear shall be combined with the hub or incorporated with the bottom bracket chain wheel.

There are many pros. and cons. in both directions, but on a balance of all the considerations involved, we are distinctly of opinion that it is less objectionable to combine the gear with the hub.

The "L.-F." variable gear is consequently a hub gear, and has the following special features:—

1.—It is "Lea-Francis" work throughout.
2.—It is extremely simple, effective, and light.
3.—It is dust-proof and OIL-RETAINING.
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5.—The NORMAL, or high gear, is an absolutely DIRECT drive, and comes into operation automatically.
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COVENTRY, ENGLAND.

smoked less, and Goldsmith, Fielding, Byron, or De Quincey been greater yet had they lived more regular lives. Even the greatest men were, most of them, healthy men; and for the average citizen this physical health and the vast consequences it entails to his posterity and his race, should be the first objects of his solicitude.

Those were the objects touched upon by the Bishop of Ripon, General Sir Frederick Maurice, Sir Henry Craik, and Mr. Russell Wakefield at the inaugural dinner last Saturday of the National League for Physical Education and Improvement, which was duly founded at the Mansion House meeting on Wednesday. "Sanitas sanitatum, omnia sanitas," said Sir Henry Craik, who offered as the ideal of the league a mixture of ju-jitsu and bushido. The doctor and the teacher will join hands in the making of good citizens.

The aim of the league is not to displace, but to bring together, the many agencies, private and municipal, which have sprung into being during the last generation for the improvement of the national physique, and in this way to extend the work over the whole country, and supplement it where it is deficient. Each parish and town is to have one branch or more, the branches associated into districts, and the districts into boroughs or counties. A central bureau will be organised to supply advice and assistance. The scope of the league will embrace the whole subject of physical health and fitness; instruction to mothers, a work in which women members will be of the greatest value; the inspection of schools and training of children, games, exercises, drill, feeding and clothing, the provision of open spaces, and the enforcement of the sanitary laws. On the one hand, it will begin at the bottom with such working details as these; on the other, it will include the scientific bodies which collect facts on anthropology; and all its fellows, members, and associates will work together to remove the crying evils disclosed by the Manchester Jubilee Conference, and more recently by the report of the Departmental Committee.

KURRING-GAI CHASE.

THE State of New South Wales has not been slow in following the example of the United States in reserving extensive portions of its more beautiful lands for public use. It has established immense parks south and north of Sydney, the latter being known by the native name of Kurring-gai Chase. It is situated on the Hawkesbury river, within a few miles of the State metropolis, and is readily accessible by railway or steamer. It embraces an area of nearly fifty-eight square miles, the whole of the country remaining in its primitive wildness, including several of the inlets of the Hawkesbury nearest Broken Bay, a broad sheet of water capable of accommodating the navies of the world.

At present the greater portion of Kurring-gai Chase remains practically unexplored, and many of its most interesting features have yet to be named. In not a few places the shores are extremely precipitous and rugged, making the work, both of ascent and descent, difficult, and at times dangerous, even with the aid of an alpenstock. But the risk is worth encountering, for the scenery is everywhere of a most magnificent character. It is difficult to realise the fact that such a broad expanse of picturesque scenery should be found within an hour's ride of the New South Wales metropolis, but it shows how young and undeveloped the parent State yet remains.

A favourite resort of those frequenting the Chase is Cowan Creek, at the mouth of which there is abundance of fishing. From the summit of the lofty hills between which the waters of the creek tranquilly glide towards the Hawkesbury the view is extremely fine. "Hundreds of feet below," writes an enraptured visitor, "blue as turquoise, Cowan Creek nestles in dark green environing hills. It is sea blue in colour, as well it might be, for it is an eccentric arm of the sea which finds its way far into the bowels of the land, and anyone would naturally mistake it, from its length, for a fresh-water river." The stream during the upper part of its course, where it is fed from the surrounding heights, is perfectly fresh, while as it approaches the river it becomes salt. On these breezy hills, we are told, the draughts of fresh air to be inhaled are simply delicious. "Over miles of eucalyptus leaves a deep balsamic gale rushes up charged with the health-giving qualities that the old settlers found in the eucalyptus woods."

Cowan Creek is much frequented by fishing parties, being navigable for steam launches or row-boats for a distance of from seven to nine miles, while points along its shores form delightful camping grounds. Here and there the rocks bordering the creek are hollowed into large caves—veritable fairy retreats, inviting visitors to land and enjoy their cooling shade. Everywhere the eye dwells on lovely pictures of land and stream, tree and rock, fern and flower. The view of Cowan Creek is taken from near its mouth and looking down Jerusalem Bay, one of its numerous branches.

Lovett's Bay, situate on Pittwater, an immense lake-like arm of Broken Bay, is described as being one of the most charming picnicking spots in the State. "Nestling at the foot of a high range of hills, Lovett's Bay is a truly delightful retreat, and, protected by impenetrable masses of vines and creepers, Nature seems to have run riot, the growth of tree ferns and cabbage palms being among the finest within many miles of Sydney." Refuge Bay, an arm of Cowan Creek, possesses many picturesque features, and forms one of the happy hunting

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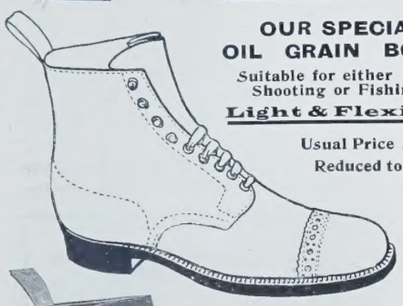

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grounds of Australian fern-collectors. At its head is a waterfall, which, during rainy seasons, presents a beautiful appearance. At Berowra, about midway on Cowan Creek, is a broad expanse of water known as the "Looking-glass," with a large rock, designated the "Toilet-table," rising from its midst.

All the glories, all the indescribable charms of the great Australian forest, are found concentrated in Kurring-gai Chase. Dainty ferns, stately rock lilies, gorgeous waratahs, masses of delicate maidenhair, and other beautiful plants abound; while in more sequestered recesses may be found the nest of the lyre-bird and other timid members of the feathered tribes. The place was a favourite camping ground of the aboriginals previous to the advent of the white man, and on the rocks overlooking Pittwater may yet be seen rude pictures of men and fish carved by them many generations ago. The reserve, of which Australians are justly proud, owes its existence to the present New South Wales Agent-General, Mr. Henry Copeland, who, when State Minister for Lands, proclaimed the whole area a national park.

CRICKET NOTES.

PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES celebrated his eleventh birthday by "captaining" the winning side in the match played between his eleven and the team which had his brother Prince Albert for captain. Although hardly to be classed under the head of first-class cricket, such a game as this can but make for the good not only of the young Princes themselves, but also for that of the national game of cricket wherever it is played. As to the style of the two young cricketers, Prince Edward appears to be likely, if time and opportunity are not wanting, to develop into a batsman of the type of Victor Trumper, and like that great cricketer is clearly of opinion that whenever possible a ball is to be hit and hit hard. Seventeen, not out, is by no means a bad score to have made on a first appearance in a real match. Prince Albert, on the other hand, adopts a sound and cautious style of batting, and took some time in compiling his nine runs; but he is even now by no means easy to get rid of, and shapes in a very promising fashion, and if his side were beaten it was only by the narrow margin of twelve runs, the final score being 104 for Prince Edward's side, and 92 for that of Prince Albert. We all hope that many bright and happy days in the cricket-field and elsewhere may be in store for both the young cricketers.

After a most remarkable game, which was full of excitement from start to finish, Essex succeeded in lowering the Australians' colours, and by so doing they have performed a feat which neither Lancashire nor Yorkshire was able to accomplish. That the honour is a great one no one will dispute, and it should make ample amends to Essex for her defeats in the County Championship matches. Buckenham and Tremlin, the Essex bowlers, must feel especially proud of the result of the game, and their splendid bowling takes one's memory back to 1899, when, thanks to Young and Mead, Essex beat Australia by 126 runs, the sailor-bowler taking eleven wickets for 74 runs. The Australians were giving a rest to Armstrong, Kelly, and Trumper, but this is a state of affairs that might very well obtain on other occasions, and it in no way detracts from the merit of the East Anglian eleven. For once in a way the Australian fielding was very slack, several fairly easy catches being missed in a most unaccountable fashion. As usual, however, they played a plucky game, Hopkins in particular making every effort to stave off defeat; but he could find no one to stay with him, and, when the end came, carried out his bat for 67, Essex winning a great game by nineteen runs.

C. B. Fry, who has scored his fifth great innings of the season, is at the head of the batting averages with 92·56 for nineteen innings and a total of 1,481, his highest score in an innings being 233, and he has been three times not out. Hirst comes next with eighteen innings, a total of 882 runs, and an average of 63. He has been not out on four occasions, and his highest score is 341. Then comes E. W. Mann, with an average of 59 and a total of 708 runs for thirteen innings. Quaife follows next, and for twenty-one innings, with a total of 850 runs, his average is 56·66, but it is only fair to remark that his great innings of 255 not out has gone some considerable way towards securing him his place in the list.

Kent are not doing at all well this season, and Bosanquet proved altogether too much for them in their match against Middlesex. The Australians have more than once had occasion to remember the deadly slows of the Middlesex bowler, and against Kent he was at his very worst, or best, eleven wickets falling to his insidious breaks for 121 runs. It was quite his day, for in the second innings his batting was almost on a par with his bowling, and his innings of 41 not out was a fine example of sound defence and clean hitting.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

FICTION.

Susan Clegg and her Friend Mrs. Lathrop, by Anne Warner. (Dean, 3s. 6d.)
Will Warburton: A Romance of Real Life, by George Gissing. (Constable, 6s.)
Tom Gerrard, by Louis Becke. (Unwin, 6s.)
The Rook's Nest, by G. W. Appleton. (Long, 6s.)
The Lady of the Island, by Guy Boothby. (Long, 6d.)
The Image in the Sand, by E. F. Benson. (Heinemann, 6s.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Confessions of Lord Byron, arranged by W. A. Lewis Bettany. (Murray, 10s. 6d. net.)
The Life of St. Patrick and his place in History, by J. B. Bury, M.A. (Macmillan, 12s. net.)

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The Empire's Cricketers, Parts IV. and V. (Dawbarn and Ward, 1s. net each.)
Riding for Ladies, by Mrs. Power O'Donoghue. Second edition. (Thacker.)
Wild Flowers Month by Month in their Natural Haunts, Vol. I., by Edward Step. (Warne, 6s. net.)
The Rulers and the Ruled, by Nasrullah Khan of Sachin. (The Times Press, Bombay).
The Book of the Scented Garden, by F. W. Burbidge. (Lane, 2s. 6d. net.)

GUIDES.

Seaside and Inland A B C Holiday Guide. (Wentworth Publishing Company, 1s. net.)
Horsham and St. Leonard's Forest. (Homeland Association, 1s. net.)

MAGAZINES.

Windsor, Smart Set, English Illustrated, Longman's, Cornhill, Harper's Monthly.

FOR TOWN & COUNTRY.

WITH July 1st holidays are not far distant, and in preparation for travellers to Scotland, the Midland Railway are putting on new dining and sleeping-cars, in which much care has been taken to ensure passengers to Glasgow or Stranraer a good night's sleep on the road, and, during the day, well-cooked and well-served meals. The exceptional width of 9ft. of the sleeping-car should be a distinct advantage, and the 1.30 p.m. to Glasgow and 8.30 p.m. to Stranraer will probably become favourite trains.

In July begin increased facilities on the railways for travellers to all parts, which will last throughout the summer. The London and North Western have additional corridor trains running to Scotland and Ireland (*via* Holyhead) not only from London, but also from Manchester, Birmingham, and Liverpool. This line is also running through trains direct, in connection with the Southern railways' systems, to South Coast watering-places, from Dover to Bournemouth, the convenience of which to passengers from Liverpool will be immense.

"Rapid Travel in Luxury" is the title of the Great Central Railway's summer time-table, and on looking into it it will be found that their services to most of the important towns in the Midlands and North have been considerably accelerated. This company also runs through trains direct to Southampton and Bournemouth, notably one from Scarborough to the former town *via* Banbury and Oxford, and they also connect with the Great Western Railway so as to reach the Devonshire and Cornish coasts.

The Great Northern Railway announce that they have arranged with the London and South Western Company for a through service between the North and the South Coast. For instance, passengers on arriving at King's Cross by the 8 a.m. train from Newcastle, can step into a train at the same platform and be conveyed to Southampton, Bournemouth, Weymouth, and the Isle of Wight without the trouble of crossing London, the total time from Newcastle to Southampton being under nine hours.

The cyclist who pays any attention to his own safety is very cautious as to how he reduces the weight of his machine, as he well knows this is too often only to be done at the expense of increased vibration, increased necessity for repairs, and the risk of a serious accident. However, a few pounds make such an enormous difference at the end of a long ride that provided he can trust the makers, he is generally willing, not to say, anxious, to do so. The Centaur Company have for some years been turning out their "Feather-weight" machines specially to cope with this demand, and claim to be giving the utmost attention to the quality and lightness of the materials used, and the workmanship with which they are put together.

More and more importance is a being attached, and rightly so, by medical men, owners of house property, and town councils to the procuring of a thoroughly reliable supply of water, but numerous and varied pollutions have to be guarded against, and at times with scant success. Rain water, that indispensable adjunct to the perfect bathroom, is especially hard to obtain pure, and when every other means has failed a filter becomes necessary. The Atkins Filter Engineering and Water Softening Company of 71, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E., make an especial feature of this apparatus for use in country houses, and claim that it will free water from soot, iron, animalculæ, and hardness, and this latter at the very moderate cost of ¼d. to ½d. per 1,000 gallons, while the largest plant, which they have lately erected, is capable of dealing with 100,000 gallons per hour.

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